

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

100144

Harper's Magazine

VOLUME 188

December, 1943 May, 1944



100144

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1944

CONTENTS

- Allen, Frederick Lewis—Notes on an English Visit, 117
- AMERICAN WAY IN WAR, THE—D. W. Brogan, 491
- AMERICANS IN BATTLE—Fletcher Pratt
Campaign for the Solomons, The, 348, 467, 564
Caribbean Command, 232
One Destroyer, 183
- AMG, 54, 106
- ARCTIC, OIL FIELDS IN THE, 107
- ARGENTINA, 377
- ARMY, THE
Army Quits the Colleges, The, 419
Army Specialized Training Program, 419
Preparation for Invasion, 246
What Soldiers Are Thinking About, 68
- ARMY QUILTS THE COLLEGES, THE—Robert G. Hawley, 419
- ARNASON, HARVEY H.—Cultural Utopia, 553
- ART
What About Modern Art and Democracy?, 16
- AUDEN, W. H.—Herod Considers the Massacre of the Innocents, 64
- AURELIO: THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE—Ferdinand Lundberg, 129
- AVIATION
Future of International Airways, The, 97
Horses in the Sky, 450
- AXIS, THE FIVE FATAL MISTAKES OF THE—Albert Carr, 219
- Azine, Harold—Bougainville Landing, 289
- Banks, Capt. William D.—Target: Ploesti, 299
- BASIC ENGLISH?, HOW BASIC IS—Rudolf Flesch, 339
- Beems, Griffith—The Stagecoach, 370
- Beetle, David H.—Lavender and Old Torsos, 500
- BEFORE THE MEN MARCH HOME—Bernard Iddings Bell, 113
- Bell, Bernard Iddings—Before the Men March Home, 113
- Ben-Horin, Eliahu—The Soviet Wooing of Palestine, 413
- Bolles, Blair—The Future of International Airways, 97
- BOOTH'S BODY, IT WAS—Dale Clark, 210
- BOSTON MOBS A BOOK, 525
- BOUGAINVILLE LANDING—Harold Azine, 289
- Boyd, James—Horses in the Sky, 450
- Brogan, D. W.—The American Way in War, 491
- Brooks, Van Wyck—The Wondrous West, 1800, 554
- Brynes, Asher—A Badly Needed Definition, 134
- BUSINESS THINKS ABOUT POSTWAR AMERICA, WHAT, 199
- CAMPAIGN FOR THE SOLOMONS, THE—Fletcher Pratt
1. Bloody Island, 348
2. Tokyo Express, The, 467
3. Decision by Night, 564
- CANADA SWINGS TO THE LEFT—William Henry Chamberlin, 1
- CARIBBEAN COMMAND—Fletcher Pratt, 232
- Carr, Albert—The Five Fatal Mistakes of the Axis, 219
- Chamberlin, William Henry—Canada Swings to the Left, 1
Information, Please, About Russia, 405
- CHICAGO AREA PROJECT, 502
- CHINA
The Dentist Who Changed World History, 40
- Clark, Dale—It Was Booth's Body, 210
- COAST GUARD
The Strange Cruise of the Yawl *Zaida*. Part II, 86
- Davis, Burke—Senator Bob Reynolds: Retrospective View, 362
- Davis, Stuart—What About Modern Art and Democracy?, 16
- DELINQUENCY, A NEW ATTACK ON, 502
- DENTIST WHO CHANGED WORLD HISTORY, THE—Maurice Zolotow, 40
- DESTROYER, ONE—Fletcher Pratt, 183
- DeVoto, Bernard—The Easy Chair, 36, 141, 242, 344, 426, 525
- Geopolitics with the Dew on It, 313
- DEWEY: THE MAN IN THE BLUE SERGE SUIT—Richard H. Rovere, 481
- Dos Passos, John—San Francisco Looks West, 328
Three Hundred Acres and a Tractor, 538
- Dublin, Louis I.—Our Health in Wartime, 224
- EAST BY SOUTHWEST. *Stories of the Pacific*—Christopher La Farge
The Known and the Unknown, 167
- EASY CHAIR, THE—Bernard DeVoto
Boston Mobs *Strange Fruit*, 525
Fear of the Coming of Peace, 344
Lindbergh, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A., 141
"Lost Generation" of World War II, 426
Review of New Books, 242
Washington, D. C., 36
- ENGLISH VISIT, NOTES ON AN—Frederick L. Allen, 117
- FILLERS—See *Less-than-a-Pagers*
- FIRST WAR WITH JAPAN, OUR—Kurt Steel, 513
- Flesch, Rudolf—How Basic Is Basic English?, 339
- FORD, THE U.S.S. JOHN D., 183
- FREEDOM WE NEED, THE KIND OF—John B. Voris, 324
- FUTURE OF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS, THE—Blair Bolles, 97
- GARAGE, HE RUNS A—John A. Kouwenhoven, 175
- GEOPOLITICS WITH THE DEW ON IT—Bernard DeVoto, 313
- GILPIN, WILLIAM, 313
- GOLD CONSPIRACY, THE GREAT—John B. Martin, 438
- Grattan, C. Hartley—What Business Thinks About Postwar America, 199
Postwar Migration: A Mirage, 24
Japanese Mandates, Those, 145

- GREAT BRITAIN
Notes on an English Visit, 117
Soviet Wooing of Palestine, 413
Hawley, Robert G.—The Army Quits the Colleges, 419
HE RUNS A GARAGE—John A. Kouwenhoven, 175
HEALTH CARD—Frank Yerby, 548
HEALTH IN WARTIME, OUR—Louis I. Dublin, 224
HEROD CONSIDERS THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS—W. H. Auden, 64
HIGH SCHOOLS, LOOK AT AMERICA'S, 516
HORSES IN THE SKY—James Boyd, 450
HOUSEKEEPING AFTER THE WAR—Priscilla Robertson and Hawley Jones, 430
INFORMATION, *Please*, ABOUT RUSSIA—William Henry Chamberlin, 405
INVASION, PREPARATION FOR THE ALLIED, 246
JAPAN
First War with Japan, Our, 513
Occupy Japan?, 385
Those Japanese Mandates, 145
Tokyo Since Pearl Harbor, 271
JAPANESE MANDATES, THOSE—C. Hartley Grattan, 145
Johnson, Josephine W.—Night Flight, 253
Jones, Hawley—Housekeeping After the War, 430
KIND OF FREEDOM WE NEED, THE—John B. Voris, 324
KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN, THE—Christopher La Farge, 167
Kouwenhoven, John A.—He Runs a Garage, 175
Kramer, Dale—What Soldiers Are Thinking About, 68
LaFarge, Christopher—The Known and the Unknown, 167
LAVENDER AND OLD TORSOS—David H. Beetle, 500
LESS-THAN-A-PAGERS
AMG, The Case for, 162
Civilian Effort in the War, 283
Democracy, 134
Emigrants, Advice to, 140
English, Learning, 480
Iceland, 553
Latin American Consular Service, 304
Paper and Grow Thin, Save, 270
Radio Commentators, 75
LETTER TO THE EDITORS, A—Wendell Willkie, Following page 480
LINDBERGH, CHARLES A., 141
LOOK AT AMERICA'S HIGH SCHOOLS—Dan Stiles, 516
LOST GENERATION, THE, 426
Lundberg, Ferdinand—Aurelio: The People's Choice, 129
MACARTHUR AND THE CENSORSHIP—The Editors, 537
MARGARINE, 10
MARCANTONIO, VITO: MACHINE POLITICIAN, NEW STYLE—Richard H. Rovere, 391
Martin, George W.—Preface to the President's Autobiography, 193
Preface to a Schoolmaster's Biography, 156
Martin, John Bartlow—Great Gold Conspiracy, The, 438
Inept—Not Apathetic, 283
Master of the Murder Castle, The, 76
New Attack on Delinquency, A, 502
MASTER OF THE MURDER CASTLE, THE—John Bartlow Martin, 76
McCune, Wesley—The Oleomargarine Rebellion, 10
McLarney, P. J.—Of Mice and Military, 75
MIGRATION, POSTWAR, 24
MOMENT OF ATTACK: TWO FIRST-HAND REPORTS
Bougainville Landing, 289
Target: Ploesti, 299
MONEY, 284
Morris, John—Tokyo Since Pearl Harbor, 271
MOSLEY, SIR OSWALD, STRANGE STORY OF—William Zukerman, 257
Motherwell, Hiram—The Three R's of Postwar Europe, 54
MUDGETT, HERMAN W., 178
NEW ATTACK ON DELINQUENCY, A—John Bartlow Martin, 502
NIGHT FLIGHT—Josephine W. Johnson, 253
NOTES ON AN ENGLISH VISIT—Frederick Lewis Allen, 117
NOVELS, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO OUR—Diana Trilling, 529
OCCUPY JAPAN?—Nathaniel Peffer, 385
OFEA, 54
OIL FIELDS IN THE ARCTIC—Wallace E. Pratt, 107
OLEOMARGARINE REBELLION, THE—Wesley McCune, 10
PALESTINE, SOVIET WOOING OF, 413
PEABODY, ENDICOTT, 156
Peffer, Nathaniel—Occupy Japan?, 385
PEOPLE AT WAR, THE—John Dos Passos
Three Hundred Acres and a Tractor, 538
San Francisco Looks West, 328
PLOESTI, 299
POSTWAR PLANNING
Housekeeping After the War, 430
How Tariffs Can Free Trade, 163
Kind of Freedom We Need, The, 324
Postwar Migration: A Mirage, 24
Three R's of Postwar Planning, The, 54
What Business Thinks About Postwar America, 199
POSTWAR MIGRATION: A MIRAGE—C. Hartley Grattan, 24
Pratt, Fletcher—Campaign for the Solomons, 348, 467, 564
Caribbean Command, 232
One Destroyer, 183
Pratt, Wallace E.—Oil Fields in the Arctic, 107
PREFACE TO THE PRESIDENT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—George W. Martin, 193
PREFACE TO A SCHOOLMASTER'S BIOGRAPHY—George W. Martin, 156
PREPARATION FOR INVASION—C. Lester Walker, 246
RACE CLASH—Thomas Sancton, 135
RELIGION
Before the Men March Home, 113
Religion and the Public Schools, 458
RELIGION AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS—Vivian T. Thayer, 458
REYNOLDS, SENATOR BOB: RETROSPECTIVE VIEW—Burke Davis, 362

- Robertson, Priscilla—House-keeping After the War, 430
 Rodell, Fred—Wendell Willkie: Man of Words, 305
 Letter to Wendell Willkie, Following page 576
 ROOSEVELT, FRANKLIN DELANO, 193
 Rovere, Richard H.—Dewey: The Man in the Blue Serge Suit, 481
 Vito Marcantonio: Machine Politician, 391
 RUSSIA
 Information, *Please*, About Russia, 405
 Soviet Wooing of Palestine, 413
 SAN FRANCISCO LOOKS WEST—John Dos Passos, 328
 Sancton, Thomas—Race Clash, 135
 Silver Horn, The, 264
 Tall Man, The, 399
 Schmidt, Karl P.—Attention: Department of State, 304
 Setaro, Ricardo—Some Real Trouble in South America, 377
 SILVER HORN, THE—Thomas Sancton, 264
 Smith, Bernard B.—How Tariffs Can Free Trade, 163
 SOLDIERS ARE THINKING ABOUT, WHAT, 68
 SOLOMONS, CAMPAIGN FOR THE—Fletcher Pratt, 348, 467, 564
 SOME REAL TROUBLE IN SOUTH AMERICA—Ricardo Setaro, 377
 SOUTH AMERICA, SOME REAL TROUBLE IN, 377
 SOVIET WOOING OF PALESTINE, THE—Eliahu Ben-Horin, 413
 STAGECOACH, THE—Griffith Beems, 370
 Steel, Kurt—Our First War with Japan, 513
 Stiles, Dan—Look at America's High Schools, 516
 SUN YAT-SEN, DR., 40
 TALL MAN, THE—Thomas Sancton, 399
 TARGET: PLOESTI—Captain William D. Banks, 299
 TARIFFS CAN FREE TRADE, HOW—Bernard B. Smith, 163
 Thayer, Vivian T.—Religion and the Public Schools, 458
 Thompson, Lawrance—Strange Cruise of the Yawl *Zaida*, Part II, 86
 THREE HUNDRED ACRES AND A TRACTOR—John Dos Passos, 538
 THREE R'S OF POSTWAR EUROPE, THE—Hiram Motherwell, 54
 TOKYO SINCE PEARL HARBOR—John Morris, 271
 TOUCH OF MIDAS, THE—G. R. Walker, 284
 Trilling, Diana—What Has Happened to Our Novels?, 529
 Voris, John B.—The Kind of Freedom We Need, 324
 Walker, C. Lester—Preparation for Invasion, 246
 Walker, George Richmond—The Touch of Midas, 284
 WAR, THE
 Bougainville Landing, 289
 Campaign for the Solomons, The, 348, 466, 564
 Caribbean Command, 232
 One Destroyer, 183
 Target: Ploesti, 299
 WEST, 1800, THE WONDROUS—Van Wyck Brooks, 554
 WHAT ABOUT MODERN ART AND DEMOCRACY?—Stuart Davis, 16
 WHAT BUSINESS THINKS ABOUT POSTWAR AMERICA—C. Hartley Grattan, 199
 WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO OUR NOVELS?—Diana Trilling, 529
 WHAT SOLDIERS ARE THINKING ABOUT—Dale Kramer, 68
 WHITE, PAUL, 175
 WILLIAM, DR. MAURICE, 40
 WILLKIE, WENDELL: MAN OF WORDS—Fred Rodell, 305
 Willkie, Wendell—Letters to the Editors, Following pages 480 and 576
 WOOLLCOTT, ALEXANDER, 500
 Yerby, Frank—Health Card, 548
Zaida, STRANGE CRUISE OF THE YAWL. *Part II*—Lawrance Thompson, 86
 Zolotow, Maurice—The Dentist Who Changed World History, 40
 Zukerman, William—Strange Story of Sir Oswald Mosley, 257

VERSE

- AFTER CHRISTMAS—W. H. Auden, 154
 Auden, W. H.—After Christmas, 154
 FOURTH DIMENSION—Martha Keller, 437
 GETTYSBURG ADDRESS, THE—Gilbert Maxwell, 209
 Keller, Martha—Fourth Dimension, 437
 Lincoln Memorial, 360
 Massacre, 515
 LETTERS FROM THE ALEUTIANS—Erwin Spitzer, 524
 LINCOLN MEMORIAL—Martha Keller, 360
 MASSACRE—Martha Keller, 515
 Maxwell, Gilbert—The Gettysburg Address, 209
 Pudney, John—Song of the Chances of War, 174
 War in the Air, 34
 SONG OF THE CHANCES OF WAR—John Pudney, 174
 Spitzer, Erwin—Letters from the Aleutians, 524
 WAR IN THE AIR—John Pudney, 34



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"No scraps for me, any more!"

"It's funny. Used to be lots of stuff left on the plates for me. But no more. D'ya suppose they're giving *my* scraps to some other dog?"

No, Mike. You're still the family's favorite pup. The reason you don't get juicy left-overs now is because there just aren't any!

Food's gone to war like everything else these days. Folks eat more as they work harder. Soldiers eat a *lot* more. Friends in other countries need our help.

That's why plates go back to the kitchen *clean*. That's why there are no extras for you—or your folks. You'll all get *enough* to eat, but there won't be any to *waste*.

We know something about food, here at National Dairy. We've been working with Nature's most complete food—milk—for years and years. We've made many nourishing food products from it.

Right now, our laboratories are busy with new developments—new products for wartime

use—new ideas for after the war—when butter, cheese, ice cream and other things are plentiful again.

Meantime, Mike, stay right on the job protecting your family—and we'll do the same!

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

LISTEN:

DECEMBER 1, 1943

CBS was the first radio network to organize its own news service. After 10 years experience there is no news service in all radio so extensive or so efficient as CBS World News. Columbia's reporters are at the fighting fronts, in foreign capitals, in New York—in Washington.

From London: Edward R. Murrow, Larry Lesueur, George Moorad and Paul Manning.

From the Mediterranean: Winston Burdett, John Daly, and Farnsworth Fowle.

From Australia: William J. Dunn.

From Honolulu: Webley Edwards.

From New Delhi: Eric Severeid.

From Chungking: James Stewart.

From Moscow: Bill Downs.

From Berne: Howard K. Smith.

From Stockholm: Bernard Valery.

From Cairo: James Fleming.

From Buenos Aires: Hugh Jencks.

From Rio de Janeiro: John Adams.

From New York: William L. Shirer, Quincy Howe, Bob Trout, Charles Collingwood, Major George Fielding Eliot, Everett Holles, Ned Calmer, Elizabeth Bemis, Doug Edwards and Don Pryor.

From Washington: Bill Henry, Albert Leitch, Robert Lewis and William Costello.

★

During the first 648 days following Pearl Harbor, CBS broadcast 26,110 programs of War Matter. Of these, 12,387 were sustaining—that is, their cost was volunteered and borne by the network itself; the balance—13,723 War Matter programs—were bought and paid for by U.S. advertisers on this particular network.

★

And coming back to the question of sound-effects on the air, we take up now the subject of the kiss. What is the best way to make a kiss sound like a kiss, instead of like the drawing of a cork, or the sipping of hot consomme, or the losing of a gumshoe in soft ground, or the snap of an impatient woodpecker? You may be sure that everything has been tried. The expert CBS sound-effecters who noodle round with hardware and milk-bottles and

broken glass have tried, just as a matter of pride, to out-gimmick each other in evolving the Osculation Authentic. And what do you think actually makes the best kiss on the air? You are *correct*. A genuine kiss is *correct*, and you get sixty-four dollars, and isn't rehearsal wonderful? And what is more, a sigh is just a sigh...

★

Three ships of mercy sailed out of Göteborg, Sweden, early on October 21 to effect the first exchange of American military prisoners of war for Nazi prisoners. On board were 4,300 United Nations captive-wounded, of whom 17 were Yanks. Bernard Valery, regular CBS Stockholm correspondent, had covered the 242 miles to Göteborg in time to interview 14 of them. At 8:07:40 a.m. EWT Valery went on the short wave to the USA and told the audience of 90 CBS stations about those 14 boys. He was the first correspondent to broadcast the story to America.

★

Sunday evening, December 12, will be observed as some sort of unofficial national holiday because Fred Allen comes back on the air that night over the full CBS network, at 9:30 in the East, 8:30 in the Midlands, 7:30 in the Mountains and 6:30 on the Coast. Huzza.

★

This is

CBS



the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE New Books *John Chamberlain*

SOME time ago Bernard DeVoto contributed to the pages of this magazine a thoroughly delightful article on the lures of New England. To anyone who has ever driven through Smugglers Notch in Vermont or stood on the rim of the Great Gulf to the north of Mount Washington, Mr. DeVoto's words were eloquent with understanding. But Mr. DeVoto, who came from Utah to settle down in the cozy little world of Cambridge, Mass., seemed to have the queer notion that New England doesn't include Connecticut, Rhode Island, Martha's Vineyard, and Cape Cod. Well, it's true that the Adams family, the Concord school, the Abolitionists, the Boston Unitarians, the Harvard philosophers, the Salem mariners, and the late George Apley, all of whom made a lot of history, hailed from north of Mr. DeVoto's own personal New England Mason-Dixon line. But southern New England has its own flavor and character, as Wilbur L. Cross, ex-Dean of the Yale Graduate School and ex-Governor of Connecticut, reminds us in his pawky, dryly humorous autobiography, *Connecticut Yankee* (Yale, \$5).

Defining a Yankee

Just how does a Connecticut Yankee differ from other Yankees? One could work at the problem of definition as Hamilton Basso works at the larger problem of understanding the American character as a whole in *Mainstream* (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$2.50). Mr. Basso's method is to take a number of representative citizens, ranging from Jefferson to John Calhoun, and from Phineas T. Barnum to Henry Adams, and then relate them to the ideas, the preconceptions, and the emotional biases of an average smalltown American, John Applegate. A group of representative Connecticut Yankees would include John Fitch, the inventor of the steamboat, and Eli Whitney, and Samuel Colt, who fathered the American system of mass manufacture of interchangeable parts for standardized machines. It would include the legendary figure who once supposedly delivered a cargo of wooden nutmegs to the British

in what was distinctly not a lend-lease transaction. It would include Professor William Graham Sumner, who believed the proper place for a drunkard was the gutter and who spent a lifetime trying to rescue his industrialist friends from the ultimately disastrous consequences of their protectionist credo. It would include Josiah Willard Gibbs, who ignored human society to work out the thermodynamic equations that can be used indiscriminately to blow the world to bits or waft it into an alchemist's idea of heaven. The least common denominator of these Connecticut Yankee souls was an intense interest in the law of the conservation of energy. None of them believed that you could get something for nothing, unless a wooden nutmeg is properly to be defined as nothing. (For that matter, even Mr. Basso's P. T. Barnum, who was a Connecticut Yankee of sorts, had to work hard at the trade of humbugging the public.) But all of these representative Connecticut Yankees believed in the inspired short-cut, in doing things as quickly as possible in the quietest and most efficient way.

Wilbur Cross, who comes from the Yankee town of Mansfield in the northeastern part of Connecticut, is not an inventor. His own field has been English literature, particularly the English novel of the Eighteenth Century. But, reading his autobiography, one is struck by his spiritual affinity with the great Connecticut inventors. Out of a meager background he has fashioned the work of art that is his own character. The young Wilbur Cross, offspring of millers and farmers and seafaring men, went at the job of creating a career and personality for himself with all the ingenuity of an early Connecticut clock maker fashioning a timepiece out of the copper and zinc stripped from an abandoned building.

Economy of method and the full utilization of given materials mark every move of Wilbur Cross's life. As a young man he raised chickens to get some money for schooling. The Cross method of decapitating broilers and roasters en masse would have done credit



By Arthur Koestler

Author of *Darkness at Noon*, *Dialogue With Death*

The supreme vitality and driving force of this thrilling novel will sweep you one of the most intense, absorbing and completely unforgettable stories of years. A European city swarming with refugees is its setting: how men decide they think is right, and why they are willing to die to back up their decision, theme. A truly great book.

Arrival and Departure

High Noon

By C. P. Lee

Set in Arkansas, this delightful novel is the story of an average American boy's aspirations for a fuller life than that provided by his small home town. An extremely convincing and likeable book. \$2.50

Out of the Silent Planet

By C. S. Lewis

The brilliant author of *The Screwtape Letters* here presents a novel of 'another world.' "A uniquely diverting holiday for the headline - wearied and fiction-jaded reader."—*The Philadelphia Record* \$2.00

Henry Ponsonby

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIVATE SECRETARY

By Arthur Ponsonby

In this scholarly and extremely enjoyable life of his father, Arthur Ponsonby has written a biography that sheds much new light on the man, his time and the great Queen herself. \$3.75

Books on a World at War

LAST FLIGHT FROM SINGAPORE

By Arthur G. Donahue

The author of *Tally-Ho* here tells the thrilling, youthful and typically American story of his experiences with the R.A.F. in the East. (Tent.) \$2.50

ONCE TO SHOUT

By Agnes Sligh Turnbull

Author of

The Day Must Dawn, etc.

Courage, comfort and solace come from the pages of this short but deeply moving story of a Gold Star mother and father. \$1.60

FROM HELL BREAKFAST

By Carl Olsso

This collection of short stories told mainly by men who are doing some of the war's lacerated jobs, makes fast reading. 16 full-page photographs.

THE CAPTAIN WEARS A CROWN

By Capt. Wm. A. Mc

The author of *Rig for* here continues the thrilling, warmly human story of a navy Chaplain in the Pacific.

JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS: 1942

Edited by F. E. McMurtrie

The new and revised edition of the most complete and authoritative encyclopedia of the navies of the world. Includes information on newly built ships and sinkings up to May, 1943.



By Richard Llewellyn

Author of *How Green Was My Valley*

"OF ALL THE BOOKS I've read this year, this is the one I'd like most to have written. It's tremendous and wonderful fun on a dozen levels."—*A. C. Spectator* *Chicago Sun*. "A MASTERPIECE OF CHARACTERIZATION—as a work of creative art, it is greater than Llewellyn's first novel."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

None But the Lonely Heart

Gladys Hasty Carroll

of *As the Earth Turns*

the story of stalwart New England people and of the Maine community which they have made their home for three hundred years. Through them Carroll has shown how Americans can come through the crisis of history at the loss of those things they hold most dear. "A lively and colorful book is good entertainment as well as excellent Americana."

Book-of-the-Month Club News

\$2.75



"A beautiful book."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune
Book Review

unmybrook

Books of Special Interest

AMERICAN TIME

by Elinor Schiller

excitement and suspense in this thrilling romance of the exotically beautiful life of Baja California. Story telling at its best.
\$2.50

TAKE NOTHING FOR YOUR JOURNEY

By Ann Steward

Author of *Let the Earth Speak*

An excitingly different novel in which a fascinating group of characters come vividly alive in the warm, strong beauty of Kentucky.
\$2.50

THE USES OF REASON

by Arthur E. Murphy

and and scholarly discussion of the human ability to think, soundly and clearly. A new book, written with primary clarity and directness.
\$3.00

WONDERINGS

By John Masefield

A narrative poem in which England's Poet Laureate vividly describes his early memories. A picture of England as she used to be, is now, and may be in the future.
\$1.75

THE READER OVER YOUR SHOULDER

By Robert Graves and Alan Hodge

A new, useful and profitable book about the proper way to use the English language. It is full of advice and specific suggestions presented in a clever and pungent style.
\$3.00

Our Way Down East

By Elinor Graham

Packed with entertainment and rippling with delightfully contagious laughter. "The postman will only have to ring once if he's handing out copies of this book. It's gay, it's good, it's written about the salt of the earth."
—Boston Globe
\$2.00

Burning an Empire

By Stewart H. Holbrook

Here are the dramatic and shockingly true stories of America's historic forest fires. A vivid, authentic and timely piece of Americana which is of vital importance today. Explains modern methods of preventing and fighting forest fires.
\$2.50

A Professor at Large

By Stephen Duggan

The distinguished Director of the Institute of International Education here digs beneath the surface of the political, social, and especially the cultural conditions of the people of the world, and views them in relation to our own country.
\$3.50

Irene D. Paden

on mile, through the old wheel-tracks, you follow the trail of the pioneers in a thrilling and authentic saga. "One of the most magnificent feats of historical fiction in years—a wonderful work which all lovers of covered-wagon days should find fascinating."
—N. Y. Times. Illustrated with maps and pen-and-ink drawings by the author
\$3.00



Wake^{of} the Prairie Schooner

The gayest book you can
give that new army wife

the Colonel's Lady



By HELEN MONTGOMERY

"THE most ignorant army bride of all time", careened into the service as an appendage to her husband's career. Today, finding herself unexpectedly a Colonel's wife, she tells the weird and funny things that happened to her in the days when Lieutenants' wives were expendable, Majors' wives unpredictable, and Generals' wives something that could be heard and not seen. \$2.50

THE LOCUSTS

By Otto Schrag

A VAST novel of the American earth and the people who were the builders of America. "Strange and powerful . . . moving with almost Biblical impressiveness and sweep. . . . Far out of the run of ordinary novels." \$3.00
—Book-of-the-Month Club News.

THE FOREST AND THE FORT

By Hervey Allen

Author of "Anthony Adverse" told by a novelist
"A rich, exciting story . . . who delights in telling stories."—N. Y. Times. \$2.50

WESTERN STAR

By Stephen Vincent Benét

"For all times and all Americans."—Philadelphia Record. \$2.00
(Also SELECTED WORKS OF STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, in two volumes, boxed, \$5.00)

LONELY MIDAS

THE STORY OF STEPHEN GIRARD
By Harry Emerson Wildes

The fascinating biography about one of Philadelphia's most noted (and neglected) citizens . . . a sinner on a grand scale. Contemporary illustrations. \$3.50

FARRAR & RINEHART, N. Y.

to Eli Whitney himself. When he was finally ensconced in the Yale Sheffield Scientific School as a teacher of English, Wilbur Cross got his way by methods that verged on slyness. After announcing a graduate course in the history of the English novel, Cross ran up against the scruples of President Timothy Dwight the Younger, who considered the English novel too "sexy" for university consumption. Cross immediately acquiesced to Dwight's request that the course be dropped, but added that Yale had no business teaching the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, each of which included a few stories of sexual irregularities. The next year the ban on the study of English fiction was lifted.

Cross, Fielding, and Sterne

Wilbur Cross's own claim to a place in English letters rests on his studies of Henry Fielding and Laurence Sterne. Why did he single out these Eighteenth-Century worthies for concentrated attention? Wilbur Cross doesn't tell us very much in the pages of his autobiography about his life as a biographer. But it is easy to imagine that Sterne and Fielding appealed to him primarily because they didn't think it worth while to fuss and fume over the permanently unregenerate aspects of human nature. New England has turned out its full quota of idealists, men who have stormed heaven for the unattainable. One of these idealists, John Brown of Harpers Ferry, was actually a native of Connecticut. But the Connecticut Yankee in Wilbur Cross observed quite early in life that a good bit of steady infighting is usually more productive of results than the haymaker swing of the zealot. Cross got his first lessons in politics when he clerked in his brother's country store. He learned that men have frailties. And he learned that the way to get things done was to appeal to the self-regarding instinct that is in practically everybody. But Cross never for one moment became a cynic. The definition of a sophist is that he makes the worse appear the better reason. Cross has turned the sophist upside down: he achieved results, as professor, as dean, and as the four-term governor of a great State, by making the better reason sometimes appear the worse.

When he first ran for governor, in 1930, the Republican opposition tried to laugh Cross off as a nice old academic gentleman, a bit absent-minded of course, but otherwise respectable—and useless. Cross immediately countered by making burlesque speeches about the Republicans who voted dry and drank wet. By the time election day came around Cross had succeeded in convincing the whole State that he was a cracker-barrel character, a smart boy from the country who seldom wasted time washing behind his ears. The image of the professor, the man whom Republican Boss Roraback referred to as "Dean Somebody," was entirely forgotten. The fame of Cross, the campaigner, traveled as far as Milan,

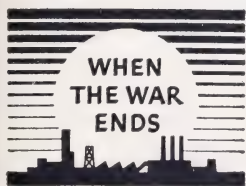
A National Debt of 300 Billion Dollars

Will it mean **RUIN** or **RECOVERY**
to postwar America?

STUART CHASE

gives his incisive answers to the hotly-debated question

WHERE'S THE MONEY COMING FROM?



How can we achieve full employment of our men and machines?

Can we make the national debt work for us, instead of against us?

Must we have general inflation?

Can we provide decent living standards for all Americans without running the risk of economic collapse?

RIGHT now, says Mr. Chase, the United States is like a Flying Fortress . . . we must maintain a given speed or crash. Our economy is geared to a national output in goods and services of around \$150 billions. Our national debt, by the end of the war, may run between \$200 and \$300 billion. So long as output stays high, we're all right. But suppose we should crash!

How can we make sure of keeping up high employment and high production? How can we pay interest on the debt, taxes, and still keep our economy expanding? *Where's the money coming from?*

Stuart Chase, in his third report to the Twentieth Century Fund, gives his own brilliant answers. He looks money squarely in the face—tells what it is, how it works. He suggests how we can check inflation, service the debt, and bring our full productive power into play—how we can build and pay for a richer, finer postwar America.

This is a lucid, strikingly worded dollars-and-cents view of tomorrow's world for the private citizen. Get your copy TODAY.



STUART CHASE

is writing his own explorations of postwar issues in a series of six striking volumes. If you haven't already read the first two reports, get them at once:

THE ROAD WE ARE TRAVELING: 1914-1942

GOALS FOR AMERICA

A budget of our needs and resources. Each vol. \$1.00 The set of six (when ready)

Order your copy
NOW

the first over-all survey of what each of our fighting allies is planning to do to develop its own country in the postwar world.

POSTWAR PLANS OF THE UNITED NATIONS

By Lewis L. Lorwin \$2.50

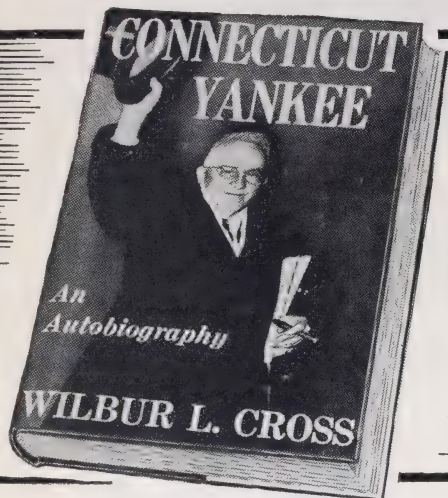
at all Booksellers or Attach a Dollar Bill to
his order form and Receive a Copy by Mail

TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND

West 42nd Street, New York 18

Use \$1.00. Please send **WHERE'S THE MONEY
COMING FROM?** By Stuart Chase.

"Free-flowing and witty, pithy...one of the pleasantest autobiographies of the season."—*The New Yorker*



The story of the statesman-scholar known as Uncle Toby

"This is, by heck, the real thing."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. "It is magnificent... without much doubt the autobiographical highspot of the year."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "Full of shrewdness and mature wisdom... of crackling humor of the best Yankee brand... As a piece of genuine Americana (it) has a good chance of becoming a classic."—*N. Y. Sun*. *Illus.* \$5.00

MONTANA: HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME

JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD

The story of one of the most remarkable states in the Union, the country of toughness and space and of battles against nature—the frontier for the solution of some of our gravest economic problems. \$3.00

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF JUNG

JOLAN JACOBI

With a Foreword by Dr. Jung

A short but comprehensive survey of the work of the leading psychologist of our time, welcomed by Dr. Jung himself. It includes the most complete bibliography of Jung's writings yet published. *Illus.* \$2.50

Italy, where he was cartooned as the septuagenarian who owed his youthful energy to the habit of "going months without a bath." Bathtubless Republicans from the rural districts turned out to vote for Cross as one of their own.

As governor Wilbur Cross usually had the Republican and Socialist State legislature against him. His greatest victories were won by a characteristic indirection that was, in reality, merely the Yankee inventor taking a short-cut. Early in the game Cross smelled out a corrupt state of affairs in the Waterbury Democratic city machine. He couldn't prove his case, but he was bound that he would not run on the same ticket with Daniel Leary. The Old Guard Democrats planned to nominate Cross for governor, then put Leary over on him as a candidate for lieutenant-governor whether he liked it or not. But Cross, without directly attacking Leary, announced that he wouldn't allow his name to be brought before the convention until after the candidate for second place on the slate had already been chosen. The politicians got the idea and dropped Leary. A few years later the whole Waterbury gang was indicted for corrupt practices.

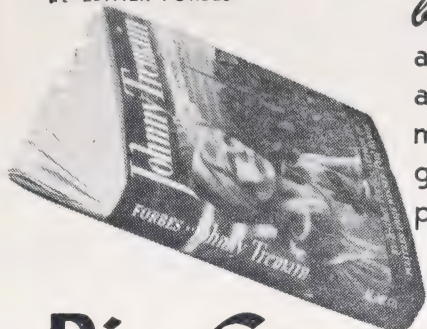
He Loves Anecdote

Practically half of Cross's autobiography is concerned with Connecticut politics, which will undoubtedly weary the average citizen of Joplin, Missouri, or Snake Gulch, Idaho. But all of the detail is relevant to the portrait of a man. The spirit of Eighteenth-Century realism—or of rural realism anywhere—speaks on every page of *Connecticut Yankee*. Cross doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve, or his social philosophy either. He often speaks elliptically. And like all elliptical talkers, he loves anecdote. For anyone who is interested in academic gossip, the first half of *Connecticut Yankee* will prove a mother lode. There are excellent anecdotes about an older generation of teachers—Henry Beers, Thomas Lounsbury, William Graham Sumner, "Waterloo Arthur" Wheeler. It is too bad that Thomas Beer didn't live to savor these reminiscences of academic characters he loved, characters who ought to be as famous as Copeland and Kittredge of Harvard. Beer would have enjoyed this story of the transformation of a school for fledgling ministers and lawyers into a modern university.

To his friends Cross is "Uncle Toby"—a name taken from Sterne's famous "he-would-not-harm-a-fly" character in *Tristram Shandy*. But the nickname is deceptive, a matter of protective coloration. It is all part of the work of art that is Cross's character. If Cross had exuded briskness and purpose people would have opposed him. But as "Uncle Toby," Cross has been able to slip under the guards of embattled faculty politicians, recalcitrant Democrats and Republicans, and unwary students. He will leave as his monument two

Johnny Tremain

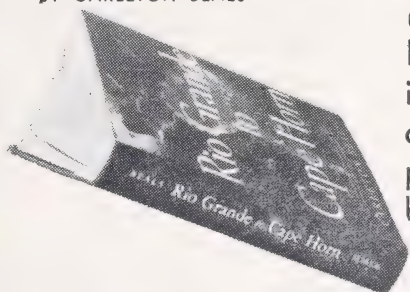
BY ESTHER FORBES



because it is a book which both parents and children will love. Ideal for reading aloud. Because it is about an inspiring moment in our history and is written by a great novelist whose knowledge of this period won her a Pulitzer award. \$2.50

Rio Grande to Cape Horn

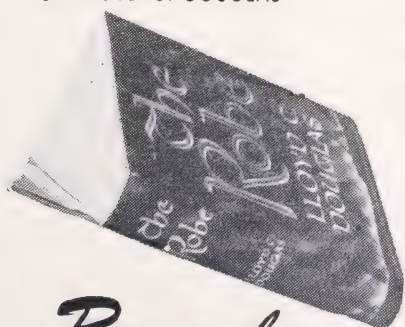
BY CARLETON BEALS



because Time Magazine calls him "the best informed living writer on Latin America," and because he has distilled a lifetime of study of Latin Americans to give us this picturesque, provocative and utterly honest book. \$3.50

The Robe

BY LLOYD C. DOUGLAS



because in a year when America needed to forget itself and needed also reassurance and a renewal of faith, this book has been one of the great best sellers of American publishing history and gave to America just what it needed. \$2.75

Remember these titles. They will serve you well in your hour of Christmas desperation, especially if you buy them early enough to read yourself before giving them away.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY • PUBLISHERS



HARVARD

Clemenceau

By GEOFFREY BRUUN

A vigorous, impartial study of Clemenceau and re-evaluation of his place in modern history. More than a biography, this book provides the reader interested in international affairs with a succinct analysis of the leading statesman of the Third French Republic. The review of his autocratic and intolerant realism at the Paris Peace Conference comes at an auspicious moment, as does the analysis of Clemenceau's conclusions on the Franco-German problem. 240 pages. \$3.00

Nusantara: A History of the East Indian Archipelago

By BERNARD H. M. VLEKKE

Every person concerned with the development, past or future, of the East Indies will welcome this timely publication — the first complete history of the Archipelago in English, from earliest times to the fall of Bandung in 1942. The social, economic, and political development of the Indies forms an absorbing story, and facts never before published shed new light on the events of the war in the Pacific. "Magnificent." — Hendrik Willem Van Loon. 438 pages. \$5.00

The Passing of the European Age

By ERIC FISCHER

A refreshingly new concept of the evolution of western civilization explaining the transfer of centers of culture from Europe to other continents. The author analyzes the reciprocal influences of the new on the old and shows how the world was climaxed an inevitable social and economic revolution. "A far cry from the heavy gloom and Teutonic pessimism . . . of Spengler." — *Saturday Review of Literature*. 212 pages. \$2.50

DESCRIPTIVE
CATALOGUE OF
1943
BOOKS
ON REQUEST



HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
PRESS
CAMBRIDGE
MASSACHUSETTS

HARVARD

Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas

books of sound scholarship, a vigorous and transformed *Yale Review* (which he still helps edit), a record for sound university administration, and a memory of skillful infighting as Connecticut's depression era eight-year governor.

The final stroke in the artful composition of the Connecticut Yankee's life may be glimpsed by anyone who reads one of Governor Cross's official Thanksgiving proclamations. When he was campaigning Cross tried to convince the rubes from the rural rotten boroughs that he was just as sensible as any illiterate who has not been corrupted by a knowledge of abstractions. But after election Cross would proceed to issue Thanksgiving proclamations that will live in the anthologies of English prose. For example: "As the colors of autumn stream down the wind, scarlet in sumach and maple, spun gold in the birches, a splendor of smoldering fire in the oaks along the hill, and the last leaves flutter away, and dusk falls briefly about the worker bringing in from the field a late load of its fruit, and Arcturus is lost to sight and Orion swings upward that great sun upon his shoulder, we are stirred once more to ponder the Infinite Goodness that has set apart for us, in all this moving mystery of creation, a time of living and a home. In such a spirit I appoint Thursday, the twenty-fourth of November, a day of public Thanksgiving. . . ."

Alec Woollcott was so entranced by one of Governor Cross's proclamations that he put it on the air for all America. And as the Thanksgiving words of Uncle Toby once rang out through space, they will probably ring on down through time—a unique and certain memory that is vouchsafed to few governors and practically no professors.

Assembling an American

After reading Wilbur Cross's autobiography, one wonders whether Hamilton Basso has succeeded in exploring all the important strains of the American character in *Mainstream*. Mr. Basso's book is imaginative and highly perceptive; it abounds in striking characterizations and shrewd speculative remarks. After inventing a "typical" American, a small-town druggist named John Applegate who has been affected in certain ways by Americans as diverse as Cotton Mather and Huey P. Long, Mr. Basso backtracks into history, giving us shrewd biographies of the American as aristocrat (John Calhoun), the American as democrat (Jefferson), the American as success story (Carnegie), the American as Progressive (Theodore Roosevelt), the American as demagogue (Huey, the Louisiana Kingfish), and the American as "educator" (P. T. Barnum, the father of modern advertising). As a biographer of intellects Mr. Basso is better than anyone who has recently come along the pike. But one looks in vain throughout his list for the American as Yankee. This particular type of American has made his mark on John

Christmas LIST

A NATIONAL BEST-SELLER

THE JOY OF COOKING

By Irma S. Rombauer

It is breaking sales records everywhere because it is the only cookbook sold with a money-back guarantee and as *Time Magazine* says: "Mrs. Rombauer's expert, explicit manner of writing recipes is nearly baffle-proof." New and enlarged edition, 3,200 recipes, 896 pages, completely indexed. \$2.50

SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE

By Robert J. Casey

When you're in the newspaper business you meet such interesting people—they're all in the newspaper business! In hilarious prose Bob Casey presents a multitude of grand stories about the colleagues of his long journalistic career. *Decorations by John Groth.* \$3.00

Shadowed Victory

By Arthur Stringer. In this absorbing novel told in poignant verse, Arthur Stringer has made unforgettable the bloody drama of Dieppe and paid tribute to our New World part in the struggle of the United Nations. \$1.50

Road to Peace & Freedom

By Irving Brant. An analysis of the relationship of the United States to other nations, and a clear-cut, forthright plan for peace based on co-operation with the other world powers, especially Russia and Great Britain. \$2.00

Supper at the Maxwell House

By Alfred Leland Crabb. "Mr. Crabb has scored again with a novel of the reconstruction in which recaptured Nashville plays a major part. Delightful . . . pleasant . . . piquant." —*Boston Globe*. "Well-drawn characters, sprightly conversations, and a city full of people and events make it a good book." —*Los Angeles Times*. \$2.50

Captain Ebony

"An action-packed tale of fast sailing, hair-breath escapes and rum-scented amours. Mr. Cochran is a two-fisted author . . . A year ago, in 'Windward Passage,' he gave us a full-bodied picture of the buccaneer Sir Henry Morgan. In this romantic novel he moves with the same assurance through the Danish West Indies." —*N. Y. Times*. Second Printing.

\$2.75

By
Hamilton
Cochran



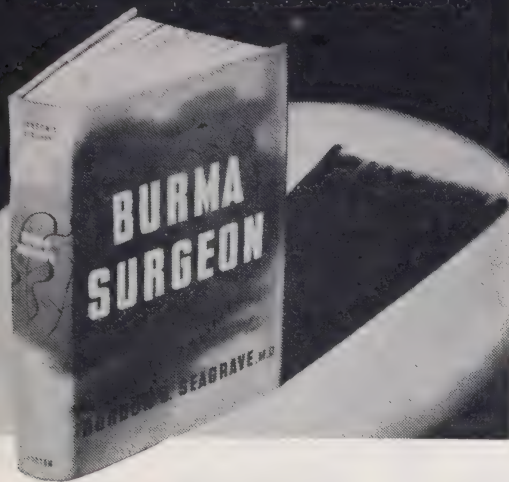
American Guerrilla

By Captain Douglas M. Smith and Cecil Carnes. The true story of a modern Lawrence of Arabia, an American with the French Foreign Legion who organized the desert tribes for the Fighting French then joined a band of British raiders in harrying Rommel across Africa. Illustrated. \$3.00

Gunners Get Glory

By Lieutenant Bob Berry as told to Lloyd Wendt. This is the story of the Navy gunners on merchant ships. Here is drama, tragedy, humor, bravery and gripping suspense. This is the story of men who have seen man and nature at their worst and who go back to "get the stuff through" again. Illustrated. \$2.75

THIS IS THE BOOK



- Everyone is buying
- Everyone is giving
- Everyone is reading
- Everyone is talking about

THIS CHRISTMAS!



BURMA SURGEON

By Gordon S. Seagrave

"This rough and ready story, one of the most simple but heroic of them all... will be one of the great stories of the war."

—*Harper's Magazine*

"Americans will be proud of this book... it is a book filled with great deeds, touching sympathy, and kind humor—and those nurses will make any man want to go to Burma for his next operation."—*Atlantic Monthly*

Illustrated • \$3.00

"BOOKS THAT LIVE"

W • W • NORTON • 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 11

Applegate's character, for John Applegate certainly believes in abundance by the short-cut method first established by Eli Whitney and Samuel Colt and later pushed towards its limits by Henry Ford and the men of Detroit.

True, Mr. Basso's Barnum hailed from the Yankee hill country in back of Bridgeport, Connecticut. But Barnum was only a skill. John Applegate has been visibly affected by the skill. The institution of mass advertising, however, would function in a vacuum if it were not for the basic transformation of a whole way of making goods that was first set in motion by men who tinkered with machinery by the waterfalls of small Connecticut and Massachusetts streams.

This is a mere parenthetical objection to Mr. Basso's book, which is shrewd, civilized reading. Anyway, Mr. Basso's main desire was to portray the American as the eternal pilgrim in search of liberty, a pilgrim who knows his backsliding moments but who can't be fooled for very long by a theocratic Cotton Mather, an aristocratic William Byrd of Westover, a John Calhoun of South Carolina, or a Huey Long.

Perspective on Africa

It is about time that we began to see our North African campaign in perspective, and Kenneth Crawford's *Report on North Africa* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2) is a helpful document to that end. Mr. Crawford went originally to Casablanca and Algiers with an idea that "someone had blundered," perhaps Mr. Robert Murphy of the American State Department. But three months on the North African scene convinced Mr. Crawford that the so-called "Darlan deal" was justified (he thinks that pro tem recognition of Darlan saved at least 19,500 American lives). As for the character of Mr. Murphy, Mr. Crawford now thinks it is eighteen karat. Murphy's wirepulling and cozening enabled the Anglo-American strategists to achieve a thunderous success with a frighteningly small force.

Mr. Crawford's book is not anti-de Gaulle. But neither is it anti-Giraud. It accepts de Gaullism as the living evidence of rising French nationalism. But Mr. Crawford is uneasy about de Gaulle's character. A man who thinks he is Joan of Arc one day and Georges Clemenceau the next may be needed in a nation's darkest hour. But when Frenchmen from Left to Right meet to re-establish parliamentary democracy, what then? Saviors often confuse their own voices with the mandate of the people, and they have been known in the past to kill democracy in the act of trying to rescue it.

Mr. Crawford undertook his North African jaunt for *PM*, whose editors refused to accept their reporter's conclusions. Just what a former editor of *PM* thinks of the political aspects of our North African campaign is not made plain in the pages of Captain Ralph Ingersoll's *The Battle Is*

For Christmas Giving

THE AMERICAN The Making of a New Man

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

"lucid, mellow and civilized" book on the way the American type and character has been moulded through, and by, our national history. "The historical volume Mr. Adams has written... It should become an American classic."—*N. Y. Sun*; *Third Printing*. \$3.00



YANKEE LAWYER

The Autobiography of Ephraim Tutt

Includes almost everything a reader needs for a good time: human-interest stories from Mr. Tutt's legal life; anecdotes about Mr. Tutt's temporaries and Mr. Tutt himself. As American as a Stephen Foster song."—*Time*; *Fourth Printing*. \$3.50



PARIS-UNDERGROUND

By ETTA SHIBER

"The confession of a modern Edith Cavell, who brought about the escape of over 150 British soldiers from France right under the noses of the Gestapo."—*Harry Hansen, N. Y. World Telegram*; *One of a Dual Book-of-the-Month Club Selection*. \$2.50



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT

"The most fascinating personal story of the war. Whatever way you see him, Colonel Scott is one whale of a man."—*John Chamberlain, N. Y. Times*; *Illustrated*. \$2.50



GARDEN ISLANDS of the GREAT EAST

By DAVID FAIRCHILD

"A new book and a delightful one, about a wandering expedition in the Wandering Islands of the Malay Archipelago."—*Dorothy Canfield Fisher*; *With 64 pages of Halftones from photographs*. \$3.75



Action This Day

Letters from the Fighting Fronts
By FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN

Archbishop of New York

"The full story of Archbishop Spellman's recent visit to the Mediterranean battle grounds and to the capitals of Europe—packed with incident, anecdote, humor, wisdom and inspiration." \$2.75

The Russian Enigma An Interpretation

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

"An invaluable background book on the past, present and possible future of the Soviet Union. A dispassionate, graphic, all-round picture of Soviet history and policies." \$2.75



HARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK at all bookstores



The Navy tells its own story

Condition Red

Destroyer Action in
the South Pacific

By **COMMANDER FREDERICK J.
BELL, U. S. NAVY**

The most important and stirring actions of the war in the Pacific are here reenacted with the original actors playing their own roles—an accurate historical document as well as a narrative of continuous excitement... the first book about our destroyers in action. *Maps, photographs.* \$3.00

Also by **Cmdr. Bell: ROOM TO SWING
A CAT.** 3rd printing ready. \$3.00

The Pageant Of Canadian History

By **Anne Merriman Peck.** Far from being a formal history, this epic account of the birth and life of Canada is the story of people of various racial stocks, their activities and ambitions and cultures that created the Dominion. *Illustrated.* \$3.00

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Painter's Coach

By **Ilse Bischoff.** This well-told story of the adventures of itinerant painters in New England and a boy's development as an artist is sure to find a hearty welcome. *Illustrated.* Ages 8-12. \$2.25

Bow Bells

By **Katharine Gibson.** The story of Dick Whittington has never been told so charmingly and with such contagious humor. "Katharine Gibson has a faculty of recapturing period and atmosphere."—Virginia Kirkus. *Illustrated.* Ages 8-12. \$2.00

Liberty For Johanny

By **Adelaide H. and John C. Wonsetler.** Johanny, son of a Pennsylvania Dutch family, plays an exciting part in the life of America during the winter of Valley Forge. "The star of liberty shines brightly in these absorbing pages... a fine story."—*The Horn Book.* *Illustrated.* Ages 10-15. \$2.50

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3
215 Victoria Street, Toronto 2

the Pay-Off (Harcourt, Brace, \$2). But if Captain Ingersoll is mum about our political warfare, he is eloquent on the subject of our army. Captain Ingersoll describes his own part in a minor action in central Tunis in a narrative which is just as confusing as all such attempts to portray battle from the limited view afforded down in the mud. But on the subject of an army's training, organization, and "housekeeping" functions Captain Ingersoll is remarkably clear and convincing. If you want to know how an army comes into being, and how it lives and moves toward the battle that is the "pay-off," Captain Ingersoll's is the best book on the subject in existence.

Books That Shed Light

Other good books of the autumn that shed light on war, the nature of armies, and the objects of war, include Richard Aldington's *The Duke* (Viking, \$3.75), a pleasantly written and spirited life of the victor of Waterloo; F. S. Crafford's *Jan Smuts* (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.50), a workaday biography of the great South African soldier and politician; *Makers of Modern Strategy: Military Thought from Machiavelli to Hitler* (Princeton, \$3.75), a wide-sweeping symposium edited by Edward Mead Earle; and Count Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi's *Crusade for Pan-Europe* (Putnam, \$3.50). If you gather from these volumes the idea that it is easier to make war than to make peace, that is not entirely the fault of the authors.

IN BRIEF

By **Katherine Gauss Jackson**

Fiction

Indigo, by Christine Weston.

India seems to endow those Westerners who love her with a peculiar gift of sensitivity and perception. This novel of six major characters and innumerable minor ones has the force of a powerful drug. In it are all the sights and sounds and smells of India; all her beauty, terror, and uncertainties, and though the people would be important as human beings anywhere, their problems take on the added tension that the unfamiliar background gives them. Essentially this is the story of a determined and jealous mother who ruins the lives of her children and in the end is punished as such selfishness is always punished. But all the people who are part of the life of her son, Jacques de St. Remy, have real life of their own. And woven into the fabric of their lives and the slow movement of their days is more about the so-called "India problem"—as that problem must seem to those who live it—than ever was put into ten treatises on the subject, though this was written of a time before the last war and though Mrs. Weston never points any moral aside from her story as Mrs. Buck does in her novel of China. Here are no political answers. But in human terms

Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas

SING for CHRISTMAS

The words of all your favorite carols with music simply arranged so that almost any child or adult can sing and play them. Every service man will love it. Sixteen four-color, full page illustrations; twelve two-color, full page illustrations; and a large number of black-and-whites. \$2.50

by **OPAL WHEELER**

author of

"Handel at the Court of Kings",
"Stephen Foster", "Ludwig Beethoven", etc.
Illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren



THE NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF QUEEN OF THE FLAT-TOPS **STANLEY JOHNSTON**

From the Coral Sea up to the present, Stanley Johnston gives us the pounding excitement, the vivid feeling of participation in the air-sea battles of the U. S. Navy. His double-barrelled action story is a personal-experience account of the war in the South Pacific, as seen from the cockpits of Squadron VF-Ten, The Grim Reapers. The author battle-trained with the leaders of the now-famous squadron, and saw them begin to shoot their way to victory. *Illustrated with maps and official Navy photographs.* \$2.75

THE GRIM REAPERS

THE LEADING AMERICAN ACE OF THIS WAR

President Roosevelt, in awarding Major Foss the Congressional Medal of Honor, described his feat of shooting down 26 Jap planes over Guadalcanal as: "An aerial combat achievement unsurpassed in this war." You'll thrill with pride at this story of the good-natured American farm boy who turned from shooting birds on the South Dakota plains to shooting Jap Zeros out of South Pacific skies. *Illustrated with action photos.* \$2.50



JOE FOSS FLYING MARINE

and the Story of his FLYING CIRCUS
as told to WALTER SIMMONS

E. P.
DUTTON
& COMPANY

MALTA STORY — "It's a great book!"
—Chicago Tribune. By W. I. River. Based on the Diary and Experiences of Lt. Howard M. Coffin, U.S.A.A.F., formerly Flying Officer with the R.A.F. \$2.50

THEY SHALL NOT HAVE ME by Jean Hélon. One of the great escape stories of all time. "Breathtaking . . . One of the half-dozen most remarkable books of World War II."—Time Magazine. \$3.00

THE LADY AND THE TIGERS by Olga S. Greenlaw. "The one and only authentic story of the Flying Tigers — an inside job and absolutely honest."—Leland Stowe. *Illustrated with photographs.* \$3.00

WE THOUGHT WE HEARD THE ANGELS SING by Lt. James C. Whittaker. The complete epic story of the ordeal and rescue of the Rickenbacker party. *Illustrated.* \$1.50

GIVE US A LITTLE SMILE, BABY by Harry J. Coleman. "The mellow recollections of a veteran news photographer who . . . happens to be . . . a salty story-teller."—Stanley Walker. *Illustrated with photographs and drawings by famous cartoonists.* \$3.00

83 DAYS: The Survival of Seaman Izzl by Mark Murphy. "... a human testimonial . . . to the high bravery, imagination, and skill of the men who are fighting our war."

"A boon and a blessing!"

—Boston Globe

"Through Dahris Martin's eyes . . . one sees the hot sun, the gay color, the raucous night-life of an Arab city. An unique experience . . . gayly and deftly communicated.

—Lewis Gannett

I KNOW TUNISIA

by DAHRIS MARTIN

The story of an American girl who became the "adopted daughter" of an Arab town.

Third Printing Illus., \$3.00

The \$500,000 book!

That's the sum (in War Bonds) which the original manuscript of this genteel journey through Great Britain and France in 1839 brought from Harvard University Library.

"Mr. W. & I"

The Diary of Mrs. Daniel Webster.

Foreword by Claude Fuess. Illus., \$2.75

A Perfect Gift

for your boy in the Service and for sport fans of all ages—and both sexes!

TEN-AND OUT!

The Complete Story of the Prize Ring in America.

by ALEXANDER JOHNSTON

New enlarged edition. Illus., \$2.75

IVES WASHBURN, INC.

and in terms of the novel, this is an extraordinary book.

Scribners, \$2.50

The Promise, by Pearl Buck.

Once more Mrs. Buck uses her Biblical style and her knowledge of China and the Chinese people to point a lesson for our times. Her story is of the disastrous defeat in Burma and the difficulty which the Chinese and British allies had in trying to understand one another. Perhaps the English in Burma were all as stupid as Mrs. Buck paints them, the Chinese all as brave and good, but occasionally she seems to make her points at the expense of the story, the characters, and credulity itself. Yet her faith in China shines even when her novel does not.

John Day, \$2.50

My Days of Anger, by James T. Farrell.

In which Danny O'Neill, of *A World I Never Made* and *No Star Is Lost*, puts away childish things and becomes a man through a slow and painful process yet with a certain triumph at the end. Mr. Farrell's style is distinctive and unforgettable.

Vanguard, \$2.75

Barnaby, by Crockett Johnson.

The delightful heroes of the comic strip—Barnaby and his unpredictable fairy godfather, Mr. O'Malley—are put into book form for permanent delight.

Holt, \$2

Wild River, by Anna Louise Strong.

A simple, direct story of a man produced by the Russian revolution; his early loneliness and struggle, his marriage, his work as one of many on the Dnieper Dam, and finally the coming of the Germans and the hate and determination their coming aroused. . . . In the life of one man, simply told, one feels the story of countless thousands and understands again the Russian victories.

Little, Brown, \$2.50

The Locusts, by Otto Schrag.

This novel of the American West, and the often-told story of the locust plagues and the heroism of those who fought them has a more intense quality than most American historical novels. Perhaps it is because the author, born and bred in Germany though his mother was an American, never saw the American West and the American farmers until he was thirty-three years old and a fugitive from Hitler's Germany. It is natural that he should see in the struggle of the early settlers something important for the spirit of man to-day and thus be able to give it added meaning and dignity.

Farrar & Rinehart, \$3

Non-fiction

To All Hands: An Amphibious Adventure, by Lt. John Mason Brown.

This is one of the most remarkable books to come out of the war. A drama critic, turned lieutenant in the Navy, is listed as Bridge Announcer—which meant giving daily talks on the loudspeaker system—to the soldiers and sailors aboard the flagship of the U. S. Amphibious Force

The warmly human life story of a
surgeon whose power of understanding is as
great as his skill in healing

A SURGEON'S WORLD

By MAX THOREK, M. D.

"The record of a full and a rich life, an autobiography more crowded than most doctor books with the raw materials of human drama . . . Sprightly anecdotes, salted with tolerant wisdom."
—*N. Y. Times*. "Extraordinary . . . a lusty, gusty saga."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "Fascinating stuff."—*N. Y. World-Telegram*.

\$3.75

Fourth Printing

LIFE IS TOO SHORT

By C. Kay-Scott

One of the most astonishing personal documents that has come along. The extraordinary autobiography of one of the most many-sided men in the country."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$3.50

EAST COAST CORVETTE

By Nicholas Monsarrat, Lt., R.N.V.R.
Author of *H. M. Corvette*

A moving book . . . of rare charm . . . of how men fight and work and exist on escort duty . . . modulated in tone, humorously off-hand in attitude."—*N. Y. Times*. \$1.50



THE FRAMEWORK OF BATTLE

By Lt. Col. John G. Burr, U.S.A. (ret.)

The layman's guide to the technique of warfare. "Vital . . . explains what war is all about."—*Phila. Inquirer*. 54 tableau maps. \$3.00

DUET WITH NICKY

By Alice Berezowsky

The story of a happy couple. "Her prose sounds like Debussy . . . A gay, witty, engrossing story."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$2.75

THE SPY IN AMERICA

By George S. Bryan

"At last the history of spying has been presented as it should be."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$3.00

THE UNITED STATES NAVY: A HISTORY

By C. S. Alden and Allan Wescott

An authoritative account, from the beginning through the invasion of North Africa.

Illustrated. \$5.50

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE

The Yanks in the Pacific

By John Lardner.

Illustrated. \$3.00

WAR DISCOVERS ALASKA

By Joseph Driscoll.

Illustrated. \$3.00

COURSES IN MAGAZINE WRITING

FICTION — NON-FICTION

**Practical home study training for those who must
work in spare time**

The Magazine Institute, an organization of writers and editors, offers a carefully planned series of writing assignments designed to get you started and keep you writing. They are sent regularly to your home, where you work on them in spare time. They give you a chance to develop your writing skill in the professional way — by writing continually.

TRAINING DESIGNED FOR YOU

The Magazine Institute training is not a textbook course, nor is it a "newspaper" course, with stereotyped exercises to be written to formula. It was prepared by men and women who have made a success of the business of writing — whose stories, articles and books are appearing in national magazines and bookstores today. The text is a guide to practice. And the assignments offer a chance to concentrate on fiction, non-fiction or journalism. You may start with fundamentals or go immediately into advanced work.

You deal personally with your instructor, who is a writer or editor now active in the field which you hope to enter. You receive his frank and friendly comments on each assignment, his suggestions for daily practice, and you ask all the questions you like. The practice is of a sort that will provide constant pleasure, even while you are learning. The help offered is the intimate, friendly sort which will make the entire training a co-operative effort.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG TODAY—The free catalog, offering a detailed description of the Magazine Institute plan of modern help to writers, telling about opportunities for writers, and identifying the writers and editors who serve as instructors, will be sent on request. Inquirers will also receive leaflet "The Best Job in the World" listing unsolicited testimonials from successful graduates of the Magazine Institute. (The Magazine Institute does not use paid testimonials.) Fill in the coupon below and mail it today.

The Magazine Institute, Inc., Dept. 212A
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send your booklet, without obligation, to:

Name.....

Address.....

(Inquiries confidential. No salesman will call.)

PREPARE NOW for POST-WAR OPPORTUNITIES with LINGUAPHONE

In your own home you can now prepare for peace-time opportunities in many fields by learning to speak in an amazingly short time any of 29 languages by the world-famous

LINGUAPHONE Ear-Eye METHOD
It's quick, easy, correct

SPANISH ITALIAN FRENCH RUSSIAN
PORTUGUESE JAPANESE CHINESE GERMAN
NORWEGIAN and 20 others.

Successfully used by Army, Navy, Flying and Signal Corps and other services; in thousands of schools, colleges; endorsed by leading educators.

Send for FREE Book — Call for FREE Demonstration
LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
11 RCA Bldg., Rockefeller Plaza, New York (20)

YOUNG BOOKS, INC.

Famous for its Juvenile Department and intriguing children's gifts. Do you know our Jiffy House? Also our airport? Each \$2.15, postpaid.

714 Madison Avenue New York 21

on its way to and from and "during" Sicily. "In my role of a water-soaked Woolcott, a sea-swept Pepys, a wet Swing, a moist Baedeker, a damp Greek messenger, and a damper Polonius, it was my hope and my duty to try to interest all these men." He must have done far more than interest them. The speeches are brilliantly written, eloquent, amusing, and heart-lifting all at once, whether transmitting the orders of the day or addressing the men as the battle draws near. And excellent photographs. Whittlesey House, \$2.75
The New Sun, by Taro Yashima.

For once we have a picture of a spirit in Japan itself which has fought and is fighting her military aggression just as fiercely as we are, and at as great cost. Taro Yashima is an artist who tells in simple words and moving drawings the story of his life; of his lifelong effort to improve through his art and his actions the lot of the poor and oppressed in Japan; of his marriage, imprisonment, and torture. If his escape, at the end, remains rather inexplicable, the whole is an unusual and heart-breaking, though at the same time hopeful, record for our time.

Holt, \$2.75

Dunnybrook, by Gladys Hasty Carroll.

Mrs. Carroll, taking the small corner of Maine which was home to her ancestors and is home to her, tells with the richness of a novel and the feel of *As the Earth Turns* of the people who built the farms, the institutions, and the customs which make it what it is to-day.

Macmillan, \$2.75

Here Is Your War, by Ernie Pyle.

To say that reading this book is like reading a continuous series of Mr. Pyle's reports from North Africa is not to belittle the book. On the contrary. His direct human dispatches are some of the best to come out of the war.

Holt, \$3

Ambulance in Africa, by Evan Thomas.

The son of Norman Thomas entered the ambulance service a month before we entered the war and this is his story of a momentous year and a half of the African campaigns as he saw them.

Appleton, \$2

Burning an Empire, by Stewart Holbrook.

Mr. Holbrook, from his wide experience and knowledge of the woods, writes one of the most terrifying and horror-filled stories of our history—the story of the destruction of our forests by fire, which, alas, is not all past history. As exciting as it is important.

Macmillan, \$2.75

Hui-Lan Koo, the autobiography of Madame Wellington Koo.

An astonishing revelation by a rich and beautiful lady of China, who seems able to go through life untouched by the troubles of her country and the world.

Dial, \$3

In addition to Christine Weston's novel, *Indigo*, mentioned above, there are three books on India: **Introduction to India**, by D. R. Moreas and Robert Stimson.

A much-needed primer on a confused subject,

THE BEST OF ALL GIFTS

—now more useful
than ever

**With 120,000 Word
Wartime Supplement**

"The first one-volume encyclopedia in English worthy of the name."—*N. Y. Times*. Now includes recent changes and developments in all fields, as well as the important events and effects of the war—making it more than ever the supreme authority for modern Americans. \$19.50

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

MAN'S MOST DANGEROUS MYTH

The Fallacy of Race

By *M. F. Ashley Montagu*. In our time the problem of *race* has assumed an alarmingly exaggerated importance. Prof. Montagu proves the fallacy and offers a sound solution. "A must book for everyone who would have an intelligent, objective approach to the problem of *race* . . . able and readable."—*Social Studies*. Foreword by Aldous Huxley. \$2.25

BUSINESS AS A SYSTEM OF POWER

By *Robert A. Brady*. "It is difficult to overestimate the importance of the evidence that is here collected."—*HAROLD J. LASKI, New Statesman and Nation*. \$3.00

THE SCIENCE OF NUTRITION

By *Henry C. Sherman*. Written for the intelligent layman who wants to understand both the scientific evidence and its human and social implications. \$2.75

CONTEMPORARY CHINESE STORIES

Translated by *Chi-Chen Wang*. In contrast to traditional Chinese tales, these stories are starkly realistic—representing a new era in China's life between the years 1908 to 1937. \$2.75

THE REAL ITALIANS

By *Count Carlo Sforza*. By Italy's former Minister for Foreign Affairs. "The best book a non-Italian can read about Italy today."—*New Republic*. \$2.00

THE WORLD OF THE FOUR FREEDOMS

By *Sumner Welles*. "Coherence, clarity and a moving vision . . . The book makes a fundamental document in the development of American policy."—*WALTER MILLIS, N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$1.75

TRADITIONAL CHINESE TALES

Translated by *Chi-Chen Wang*. Twenty exotic and mannered stories that reflect an ancient civilization of which we in the West know only too little—the most complete and representative anthology of its kind. \$2.75
The two volumes, gift boxed. set, \$5.00

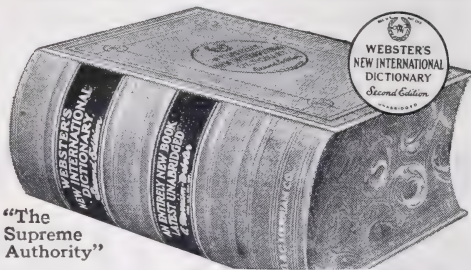
If You Have Had to Wait for Your Copy of WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition

This Is the Reason:

THE rationing of paper has made unavoidable a restriction in production and heavy government needs must be supplied—all in the face of the greatest civilian demand for the Merriam-Webster in our history. Naturally there are not enough copies to make possible prompt delivery to everyone. Please wait as patiently as you can for your bookseller to supply you.

GET THE BEST — Even If You Have To Wait For It

The Merriam-Webster is the standard of schools and colleges; State Supreme Courts; the Government Printing Office; professional and business offices everywhere. Contains 600,000 Entries—122,000 more than in any other dictionary. 12,000 terms illustrated. 3,350 Pages. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield 2, Mass.



"One of the most vital books to be published in the last fifty years." — Louis Bromfield

P. A. WARING and W. M. TELLER ROOTS IN THE EARTH

The Small Farmer Looks Ahead

An intensely human and personal document of the crucial problems which the small independent farmer will face in the post-war period. Grows out of the actual farming experience of the authors in Bucks County, Pa. \$2.00

PETER P. YURCHAK THE CLUB LEADER'S HANDBOOK

Everything anyone needs to know to perform official duties successfully in club, lodge, church and in business, community, labor and political groups. Only book of its kind. "No such work has ever been made available in so complete and concise a form." — FOSTER F. FARRELL, Secretary, National Fraternal Congress of America. \$2.00

HARPER

explaining briefly and simply the main outlines of the country's problems. Oxford, \$2

Subject India, by H. N. Brailsford.

The cause for the freedom of India presented by an Englishman. John Day, \$2.50

Report on India, by T. A. Raman.

The author of *What Does Gandhi Want?* writes a reasoned and readable short history of India, from the beginning (circa 3500 B.C.) to the present, with emphasis on the tangled problems of to-day. Oxford, \$2.50

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

List Compiled by Josephine D. Kimball

714 Madison Ave., New York 21

Picture Books

Pitter Patter, by Dorothy Baruch.

Excellent text and pictures of the delights of the rain. Scott, \$1

Help the Farmer, by Dorothy King.

A new toy book by the author of *Find the Animals*.

Morrow, \$1.50

A Child's Good Night Book, by Margaret Brown.

An irresistible invitation to sleepiness. Scott, \$1

Picture Story Books: 3 to 5 Years

Trumpet, by Margot Austin.

Wonderful new tale in the *Peter Churchmouse* series. Dutton, \$1

Katy and the Big Snow, by Virginia Lee Burton.

The adventures of a tractor by a well-loved author. Houghton, \$2

Health Can Be Fun, by Munro Leaf.

Funny drawings make healthy habits fun.

Stokes, \$1.35

Picture Story Books: 5 to 9 Years

The Mighty Hunter, by Berta and Elmer Hader.

A gay tale of a small Indian boy. Macmillan, \$2

Many Moons, by James Thurber.

About a little princess who wanted the moon.

Harcourt, Brace, \$2

Picture Fact Books: 5 to 9 Years

Uncle Sam's Army, by George Avison.

A picture book showing various Army specialists and how they fight. Macmillan, \$1

What Makes It Tick? by Katherine Britton.

Forty-five simple explanations of scientific subjects. Houghton, \$2.50

Story Books: 6 to 9 Years

Freddy and the Bean Home News, by Walter Brooks.

The 10th volume of this amusing, exciting series. Knopf, \$2

Giants, Witches and a Dragon or Two, edited by Phyllis Fenner.

Eighteen wonderful old stories to make pleasant chills go up the spine. Knopf, \$2

Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

My Favorite Age, by Elizabeth Morrow.
Delightful tales full of rare understanding.
Macmillan, \$2

Story Books: 9 to 12 Years

Two Logs Crossing, by Walter Edmonds.
White boy and Indian hunt together.
Dodd, Mead, \$2

Jean Lambert Goes to War, by André Maurois.
A powerful story of the France that did not surrender.
Harpers, \$1.50

The Picts and the Martyrs, by Arthur Ransome.
Another grand *Swallows and Amazons* story.
Macmillan, \$2.50

Sigurd and His Brave Companions, by Sigrid Undset.
Knopf, \$2

Non-Fiction: 9 to 12 Years

Big Red, by C. W. Anderson.
The story of Man o' War illustrated with beautiful lithographs.
Macmillan, \$2

See and Sew, by Mariska Karasz.
An excellent book to help beginners in sewing.
Stokes, \$1.50

Fun with Magic, by Joseph Leeming.
Seventy good tricks with easy diagrams.
Stokes, \$2

Flying Fortress, by Ray.
Complete picture description of the favorite plane.
Garden City, \$1

Fiction: 12 to 16 Years

Stand Fast and Reply, by Lavinia Davis.
A New York girl finds life fun on an Ohio farm.
Doubleday, \$2

Dog of War, by Fairfax Downey.
A dog who trained and fought with the Field Artillery.
Dodd, Mead, \$2

Thunderhead, by Mary O'Hara.
Successor to the famous *My Friend Flicka*.
Lippincott, \$2.75

Keystone Kids, by John Tunis.
An exciting and worth-while story about the Dodgers.
Harcourt, Brace, \$2

Non-Fiction: 12 Years and Up

Inside the F.B.I., by John Floherty.
The fascinating workings of the F.B.I. Many photographs.
Lippincott, \$2

Made in China, by Cornelia Spencer.
A magnificent book, beautifully illustrated by Kurt Wiese, showing all that China has given to the culture and civilization of the world.
Knopf, \$3

Gift Books

The Frenzied Prince, told by Padraic Colum.
Heroic stories of ancient Ireland. McKay, \$3.50

Merry Christmas, by Natasha Simkhovitch.
Delightful collection of Christmas stories, songs and poems with unusually lovely illustrations.
Knopf, \$1.50



Christmas Cards and Gifts

On sale through the Holiday Shop at
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
Fifth Ave. & 82nd St., New York 28, N. Y.
Catalogue H sent free on request

MUSIC LOVERS

Fine records at bargain prices. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Wagner, etc., playable on any phonograph. Original imports cost \$1.50 to \$2.50 each—American duplicates only 50c and 75c. Send for FREE catalogue containing hundreds of selections.

The Gramophone Shop, Dept. H, 18 E. 48th St., New York

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE
Literary Agent, established 25 years.
Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.
AGNES M. REEVE, FRANKLIN, O.
Dept. B,

DICTIONARIES

FOR 56 LANGUAGES, CATALOG FREE.
SCHOENHOF BOOK Co. (Established 1856)
Harvard Square, CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

Christmas in Wartime

will be happier for all of us if we share it
THE SALVATION ARMY WAY

SHARE YOUR CHRISTMAS
through
THE SALVATION ARMY

MURDERS for PLEASURE



Early this year CRAIG RICE decided to give us a Thanksgiving gift. It arrived two months ago, was rushed to the printer, and may now be shared by anyone who has two bucks and knows a bargain in entertainment when he sees it.

It's called *The Thursday Turkey Murders* (which ought to be enough for anyone) and features those remarkable partners—Bingo and Handsome—whose first adventures were related in *The Sunday Pigeon Murders*.

These two peripatetic street photographers haven't changed any since *Newsweek* called them "The funniest pair of protagonists in any detective story." So naturally, when they drive into Thursday, Iowa, they are the heaven-sent victims of every confidence game the sleepy little town has to offer—and there are many. Even the golden-haired Farmer's Daughter turns out to be a snare and a delusion. Given an unidentified corpse who might have been a traveling preacher, a patent medicine salesman, or a bank robber; plus two hundred kidnapped turkeys, a gang of escaped convicts, and two beautiful babes (the Powers model type babes); and you have a situation admirably suited to the peculiar talents of Bingo and Handsome. Also naturally, when they learn that several hundred thousand dollars in bank robbery loot is cached somewhere in the vicinity, they very sensibly take a deep personal interest in the case.

In the ensuing welter of excitement the reader gets to meet such diverse characters as attorney Willie Sims, whose idea of heaven is a place entirely uninhabited by Eagle Scouts; Ollie, permanent resident of Thursday's jail who is studying psychology in order to find out why he is an idiot; and twelve-year-old Artie, whose language throughout can only be printed in dashes.

Obviously, the ideal Thanksgiving company. Not only ideal but available—in your copy of

THE THURSDAY TURKEY MURDERS

by Craig Rice

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY • PRICE \$2.00

PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER



by William C. Weber

The Grinning Pig by Nap Lombard (Simon & Schuster, \$2) is about the gayest—and grimmest—yarn of the season. Amateur and professional detectives here match wits to find out the identity of the pig-masked killer who cached a corpse in a London air-raid shelter, stabbed an elderly Englishwoman in a country lane, and scared the wits out of other folks. It's full of lively talk, fun, shivers, and the plot—if it wavers a bit at the end—is baffling enough.

Going, Going, Gone by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (W. W. Norton, \$2) is a prime Asey Mayo story—and that's about all one need say. Not too cute, like some Mayopuses, and brimful of plot, action, and Cape Cod witticisms. The murderess, an antique dealer, turns up stabbed in an old sea chest. Asey carries on from there.

The Lady in the Lake by Raymond Chandler (A. A. Knopf, \$2) is a rare morsel for those who like their mysteries tough and outspoken, and who don't mind good characterizations, bang-up writing, and expert puzzlement thrown in. Marlowe, the sleuth, is an 8-minute California egg, and his search for a client's missing wife uncovers several murders, and much nasty work at numerous crossroads. It goes like greased lightning—but it's not for the nervous.

Espionage and intrigue make up a considerable portion of the current mystery ration. In this class there are two top-notchers—*The Stars Are Dark* by Peter Cheyney (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2) and *Stalk the Hunter* by Mitchell Wilson (Simon & Schuster, \$2). The first is a chilling, unprincipled, and deadly yarn of under-cover warfare between English and Nazi spies; the second the suspenseful and romantic tale of a refugee girl's efforts to escape from enemy agents in New York.

One recent story that should not be missed is *He Fell Down Dead* by Virginia Perdue (Crime Club, \$2). It tells of the gradual disillusionment of a hastily married young California girl whose handsome doctor husband is hated by practically everybody. She finds out why.

In the slow, sure, and solid British Department there is a capably plotted and gorgeously panoplied tale of the English courts in *Tragedy at Law* by Cyril Hare (Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2). The pomp and color of the opening pages set the stage beautifully for a devious plot—a judge is murdered—that develops very deliberately and moves inexorably to a logical finish.

Add to your list of omnibus books a capital collection of shuddery tales edited by Boris Karloff—*Tales of Terror* (World Publishing Co.). For Helen R. Hull's "Clay Shuttered Doors" alone this book is worth the price of admission, and there are other items, new and time-honored, by Poe, Blackwood, Oliver Onions, Hugh Walpole, and others. But the W. W. Jacobs story mentioned on the jacket just ain't there.

Harper's Magazine

VOL 188 No 1123 December 1943



CANADA SWINGS TO THE LEFT

The Political Uprising North of the Border

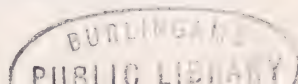
WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

CANADA is usually regarded in the United States as a rather staid and conservative neighbor. But right now, when the trend in the United States—as shown in the last Congressional elections—is swinging to the Right, Canada is booming Leftward.

Two years ago few people would have guessed that it could happen. Prime Minister Mackenzie King, with his program of cautious, middle-of-the-road, old-fashioned liberalism, was sitting on top of the parliamentary world in Ottawa. His Liberal Party had a top-heavy majority in the Canadian Parliament and controlled eight of the nine Provincial governments. The Conservatives—old and traditional opposite numbers to the Liberals—were wandering disconsolately in the political wilderness, without a forceful leader or an acceptable program. A doz-

en militant anti-conscription French Canadians from Quebec and the eight deputies who belonged to the C.C.F. (Co-operative Commonwealth Federation), Canada's socialist party, were only minor thorns in Mr. King's side. It seemed as though he might look forward to a long period of unchallenged power.

But suddenly everything has sharply changed. The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation has upset elections in many sections of Canada and has the prospect of upsetting more. A good example of this was furnished by the overturn in the provincial elections in Ontario last August. Ontario is the most populous and the most industrialized of the Canadian provinces. The Liberals, formerly the majority party in the provincial legislature, came out a very bad third in the August election. The Conservatives, who are now



trying to get in step with the times by calling themselves Progressive-Conservatives, became the leading party in the new legislature with 38 seats. But the sensation of the election was the C.C.F. It elected 34 deputies to a legislature of 90 members where formerly it did not hold a single seat!

The C.C.F. polled its heaviest vote in Ontario, where the industrial constituencies are, but it has a strong following among the farmers of the West. In British Columbia, for example, its showing was so strong that Liberals and Conservatives found themselves forced into a coalition against it. The C.C.F. is the official opposition in Saskatchewan. It stands a good chance of winning Alberta. There the Social Credit Party, under the leadership of William Aberhart, the evangelist, has been in power for the past eight years. But Aberhart is now dead and his party failed to put the glittering monetary theories of Social Credit into tangible practice. So their strength is dwindling and the C.C.F. may easily capture control of the province.

The new party has made little headway in French-Canadian Quebec, and its only supporters in the Maritime Provinces are the coal miners of Cape Breton. But its industrial following in Ontario and its hold on the Western farmers promises substantial representation when the next Dominion parliamentary election is held some time before the spring of 1945. Non-partisan political observers and reporters are inclined to concede the C.C.F. at least a fourth and perhaps a third of the seats in the next Dominion Parliament. This would be far ahead of any political success ever achieved in the United States by any party group with an avowedly socialist program.

The C.C.F. has strenuously resisted Communist bids for a united front. The Leftward swing in Canada has added some strength to the Communists, who are now transparently camouflaged as the Labor-Progressive Party. As an organization the Communists were officially banned at the beginning of the war, but there have been no serious restrictive measures taken against them since the Soviet Union entered the conflict. Fred Rose, the first Com-

munist to sit in the Dominion Parliament, recently won a by-election in the Cartier district of Montreal. In this district, which somewhat resembles New York's East Side in its poverty and racial composition, the French Canadians—who are strongly indoctrinated against Communism by the Catholic Church—are a minority. In this particular election the racial element played some part: three of the candidates were Jews and the fourth a nationalist French Canadian. The candidates of the two extremes—the Communists and the nationalist Bloc Populaire—polled the largest votes. Elsewhere in Canada Communist strength is slight and scattering. There are urban districts in Toronto and Winnipeg, with a high proportion of foreign-born residents, where the Communists stand a chance of parliamentary success. But that's about all. Just as in the United States, the indirect Communist influence on certain trade unions and "front" organizations is greater than the Communist following at the polls. The C.C.F., on the other hand, has open and widespread popular strength. It is a strictly "native" Canadian movement.

What does the C.C.F. aim at and what are the reasons for its rapidly growing popular support? Its leaders describe it as a democratic socialist party, committed to realizing an ever-widening measure of state and co-operative control of economic life by constitutional methods. Many of its proposals recall the programs of the Labor Parties in Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand. Its theoretical projects are expressed in sharp and uncompromising terms—a circumstance that may perhaps be explained by the fact that the C.C.F. has never been exposed to the softening and moderating influence of holding office.

The C.C.F. calls for the socialization of what it considers the key industries and enterprises—banking, transportation, electric power, and large monopolies. This is to be done, says M. J. Coldwell, the party's parliamentary leader, "as soon as possible after taking office." The party wants these socialized industries operated not by government departments, but by independent public boards, selected for

technical competence. This idea has already been tried out to some extent in Great Britain, where boards of this type operate a good deal of the electrical power supply and local transportation.

As an agency for over-all public planning the C.C.F. advocates a National Planning and Investment Board, to be supplemented by import and export boards for the purpose of regulating, promoting, and directing foreign trade. It offers the farmers a guaranteed minimum price for their products. If the market price should rise above this minimum the surplus would be held in a special fund. This fund is to cover the cost of subsidies if the market price should fall below the minimum figure.

The C.C.F. has attacked the operation of the Canadian war economy as being too favorable to the business interests. It wants government operation of all war industries; one hundred per cent taxation of all profits above four per cent; the financing of the war through compulsory interest-free loans; and the replacement of dollar-a-year men by paid state officials. The party wants immediate action on a number of social measures: the establishment of a floor beneath which no income should be allowed to fall; bigger allowances for the dependents of service men; national health insurance, and higher old-age pensions.

For the immediate postwar period the C.C.F. program calls for extensive government spending in order to stave off depression. An outlay of five billion dollars during the first two years after the close of hostilities has been suggested. (In view of the difference in national income this would be the equivalent of about seventy-five billion dollars in the United States.) This money would be spent on job-producing enterprises such as housing, rehabilitation, reforestation, and so on. The retraining of service men for new jobs and the maintenance on a liberal scale of discharged soldiers and dismissed war workers—pending re-employment—are demanded under this system of free spending.

The C.C.F. program is much farther to the Left than anything the New Deal has ever proposed or done. The C.C.F. is

not interested in the idea of free enterprise, though the leaders of the party expect that a good deal of business activity will be left in private hands after the key industries are nationalized.

The C.C.F. leaders are unmistakably sincere in their faith in democracy and civil liberties. They believe what conservatives and old-fashioned liberals would deny or doubt: that individual freedom can be preserved and even enlarged side by side with a great extension of public controls over economic life. As E. B. Jolliffe, the C.C.F. leader in Ontario, said to me: "The great task of our time is to combine economic collectivism with cultural individualism."

Mr. Jolliffe, a Toronto lawyer and former Rhodes scholar, received me in the office reserved for the Leader of the Opposition in the legislative building at Queen's Park. I asked him why the party had made such a striking gain in the provincial election.

"A breakdown of the votes," said Mr. Jolliffe, "shows that we polled especially heavily among three classes of people: soldiers, war workers, and the miners and lumberjacks of northern Ontario. All these groups had special reasons for feeling anxious about their prospects of employment after the war. As their votes showed, they believe that the C.C.F. has more to offer than the old parties in the way of a constructive postwar program of full employment and full utilization of plant facilities and natural resources."

Mr. Jolliffe suggested also that his party was reaping what it had sown during years of patient spadework when its pioneer members toured the country, setting forth their ideas at every crossroads village where they could find a meeting place and an audience.

There is no doubt but that the C.C.F. is the beneficiary of a good deal of labor discontent with Canadian war-economy policies and of much bitterness at the prospect of sinking back—after war employment is over—to the drab hopelessness of the dreary and depressed thirties. The truth is that an opportunity has long been in preparation for just such a party as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation.

II

FOR some time Canadians have been very uneasy about their economic future. The Dominion itself was originally put together in 1867 by Canadians who were afraid that the United States would eventually swallow up the continent. They wanted an independent Canada and they wanted to maintain the connection with Britain. To clinch this proposition a transcontinental rail system was built to open up the Canadian West and tariffs were instituted to encourage home industry.

Not much of a dividend was paid on this great investment until Europe provided a greater market for grain. Then the wheat boom of the nineties began. This boom, in turn, helped manufacturing in Quebec and Ontario. Canada went ahead fast. But the foundation of its economy was wheat. Acreage was expanded again and again, until through over-extension at home and declining markets abroad the Dominion was set for a collapse. The First World War, with its tremendous demand for supplies, helped the Canadians for a time, but after the war things began to look pretty grim. Grain production had increased enormously in the United States, in Australia, Argentina, and in other parts of the world during the preceding generation. There was no way for Canada to meet this competition, and the prospect for the prairies was one of permanent depression. This state of affairs brought increasing political agitation in the wheat provinces and set the stage for the capture of Alberta by the Social Credit Party.

Canada was saved by metal and wood pulp. The United States is the greatest market for newsprint in the world and over four-fifths of Canadian output is bought here. In metal, Canada has practically a monopoly of the world's supply of nickel.

In 1932 Great Britain was in the trough of the world depression herself, and the Ottawa agreements were worked out. The core of the scheme was this: Britain adopted protective tariffs and undertook to preserve the British market for Dominion foodstuffs; in return the Dominions

were to give preference to British manufactures. These agreements put a fence around the British Empire. But it didn't work. For one thing, Canadians wanted to encourage trade in their own manufactures. For another, American capital came to Canada and set up industries in order to get inside the imperial wall. Lastly, no matter how hard they tried, the British simply could not absorb the wheat and other farm products of the Empire. The market in Europe was no better, with most of the continental nations in a desperate race to become self-sufficient. In a word, Canada had become both a manufacturing and a wheat-growing nation. She could not sell enough of her wheat nor of her manufactures—except the metals and the newsprint—to keep her going. The Second World War saved her again, but there's not a man in Canada now who does not face the future with misgiving. Neither of the two old parties—the Liberals and the Conservatives—was in a position to offer Canadians much that was new. Nature abhors a vacuum. The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation has now offered to fill the vacuum. Mr. Jolliffe's listing of supporting groups in Ontario is significant—*soldiers, war workers, miners, and lumberjacks*.

Of course, for the moment, Canadian industry is strained to the limit with war production and the problem of finding sufficient manpower. There has been an enormous expansion of war plant. Chemicals furnish a good example: in 1941 the industry employed 22,000 persons; to-day it employs 86,000. Steel output has doubled since 1939 and the rate is now more than 3 million tons a year. Aluminum production in 1943 was six times the 1939 figure. Canada supplies the United Nations with 40 per cent of their aluminum and 95 per cent of their nickel. Up to last summer Canada had built about 500 ships, 500,000 motor vehicles, and 8,000 airplanes. Production is now a ship a day, 4,000 motor vehicles and 80 planes a week. The cash value of munitions, foodstuffs, and other supplies shipped free of charge to Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and others of the United Nations is about a billion dollars.

The population of Canada is a little less than 12,000,000. Of this number 8,720,000 are over fourteen years of age. Early in 1943 a breakdown was made of the manpower situation. The analysis is a little out of date because the armed forces now number about 722,000, but it will serve to show what has happened in employment:

Armed forces (men and women).....	645,000
Munitions and essential civilian industry	
(1,503,000 men; 622,000 women) ..	2,125,000
Agriculture (men only).....	1,020,000
Less essential civilian industry	
(787,000 men; 530,000 women) ..	1,317,000
Employable but not in industry	
(301,000 men; 2,768,000 women) ..	3,069,000
Retired and unemployable	
(244,000 men; 300,000 women)....	544,000

If production and labor achievement in Canada are compared on a relative basis with performance in the United States, one can get a better idea of the magnitude of the Canadian war effort. An armed force of 722,000 men is an approximate equivalent of 8,700,000 in the United States.

How to make the labor supply go round has taxed ingenuity to the utmost. Over a million farmers and persons in other categories—coal miners and school teachers for example—had already been frozen in their jobs when, recently, 1,400,000 more were brought under the same ruling. Hoarded and superfluous workers have been combed out from less essential pursuits and put into such key industries as shipbuilding, aircraft production, mining, and farming. Women are not subjected to compulsion (Catholic Quebec wouldn't stand for it), and married men may not be forced to change their residence nor take new jobs at lower pay; but on the whole there has been stricter supervision than in the United States. Rationing has been better managed and more generously than in the United States. The gasoline ration is higher north of the border, the meat supply is bigger, the butter allowance is half a pound a week. (The most constant item in the dining room of the Harvard Faculty Club is "horse steak," but I never saw horse meat on the bill of fare of a Canadian restaurant.)

But taxation has drawn blood. A married man with two children and an income of \$5,000 is taxed \$1,662, of which \$600 is returnable after the war. If such a man earns \$10,000 he pays \$4,546 in taxes and gets back \$1,200 after the war. Half the war budget comes from taxes and the rest from internal loans. Last spring 40 per cent of the Canadian war loan was taken up by individuals. In the United States the corresponding figure for the second war loan was 26 per cent.

Wage and price increases have been held down. Since the winter of 1941 the cost of living has risen less than 3 per cent as against a 20 per cent rise in the United States, and the government is trying to hold fast. Recently Donald Gordon, head of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board (the Canadian equivalent of the OPA) delivered himself of the following warning: "Everyone now is thinking about victory and a great deal of thinking is being indulged in about an early peace, with a quick abandonment of wartime restrictions. Unfortunately this letdown of public support comes at the very moment when need for control is more vital than ever. The cumulative effect of shortages of civilian supplies and raw materials, machinery and manpower is exerting more pressure now than at any time since the beginning of the war. I say definitely that inflation is no imaginary condition. We have all the circumstances and pressures which create inflation right here now."

These statistics make clear how closely Canada has been harnessed to the war and they serve to underscore the questions of the C.C.F.: To what purpose is this effort being made? What are the plans for the future?

III

THIS uncertainty about the future gives the C.C.F. the promise, in greater or lesser degree, of the support of other groups. The unions are an example. Canada has no equivalent of the Wagner Act and employers may still legally refuse to deal with trade unions. The unions feel that they have been shortchanged in labor representation in government war agencies. Labor representatives will

not accept the official contention that the cost of living has risen less than three per cent. They say it's greater and that rigid wage ceilings tend to freeze substandard wages. Moreover they feel—even though it's illogical in the face of the all-round sacrifice for the war effort—that labor should not be denied the advantages of its favorable bargaining position. They took a beating during the thirties; unemployment and part-time work were widespread. Now when there are more jobs than men, labor cannot legally demand more pay, nor; with frozen jobs, can the individual worker seek a better one. So, for numerous reasons, the unions regard the C.C.F. very favorably.

There are two trade-union federations in Canada. One of them is the Canadian Congress of Labor, which has some ties with our own CIO. The other is the Trades and Labor Congress, which inclines more to craft-union organization and has affiliations with A.F. of L. unions in the United States. (Oddly enough, this latter organization has been subjected to more Communist infiltration in its leadership than the Canadian Congress of Labor.) The C.C.F. has found a lot of support in both organizations, especially because its plan for an expanding Canadian economy gives orthodox finance a distinctly secondary consideration.

"One would imagine," said A. R. Mosher, President of the Canadian Congress of Labor, recently, "that the financing of the war effort not only in Canada, but in all the belligerent countries, would have proved beyond question that what is physically possible is financially possible, that wealth is not money, but manpower. The details of postwar construction are not a source of difficulty. Canada needs hundreds of thousands of new homes. Slums in every city must be torn down and replaced by apartments. Almost every farm in the country needs improvements. There are great areas of farm and timber and mining land to be developed, highways to be built and food and clothing to be provided for a larger population at a higher standard of living than ever before. . . . The test will come when Canada's postwar financial policy is to be determined."

In view of this attitude—which is common—it is not surprising that the Congress of Labor, at its recent annual convention in Montreal, voted in favor of the affiliation of its unions with the C.C.F. Pat Conroy, Secretary-Treasurer of the Congress, supported the move with this argument:

"Political action is absolutely necessary to support action in the economic field. The C.C.F. comes closer than any other organization to representing the view of the Canadian Congress of Labor."

This means that more than two hundred thousand organized workers (the equivalent of two and a half or three million potential voters in the United States) are formally lined up behind the C.C.F. The other union federation (the Trades and Labor Congress) has not taken any such action, but support of the C.C.F. among the rank and file of its member unions is very strong.

Though the support of the C.C.F. comes largely from farmers and industrial workers, the leaders and the original organizers came from neither group. They are intellectuals. Mr. Coldwell, an Englishman by birth, was a school superintendent in Regina, Saskatchewan, when he began his political career as a representative of a rural district in that province. Attractive in his straightforwardness, simplicity, and obvious sincerity, Coldwell is a hard worker and an omnivorous reader. His political opponents concede that he is one of the best-informed men on Canadian politics and economics to be found in Parliament. A middle-aged man, rather stockily built, he appeals to the reason rather than to the emotions. His speeches are closely reasoned arguments rather than displays of oratorical fireworks.

Frank Scott, national chairman of the party, a vigorous debater with a keen sense of humor, is Professor of Civil Law at McGill University and author of several books on Canada's foreign and domestic problems. Like Jolliffe, the Ontario leader, Scott is a former Rhodes scholar. So is David Lewis, the party secretary, who is of Polish Jewish origin. Coldwell, Scott, Jolliffe, and Lewis are names that may presently appear in the news dis-

patches if the C.C.F. finds itself in a position to form a Cabinet or if it decides to enter a coalition ministry—a course to which it has been opposed so far.

IV

ALL this political ferment, along with the success of the C.C.F., has forced the other two parties to refurbish their platforms and show some willingness to step lively.

The Liberals, now in control of the Dominion government, have been considering ambitious schemes for social security and postwar rehabilitation. There has been no action on these programs, but Prime Minister King is a pretty good judge of public opinion and the Liberals may try to galvanize themselves. A Canadian economist, Dr. Leonard C. Marsh, has drawn up what is sometimes called the Canadian Beveridge Plan. It calls for an enlargement, co-ordination, and strengthening of practically all forms of social security and for closer co-operation of the federal government with the provinces in this field. Like Mr. Coldwell, Dr. Marsh believes that free government spending will be the only antidote to a disastrous slump during the transition from a war to a peace economy. He wants to spend a billion dollars in the first year after the war. His report has been much discussed but so far nothing has been done about it.

Government plans for reabsorbing soldiers into civilian life have reached a fairly concrete stage. The returned soldier will be eligible for unemployment insurance while waiting for a job (\$10.20 a week for single men; \$14.40 a week for married men). University students will be supported while completing their courses of study, interrupted in order to join the armed forces. Free vocational training will be available and soldiers with farming experience will receive financial help from the government in purchasing farms on easy terms. All these moves of course are palliatives. It is pretty generally recognized that only full employment of manpower, plant, and resources will provide for the future of the more than seven hundred thousand men in the serv-

ices and of the war workers who cannot be taken over automatically into recon-verted industries. (There are about a million Canadians now employed in war industry.)

Projects for insuring employment are still in a tentative stage, although official and semiofficial committees are at work on the question. The Advisory Committee on Reconstruction, headed by Dr. F. C. James, Principal of McGill University, has set up subcommittees on such subjects as agricultural policy, conservation and development of resources, and so on. One of these subcommittees, headed by K. M. Cameron, suggests that the transformation of existing aviation resources, enormously expanded as a result of the Empire Air Training scheme, for peacetime commercial and private passenger use, including continental and trans-Atlantic traffic, might "galvanize the whole Canadian economy." Any such attempt of course will pitch the Canadians into the middle of the impending international scrap over air rights.

While the government and other bodies have been busy with these concerns, the Conservative Party, as we have seen, has been trying to catch up; its leaders hope that their change of label to Progressive-Conservatives will help them to get going again. This change of name was brought about by the new Conservative leader, John Bracken, once a professor of agricultural science and author of several books about Canadian farming. Formerly Prime Minister of Manitoba, he displays the sort of farm liberalism that one often finds in the governors of our States of the upper Mississippi Valley. He recognizes the fact that undiluted conservatism has little popular appeal in Canada and that the Conservative Party cannot hope to make a comeback without putting on a fairly convincing show of being progressive.

Tactics such as he advocates were certainly successful in the Ontario elections last August, when the Liberals were shoved back to third place against the competition of the C.C.F. and the Progressive-Conservatives. George Drew, the new Prime Minister of Ontario, followed Bracken's line in the election campaign.

He published a twenty-two-point program with a number of suggestions for administrative improvement and social reform and promised to create "a dynamic Ontario." Bracken has set the pace for the Conservatives and recently one of the most conservative of Canadian newspapers, the *Montreal Gazette*, undertook to show by citations from his speeches that Mr. Bracken is about as advanced in his views as Vice-President Wallace.

V

THERE remains the question of French Canada. Can the C.C.F. or the revamped Conservatives or a possibly resuscitated Liberal Party make a junction with the French Canadians? This question is worth examination, though at the moment Canada is split in two over the war.

In the spring of 1942 Prime Minister King submitted to a referendum vote the question of whether or not the Government should be released from its earlier pledge not to apply conscription for overseas service. English Canada voted strongly "Yes," and French Canada vehemently "No." Sixty-two per cent of the total national vote was for lifting the ban, a tolerably close vote. But though the government was empowered to send conscripts overseas, it has not yet done so. Home defense—where there has never been a bar against conscripts—has been stretched to include Newfoundland, the West Indies, and even the Aleutians. The slowness with which the Government has moved shows how critical the issue is.

A recent political development in Quebec has been the emergence of an intransigent French-Canadian nationalist party, the Bloc Populaire Canadien. Its leader is Maxime Raymond, a veteran member of Parliament and a prominent lawyer, an uncompromising opponent of Canadian participation in the war, and a strong champion of provincial autonomy for Quebec.

What will happen to the Bloc is problematical. While the C.C.F. asks for votes on promises for the future, the Bloc rages about the war and thinks about the past. "One may be allowed to dream,"

begins one of the leaflets issued on behalf of Armand Choquette, the Bloc candidate at a recent parliamentary by-election. "If our country had done as Ireland did and as Maxime Raymond, leader of the Bloc, demanded; if it had remained neutral . . ." Then, the argument goes on, the billions of dollars spent on the war could have immensely improved the social well-being of the country. The leaflet gives detailed calculations of how many homes could have been built and furnished, how much machinery could have been given to farmers, how many hospitals, orphanages, and old people's homes could have been endowed with "these gifts not to England, but to Canadians."

Most English Canadians fumed with rage over such propaganda, but it helped to elect M. Choquette in a district where there was a large English-speaking minority.

The reasons why most French Canadians are opposed to conscription for overseas wars, why many of them reflect wistfully on what might have happened if Canada had remained neutral, are numerous and complex. It is unfair and a mark of ignorance to stigmatize French Canada as "fascist." The French Canadian has a strong sense of personal liberty and dislikes regimentation. The militant Protestants are wrong when they attribute the attitude of French Canada toward the war to the influence of the Catholic Church. So far as I could judge from a number of personal contacts in Quebec, the priest is no more critical of the war than the peasant, the little business man, and the intellectual.

The French Canadians have a strong sense of constituting a national and a cultural minority. Always on guard against absorption by the English-speaking majority, they are suspicious of a conflict that they feel originated in Great Britain rather than in Canada. Because English is the language of command in the Canadian Army and because higher education in French Canada is strongly classical and non-technical, the young French Canadian is at a disadvantage in trying to qualify for a commission or to enter the more interesting technical branches of the service. Suspicious of discrimination

on racial grounds, he often feels that this is an English-Canadian's war and a French-Canadian's fight. If there were a direct attack on Canada the attitude would be wholly different. Even so, many French Canadians have entered the armed services and have made excellent military records.

The appeal of the Bloc Populaire Canadien is restricted to French Canadians, and its strength—unlike that of the C.C.F.—has not yet been tested on a wide scale. But some observers who are by no means sympathetic with it believe that it may win a considerable proportion of Quebec's 65 seats in the next election. (There are 245 deputies in the Canadian House of Commons.) Besides being as critical of the war effort as the law will permit, the spokesmen for the Bloc fiercely attack alleged federal encroachments on Quebec's rights of provincial self-government. One of Raymond's slogans is "Canada for the Canadians; Quebec for the Quebecers."

But after the war, when Canada's participation in the conflict and the application of conscription are no longer burning questions, what is going to happen to the Bloc? Its survival will depend largely on its ability to work out an acceptable social program. M. Raymond seems to be conscious of this, for in one of the broadcasts in which he introduced the new party he urged an expansion of rural co-operatives, better housing for industrial workers, and equal pay for workers in Ontario and Quebec. Factory workers in Ontario are now in many cases more highly paid than those of Quebec.

If the C.C.F. and the Bloc are on opposite sides on the war question, could they find common ground afterward? Some optimistic members of the C.C.F. believe that the expropriation of Quebec's privately owned power resources might be one issue on which the two groups might see eye to eye. The C.C.F. would approve of such a measure on general principles; the Bloc would approve be-

cause the power is owned mostly by British-Canadian and American interests. There is the powerful precedent of President Cardenas, who expropriated the foreign-owned oil interests in Mexico.

The recent decision of the Canadian Catholic hierarchy that there is no moral objection to Catholic support of the C.C.F. is of obvious political benefit in a country where more than forty per cent of the people belong to this faith. It reversed earlier unfavorable statements of high clerics about the C.C.F. No party under the ban of the Church would stand much chance of success in Quebec; but, as the French-Canadian tide at the moment seems to be swinging toward the Bloc Populaire, the C.C.F. is likely to reap more immediate benefit from the friendlier attitude of the hierarchy among English-speaking Catholic voters in Ontario and the Maritimes and the West.

Some American conservatives have been inclined to blame the New Deal for the inevitable deprivations, inconveniences, and confusions of a war economy. This cannot happen in Canada. Mr. King's liberalism is of the nineteenth rather than the twentieth century; to rebel against Mr. King is to rebel against the past. So there has been no temptation to find an outlet for war grievances by voting in conservatives. This, together with the fact that Canada has lagged in such matters as compulsory collective bargaining and in recognizing the status of organized labor, helps to explain the forward sweep of the C.C.F.

That does not mean that revolution is just around the corner. It does mean that Canadians now seem more inclined than Americans to take a chance on systematic government intervention as essential insurance against a postwar economic tailspin. There are crusty elderly business men and bankers in the Dominion who regard the mildest reform advocated by the C.C.F. as damnable heresy. But the voices raised on behalf of thorough-going laissez faire are few and sound rather scared and lonely.

THE OLEOMARGARINE REBELLION

WESLEY McCUNE



FOR many years margarine, a "butter substitute," has been an orphan child, disdained by all families of refinement and almost taxed out of existence through the efforts of dairy and butter lobbies. Margarine was made and sold in very small quantities; quiet reigned throughout the land. There is no quiet now. Margarine has shown itself to have the power of dynamite. It has not only blown up the works at the Iowa State College of Agriculture—through the suppression of a pamphlet enumerating the virtues of margarine during a wartime butter shortage; it has proved even more powerful. It has breached the Farm Bloc in Washington and split the agricultural lobbies from top to bottom.

Young Oswald H. Brownlee, a seventeen-hundred-dollar-a-year research associate, touched off the Iowa State fireworks by writing a pamphlet on dairying while working for the taxpayers of the nation's second largest dairy-products State. Writing the fifth in a "Wartime Farm and Food Policy" series published by the college press, Brownlee advanced a number of frank suggestions, none of which was very flattering to the dairy industry. But on page 29 of his thirty-five-page study he entered the taboo subject: "Substituting Margarine for Butter."

After pointing out that there would not be enough butter to go round, Brownlee wrote that "one-half of the crop land and

one-eighth of the labor necessary to turn out our butter would produce enough vegetable oils which, when converted into margarine, could entirely displace butter." Then came the prime heresy: "Margarine compares favorably with butter both in nutritive value and palatability. But in spite of the food value and efficiency of margarine, dairy interests have been rather effective in suppressing its use." To dairymen who remained calm enough to read on, Brownlee next proposed abolition of restrictions on margarine and suggested that it might even be allowed to be colored to resemble butter.

Word of researcher Brownlee's frontal bite on the hand that fed him spread quickly through dairy associations. First to run up the storm signal was Julius Bruner, president of a creamery association, who said he would be satisfied with "nothing less than recall of the pamphlet, denial of faculty responsibility for it, and removal from the faculty of . . . its authors as self-convicted incompetents."

Protests continued until President Charles E. Friley met for two hours with a hundred dairymen. According to accounts of the session, Friley insisted that the college's right to publish facts was not debatable. However he arranged for a joint committee of faculty members and dairy representatives to "review this bulletin paragraph by paragraph to determine

by objective evidence the accuracy of its contents." As the dairymen agreed to the unique arrangement, reinforcements arrived from the East in the persons of Owen Richard, President of the American Dairy Association, and Neil Kelly, representing the National Dairy Council.

Three months later the pamphlet had not been reissued, but President Friley had received a long letter of resignation from Dr. Theodore W. Schultz, head of the economics and sociology department for eight years and one of the country's outstanding agricultural educators. Schultz's blast was aimed at the general disappearance of academic freedom in a leading State school, but first on his bill of particulars was the incident of Pamphlet No. 5, of which he was one of a four-man editorial committee. Stating that many of his fellow faculty members were willing to pay almost any price to establish a satisfactory working relationship with representatives of the dairy industry, Schultz resigned and hied himself off to the University of Chicago. Meanwhile, having smelled blood, dairy spokesmen demanded the scalps of others on the editorial committee who apparently failed to realize where their own interests lay.

About the same time margarine was in the news for another reason. It became so plentiful in comparison with butter that the Office of Price Administration left it at four ration points per pound, while boosting butter from twelve to sixteen. Worst of all, the butter shortage walked right into Washington itself. At the U. S. Department of Agriculture, of all places, employees found signs in their cafeteria announcing that only margarine was available, and Senators found on the last day of September a polite note from the management of their restaurant saying that there would be "butterless Thursdays" for a while.

Across the Capitol grounds Hampton Pitts Fulmer, Chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, was rounding up key witnesses for late October hearings on his bill to remove margarine taxes.

In millions of kitchens housewives were wondering almost as much as ever about the point-cheap and price-cheap margarine they were buying, many for the first time. Most of all they wondered why

they had to mix the little packet of colored powder into the cold-looking margarine so that it would look like butter. In the answer to that question lies the whole fantastic story of margarine.

II

BACK in the 1860's Napoleon III, faced with an oil and fat shortage, offered a large cash prize to the man who could invent a cheap butter substitute. The Victualing Department of the French Navy also stimulated research. As it happened, the prize winner, a scientist named Mège-Mouries, was not looking for a substitute; he was trying to concoct synthetic butter in a laboratory. The resulting product was greasy and barely palatable, but it won Napoleon's contest and started factories in other countries.

"Butterine," as it was first called, earned few friends for a long time. Most of it was made in small, dirty, back-street shops, and the English public, for example, was ready to believe any fantastic story about what went into the despised product.

Nor were Americans friendly to the substitute, which early in its career was often palmed off as butter. Recognizing the fraud, as well as the competition, lawmakers started a campaign. Fifteen years after the first American patent was taken out, the Oleomargarine Act of 1886 imposed a stamp tax of two cents a pound on all margarine and special annual taxes on manufacturers and dealers. By an amendment passed in 1902 a sharp distinction was drawn between colored and uncolored margarine, the tax on the former being fixed at 10 cents a pound and on the latter at one-fourth of one cent. All manufacturers now pay \$600 a year; wholesalers of colored margarine pay \$480 and their retail outlets pay \$48. On uncolored margarine the fee is \$200 at wholesale and \$6 at retail.

Two taxes make imports of margarine practically nil. After paying the tariff of 14 cents a pound (the same as that on butter) an importer must pay the 1886 stamp tax of another 15 cents a pound. Furthermore, tariffs on palm and coconut oil discourage manufacturers from using two of the best ingredients for margarine.

Another type of Federal restriction has been imposed by the dairy lobby at the appropriation-committee level. By specific ban, most Federal institutions (such as veterans' hospitals) and the Army are not permitted margarine except for cooking purposes, when the persons affected ask for it, or when use of butter is not practicable. Last year the provisos were dropped, but they will undoubtedly reappear after the war. By regulation, the Navy specifies butter, but it also has been driven to margarine by wartime supply problems.

State regulation, which started snowballing in 1877, has been even more oppressive. Outright bans were voided by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional restraints on interstate commerce, but the States trampled margarine ruthlessly under the old maxim that "the power to tax is the power to destroy." Five States required that margarine be colored pink, but the Supreme Court found a legal device for getting round the ruse and invalidated the laws. However, one State, Wisconsin, which leads in milk production, taxes consumers of interstate margarine one dollar per year. Many States require expensive dealers' licenses and several discriminate against boarding houses, restaurants, and bakers who use the more economical product.

On the novel side, many States require conspicuous signs where margarine is served. Missouri and Arkansas require such places to label the plates used for it "Oleomargarine."

Few, if any, authorities any longer think that this myriad of regulations is in step with the facts of modern margarine production and marketing. Both State and Federal margarine laws provide for labeling and prevention of fraud, so that the original premise of the tax is now outmoded. In fact, since most of the tax barriers were erected a comprehensive Pure Food and Drug Act has been put on the books.

To those who rejoin that margarine can still be unclean, while the cow's product somehow remains pure, the following data are interesting though embarrassing: In the twelve years ending in 1936 the U. S. Food and Drug Administration had a total

of 2,384 court cases on its records against butter, compared with 14 against margarine. Oddly enough, the most frequent citation against butter marketers has been for failure to maintain 80 per cent fat in their product, which under current Federal regulations is the minimum allowed in both butter and margarine.

Perhaps the most humorous twist in the rivalry concerns complaints by butter protagonists against the practice of artificially coloring and flavoring margarine. What they never mention is that artificial coloring and flavoring is a standard practice in the butter industry.

Most important of the improvements in margarine since the archaic laws about it were written is its fortification with vitamins. Manufacturers claim that taste and palatability have also improved, but there can be no doubt that its nutritive value has skyrocketed. Under Federal standards, 9,000 units of Vitamin A may be injected into each pound of margarine—a fact which infuriates the butter lobby because—averaged through the four seasons of a year—butter reaches about the same figure.

Considering the size of its hurdles, margarine has come along fairly well. Before the war annual per capita consumption of butter ran to about 17 pounds against margarine's 3. The war's impact shifted the ratio steadily until in 1943 the figure for butter is estimated at 13, compared with 4.8 for margarine. Last year 425,-000,000 pounds of margarine were produced, of which only 64,500,000 pounds was colored. Almost all of the latter was shipped to Lend-Lease consumers, who were thus saved the trouble of adding color—if they cared.

Last June margarine received a thorough examination and bill of health from the extremely important National Research Council in a report by its Food and Nutrition Board. The Board found no nutritional differences between fortified margarine and butter as sources of fat in a mixed diet, and found it obvious that margarine taxes interfere with the distribution and utilization of certain fat resources.

After the scientific plug however came a politically sterile statement to keep the

issue rolling along: “. . . but the implications of these taxes are so extensive and complex that no recommendation with respect to them can be made in this report.”

III

BUTTRESSED with scientific pamphlets however, margarine manufacturers have an ace political card—the awakening of farmers who sell raw materials to them. The reason for this awakening is apparent from a glance at the composition of margarine. In 1942, for example, 166,500,000 pounds of cottonseed oil and 133,300,000 pounds of soybean oil went into margarine. Together they accounted for 86.5 per cent of the entire output and slowly drew into the fray all growers of cotton and soybeans, whether they live in the deep South, where dairying is slight, or in the corn belt, where dairying is a chief source of income.

Congressmen can no longer brush aside proposals that discrimination be removed from butter's enemy as they could when most of the raw material for margarine came from foreign soil. To-day Congressman Zilch must hoist a wet finger into the air to see which way the wind blows in his home district before he goes all-out for the status quo.

Representative Fulmer, veteran from cotton-dominated South Carolina, has had his bearings for a long time, as have other members of the House Agriculture Committee, which he heads. It was inevitable therefore that he should finally introduce a bill to wipe out margarine taxes. In doing so he has started in motion a mechanism for bringing out of hiding the many but bashful or bruised friends of margarine. A crevice in the farm bloc—one of the few—has been opened and both sides are rushing up to the brink with artillery.

Two powerful organizations are pricking all Southern congressmen: the Southern Commissioners of Agriculture, an association of the top agriculture officials from each State, and the National Cotton Council, dedicated to increasing the use and price of King Cotton. The Southern Commissioners, each of whom is militantly loud and powerful in his own territory,

have had a Washington representative for several years in “Colonel” C. C. Hanson, elderly, philosophical Southerner who works mainly on the telephone from headquarters in the Raleigh Hotel. Hanson has been sending data on margarine back to Dixie for several years, but not until now have his constituents been ready for the head-on attack in Congress.

The National Cotton Council overlaps Hanson's function considerably when it comes to margarine, but the two work hand in glove. Oscar Johnston, president of the Council and one of the world's largest cotton farmers, discussed his organization's stake in the fight at great length in a letter to Clarence Cannon, Chairman of the potent House Appropriations Committee, after Cannon had sounded off against alleged margarine advocates in the government. Johnston presented many arguments for giving margarine a fair chance to stand on its own merits, but this one struck nearer home than any: the cottonseed oil used in margarine in 1941 was produced on 257,478 farms.

The second major bloc of support comes from the dairymen's cousins, the beef-cattle men. Oil derivatives from cattle now make up nearly 10 per cent of the total poundage of margarine—a fact which gives cattlemen an obvious reason for entering the pressure game. However there is another reason, which reveals, in addition, a ridiculous feature of present regulation. It is not only illegal to color margarine artificially, but under the Bingham law its manufacturers must even bleach out the natural color of the beef oils before adding them to the mixture!

Since the development of an animal known as the dual-purpose cow, some cow owners have been unable to determine their prime allegiance between the rival pressure groups. Because a dual-purpose cow may be used both for milking and for the beef market, farmer Jones may be with the butter bloc on Tuesday, when he is milking his critter, and shift to the margarine crowd on Wednesday, when he decides to market her for beef.

A third advantage to the margarine supporters is the division of potential opposition. Not only do many butter han-

dlers deal also in margarine, but some of the biggest corporations which might otherwise oppose margarine by advertising, say, have one of their hands in the margarine business. Most notable of these is the gigantic National Dairy Products Corporation, whose subsidiary Kraft Cheese has acquired a brand of margarine and is shouting its virtues from the house-tops.

A fourth aid to the margarine cause comes from the American Soybean Association, whose lobbying has not been apparent in Washington as yet, but will be. This fall the Association resolved in favor of repealing taxes on domestic margarine, but the resolution itself is not so significant as was the fact that the Association met in Iowa, in the midst of angry dairy farmers. That is, they were angry unless they produced soybeans, as well as milk, on their farms—which illustrates the fallacy of enacting pressure legislation in behalf of geographical groups. Iowa happens to be one of the major soybean-producing States.

Of further significance is the fact that the Association heard a plea for support of the Fulmer bill from Paul T. Truitt, President of the National Association of Margarine Manufacturers, of Washington.

Truitt is a comparative newcomer to the rough-and-tumble part of the pressure arena, but his knowledge of trade barriers is second to that of no other lobbyist. Since 1939 he has been the government's key authority on the subject. As Chairman of the Interdepartmental Committee on Interstate Trade Barriers, Truitt was responsible for much of the work done by the Federal government in tearing down barriers; in other capacities he helped collect the vast pile of evidence from which enemies of barriers have been hurling bricks the past few years. Before that he had spent fifteen years in the aggressive Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Until Truitt took over, just a year ago, the Association was run by a kindly old man trained in the scientific approach but unwilling or unable to snap back at the strong butter lobby. His record of twenty-two years with the Association and its predecessors adds up to some four hundred

articles and bulletins on margarine but none of the slyness that opponents attempted to attach to his one-man pressure activities. During his tenure, the industry was so uncertain of the course to be followed that it merely limped along; and it was only when, last year, the Big Four of the meat-packing industry re-entered it that a rejuvenated Association set out with money and personnel to fight back.

No such indecision or timidity has hampered butter protectionists, however. Their fully-supported champion for twenty-three years has been Charles W. Holman, Secretary of the National Co-operative Milk Producers Federation and rugged lobbyist of the old school. From his downtown headquarters Holman storms up and down Capitol Hill with the greatest of ease during emergencies and keeps lesser situations under control twenty-four hours a day. Nothing draws a hotter blast from him than does a step ahead for margarine. He sees margarine lobbyists behind each of Washington's many pillars and issues screeching press releases each time a government official suggests that margarine might make a good food during the war.

Though he is technically only a producer representative, Holman usually carries the ball for distributors as well. Once a year, before the war, this activity took the form of National Dairy Month, of which he was chairman. To him must go almost the sole credit for holding the 1886 and 1902 line against margarine.

IV

MERELY as a feud between two commodities, the butter-margarine dispute is important, but the issue reaches much farther. In the first place, it furnishes a vivid example of the twentieth-century penalty on progress. The strategy of the enemies of margarine resembles that of the old-fashioned labor leaders who smashed modern machines. But margarine—like the milking machines which were eventually substituted for hand labor in many places—will ultimately be allowed to stand or fall on its merits.

A more immediate and harsh proof of the ultimate futility of barriers against

margarine is the experience certain dairy States have already had with retaliation against them. Probably nothing has contributed more than margarine legislation to the destruction of free trade among States, supposedly basic in our system of government. The experience of Wisconsin with several Southern States illustrates how the spiral of retaliation operates.

In the period of the three years ending in 1935 fourteen States slapped taxes of 10 to 15 cents a pound on margarine not containing specific percentages of home-grown products. Immediately after Wisconsin (whose license plates call it "America's Dairyland") passed its 15-cent tax public protests were issued by the governors of Alabama and Texas and the State Commissioner of Agriculture in Louisiana. The Mid-South Cotton Growers Association declared: "We are Wisconsin's best customer for butter, cheese, condensed milk, farm implements, farm light plants, plumbing supplies, and road-building machinery. Without our patronage she would indeed be in a sad plight. She has invited such a calamity upon herself. She has chosen to wall herself in. Let her see how she likes it.

"The Wisconsin Manufacturers Association has announced that millions of dollars of contracts for Wisconsin . . . products have already been canceled by business men in sympathy with Southern producers of fats and oils."

The Mississippi Wholesale Grocers Association announced plans for reprisals in that State; the Tennessee Federation of Labor added its voice; and the Arkansas General Assembly protested against taxation of wholesome food products on the grounds that it was a form of interstate tariff.

The extent of the damage done Wisconsin by retaliation is not clear, though several business leaders put it at high figures; but resentment persisted in the South. When Wisconsin announced plans for an official goodwill tour of the Cotton Belt (which did not materialize), Southern editors renewed their taunts. One advised his readers: "Treat them with courtesy of course but the goodwill tourists may also

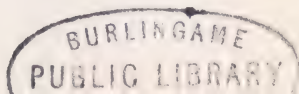
be reminded that goodwill is a game that two can play. Why come down to the South and expect to encourage our friendly relations when they have already placed a tax on some Georgia products which will make their use in Wisconsin prohibitive?"

This phase of the margarine tangle exposes more than the cost to consumers of trade barriers and counter-barriers; it illustrates a blind spot in our whole system of government, for margarine is a food product wandering around looking for a tribunal at which to present its case. There is no tribunal apparently.

If margarine were a person, instead of a commodity, leagues and committees for its defense would undoubtedly have mushroomed all over the country. The American Civil Liberties Union would have demanded a trial for the accused before a jury of consumers in, say, Arizona, the only State which has not shown prejudice. Since its case cannot be treated like a civil-rights case, what can be done? Margarine's predicament is not so much a condemnation of pressure tactics as of the system under which years of discrimination have been able to go unchallenged.

Neither the President of the United States, his agencies, the Supreme Court, Congress, nor the State legislatures, acting separately, could knock down the last barrier. To get that job done the manufacturers of margarine must educate about one hundred and thirty million people, not to its merits, but only to letting it stand or fall on its merits.

But even educational facilities and endowed research do not have their doors open to full, practical discussion of the subject. There seems to be no way in which the national interest can be mobilized to deal with a problem like that presented by margarine—either favorably or unfavorably. Ironically, only through the rise of another and counter-pressure group is margarine getting a brief day in court. Thus our diet is being selected for us by pressure groups. Senator Soybean and Senator Cotton will debate Representative Butterfat and decide what shall be spread on our bread.



WHAT ABOUT MODERN ART AND DEMOCRACY?

With Special Reference to George Biddle's Proposals

STUART DAVIS



A GREAT increase in the production and distribution of art has taken place in the United States during the past ten years. Political, economic, and technological events have resulted in the establishment of a number of agencies which sponsor and disseminate art in various ways and for various reasons. An ever-widening public awareness of and participation in art have been the logical result of this process, which many have characterized as the beginning of a great American renaissance in art. However retarded by the war, it is certain to be accelerated with the coming of peace. A vast machinery for popularization of art is now available, and we face the question: who controls it and to what ends?

As we must define our political and social objectives as we prosecute the war against fascist reaction, so it is appropriate to discuss our cultural direction in relation to them. George Biddle has already covered this subject in *Harper's*. In two articles entitled "The Victory and Defeat of Modernism" and "The Government and the Arts" he has discussed the subject in its æsthetic, social, and economic aspects. Knowing that a great many artists and other interested persons have reached conclusions different from Mr. Biddle's, I

believe that some of these should be formulated to round out the discussion.

In particular, his conclusion that the Modern movement has run its course involves arguments that go far beyond any mere quibble about styles in painting. Taken as a premise, it colors his attitude toward all the other aspects of the matter, involving the whole question of the artist's role in society. In brief, his thesis is that Modernism in art eventuates in Ivory Towerism, an escape from life, incapable of meeting the challenge of contemporary reality; that "the most momentous event in the world of art since the Italian renaissance" is now under way; that we have developed agencies and media for mass art distribution which make an "art for the masses" possible and necessary, and that this art must speak a common language; that in totalitarian countries this apparatus will be used to convert the "masses to sadism and fear"; but that in a democracy the artist "has the uncensored privilege of expressing a social faith."

These are very definite conclusions. It is chiefly on four points that I differ with Mr. Biddle. These are (1) his estimate of Modern Art; (2) his claim as to a contemporary renaissance in American art; (3) his argument that art must speak a

common language; and (4) his confidence on the question of censorship.

In the first place, it seems to me that the term "Ivory Tower" is inappropriately applied to an art movement that has had repercussions in all parts of the civilized world on æsthetic perception and industrial design. In the second place, anyone who predicts a renaissance because the apparatus for broad art activity is now available should be reminded that power can be used to subvert as well as to implement human welfare. In the third place, anyone who discusses the question of "an art for the masses" which must speak "a common language" should bear in mind the fact that Modern Art does speak a common language to thousands who have had the opportunity and the will to cultivate it. It will become part of the common art language of the masses as opportunity for participation in authentic art experience is made available to them. But that language cannot be formulated in terms of their relative illiteracy in art and the prejudices resulting from it. Opportunity will bring new terms to clarify and extend the scope of their present understanding. Increased understanding must certainly involve ultimate knowledge of the most advanced forms of contemporary Modernism as well as the art forms of past epochs. To assume incapacity on the part of the masses for the fullest cultural growth is incompatible with belief in the democratic principle. Finally, Mr. Biddle's belief that the artist in a democracy is free from censorship or coercion requires certain reservations if it is to check with the facts.

Between the artist and the public there are the agencies of sponsorship and distribution, in whose policies the artist has little or no voice. These policies, which both reflect and create public opinion, react directly on the economic status of the artist and on his æsthetic orientation. Mr. Biddle perceives that in totalitarian countries the artist is coerced into "converting the masses to sadism and fear," but apparently he does not see the possibility of coercion here. While examples of outright suppression or destruction of art in the United States are infrequent, there have been a number of them. The most

spectacular was the complete destruction of Rivera's mural in Rockefeller Center by the management in 1933. In this instance Mr. Rivera, whose work Mr. Biddle admires and who definitely had a "social faith," discovered that a very active censorship could operate in a democracy. (The adjacent murals by Sert, expressing the social faith in international Academicism, were not destroyed.) But overt suppression is only the cruder form of censorship; the preferred instruments of coercion are propaganda and economic attrition. I share Mr. Biddle's hope that a great renaissance in art is at hand, but am less ready than he to change it into a prediction.

II

TO DISCUSS the matter further we must first of all try to define what kind of art we are talking about. The field of art is broad and includes many valuable activities other than the painting of easel and mural pictures, or the creation of sculpture. But our interest in folk arts and crafts, commercial art, political and literary illustration, applied design, etc. does not preclude us from wishing to create works which have no such immediate utilitarian function, works which proceed from and satisfy spiritual needs. It is this order of work which is commonly meant by the word "art." To-day the word connotes a certain level of emotional and intellectual values which have been sought and realized by men at different times and in different historical environments. Art is not a mere reflection of reality, but rather a revelation of subjective values as integral with all its aspects. It is expressed through a dimensional structure—art form—which is always different from the natural forms that inspired it. Art is not in the subject matter but in the artist, and communicates his personal realization directly through its form. Art is not the recording of the impact of natural forms on the retina; it is the synthesis of all the perceptive faculties in emotional equilibrium, objectified in a language of form. Emotional response to nature does not create art except when it is integrated with an interest in imaginative construction for its own sake. The act of painting

is not a duplication of experience, but the extension of experience on the plane of formal invention.

Such an activity takes time and space for its realization, and is not an automatic by-product of other activities. He is an artist who not only is inspired by reality but extends its scope by creating a new reality shaped by his imagination. We perceive this personal spiritual realization in art works of the past and cherish them for that reason without regard to the limitations of their subject matter. Modern art brings to its subject matter the new spatial concepts of our epoch that are being realized in all the forms of accelerated communication. There is no innate barrier between public understanding of modern social and technological concepts and their spiritual equation in the advanced forms of Modern Art. It is on the basis of the considerations noted above that questions of art must be discussed today if we wish our art facilities to be used creatively.

Although the "formalist" concept of art and the concept of "an art of ideas" are at opposite poles, it is obvious that whatever the "ideas" may be they must be visualized in terms of "form" to exist as art. It is also clear that verisimilitude to natural form and appearance does not make a work of art. A flesh-colored cast of the human head is not art, although it may express a number of physiological and psychological ideas. Norman Rockwell has all his facts straight but his work remains in the category of illustration. It is agreed by both theories that art must have form; even those people who currently demand an art of cogent political and social directives agree to this. But if it is the story that makes art vital, why bother about the form of its telling? Mr. Rockwell's illustrations certainly have their own kind of form, even though it is not art form. Even if he changed his subject-matter from middle-class anecdotes to cogent ideas, would his work become vital art? In such a case it would express vital ideas through form. But we know very well that it would remain illustration, because his style shows more concern with imitation than invention of form and thus is barren of the creative formal realization

which characterizes art. It should be clear from this that the quality of art does not depend on subject matter or story. And there is no existing principle of design which merely awaits an overlay of important ideas to materialize into art. Art design, art form, is precisely the "important idea" which we get from a work of art, and the real importance of a work of art stands in no direct ratio to the importance of its subject matter or ideological references.

But painting, we are still told, must in its very nature tell a story, and where it becomes "abstract" it is said to be "craft" art. Mr. Biddle supports this view, and says that the philosophy of abstract art asserts that "meaning in a work of art detracts from its beauty." I have spoken with a great many abstract artists but have never heard them put it that way. On the contrary I have received the impression that they eagerly sought "meaning," even though they refused to limit "meaning" to a literary connotation. The fact that ponderous Wagnerian operas exist does not somehow deprive Bach's "Art of the Fugue" of meaning. Nor do Rivera's more identifiable images preclude meaning in the more creative forms of Picasso's "Guernica."

But while Mr. Biddle argues that the philosophy of Modern Art is unsuited to American needs, and is dead of its own sterility, he doesn't leave the matter there. He finds that it still lives on as "a school of design" in the works of "our best artists." There is a seeming, and possibly actual, contradiction here. It involves the rather difficult maneuver of separating design from subject matter, form from content. It suggests that the skeleton of Modern Art is still alive even though the body is dead. It implies that the emotional content of art lies in the recognition of natural objects which tell a cogent story, but that underneath or behind this story lies an inert structural device called "design." This must be what Mr. Biddle means, because he finds the design of those modern pictures, which he says are lacking in meaning or content, as an active principle in the work of "our best artists." This can only mean that something new in the way of subject matter has been added to

give American work that art content which is lacking in the work of modern artists in Europe. It suggests that it is only European Modern Art that is dead, and only American artists who are modern.

I cannot accept this view for two reasons. First, because my concept of "design," as integral with content, makes it impossible to borrow the "design" of a work which you pronounce empty of content and get something which will not in its turn be empty of content; and second, because you cannot borrow the "design" of a work of Modern European Art without contracting its philosophy as well. I know of course that certain mechanical structural principles of design, innate in the nature of the materials, are common to all graphic expression. These are necessarily transferable. But Mr. Biddle's use of the word refers to an emotional design, even though his argument seems to contradict the idea by placing emotion in the subject matter. His argument, although I am sure not by intention, would in effect allow the enemies of Modern Art to clothe their nakedness with its prestige.

III

MR. BIDDLE's implication that only European Modernism is defunct has suggestive connotations. I am reminded that there are currently living and working in the United States a great many exponents of this same "defunct" Modernism. In addition to the Americans there are a number of Europeans who are direct products of that philosophy which Mr. Biddle's analysis finds frustrated in the face of contemporary reality. Are these artists to be regarded as essentially un-American, and remote from the possibility of inclusion in the category of "our best artists"? The logic of Mr. Biddle's argument suggests that possibility, in which case I should find it hard to distinguish his view from isolationist views in general. If the different approaches to the art problem evidenced in the work of artists such as Milton Avery, Paul Burlin, Byron Browne, Balcome Greene, Carl Holty, Jacob Lawrence, Jan Matulka, George L. K. Morris, Walter Quirt, Abe Rattner, Niles Spencer, Joseph Stella, and other American mod-

ernists—not to mention such European artists now in the United States as Jean Hélion, Fernand Léger, André Masson, Piet Mondrian, and Hans Richter—can play no part in our renaissance, except in its application to "craft design," we might do well to make the decision now. It would eliminate any confusion as to their proper status in the activities of Mr. Biddle's proposed national Bureau of Fine Arts in case it is set up. It would prevent artists, innately craft-designers but holding delusions of grandeur, from wasting the time of the Bureau's functionaries with misguided demands.

Democracy in culture is dependent on the free exchange of ideas, which isolationism seeks to frustrate by constantly working to perpetuate local racial, national, and cultural prejudices. In America there is a tendency to look with suspicion on "abstract" ideas or creative innovations when they occur outside the field of technology or commerce. Although we live in an industrial society built on abstract ideas, "professors" in politics and "abstractionists" in art are generally held to be crackpots. We do not call the radio an "abstraction," and we do not put bird feathers on the wings of our airplanes or artificial dentures in the radio loudspeaker. We regard synthetic quinine and sulfa drugs as very real and desirable despite their foreign origin and "unnaturalness." But where art is concerned the Currier and Ives model is held to be adequate. In science the word "abstract" is identified with progress; in social philosophy and art, with the Ivory Tower.

This fallacy could be cleared up in a week by the advertising agencies of big business, granted an extremely hypothetical motive. Instead, business puts its weight behind glorifying an art, supposedly founded on sound American traditions, which exploits the American Scene in terms of traditional and provincial ideology. This cultivated cultural backwardness of the public is reflected directly in any large cross-section of contemporary American art, and deprives its forms of any real contemporary quality. The familiar, the literal, or the "folksy" is reiterated to the exclusion of new vision and new synthesis. The public hears much of

creative business executives of vision, but it seems to want its artists' vision in traditional form. Creative bathrooms and kitchens are eagerly desired, and we are told that it will soon be possible to bring home the dehydrated soup from the A & P in a helicopter; but in cultural matters, nostalgia for the old frontiers tends to dim out the new frontiers already in view. Any desire to realize the real spiritual values of contemporary industrial society is frustrated because we look for them in the wrong direction.

But this cultural situation, while historically determined in one sense, has been created, cultivated, and exploited as a matter of policy in a more important sense. In much the same way that Mr. Biddle extracts the skeletal design of Modern Art to clothe it with ideological meaning, so the authors of these policies find a way to separate form from content. They also want not only "ideas" but "art form" as well. So they sponsor artists with gallery and museum reputation—that supplies the "art design." This design is then clothed with a "meaning" of commercial import, or, for other purposes, with middle-class psychological palliatives. As examples, take the series of "genuine oil paintings" in the Lucky Strike advertisements, or the International Business Machines art collection and exhibitions. In the last analysis, much of the activity in Mr. Biddle's predicted renaissance will be financed by big business. Through cultural endowments, direct commercial investment, and advertising subsidy of publications, the interests of business are already reflected in the field of art. In these and other ways are established numerous agencies for the dissemination of art which are directly or remotely affected by the political, social, and financial interests of business enterprise. From the evidence at hand one must judge that the general character of this influence is notable for uncreative literalism on one hand and nostalgia for past formulations of spiritual values on the other. The latter constitutes the American business man's surrealism.

Art has a good reputation even among those who cannot discriminate in it, and the draping of large enterprise in robes of

art creates a good impression. But if in creating the good impression "dangerous thoughts" were generated in the public, a wrong impression would have been created. Business approves of art, yes, but an art of the status quo to soothe the public mind and keep it on the beam. An art of the glorified familiar and spiritual nostalgia in reverse. And by all means a one-hundred-per-cent American art purged of the dangerous thoughts of foreign isms, an isolationist art singing the American Way of Life.

But outside of its cultural interests business is not always isolationist; in many cases it is very cosmopolitan and cultivates an international language when seeking commercial purposes. But it fears that a public fed too rich a diet of creative art might develop creative ideas of its own, and might find that "creative" business has failed to create the best of all possible worlds. Modern Art is not useful to this program because it contains the "dangerous" thought that isolationist culture is historically outdated.

I do not mean to suggest that there is a totalitarian conspiracy by big business to control and subvert American art. But that there is among business-minded people an increasing concern about matters cultural there can be no doubt, however unformulated it may be and however variously idealistic, naïve, opportunistic, or conscious. Any cross-section of American art to-day reflects it in impoverishment of spirit. Recent acts of Congress reflect it in the expulsion of "professors" from government posts as suspected of "dangerous un-American thoughts," and their replacement by business and advertising men. It is reflected in the fact that the advertising agencies of big business now determine the character of our war posters and the cultural standards of the National Association of Manufacturers hold sway. Congress took away the funds from the Graphics Division of the Domestic Branch of the OWI, which had idealistically hoped to produce posters with some artistic merit as part of their effectiveness. Similarly, Mr. Biddle's own sponsor in painting war-front pictures, the War Department Art Advisory Committee, has been shot out from under him by

Congress. The magazine *Life* now pays his expenses. I assume that Peyton Boswell, Jr., expresses the general attitude of *Life* toward art in his book, *American Art Today*. Its illustrations consist of a collection of *Life's* art color plates, with elucidating text by Mr. Boswell. He says, "Because of our Anglo-Saxon heritage American art is a literal three-dimensional art. There is little room in its pattern for such æsthetic detours as cubism or non-objective painting." From this I gather that artists with other racial origins or those tainted with foreign isms have to get in the Anglo-Saxon groove if they want to be American.

IV

MR. BIDDLE does not seem to fear that the flowering of our renaissance in art might be obstructed by censorship or diverted by other pressures. His freedom from fear is apparently based on his faith in the inexorable workings of a certain cultural law. After noting that "frequent surveys made by the hard-headed editors of various magazines . . . establish the amazing fact that the people prefer the best," he formulates this law. It states that "when good art and less good art are indiscriminately offered in large quantities to a large audience there is an ever-increasing demand for the best." He sees this law quietly delivering the goods through the apparently "indiscriminate" activity of such agencies as *Life*, *Esquire*, *Fortune*, International Business Machines, N. W. Ayer & Son, Associated American Artists, the now defunct government Art Projects, and others.

I am willing to grant Mr. Biddle his law, with the reservation that other counter-laws may, in certain situations, inhibit its flawless operation. Granted an æsthetically uncoerced public and a group of benign and "indiscriminate" cultural donors, possibly his law might work if given plenty of time. But the exploitation of art through mass media does not now offer the scientific conditions essential for such an experiment. One of the reasons it does not, in addition to those indicated above, is that a number of people feel that such a test is unnecessary and have jumped the gun by revealing the secret that the American

Scene is "the best" and that the search is over.

Sentiment for an isolationist culture has been rallied round the slogan of "The American Scene." Through institutional and individual propaganda a school of illustrative painting has been created and patronized and has attained an almost official status. An appropriate slogan for it would be, "The Academy is dead, long live the Academy!" In opposition to the democratic international spirit of Modern Art, this "official art" fosters regional and provincial concepts and flatters public prejudice. Isolationist culture is reactionary and undemocratic in character in that it seeks to suppress that free exchange of ideas which alone can develop an authentic modern American art. It exercises a censorship in our channels of art communication which Mr. Biddle apparently does not detect. It is not that the American artist is prevented from painting any way he chooses, but that he faces a public preconditioned to look with suspicion on anything beyond the literal, the sentimental, or the academic. He is not coerced into leading the masses to "sadism and fear"; he is coerced into leading them to complacency. The American Scene philosophy parallels political isolationism in its desire to preserve the status quo of the American Way of Life.

For many years past such men as Thomas Craven, Peyton Boswell, Jr., editor of *Art Digest*, Forbes Watson, and many others have been propagating their versions of the American Scene idea. Through books, magazines, newspapers, and lectures they reach a vast audience which is told that Modern Art is un-American and devoid of content. The Modern artist is outlawed and deprived of cultural citizenship, and the idea of democracy in culture goes down the drain. The relations between art and politics are devious, and often obscure, but they exist. The American Scene ideology has in it germs which the fascist-minded among us may find it profitable to cultivate.

V

WHEN the New Deal was new, Federal subsidy of art became a reality. The WPA Art Project, organized and

directed by Holger Cahill, and the Section of Fine Arts, headed by Edward Bruce, employed between them many thousands of artists. The WPA employed them on a broad basis of abilities and skills and produced much valuable work. In general, there was fair approximation to democratic procedure, and the artists gained considerable voice in the determination of the Art Project's policies, up to the point of its political decline. The Section of Fine Arts, on the other hand, was conducted on different principles, inherent in its original purpose, which was to employ "the best artists" to embellish government buildings. In both cases a great number of the artists employed had already been softened up by American Scene propaganda, which determined the general character of the output. But under the WPA some modern art was produced, in mural and easel form, without undue censorship. Sincere efforts were made to allocate and give it social currency. The policy of the Section of Fine Arts, by contrast, effectively censored such work with few exceptions, as a survey of their several hundred murals will show. In the eyes of the Section, Modernism was not a matter for concern by "our best artists," which its competitions were designed to lure from obscurity.

However this may be denied by pointing to "open competitions" and juries of artist judges, the facts as to the works chosen support my statement. The participation of artists in the policy of the Section's program, on the basis of its results, suggests the possibly unconscious presence of the "divide and rule" principle and the "company union" idea. Whatever causes lay behind this situation, it is not irrelevant to note that the late Mr. Bruce held both Modern Art and the more democratic artists' organizations of the period in low regard. Another contributing factor may have been the presence of Forbes Watson, writer on art and proponent of his own version of the American Scene, as an active member of the staff in publicizing its policies and activities. Nor does it seem out of place to recall, in view of his recent frank expression of beliefs, that Mr. Biddle himself was closely associated with the activities of the Section from its origin.

The idea that our government should be concerned with the cultural welfare of the citizens it represents seems self-evident. And that efforts to revive its now-withdrawn support of art should be vigorously pursued is beyond question. What remains to be decided is the form that such support should take and how it should be organized. Mr. Biddle's proposal for a national Bureau of Fine Arts is extremely valuable in bringing the whole question before the public. The practical question of how this Bureau is to be integrated in the hierarchies of governmental bureaus is beyond my scope. Also its internal structure and the scope of its activities are matters requiring much fuller discussion by all those whose interests are most directly involved. But Mr. Biddle's proposal that the director of the national Bureau of Fine Arts be chosen by presidential appointment seems to me highly debatable.

Such a bureau will be of no service to our cultural advancement unless guarantees for a broad policy in its functions are written into its administrative program. Such guarantees can be made real only by direct artist representation in its continuing policies as they develop. Such representation must somehow be available to artists who have the confidence of their sponsoring organizations. Federal guarantees of the right of collective bargaining for artists' organizations are as essential in a matter of this kind as they are in other labor relations. Without them the isolationist culture of the American Scene, and Academism, will automatically take over and subvert the possibility of cultural democracy.

That the idea of a direct artists' voice in government affairs is not new is evidenced by Report No. 198 to the 35th Congress, dated March 3, 1859—over eighty-four years ago. Addressed to the Senate and House, this document began:

"The memorial of the artists of the United States, in convention assembled, respectfully represents:

"That your memorialists appear before your honorable bodies to solicit for American Art that consideration and encouragement to which they conceive it to be entitled at the hands of the general govern-

ment." Their purpose was the establishment of an Art Commission which should function to "the great end proposed," namely, "the advancement of art in the United States." This Commission, they went on to say, should be "composed of those designated by the United Voice of American artists as competent to the office. . . ." The report was signed by 115 important artists of the time, from many different States, headed by Rembrandt Peale of Philadelphia. The Commission was duly established by Congress in 1910, but the "United Voice" idea was changed in the Act, as passed, to "the President." It was the President who had the power to appoint the seven members and to fill all vacancies. The scope of the Commission was limited chiefly to an advisory function and in no sense fulfilled the intention of the memorialists' proposal.

Since an ultimate concern of man is **man**, there must be an enormous spiritual potential in our epoch. It must find its objectification in political, social, and cultural forms, or the spiritual equilibrium essential to civilized progress will be destroyed. In the field of art, freedom for creative realization must be established and maintained. Currently the narrow views of isolationism are inadequate to create such freedom.

In contrast to them I want to end by quoting from another statement made by American artists, thirty years ago. Although much has happened in the interval, I think the ideas it contained are still a sound ideological antidote for the American Scene concept.

Organized exclusively by artists, the International Exhibition of Modern Art

was held in the 69th Infantry Armory in New York City in 1913, and subsequently in Chicago (where students of the Art Institute burned a Matisse painting in effigy), and later in Boston. They formed the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, Inc., and gave their reason in the preface to the catalogue:

"The American artists exhibiting here consider the exhibition as of equal importance for themselves as for the public. The less they find their work showing signs of the developments indicated in the Europeans, the more reason they will have to consider whether or not painters and sculptors here have fallen behind, through escaping the incidence through distance, and for other reasons, of the forces that have manifested themselves on the other side of the Atlantic. Art is a sign of life. And to be afraid of life is to be afraid of truth, and to be a champion of superstition. This exhibition is an indication that the Association of American Painters and Sculptors is against cowardice even when it takes the form of amiable self-satisfaction."

The "United Voice of American artists" of 1859 became a whisper, but the 1913 version of that "Voice" has a more clarion note, and can still be heard through the more nasal sounds of the American Scene. But it is not enough for the "Voice" to be heard. What it says must be translated into action by our modern painters, who through their work keep the channels of cultural communication free, and constitute the promise that "the most momentous event in the world of art since the Italian Renaissance" may yet realize its potentialities.

POSTWAR MIGRATION: A MIRAGE

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN



AFTER the war there is going to be a vast migration of people. This migration is going to help solve the world's problems. Most of the people will come out of Europe. They will include not only Jews and other victims of racial and political persecution. There will be millions of others who cannot find jobs, who see no hope for advancement and who, therefore, will seek to better their lot in the less settled portions of the globe. There they will not only help themselves economically; in freer air and in the open spaces they may find more desirable political and cultural conditions.

Who says that this migration will occur? Herbert Hoover, for one. Henry Wallace also thinks so. So do numerous other eminent orators and organizations. Estimates of the numbers who will be forced—or choose—to move out after the battles are over run up to 20,000,000. That is forty per cent of the total migration from Europe during the 19th century. Of such a number only a minority can be Jews, for there were but 6,250,000 Jews in the whole of Europe in 1938—outside of Great Britain and the U.S.S.R.—and, of the survivors, not all will want to go elsewhere. "It is possible," says Mr. Wallace, "that in the tropics of Latin America, in the highlands of Africa, and in Siberia there will be a population growth similar to that experienced in the United States during the 19th century."

Such prospects cause the hearts of men of good will to swell with hope. Of course these migrants can't do the job all by themselves. It will take a great deal of money, but the trick can be done by oversight and the case-work method and by preparing the migrants, through vocational training, for the demands which the new frontiers will make upon them. They will have to be assisted, perhaps by one of those huge international bureaucracies charged with managing the new world in which, as Mr. Wallace has lately said, no man's hand will be raised against any other man, and the lion and the lamb will lie down together in a quietist universe. Are there any grounds for believing that this beautiful dream can be made to come true—or is the dream just a pipe dream?

The idea that there is some magic in going to the frontier to make a new start in life is an integral part of the American mythology. A parallel idea is found among the people of the United Kingdom, who phrase it as going to the "colonies," and also among other peoples with a tradition of emigration. The notion is that if life is hard at the center, flight to the periphery is the way out. The countries which have, or have had, frontiers have always entertained the notion that their frontier moved forward by virtue of national enterprise. Actually, the forward movement has been associated with ad-

vancing international economic forces, and the presence of exploitable natural resources directly related to international demands in the market. The American frontier, the most romantic in human history, has become almost a symbol of national enterprise; but an intelligent reading of its history makes it clear that it would not have advanced successfully had not markets existed for the goods produced by the pioneers. The repeal of the Corn Laws in England, which opened up a huge market for foodstuffs at a strategic moment, had equally as much to do with the winning of the West for economic enterprise as the Homestead Act signed by President Lincoln. And so it is with all the frontiers of the world, where the commercial success of the pioneers was the *sine qua non* of their adventure. Australia burst the bounds of original seaboard settlement only because a market for fine wool existed in England and it had been demonstrated that such fine wool could be cheaply and successfully produced under Australian conditions. The agricultural frontier of Australia moved forward later when varieties of wheat suited to the climatic conditions were developed, and the international wheat market encouraged production; and butter and meat production became feasible on a large scale when refrigeration of seagoing ships became a practical reality and the English market was there to absorb the produce. The South-African frontier boomed on the basis of gold—a commodity which, in those days, was unquestionably precious, and commanded an immediate market. New Zealand found its place in the world's economy only when refrigeration opened the way to the successful exploitation of its excellent pasture lands, and the British Isles still wanted more and more butter and meat. The Canadians got out on the prairies only because the market for wheat was still expanding, justifying the plowing up of new land. Always and everywhere national enterprise was accompanied by favorable international developments, expressed in terms of markets, and the two were tied together by strategically important technological innovations. Demand was outrunning the productive pos-

sibilities of existing units of production and a horizontal extension of production over the earth's surface found quick economic justification. The myth of the frontier as a place where enterprise found its own reward in a kind of economic vacuum does not stand up even to elementary analysis. If a moving frontier brings prosperity to a nation and allows its people to demonstrate their enterprising character, the dynamic factor in the situation is always commercial outlets for the goods produced. Markets are as inescapable accompaniments of successful pioneering as are natural resources.

All too often the worth of frontier areas is assessed in purely technological terms. It is asserted that such and such an area will grow this crop or that. No one will deny that the technical possibilities of production in many such areas are excellent. But to argue from that circumstance to the conclusion that people should immediately be sent to carry on the production is a peculiar kind of folly. Even areas technologically acceptable should not be settled if markets for the produce are not clearly in sight. The Australians, who have immense experience in this field, though some of their public men seem impervious to the lessons of that experience, have long seen the point being made here. In a report published shortly after the First World War, when immigration was being hotly debated, it is stated:

Australia may be eminently suited in the matter of soil, climate, and other factors necessarily precedent to the production of a marketable commodity in large quantities, but it is of little avail to Australia, in a national sense, if the quantity be increased and the ultimate reward of industry, viz., disposal at a profit, be lacking. Indeed, the question of markets is, in the last resort, an all-important one. : : :

The same reasoning can be applied to any portion of the earth's surface.

Thus far it has been tacitly assumed that there are vast frontier areas crying out for settlement, immensely rich areas currently standing vacant. It is in such areas that the migration enthusiasts picture the settlement of their millions. But they are victims of the "myth of the great open spaces." Pin them down to particulars and you will find them extremely

vague as to where the large, fertile, virgin areas are actually located. They can point to various countries which can stand increases in their populations, but a close examination of the situations in those countries, markets aside, shows that few if any of them have vast open spaces into which people can hopefully flock. It is perhaps characteristic of the true situation that an Australian, a man from a country ordinarily viewed as containing unusually vast open spaces, published last year a closely reasoned book, carefully fortified with data of an indisputable kind, entitled *The Myth of Open Spaces*. W. D. Forsyth is under no illusions about open spaces. That pleasure he leaves to those who study maps without ever attempting to assemble the information which may explain why large segments of some nations are empty—and will remain empty to the end of time.

The controlling factor in the Australian situation is rainfall, plus the closely associated factors of reliability of the fall and the rate of evaporation. If the problem is examined it is clear at once that most of the great open spaces of that country are open because rainfall does not permit their close exploitation. It has even been argued by Professors Wadham and Wood in their *Land Utilization in Australia* that an intensive survey would lead to the conclusion that when you subtract from the twenty per cent of the country that has reliable rainfall the rough country that cannot be cultivated, only enough land will be left to take care of the natural increase of the population, thus excluding land settlement by numerous incoming immigrants. This perhaps overstates the case a bit but surely to no disqualifying degree. So persistent however are the errors about Australia that Wadham and Wood interrupt the calm course of their scientific study to burst out with these harsh words:

Recent pronouncements in Great Britain and elsewhere regarding the capacity of Australia to absorb population have condemned the policy of the Commonwealth in severe terms. The people responsible for these statements have usually been distinguished by a total ignorance of local conditions, if not a perverse unwillingness to investigate the facts. The wide publicity given to irresponsible statements, compared with the

restricted circulation of scientific studies, is a constant source of embarrassment.

The truth is that the Australian frontier is a permanent frontier and while its economic character and exact location may change from time to time, the future of the country can no longer be thought of in terms of advancing the frontier into ever new areas. As a matter of fact, the characteristic movement in recent years has been back from the farthest advanced outposts of agricultural settlement. The Australians have found themselves in marginal areas from which withdrawal is the only sensible course. The Australian future is therefore not unlike the American: it is a matter of using more intensively the areas already clearly staked out for exploitation. From this standpoint Australia's possibilities as a country of immigration should be assessed. If markets appear for the products of the land industries, intensification of production in areas already settled can take care of that demand in full measure. If expansion of industrial production is warranted by rising markets, then the new factories also will be located within the already defined area of settlement; for the resources required are, except for some minerals, located to an overwhelming degree precisely in those parts of the continent where people to-day are most numerous present. Australia's great open spaces are a reality, but they are barren and will not absorb numbers of immigrants.

In its details the Australian situation is probably unique. But it is necessary to realize that the fundamental conclusion one draws from it is, on the contrary, of universal application. Most of the milk-and-honey frontiers of the world exist only in the imaginations of those who have never troubled themselves to explore the facts. This is certainly the case of the areas of white settlement in Africa, the character of which was shown incidentally in an article in *Harper's* for April, 1943. The very soils of Africa are suspect. Clement Gillman says: "Much that has been written about the fertility of tropical soils has been relegated to the realm of fairy tales . . . oftener than not they are deficient in important minerals, the ab-

sence of which affects both the plants grown on them and those who live on the plants." This is perhaps a little less true in South America and Central Asia than elsewhere in the world. The latter region however is reserved for Russian and Chinese emigrants and is not available to the world in general. The South-American frontiers, according to expert testimony, are more technological possibilities than economic feasibilities. Any argument which emphasizes the "vast land resources" of Brazil, Colombia, Peru, Chile, Ecuador, and so on should be read with skepticism unless the author clearly demonstrates how the institutional obstacles to occupation—like land titles—are to be hurdled, and unless it is also shown where the products of the new land industries are to find markets at prices high enough to pay out on the tremendous capital investment involved in opening them up. Especially should one be skeptical if the article includes a boner that is so complete a give-away as a comparison with "great unoccupied plains, like those of Texas or Australia."

The frontiers supposedly existing for white settlers within the tropic zone are to be similarly described, if we are to be candid. Mindanao, Philippine Islands (investigated before the war as a site for a Jewish settlement), is no lush frontier. "Mindanao," an expert familiar with Far Eastern settlement conditions begins his report, "is popularly—and quite erroneously—thought of as still having vast empty expanses of arable land awaiting settlement." In fact, the more intensively the great open spaces of the hot countries are expertly studied the more they shrink in size, quality, and availability for anything approaching normal settlement. They cannot be exploited without capital investment far in excess of what is characteristic in the development of frontier areas in the temperate zone. The tropical frontiers are also more technological possibilities than economic prospects. And unless we are going to live in a high-cost, subsidized, deficit world, economics must play a part in our decisions.

The arctic frontiers are not much better. There is the celebrated gold-plated colony in the Matanuska Valley in south-

ern Alaska. While a considerable range of crops can be grown there in good seasons, it nevertheless is not a neglected paradise. W. A. Rockie, a government expert, in the *Geographical Review* for July, 1942, says that:

The summer at Matanuska is cooler than in any agricultural section of the United States; the fall and winter are much warmer than in a large part of the Northern States; and the spring is very much colder than in any agriculturally settled part of the United States. . . . In early summer it is occasionally too dry for the quickest growth of crops; in late summer it is generally too wet for the easy harvesting of any crop. . . . The soil begins to thaw in April, and plants show signs of new life in late April and in May. Because of the almost constant cold since the preceding October, the spring sunshine is very slow in dissipating the accumulation of below-freezing temperatures. Until plant growth gets started, the spring is probably the most discouraging season of the year, because the daytime warmth is ample for plant growth for weeks before plants show any response. They are held back by the tightly frozen soil, which controls the root, bulb, or seed temperatures.

II

THE frontier obsession is therefore not justified by the existence of large, rich, virgin areas of country into which settlers from Europe can be encouraged to flock after the war. Suppose this is so. What about the idea that the migrants should nevertheless be placed on the land, but within the boundaries of settlement already laid down?

This brings up the question of markets again. For if the underdeveloped areas replace the undeveloped in our calculations, such a move will mean the intensification of production within the areas already occupied. This may seem like a wise and desirable line of action. Most of the countries described as underdeveloped have wide areas in which the fundamental public works, like railways, roads, and communications generally, and also water conservation and distribution schemes, were planned in relation to an intensive use which has never come to pass. The reason for their construction was over-optimism about the rate of increase of population. If these public works can be brought into more intensive use the profit to these countries will be immense. The intensification will extend also to the de-

tails of farm practices: "The improvement of soils and pastures and of herds and flocks, the eradication of pests and diseases, the economic application of mechanical power, the perfection of farm management, the determination of the extent and nature of the most economic farm unit, the utilization of by-products, the economic application of the principle of fodder conservation, the establishment of industries utilizing agricultural products and by-products, the introduction of first-class systems of marketing . . . advances like these give a new productive value to land and offer inducements for bringing it under intense cultivation."

There is hardly an underdeveloped country in the world that would not welcome a chance to go ahead along these lines. Some progress is constantly being made in improving the position of farmers currently on the land. But real progress along this road depends upon markets, for intensification of land use invariably means heavier production for sale. So immense are the possibilities that an increase in the demand for foodstuffs and raw materials can be met more quickly and cheaply by intensified agriculture than by a renewal of the old method of dispersing production into absolutely virgin areas—the frontiers.

In the past the way to greater production in the land industries was to place new farmers in new areas—a horizontal extension of the agricultural plant; to-day the logic of the situation is a vertical extension of the farm plant, or the increase of production in already settled areas through the full use of modern knowledge of farm technology and management in all its phases. If needed—if economic markets appear—the world's supply of farm products can be increased manifold without any marked extension of the areas of settlement. The possibilities here are almost infinite.

Such a state of affairs more than discounts the importance of frontiers. It forecasts also a reduction of the numbers already engaged in agriculture. In certain directions intensification is accomplished by an increase in the number of workers employed, their wages being guaranteed by the increase in production or the

greater worth of the production; but on the whole the increased employment is not so very great. In this connection it should be recalled that while the capacity to produce farm products has increased in all commercial farming countries since the First World War, there has at the same time been a steady drift of farm population away from the farms—except when depression has driven people back into the rural areas for survival.

Under conditions of economic health the farm plants of the world will probably continue to give up workers without endangering total production in the least. If demand warrants wide use of intensification the outward movement of workers may be arrested to a degree, but how far it will lead to an absorption of new workers is a difficult question to answer. There is small prospect that the farms of the world will ever again offer a way out for the millions who may feel it necessary to seek new homes and better economic conditions.

Since the agricultural industries have been giving up workers it naturally follows that the urban industries have been absorbing them. This movement is known, from the rural end, as the drift to the cities. This drift is often sentimentally deplored, especially by sentimental people who love the notion of farming as a "way of life" and who believe that there is something inherently fine in working the land. But deplorable or not, the trend toward urbanization is a phenomenon which can be observed not only in countries like the United States but also in countries like Argentina, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Even "Bedouins of the desert are becoming townsmen in the cities of Palestine." In all these nations the cities are growing faster than the country, and at its expense. The world is moving into an urbanized age. The facts which support this conclusion stand as an insurmountable obstacle to those who would ship their millions to the frontiers, or even to already settled rural areas. If these millions are to move at all they are going to move into the urbanized areas where economic opportunities exist. But the urban areas are not necessarily the very great cities already in existence,

though they too will probably continue to grow in many parts of the world. Rather, the drift will be to those areas which are already closely settled, in which the characteristic jobs are found in factories and the service industries. The actual town or city of residence may be relatively small—decentralization of industry from congested centers will make this increasingly possible—but it will be one point in a mesh of settlement which will allow for urban living. So strong is the conviction of some students that this is the case that they allow only for the migration of persons who will be indispensable technicians associated with urban industries and the services.

As long ago as 1936 Professor Allan G. B. Fisher, one of the most astute of living economists, said, "The type of migrant who is needed to-day is the man or woman who is skilled in the production of the things with which the world is still inadequately supplied, perhaps the skilled technician or engineer, with whose aid we can raise the standard of efficiency in those industries where we have so far lagged behind, certainly the man whose special training fits him to offer Australia services of a kind which are still quite rare in this country, or in some cases quite unknown."

The South-African economist S. H. Frankel almost echoed this sentiment with regard to his country when he wrote that the immigrants he would like to see entering South Africa would not do "what others are already doing," but rather "the accession of new population will create the opportunities for more employment simply because it will make economic innumerable activities which are now uneconomic." A similar view is taken of prospects in South-American countries like Argentina and Brazil where great efforts are being made to industrialize. These countries need people to help in those industries and services which are associated with the urbanization of the population. But it does not appear that this will allow places for many of the twenty million allegedly bound to escape from postwar Europe.

Two paradoxical reactions to the difficulties can now be brought forward. The first paradox is this: the future of commer-

cial farming in a country like Australia in competition with other producing areas in the international market is regarded as such a poor prospect that the only way out is argued to be "a fair division of the markets of the world by means of international cartels. . . . Competition for markets . . . would have to give way, and it would probably be found that price fixation (minima and maxima), instead of being abolished after the war, would have to be extended." This hardly forecasts the successful introduction of new millions into commercial agriculture. Nor is this the opinion of an urbanized theoretician. It is the considered conclusion of G. J. Evatt, Chairman of the Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission of New South Wales. It is not surprising therefore that others who are concerned about Australia's population problem, but who are discouraged by the prospects of commercial farming, and yet are convinced that land settlement must continue, are taking refuge in the thesis that the only road to salvation is to spread over selected areas numerous subsistence farmers. This is the second paradox: that the meanly circumscribed poverty of subsistence farming is recommended as a way out in an age characterized by an efficiency in production which is without parallel. And it should be strongly emphasized that Australia is not a unique case. It is cited here simply because the writer knows the situation there with greater intimacy than elsewhere; and also because that country is so often cited as a land that should absorb unnumbered millions after the war.

III

BUT if population increases through settlement on the land for commercial agriculture are doubtful, what are the prospects in the factory and service industries? With the exception of a few odd pockets and corners of the world, the areas in which settlement of millions is allegedly possible are precisely the areas which hope for constantly increasing industrial development. Some of them have gone a good distance in this field already. Industrial development in the new countries naturally takes place at the highest levels of

technological efficiency achieved in the older countries from which the techniques and machinery are imported. This means a fairly high productivity per workman. But as the market is usually small it is quickly saturated, and no mass employment opens up in any particular industry or in all the industries in the aggregate. The most that is accomplished is to give employment to the workers being released by agriculture and the annual increment to the labor market. For a considerable period the new factory industries serve as an alternative and profitable way of using the national labor force, but they do not provide the basis for introducing numerous immigrants.

How far this can go is shown by the experience of the new countries during the present war. They have expanded industrial production markedly at a time when immigration has ceased. At best they have been able to import some technicians on an advisory basis. To a large extent they have had to rely on blueprints of the new products and even have had to build their own machine tools to produce the goods wanted. The new factories, some of them very large as compared with prewar units, have been staffed at a time when thousands of the most vigorous and teachable men have been mobilized into the armed forces. This has been done by bringing in all the prewar unemployed, draining workers from the farms at an even faster pace than hitherto, calling retired people back into the labor market (while protecting their pension rights for the postwar period), and making use of hitherto unemployed women. This may be an emergency way of utilizing the domestic labor force, but it certainly shows what can be done without letting in numerous immigrants.

How far the expanded industrial facilities can be returned to peacetime uses is not, it would seem, so much a matter of labor supply as of finding markets for the goods it will be possible to turn out. It is possible however that once the labor market returns to something approaching its normal size and composition, especially if expanding markets turn up, room may be found after a short time for workers from the outside. But the volume of produc-

tion would have to be expanded very considerably to make much of a dent on the vast numbers waiting to pour out of Europe. It looks as if the real opportunities would be for limited numbers of skilled persons able to assist in advancing industry to the highest possible levels, rather than masses of mere operatives. I doubt that the wartime expansion of industry in the new countries promises to provide a basis for mass immigration.

So it is with the service industries. On the lower levels, for example, there are the wholesale and retail trade, in all their infinite variety. These may well experience a boom when the wartime restrictions on civilian consumption are lifted. If so, they will provide lots of jobs, but how far they can expand without exhausting local resources is a question. In the beginning they will do little more than welcome back the workers siphoned out of them into war production. No doubt however opportunities will be great in exploiting the wider distribution of products hitherto known only as expensive imports, and the provision of services hitherto novel. But they will not, I think, encourage mass migration. What may absorb many at the unskilled levels is the construction of public service works needed to meet the requirements of the changed economy and the redistributed population. Some optimism is allowable here, but in terms of a few thousands of immigrants, not millions. If wisely managed, there will be opportunities in the field of higher services. Changed conceptions of education, including the development of libraries and art museums, may allow the importation of groups of highly trained teachers. But this is far from mass migration.

It should never be forgotten that it is slow and costly work to move millions of people. The population of Australia grew from 0 to 7,000,000 in about half the time it took the United States and Canada, but this took place in a period of rapid expansion, mostly in the nineteenth century. In the past fifty years the two most satisfactory periods of immigration into the country were 1907-1913, when an annual average of 41,690 persons was received, and 1920-1929, when an annual av-

erage of 34,911 was achieved. This gives an annual average for these two good periods of 38,300. Assuming a highly prosperous postwar period, let us accept a suggested annual average of 80,000 (Colin Clark's prediction in *The Economics of 1960*, the largest figure I have ever seen), or an increase of over one hundred per cent. Between 1859 and 1933 the Australian population increased by 5,655,809, of whom the immigrants constituted 24 per cent, or 1,357,394 persons in 74 years of normal economic growth. The introduction of an equal number of immigrants at the rate of 80,000 a year would be to arrange a comparable increase in the population through immigration in about 17 years! But since the resident Australian population has now assumed a statistical position forecasting decline it is highly unlikely that the population would do more than rise to about 10,000,000 in the next quarter-century, or to half the figure of 20,000,000 so often cited by politicians as the desirable postwar objective. I myself think Mr. Clark's figure is extremely high; and I should not expect the 10,000,000 figure to be reached in less than twice the time his figures suggest.

Reasoning very similar to this would apply also to Brazil, where in the 111 years between 1820 and 1931 the population increase through immigration was 4,546,869, or at the rate of about 41,000 a year. Argentina in 75 years managed to retain only about half of the immigrants who hopefully entered its borders, or roughly 2,870,000 people—about 38,000 a year. Palestine from 1922 to 1940 absorbed 312,338 Jews, an average of 17,352 persons per year, with a peak year, 1935, when 61,854 entered. This is universally considered the most amazingly successful example of planned migration in recent years and of course it operated under "forced draft" some of the time. It took the Greek government, working in close collaboration with a League of Nations commission, about seven years to settle 650,000 persons driven from Asia Minor by the Turks. These individuals were being *repatriated*, not expatriated, and were being settled in areas previously occupied by others. Even usable houses were found for some of the incoming people.

(Even so, foreign loans obtained by the Greek government to help the project "contributed to its bankruptcy in 1932.") A project in the Dominican Republic was designed to take in 100,000 settlers over a period of years. In three years—from 1940 until now—it has absorbed only 500. The project—never executed—to settle Jews in Mindanao, Philippine Islands, involved only 10,000 persons.

It would require a vast number of movements of comparable magnitude to take care of 20,000,000 people overseas.

The costs are even more difficult to estimate. But ignoring the unknown charges for transporting the emigrants out of Europe and landing them in Australia, it will take at the very least £1,000 of capital per worker to provide a job for each immigrant seeking employment. Australia between wars added about 100,000 persons to its labor market each year through natural increment. If we add 40,000 working immigrants to this total, the balance being dependent women and children, then capital for about 140,000 workers per year has to be found, or, at the present rate of exchange, not less than \$448,000,000 per year. To find it year after year for several decades will tax the financial ingenuity of the country; and if a proportion of it is imported from overseas the old marketing problem will again have to be faced and solved. People cannot be moved around the world by a wave of a wand. It costs money; it takes time.

Even admitting that the world is going forward, though severely qualifying popular conceptions of how and in what fields, the bases for mass immigration on the scale suggested are exceedingly difficult to discover. Is it necessary to accept the 20,000,000 European emigrants as a fixed, immutable total?

IV

FIRST of all, it is necessary to understand where in Europe the 20,000,000 are mostly located at present. They are found in southern and eastern Europe, in Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Poland, and such countries. Few of them are found in northern and western Europe—in Scandinavia, France, Holland, or the United Kingdom. One basis for this conclusion

is the state of development in the divisions of Europe; but another of equal importance is the fact that in the former countries the populations are still rapidly expanding, whereas in the north and west the nations quite uniformly find themselves on the verge of population decline. It is not necessary of course to imply that no one will leave the countries where the populations are about to begin to decline. Some will, perhaps thousands. But it should be emphasized that the great contributions to the emigrant horde will be made by countries where the population is still on the upgrade and where the shape of the economies is unfavorable to the absorption of mounting numbers at rising levels of economic welfare. Indeed in most of them the opposite trend has been observed: thousands of persons are being pushed down to, or forced below, the level of subsistence, with a concentration of workers in agriculture which is almost Asiatic in character.

It is incorrect to assume that the condition of these people can necessarily be improved by encouraging them to move elsewhere. Emigration taken alone will not solve the problem of these countries. Even in the great century of migration the movement of peoples out of Europe did not reduce the total number of people in Europe. On the contrary, the population continued to mount. It has been estimated that during the nineteenth century "the number of migrants leaving Europe was equal to about one-fifth the total natural increase in stocks resident in Europe in 1800." Differently put, out of every hundred persons added to the population only twenty went abroad. The remaining eighty stayed at home. This was possible because the European economy was expanding at a tremendous rate, offering employment opportunities to the millions who felt no urge, or were unable, to go overseas. It was because the European economy was expanding that even the one-fifth who did go abroad were able to do so. The effects of the European expansion were felt overseas and allowed economic expansion to take place there and so provide the basis of life for the emigrants from Europe. We encounter here another paradox of migration: heavy

migration out of Europe is hardly possible if Europe itself is in a depressed state. Or conversely, the ability of overseas countries to accept immigrants is dependent upon an upsurge of prosperity in Europe.

It is however impossible to create prosperity in Europe merely by subtracting what, stacked up against population totals, is a handful of peoples from a depressed economy. European prosperity is a condition which must precede any successful movement of peoples to the newer countries of the world. The first step toward a solution of the problem of the 20,000,000 is therefore to adopt sensible economic policies in Europe. The great necessity is to clean up conditions at the existing centers of population in the hope that rising demands there will provide a firm foundation for a gradual expansion at the peripheries. This was the procedure, probably unconscious, in the nineteenth century, and it worked. To try to force the pace at the peripheries after the war can only lead to disaster, can only result in creating chaos there. This is the gist of the matter: prosperity in Europe will cut down the need for emigration; depression in Europe will cut down the willingness and ability of other countries to receive large numbers of immigrants.

This is not to say that the overseas countries should do nothing to improve their economic positions until Europe has acted. Neither is it to demand that Europe keep all its 20,000,000 at home. It is simply to cast doubt upon the utility of planning to move the 20,000,000 out of Europe without first looking into the possibility of improving their condition within Europe. Unless Europe makes every effort to improve its own position the overseas countries will not be in the best position to absorb immigrants.

How Europe can improve its situation is not a matter which can be indicated in a paragraph. There is no known formula for economic prosperity, no matter what you may read in the advertisements. But at least one point can be made which has direct relation to the population problem. It has been emphasized that the great excess of peoples is to be found in southern and eastern Europe. As is well known, many of the countries in these areas have

not made any great effort to adopt economic policies designed to improve the condition of their people. Some attention to better internal economic policies will help relieve the pressure. But if the whole enterprise is conducted on the basis of a fragmented Europe, the forward movement will not be very great. What Europe needs above all else is to think of its problems on a continental basis. If the excess peoples can hope to move freely across international boundaries, out of depressed rural areas in the south and east into the urban areas of opportunity in the north and west, they won't have to go overseas. This makes it indispensable that all Europe be considered a unit in economic policy, that no country be depressed by international policy, and that the entire economy of Europe be worked for the benefit of all the peoples of Europe. No doubt this is a counsel of perfection, but if European nations persist in policies and practices which create great groups of depressed peoples, then it will be legitimate to warn them that they cannot take the easy way out of dumping the unwanted peoples overseas. No country has any right to engage in wholesale "pauper shoveling" simply to protect reactionary vested interests; and no country is under the obligation to accept the paupers shoveled out for such anti-social reasons.

A rational approach to the problem of Europe's so-called excess peoples suggests that the numbers involved can be materially reduced by a concerted attack upon the internal economic problems of Europe, especially on a continent-wide basis. In any case there is no hope of solving the difficulties of these people merely by transporting them across the earth's face to new locations, even though, as the President wrote to the Pope in

December, 1939, "millions of people of all races, all nationalities, and all religions may seek new lives by migration to other lands. . . ." The numbers it would be possible to move under the most favorable conditions would not, taken alone, solve the problem. The peoples must be moved, if at all, in relation to markets, nine times out of ten, international markets. There is no present reason to place any faith in movement to the so-called frontiers. The persuasive notion of frontier pioneering is to-day a two-faced myth. No large, attractive, rich, virgin areas for frontier life any longer exist. This is the truth about the myth of the great open spaces. The produce of frontier enterprises is not, under current conditions, likely to be needed to satisfy present and prospective demand, for this can best be met by intensification of production in areas already settled. This destroys the myth of inevitable prosperity on the frontiers.

The prospects are that such people as emigrate successfully in the predictable future will go to areas already staked out. In the new, as in the old countries, the predominant trend is toward concentration of population—toward urbanization—not toward further dispersion. Any sizable movement, however, is contingent upon rising prosperity in Europe, for a depressed Europe will make it impossible for the overseas countries to receive numerous immigrants. The hope that millions can be moved in anything properly to be described as "a short time" is a delusion; and that the job can be done cheaply is an even worse delusion. Above all, heavy migration is dependent upon general world prosperity. By no magic can it be a prelude to the prosperity all will be seeking. Migration is a consequence of healthy economic conditions in the world in general, not a cause of them.

WAR IN THE AIR

Four Poems

JOHN PUDNEY



A SORRY WORLD

A SORRY world, bereft of simple tongue,
Had not a word for honor, saved its smile
For the philosopher and wished the young
The idiot happiness, the decent pile.
Peace was this troubled bargain, though some tried
To fix the brokers in the market, some
Dared to consider how the prices lied,
And bought insurance for the doom to come.
Yet none had simple speech for simple deed
And none could match the action with the soul;
Until you lived, and died in taking heed
Of duty and a routine job; till whole
You grew and served. So honor may be said
To be the decent shroud to serve the dead.

FOR JOHNNY

Do NOT despair
For Johnny-head-in-air;
He sleeps as sound
As Johnny underground.

Fetch out no shroud
For Johnny-in-the-cloud;
And keep your tears
For him in after years.

Better by far
For Johnny-the-bright-star
To keep your head,
And see his children fed.

AIR GUNNER

THE eye behind this gun made peace
With a boy's eye which doubted, trembled,
Guileless in the mocking light
Of frontiers where death assembled.

Peace was as single as the dawn,
Flew straightly as the birds migrating,
Timelessly in tune with time,
Purposeful, uncalculating.

So boyish doubt was put away:
The man's eye and the boy's were one.
Mockery and death retreat
Before the eye behind this gun.

SECURITY

EMPTY your pockets, Tom, Dick, and Harry,
Strip your identity; leave it behind.
Lawyer, garage-hand, grocer, don't tarry
With your own country, your own kind.

Leave all your letters. Suburb and township,
Green fen and grocery, slip-way and bay,
Hot spring and prairie, smokestack and coal tip,
Leave in our keeping while you're away.

Tom, Dick, and Harry, plain names and numbers,
Pilot, observer, and gunner depart.
Their personal litter only encumbers
Somebody's head, somebody's heart.

THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



EVERY journalist is entitled to write one piece about Washington in wartime. I propose to exercise the franchise, though I have nothing to say about the bureaucracy. I spent a few days in Washington in early October, the first visit I had made there since about six weeks before Pearl Harbor. The town's current clichés held good for me in only one respect—I was not able to get a hotel room. I found the restaurant food excellent and I had no trouble getting taxis whenever I wanted one, several times traveling as much as five miles alone without a share-the-ride companion. Moreover, the Pullman car in which I forehandedly reserved a seat a week in advance had nine vacancies from New York to Baltimore and five the rest of the way. But I found the crossroads-of-the-world notion reasonably true. Three people from the Western town where I used to live sauntered up to me and restored a contact that had been broken for twenty-five years. As for Cambridge, it was everywhere in Washington; I was out of sight of Harvard Square for only a few minutes at a time, and need never have been. Everybody's home town seems to be there in force. Mr. Dos Passos was lately wondering in this magazine whether a new Greenwich Village may not be forming in Washington. Very likely, and a new Los Angeles too, or a new St. Petersburg.

I can recall but little of the feel of Washington during the last war; I was there for only a few hours at a time, passing through on leave from the Army. My most vivid memory is of a companion's paralysis in the Union Station

when we were on our way north after being discharged. We had come up from Richmond late at night in an early-nineteenth-century train. Our reflexes were military, we talked about our organizations, we were prepared to stand reveille in the morning. But when we came into the bright station an hour past midnight something suddenly made my friend realize that the war was over. Without a drop to drink, he was dead drunk in thirty seconds, so drunk that I had to buy his berth for him and support him out to it and call a porter to help me hoist him into it. His name was Tom but, walking the town's avenues this month, I couldn't dredge his last name out of the past. I kept remembering his big drunk, kept wishing the same intoxication for the thousands of young men in uniform in Washington.

But last time the uniforms were brighter. Our allies ran to greens and golds, crimson and scarlets. You would turn a corner and run into a Bersagliere captain who seemed to be coming downstage to sing something by Sigmund Romberg. He would seem the ultimate in decorativeness for a block or so; then the red and gold and blue of a French staff officer would erase him. The Frenchman wouldn't last long either, for presently you would meet a British naval officer of high rank and diplomatic standing, heading somewhere in full dress. Now you can see the off-grays of Australians and New Zealanders, but most armies and even the navies have gone into khaki. It is not an operatic shade.

I remember a furious resentment. Eventually I was a shavetail, and there

was one rank which shavetails could not love. Everybody else in the Army had a job to do but not, apparently, lieutenant colonels. They had nothing to do, so they spent their time bawling out shave-tails. One of us lowly had been a railroad brakeman in civilian life. He kept promising us that when he got back to his job anybody in uniform could ride his blind baggage, anybody except lieutenant colonels. The hope of peace meant a chance to boot lieutenant colonels off into the cinders. And Washington on those brief visits seemed to be full of them, each one with a chauffeur and one of the little brown Dodge cars that were the last war's closest approximation of the jeep. Next time, I determined, I was going to be a lieutenant colonel in Washington, with Dodge and chauffeur. It didn't work out that way.

BUT it is not the last war that dominates Washington. An extremely important fact about the United States is that there is one way in which it is not even this war. To sum up the worthless impressions of a few trivial contacts, you get the feeling in Washington, as you do everywhere else I have been, that this war is being managed incomparably better than the last one. In Washington or anywhere else you have only to think of the present Army as compared with the amateur organization I belonged to, or the achievements of OWI as compared with what the Creel Committee did, or the production of planes with the story of the Liberty motor, or Ordnance or Supply or, in fact, anything else with its forerunner of 1918—you have only to make the comparison and your liveliest doubts are cut off short. Even the Washingtonians know that. Of course they have only two moods—foreboding and despair. They have only one topic of conversation: how badly, how ruinously in fact, their superiors or their rivals or they themselves are doing the job. The Republic crumbles all over town; I heard it crash into ruins at the Carlton, the Mayflower, in private houses, and always with the same cheery eagerness of absorbed minds. A historian finds this gloom reassuring. From the time when Jefferson

tied his horse to a stump on Pennsylvania Avenue, from the time when John Quincy Adams was writing in his journal a daily declaration that the doom we had brought upon us was at hand, Washington has always been going to hell across lots. A certainty that doom is upon us is the first knowledge that transient Washingtonians pick up from permanent ones in acclimatization. If you say so, they readily agree. Sure, they say, it was dreadful in the last war, but the last war was out of this world; you could afford to shake dice with ruin last time. We couldn't help doing better, but it isn't enough, it isn't enough, and midnight is about to strike. It has always been just a few minutes short of midnight and the Senate clock stopped, probably, as long as there has been a Washington.

Once, one remembers, midnight nearly did strike—in the war which you never get away from in Washington. Mr. Dos Passos found himself obliged to write about the Civil War; it was inseparable from this war in his mind and it was part of the tradition of the city he knew. You are always running into physical reminders of it, not only Grant looking down the Mall and statues of McPherson or McClellan or dozens of other generals seen through the trees, but the names, the distances, the places. Off that way is Arlington or Silver Spring or the Long Bridge. Or you are walking along and suddenly identify a locality or an address. Seward lived here, or Alexander Stephens was living here when Secession came, or this is where the commissioners met in '61, or, even, there was a bawdy house here whence highly accurate intelligence reports used to go South. (A careful antiquarian tells me that successors of some of its rivals in '61 have always been doing business at the same addresses.) But physical reminders are the least powerful. It is a Northern town in statuary, it is a Southern village in mood and in the voices heard everywhere, and yet it is a national city. What keeps pressing in on you is remembrance of the four years that made it a national city—the agony, the fear, the violence, the strain, the suspense. You are always in sight of ambulances coming up from the wharves where boats

used to land the wounded. Late at night men work behind curtained windows—and there really was a doubt, then, whether the Republic would go down or could be saved. The uniforms on the sidewalks are sometimes mud-stained blue. Rumors and alarms dead for eighty years pulsate in the gold October weather of 1943. From a height you could see Early's troops a couple of miles out on Seventh Street. Or you could see smoke on the horizon—the smoke of American homes burning—or hear the throb of guns killing Americans.

There is a persisting awareness, I mean, of the thing when it was in course of demonstration. There was in us what we had begun by saying we were—or there wasn't. We could maintain the hope of becoming what we had intended—or we couldn't. The broken society could be repaired and forged into what it had never been, a nation—or we had always been wrong and would, the President said, lose the last, best hope of earth. That is the indecision, the suspense, that made Washington through four years of war the true creator of the nation. The hope was saved, the continuing possibility of becoming. Remembering what those years did to us, North and South, the marble seen through the city's trees asserts not triumph in the fact that the nation won out, but does assert a vindication. We had been right to hope, in the beginning and from then on. We could go on hoping, go on becoming. It was settled. We have stood on that settlement ever since. We stand on it now.

That is why, Southern village or Northern town, Washington is Lincoln's city even to-day, even in this war. And this is not just the fancy of a tourist outfitted with appropriate sentiments. I spent an hour at the Lincoln Memorial. It was swirling with a crowd that kept changing. A guard told me that more people are visiting it these days than ever before. Most of that crowd were young men in uniform. A surprising number of them wore service ribbons from all the theaters of war, many with the stars that signify major engagements. It is something not easily shrugged away that these veterans of the new war should spend half an hour of

a leave in which all half-hours are infinitely precious visiting a formal pile of marble reared to the memory of Lincoln.

Inside that structure there are only the statue of Lincoln and the texts of the speeches he made at Gettysburg and at his second inauguration. Impressive as the statue is, one presently ignores it; the texts count more. One sees them working an effect on the uniformed boys. On the approaches and the steps there is a good deal of talk, laughter, and horseplay. It becomes a whisper and presently dies out; the place is quiet. They stand reading those texts, they loiter for a while, and few of them say anything as they go away. There are those ribbons and stars—North Africa, the Solomons, the Aleutians, the sea frontiers, Sicily, the sky over France and Germany. Some of these boys have been there, the rest are on their way—and they might have spent this half-hour with their friends, their wives, or their girls. They don't talk much as they go away, and one becomes aware that they came here to be in touch for a moment with the highest expression ever made of what gives them meaning. A man is speaking to them out of an earlier testing, an earlier proof. They know what he is talking about.

What found expression in the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural was the belief and the hope that merged to create the American faith. Facing death for it, no man may think of it as a faith fulfilled but only as the maintained possibility of becoming, a possibility in which death is swallowed up in victory, against which the gates of hell have not prevailed. There it is. That is what we mean or else we don't mean anything. The testimony of these new veterans is that we mean it.

IT is the classic statement of our faith. Purified away from the dross, there is the highest meaning of American life. The solemn music of those words stays with you after the Memorial is hidden by the trees again. Yet it was not that music that I kept hearing throughout wartime Washington seventy-nine years after Lincoln's war. I say seventy-nine years because presently it became evident that a

number of things had blended together in my reverie, that what I was thinking of was less exalted, more painful—Washington in the late summer of 1864.

They were calling Grant “the Butcher”; the Crater and the siege of Petersburg continued the long hemorrhage of the Wilderness. Sherman was held off from Atlanta, was seldom heard from, might be marching into disaster. Actually the armies had already won the war, but the nation sank steadily closer to losing it from weariness, hope deferred, the creeping paralysis of despair. It was the moment of weakest nerve. The national will flagged toward extinction. And, with a sizable chance that the United States might perish right then, in August of 1864, there was a Presidential campaign to be fought. In all our history there have been exactly three generals who could see themselves or whom others could see as military dictators. A schism in Lincoln’s party had nominated one of them against him, the arch-fool Frémont. It was certain that the opposition party in a week or so would nominate another of them, McClellan, on a platform which would declare that the war was already lost. Some of the staunchest minds remaining among Lincoln’s supporters caved and panicked under the weight of suspense. They agreed with the appeasers, the supporters of a negotiated peace, that the war was lost—or at least that it must soon be lost if Lincoln remained in office. So they formally called on him to withdraw from the campaign in favor of some stronger man, some man who could give them some faint hope of winning. One thinks over these despairers name by name; one wonders just which man they could have had in mind.

It was on August 23rd that Lincoln wrote a few lines, sealed them up, and had his Cabinet sign their names on the back without reading them. It is one of the most remarkable documents ever written by a President. Lincoln’s awareness of the failure of national morale was behind it. It acknowledged the probability of

his defeat in the coming election. In the event of that defeat it pledged the Administration to co-operate with the President-elect “to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward.”

It happened that two Ohio regiments passed through Washington just then, one the evening before Lincoln wrote that memorandum, the other two days earlier. They were on their way home from the front for discharge. Like many regiments, they paraded through the town to the White House and, as he often did, he came out to acknowledge their cheers. It is a casual, commonplace scene, the bare-headed country lawyer, the war President, speaking in the warm August evening to young men who were veterans of the war, speaking informally, without the exaltation of those heroic texts now carved on the Memorial.

It is not merely for the day but for all time to come, Lincoln truthfully told the 166th Ohio, that we should perpetuate for our children’s children that great and free government which we have enjoyed all our life. It is for this that the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthrights. The nation, Lincoln said, speaking unemphatically in the evening, the nation is worth fighting for. And he said to the 164th Ohio, in this great struggle this form of government, and every form of government, is endangered if our enemies succeed. There may be mistakes made sometimes, and things may be done wrong. But . . . this struggle is too large for you to be diverted from it by any small matter. When you return to your homes, rise up to the height of a generation of men worthy of a free government, and we will carry out the great work we have commenced.

The words have none of the music of the Second Inaugural. They were spoken from the shadow of the most terrible threat ever made against us, to young veterans, seventy-nine years ago. . . . Washington is still Lincoln’s city.

THE DENTIST WHO CHANGED WORLD HISTORY

MAURICE ZOLOTOW



THIS is the story of a man and an idea. The man is a New York dentist named Maurice William; the idea—which he expressed in a 397-page book called *The Social Interpretation of History*, published at his own expense in 1921 and practically unnoticed by anyone in America—abruptly altered the political philosophy of Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic, and, as a result, changed the whole history of Asia and the modern world.

William, the son of a Russian immigrant whose name had been Ilyin before the immigration inspectors went to work on it, grew up in a mean, disorderly neighborhood in downtown Brooklyn. His father—a once-prosperous merchant tailor of Kharkov—had brought his wife and ten children to America in 1889, when Maurice was eight years old, and they had found a five-room cold-water flat in one of the red-brick tenements on Navy Street. The district was dotted with saloons and houses of prostitution; there were no playgrounds for the swarms of children. The William flat had no sink in the kitchen (they washed dishes out in the hall) and no toilet (they shared a latrine in the yard with two other families).

Maurice attended public school, selling newspapers after hours and picking up

extra pennies on odd jobs on Saturdays and in the evenings. He did well at school, but a few months before graduation the family needed money so badly that he had to leave and go to work.

When he was sixteen he joined the Socialist-Labor Party. Two of his older brothers had been active socialists ever since coming to this country; it had been their participation in the anti-tzarist terrorist movement in Russia during the eighties which had brought the whole family under suspicion and had prompted wealthy customers to desert Ilyin senior. But life in Brooklyn as Maurice had known it was a sufficiently stringent argument for socialism.

The Brooklyn department of the Socialist-Labor Party, which in 1896 consisted of about forty-five comrades, met several nights a week in Mrs. Chambers' School of Dramatics and Ballroom Dancing, 515 Fulton Street. Its most colorful member was Charles H. Matchett, a tall, picturesque gentleman, part Iroquois Indian, who ran for President in 1896 and received seventy-four thousand votes. He lived right across the street from the Williams, working by day as a linesman for the Telephone Company, and in the evenings—especially in spring—orating on socialism to crowds at the corner of Fulton Street and Flatbush Avenue.

Maurice used to go along. He and Matchett would stop at party headquarters and pick up a collapsible speaker's stand and a large banner inscribed ALL WELCOME—SOCIALIST-LABOR PARTY in big red letters. He would carry also a bundle of pamphlets which sold for a penny each. One of the most popular pamphlets was "Think—or Surrender!" by Ben Hanford, a Fulton Street socialist who ran with Eugene V. Debs on the Socialist ticket in 1904.

Maurice held the banner aloft in one hand during Matchett's oratory, and in his other perspiring hand he clutched a hundred copies of "Think—or Surrender!" Matchett made very fine speeches when he was worked up into a frenzy; and he was always being worked up into a frenzy. His favorite phrase was: "Root and branch—you cannot patch up the capitalist system—you must tear it out root and branch." He would raise a clenched fist and cry, "William Jennings Bryan, friends, is the mouthpiece of the capitalist class. The Democratic and the Republican Parties are Tweedledee and Tweedledum. Free silver is a fake issue to lure away the minds of the working class from the only vital issue of the day. Reform—or Revolution. There are no two ways about it."

The Bryan forces often sent emissaries over to the Brooklyn socialists in 1896 to enlist their votes for the silver-tongued orator. One Sunday evening Darwin Meserole, then a youthful disciple of Bryan and now a confirmed socialist, dropped over to the weekly socialist forum on Fulton Street and argued in favor of voting for Bryan. William, replying to Meserole, timidly made his maiden speech.

"We socialists," he proudly explained, "are not interested in any petty quarrels either of you capitalist parties may have. We don't care to dissipate our strength by supporting any capitalist parties. We expect that in the next ten or fifteen years we will be living in a socialist society, so why should we waste our time and energy?" Socialism did not seem a utopian dream in 1896.

"At that time," recalls Dr. William, "I was absolutely convinced that the only thing worth living for was the socialist

movement. We lived in our own little world. We thought we would bring about a social revolution by talking." Although he had read many pamphlets, William had not bothered to investigate firsthand the classics of Marx and Engels. He was willing to let Daniel De Leon, Morris Hillquit, and the other theoreticians of American socialism plow through the difficult books and do his thinking for him.

Although everybody at socialist headquarters believed that the revolution was right around the corner, Brooklyn, on the whole, was skeptical. In the 1898 election there the socialists received only 4,145 votes. But they consoled themselves with the reflection that the capitalist machine-politicians had unquestionably stolen thousands of socialist votes.

Right after the election the party was torn by a feud which threatened to wreck it completely. The left wing, led by De Leon, and the right wing, led by Hillquit, were at loggerheads. The quarrels and the confusion upset William for the first time in his intellectual life. There was apparently a snake in the socialist garden of Eden. But who was the snake? He now began to investigate basic socialist theory and to ask himself some fundamental questions. Now, in his free hours, instead of carrying banners, he began to read Marx, Engels, and weighty books on economics and political science. The socialists seemed to have the answer to the question of what was wrong with society and why. But how explain the internecine disagreements? "I tried to read every book on economics I could find, Adam Smith, Ricardo, Lasalle," recalls William. "My quest never seemed to have an ending. Nothing I found really satisfied me. Too many questions of everyday life, what the socialists dismissed under the heading of 'tactics,' disturbed me. But while the question of how socialist dogmas could be applied to the American scene continued to bother me, I still did not question the doctrines of Marx. I accepted the reality of the class struggle and the irrepressible enmity of employer and worker. I accepted Marx's theory of profit as surplus value wrung from the worker at the point of production.

I accepted the necessity of an immediate socialization of all the means of production—the socialist commonwealth. But after the split, the old confidence, the old blind faith in my leaders and their catchwords began to weaken. Deep down in my conscience, I felt chaos.”

In his personal life there was chaos too. He was trying to find some way of earning a living in which he could be of service to the working class during this interim period till socialism had conquered America. He decided to become a lawyer, mainly because Morris Hillquit, the leader of the right-wing socialists, was a lawyer and was always defending pickets, rioters, and other victims of the police. When he was nineteen he enrolled in the evening classes at St. John's Law School; during the daytime he was an insurance collector for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

That fall during his first semester at law school he went to a lecture on socialism by Meyer London. London, who later became the first and only Socialist congressman from New York City, was the idol of the lower East Side. He was a more human person than most socialists, with a brisk sense of humor, and quizzical eyes that smiled through thick glasses. He was also a lawyer, having been admitted to the bar two years before. But London, who had not practiced the law long enough to take its duplicities for granted, was in a state of profound disgust with his profession. Although it did not have much to do with the theme of his lecture, he threw in a criticism of lawyers.

“Lawyers,” said London, “are parasites. Under a socialist system of society there will be no place for lawyers. For a five-dollar bill a lawyer will swear that his mother is a Saratoga chicken.”

William did not know what a Saratoga chicken was, but he had a deep respect for the sincerity of London's opinions. London, after all, was a lawyer himself and he should know what he was talking about. William walked out of that meeting stunned. He was literally, physically dizzy. “I don't know how I managed to stagger home,” he says. “Here I was a socialist and living a lie, preparing myself to become a parasite. The inconsistency

between my theories and my life shocked me.”

He was tormented by this contradiction for many days but didn't know what to do about it. Then one day he went to his dentist to have a tooth extracted. The dentist was also a socialist, Charles L. Furman. William suddenly found himself relaxing and pouring out his heart. “I can't see any purpose in my going to college, in all my studies,” he said. “What can an honest socialist do in this world?”

Without hesitating, Furman replied: “Become a dentist, comrade. Under the most perfect system of society there will still be rotten teeth.”

II

THE idea of practicing one of the healing arts had never occurred to William, but he took to the idea forthwith. He immediately stopped attending law classes at St. John's and found a new job as a traveling salesman so that he could save money and go to a dental school in the daytime. For about four years he was on the road taking orders for made-to-measure clothes and at the same time enlarging his concept of the geography and social strata of America.

In 1904, having saved \$2,500, he entered the New York College of Dentistry. In 1907 he received his degree and was licensed by the State Board of Regents to practice. Now twenty-six years old, he did not make a striking appearance. He was a slender chap who walked in a shy, shambling manner, and his shoulders were rounded because of lack of exercise. His face was long, oval, and distinguished by oversize ears. His thick hair was parted in the center, drawing attention to his large, luminous eyes, eyes full of illusion. He could hardly wait until, as a dentist, he could begin to help suffering humanity.

In those days the poor sections of New York were serviced by dental parlors. The dental parlors advertised for young dentists in the same way that factories advertised for lathe-hands. William answered an advertisement in the *New York World* for a registered dentist, good contractor. The teachers at the dental col-

lege had never mentioned contracting, but he was sure he could do it. While he had not heard anyone speak favorably of the dental parlors, he decided to answer the advertisement since he had no money to invest in the revolving chairs, drilling machine, X-ray instruments, and the other expensive equipment necessary to open a private office.

It was a warm morning in July when he took the Fulton Street ferry over to Manhattan, and rode uptown to Fourteenth Street on the trolley. He was sweating under his stiff collar as he walked upstairs to the main offices of the Guarantee Dental Parlors, whose slogan was, "All our work guaranteed to last for twenty years."

Although it seemed contrary to professional ethics, the Guarantee Dental Parlors, which had several branches in Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Manhattan, advertised heavily in the *World* and the *Evening Journal*. They made broader claims than any other dental parlor, the others guaranteeing their work for ten years only. The branch offices were agleam with flashing electric signs, huge painted strips in all the windows repeating the adjective PAINLESS. . . . PAINLESS. . . . PAINLESS.

This was the era when a dentist's office was distinguished by the mammoth reproduction of a molar, sculptured out of wood and painted a flashing gilt, which hung over the entrance. About ten per cent of the ethical dentists managed to earn a decent income; the rest either experienced the qualms of malnutrition or aped the trumpet-blowing tactics of the dental parlors. In the lower middle-class parts of the city an ethical dentist worked twelve to fourteen hours a day to eke out a livelihood. In the poorer sections he was defeated from the start. He was not only struggling against the dental parlors, but he was also competing against unlicensed dentists, men and women who had never studied the science.

When young Dr. William nervously entered the main office of the Guarantee Dental Parlors he was imbued with the sense of embarking on a worthy crusade. In the outer office, whose chief decoration was a sporting print of Snapper Garrison riding the winner of the Derby at Epsom Downs, a girl sat on a table waving a paper

fan. He told her his name and she signaled him to go inside. He walked through a beaded curtain that tinkled as he passed. He patted his inside pocket to see if his license was safely there.

Inside, he found another lady, interviewing several young dentists. He awaited his turn. He was afraid that he had perhaps arrived too late and that the job was filled. But the lady was hiring them as fast as they came up. She did not ask to see anyone's license. When it was his turn to be interviewed she studied him up and down. She was fat, with a mustache and gold earrings, and looked as if she were wearing a wig. She was not dressed in a nurse's uniform but in a red crepe de chine dress over which she wore what seemed to be an expensive fur jacket. She was sweating very badly. On the wall there were a photograph of James J. Corbett and a print of the Sullivan-Corbett match. William felt a shiver of uneasiness. The fat lady's eyes gleamed shrewdly as she measured the young dentist.

"Ever done dental work before?" she inquired in a bored tone.

He shook his head. She wanted to know if he had ever done any other kind of work before studying dentistry. He stammered out that he had been on the road for a made-to-measure suit company.

She was amused. "I think you could make a smart operator," she purred. "The tooth game is a business, young man, like selling suits; only you're selling bridge-work or plates. You think you could be a good operator?"

He said he would try very strenuously and added that he needed the money in order to get married.

"We can use smart young men like you that want to get married and set up a nest and have a fine future. When a patient comes in you give her an estimate on the program for her work, and that is the contract. We don't take cash in a lump sum. Easy payments is our motto. And nothing cheap about our fillings either—22-karat gold." She chuckled. "Not 14, not 18, but 22-karat gold. You remember that, Dr. William."

He began work the next morning at the 149th Street and Third Avenue branch.

His hours were 11 A.M. to 10 P.M. He received a twenty-dollar salary, and ten per cent of his contracts. The branch office was in charge of another fat lady with calculating eyes. She supervised three nurses and three dentists. When a patient walked in, whichever of the three dentists was free was supposed to take over.

William's first patient was a carpenter, a brute of a man in a blue work shirt, dirty corduroy pants, and muddy laced-up boots. William looked into the patient's mouth. He found two bad cavities, one so deep that he would have to drill away half the surface of enamel, prepare a foundation, and set up a gold inlay. He found also a wisdom tooth so badly corroded that it would have to be removed before its infection spread to the gums. The man asked in badly broken English how it was coming along.

"Your teeth are in a very sad condition, mister," said William. "You should have come to a dentist a long time ago."

The man stared up wonderingly. "But I been here t'ree, four time already, doc."

William looked up the man's records and found this was his sixth visit. He saw that the man was down for three extractions, a gold cap, a gold inlay. The contract called for \$185 and the man had already paid \$50. Apparently he had received no treatment. William asked him what the other dentists had done on his previous visits. Oh, they had cleaned it around and put a piece of cotton in and the cotton she fell out, but it never hurt, it was absolutely one hundred per cent right what it say on the sign and in the paper about painless hundred-per cent. . . .

As William treated more and more patients he found that this case was typical. He discovered that his patients had never heard of mouth hygiene—they never brushed their teeth or cleaned them with dental floss. Many of them, who had been reading the advertisements of dental parlors for years, were even under the impression that the natural teeth were inefficient and that it was a smart idea to have all your teeth pulled and have a set of false teeth, which could never decay.

One Saturday evening as William was finishing the day's work and was preparing to leave, Dr. Stuker, an older man who had been employed by the Guarantee Dental Parlors for many years, was leaving also and he invited William to stop at the corner saloon for a nightcap. William did not drink, but his mind was teeming with questions. They sat at the bar and he ordered a glass of vichy water. Dr. Stuker rapidly downed two ponies of brandy. He munched on a piece of cheese and sipped a third brandy.

"This is more like it, man," he muttered to himself. Dr. Stuker was a dignified gentleman in a state of slow decay. He was divorced from his wife and supported her and two children. He lived by himself and cooked his own meals. His coat and tie were always soiled with grease spots.

After his fourth brandy Dr. Stuker thawed out. "My boy," he began, "I'm glad you're here with me to-night. We're friends. I like you and wish to give you the benefit of my experience. I have been hearing reports about you, b-a-a-ad reports. They say you are a slow operator. They say you are not a good contractor, accordin' to Missus Kindlesheim." As his tongue relaxed Dr. Stuker began to reveal the tricks of the trade. "Did you ever hear of the cotton-change, my friend? That's the secret of our business. You don't waste any time excavatin' around or fillin' it up, you just swab it around and you push in a squinch of cotton." He illustrated the size of a squinch by holding up his thumb and index finger in the air. "If they complain of an ache you give 'em a shot of cocaine. Cocaine, young man, is the foundation, the keystone, and likewise the foundation of painless dentistry. If they insist on it—pull 'er out. Makes 'em feel good when they see the old tooth. They don't have to know it was a good tooth. But the main idea is—work fast. Fast cash—and out. In that way you get the most credit on your contract. When they're paid up let another dentist worry about doing the work."

"Is that what they mean when they speak of a good contractor?" William asked.

"I should know. Ain't I one of the best in the business?"

III

WILLIAM rode the elevated down to Fulton Street. All the way the clanking of the trains set up a rhythm in his brain: Can-such-things-be? Can-such-things-be? Can decent human beings be so cruel? Of course it was the outgrowth of the capitalist system. He remembered vividly that place in the Communist Manifesto where Marx describes how the bourgeoisie has stripped away all sentiments and left no other nexus between man and man than naked selfishness and callous cash payment. *The bourgeoisie has stripped of its halo every occupation hitherto honored and looked up to with reverent awe. It has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science, into its paid wage laborers.* Dr. Stuker was not responsible for his cold-blooded attitude. He merely reflected the mercenary atmosphere of bourgeois society.

But surely other groups—say the doctors—had some ethical standards. Even under capitalism there was a better and a worse. The doctors had fought the quacks and driven them out of business. As a socialist William felt that the effort to improve the people's livelihood implied that each social agency must prove the sincerity of the principles it professed. When a socialist found himself in an agency that might help the workers it was his duty to put it in the best possible condition for helping the workers. He began to visualize the outlines of an adventurous way to reform the dental profession. . . .

He stuck it out at the Guarantee Dental Parlors for a month. It was a month in purgatory. He saw things that frightened him—more disease and ignorance than he believed could have existed and grinding poverty without hope.

He left finally and rented the practice of a dentist who had recently died. "It was an ethical practice," recalls William, "without a paying patient." Weeks would pass without a single patient paying him for work done, and all this time he thought about plans for wiping out dental parlors, driving illegal and unregistered

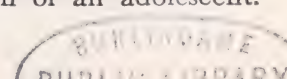
dentists out of the profession, and of persuading the State Legislature to pass stiffer laws for dentists.

He began to agitate among other socialist dentists whom he knew in the Party. He proposed that the left-wing dentists set up an organization in rivalry with the staid conservative Second District Dental Society, and that they loudly agitate for a wholesale reform of the dental profession.

In 1908 William persuaded three of his brothers to underwrite a note and he purchased the dental equipment necessary to open an office in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn, where he remained for some twelve years. "I saw again and again that the dental parlors were the standard by which the masses gaged the qualifications of a dentist," he says. "I saw that the reform must begin by eliminating the parlors."

William wrote letters to every dentist he had known at college; he secured a list of socialist dentists at party headquarters and went to see each of them himself and talked endlessly. Finally, in 1909, he organized the Eastern District Dental Society, whose slogan was "Combating Commercialized Dentistry." Most of the socialist dentists had joined with misgivings. The leading Marxians among the dentists were Dr. Maurice Calman and Dr. Herman Chayes, the inventor of Chayes movable-removable bridgework. They jibed at William's schemes for social reform and pointed out, with appropriate quotations from Marx and Kautsky, that you could not eradicate the surface ailments of capitalist society until you struck at the roots. It was an echo of Matchett's 1896 slogan:—"Root and branch . . . you cannot reform the capitalist system; you must tear it out root and branch."

But Dr. William continued on his obstinate way. Many of the socialist dentists joined his Eastern District Dental Society because they thought it provided a camouflage for spreading the Marxian gospel among the less intellectual brethren of their profession. As for William's dream of oral hygiene, free clinics, the eradication of the parlors—that they regarded as the illusion of an adolescent.



William needed an organ to spread his opinions, and in 1912 the opportunity offered itself. That year the Intercollegiate Socialist Society was formed by Upton Sinclair, Jack London, and Walter Lippmann.

A branch of the ISS was formed at the New York College of Dentistry, and the members were fired by William's zeal. A tiny six-page magazine, *The Progressive Dentist*, was started. The fight on the dental quacks now became open, unrelenting warfare. Two years later four of the local dental groups in the five boroughs amalgamated into the Allied Dental Council of Greater New York, and Maurice William was elected its first president. Its organ was *The Dental Outlook*—a periodical combining articles on the art of filling a tooth with exposés of dental quacks.

From three sides William now found himself under attack. First, there was the expected enmity from the dental parlors. The most important foe of the Allied Dental Council was that eminent practitioner, Painless Parker, whose career reached its heights in Brooklyn from 1910 to 1915. At one time Parker operated twelve branches in New York. He was a master of showmanship and ballyhoo, and made painless dentistry a household word. He would drum up trade with a specially built open wagon drawn by four snow-white stallions. On the wagon were a barber's chair, dental forceps, and a hypodermic of cocaine. Painless Parker, who later legally changed his name from Edgar Randolph Parker, would park his wagon at a busy corner and proceed to deliver a pungent harangue on the history, art, and science of dentistry, in which his specialty was satiric descriptions of the old-fashioned dentist. The climax of his lecture came when he offered to give a free demonstration in front of everybody's eyes to prove that his method of treatment was positively painless. He would ask if there was anybody in his audience who had a toothache. By the time Painless had finished his gruesome oration most of the audience was feeling profound twinges. When Painless had secured a guinea pig he would seat him in the chair, shoot a liberal dose of cocaine into his gums, and

proceed coolly to extract a tooth. Then he would flaunt the uprooted molar in the air and shout to his victim, "Did you feel any pain, my friend?" And the victim, whose entire face was practically paralyzed by cocaine, would whisper, "No."

When Dr. William began to take committees of dentists up to Albany to testify favorably in defense of such legislation as the Seeley Bill, which would have prevented any layman from owning or controlling a dental establishment, the dental-parlor operators resisted by resorting to legal technicalities and threats of violence.

William's fight for dental reform was opposed also, at first, by the conservative dentists, who considered the Allied Dental Council a gang of irritating upstarts. But finally Dr. William took his case directly to them and opened their eyes to the disease and ignorance among the poor people. Even though they still voted Republican and thought of William as an "anarchist" they now supported his program.

But what shocked him most of all was that the greatest opposition to his fight for decent dentistry came not from the parlors, not from the successful surgeons of Park Avenue—but from his fellow-socialists in the Allied Dental Council. The Marxians largely refused to back up his campaign, refused to fight for State legislation to stiffen standards and outlaw quacks. They said it would dissipate their energies to engage in such a superficial struggle. Abolish capitalism and you abolish dental parlors.

William called his opponents "impossibilists," and characterized their arguments as "revolutionary platitudes." He was fast coming to the conclusion that most Marxians were phrasemongers. In 1915, just as the Allied Dental Council was beginning to develop into the important social group that it is to-day, and just as *The Dental Outlook* was gaining in influence, the socialist bloc engaged in a guerrilla warfare against William that threatened to split the whole reform movement in two. He was forced to write a series of articles for *The Dental Outlook*: "Must the Reform of the Dental Profession Wait for the Coming of Socialism?" He now had to reconsider carefully his ideas and

set them down in a coherent argument! He found he had traveled a long way from the dogmatic youth of 1896 who had argued against William J. Bryan.

Now he was writing, "When I realize to what an extent the physical condition of the working class is undermined as a result of neglect of the mouth, I am compelled to consider a socialist dentist no less than a traitor to the working class and the socialist movement when he seems satisfied to permit the present ignorance to continue until the arrival of socialism."

His Marxian enemies retorted with a threat to have him expelled from the Socialist Party as a renegade. William took his case directly to Algernon Lee. He had known Lee since the days when Lee had come from Minnesota, a young labor journalist, to take over the copy desk of the socialist newspaper after the split in 1899. Lee was now an influential leader in the Socialist Party. He studied the arguments pro and con, and pronounced his benediction: William was an orthodox Marxist, and he appended several lines from Father Marx to prove his conclusion. Dr. Calman and Dr. Chayes did not dare to flout the authority of Algernon Lee, and the socialist sabotage of dental reform died down. A series of State laws passed after 1916 finally brought decent standards to the dental profession, and by 1921 the last of the dental parlors in New York City took down its gilded wood tooth and closed its doors.

William had also been campaigning for an emphasis in public-school education on oral hygiene. He wanted to have textbooks that included advice on the care of the teeth. He wanted hygiene teachers to explain, and to understand themselves, that healthy teeth were the basis of general well-being. He also agitated for free dental clinics in the public schools. He appeared before the Board of Estimate in 1914 to argue for his plan, but the Board was not anxious to spend the money. So out of their own pockets William and several associates, bought enough dental equipment to set up a clinic in P.S.109, in the heart of Brownsville. The principal, Oswald Schlockow, was a forward-looking, sensitive teacher, and he gave Dr. William a free hand.

"Now I felt I had really found myself," he says. "Found myself as a socialist and as a man, made myself a useful part of the society in which I was living now. And I was *living* my socialism, instead of talking about it and voting for Debs every four years."

IV

MEANWHILE the outbreak of war in Europe in 1914 had split the international socialist movement wide open. Before 1914 the socialists almost alone had predicted the inevitability of an international war over markets and raw materials. They had said over and over again that the bourgeois mode of production was a threat to world peace. Worker must not fight worker in any of the internal squabbles of capitalism. The world was his country, and the red banner of the International was the only one to which he owed allegiance.

But when the crisis came Dr. William was appalled to see the Second (Socialist) International split up sharply on national lines, rather than hold to class lines. The Socialist members in the German parliament voted for war budgets against France. The French Socialists in the Chamber of Deputies voted for war budgets against their German "comrades."

All this added to the confusion and doubt which had troubled William when he had seen Marxist fighting Marxist during the Socialist-Labor Party schism in 1899 and when Marxian dentists had sneered at his "reformistic" campaign to clean up the dental profession. Then in 1917 and 1918 came the Russian and German Revolutions, in both of which he saw again not a united front of socialists against the "common enemy," but fratricide: comrade against comrade.

He could not sleep unless he solved these contradictions. Early in 1918 he hired an assistant to take care of his practice on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. During these days he would sit in his study at 87 Norman Avenue in Greenpoint and read. In the afternoon hours he strode through the quiet streets of Greenpoint, thinking as he had never thought before.

He read and annotated about four hundred books between January and December, 1918, including Hillquit's *Socialism in Theory and Practise*, Lenin's *The Soviets at Work*, Karl Kautsky's *The Proletarian Revolution* and *The Road to Power*, all the works of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, the works of many minor and major Marxians, and of the bourgeois critics of Marxian ideology. He analyzed innumerable party manifestoes and hundreds of editorials in the socialist *New York Call*. But he could not find the answer to his problem. He would have to formulate his own answers. . . .

He set down his first, fumbling thoughts in December, 1918. His home and office were on the top floor of a three-storey building on the corner of Norman and Manhattan Avenues, in the shopping center of Greenpoint. Greenpoint was then a slow-moving, tranquil petty-bourgeois neighborhood. The atmosphere was quaint, like that of a small Dutch city.

In the afternoons William would take several economics books and a sheaf of yellow paper and pencil and walk to McCarran Park, a small square with circular walks and a few scrubby trees. There on a bench, as the slightly pungent breeze from nearby Gowanus Canal ruffled his sheets of paper, he would slowly write in pencil. He sweated blood over every word, often taking an hour over a sentence or a phrase. Composition did not come easily to William, and *The Social Interpretation of History* is not a fluid classic of prose as are the Marxian classics by Engels or Trotsky. It has not even the scornful bitterness that makes Lenin's *The State and Capitalism* an epic of invective. *The Social Interpretation of History* has the flavor of an American primitive painting of the early 19th century—crude but sincere, direct and powerful for all its clumsiness. Greenpoint was a good place to write the book. The houses were low and you could always see the sky. The tempo was even and unhurried; it was the tempo of genial Americans going about their classless business, accepting their useful place in the social framework. He began to write the book in December, 1918, and it was completed eight months later, in July, 1919.

Dr. William had no intention then of ever submitting his ideas to the general public. It was to be a book by a socialist, for socialists alone. He felt deeply ashamed of the fratricide in the movement. He did not want to wash the dirty linen of Marxism in public. The first edition of the book consisted of three hundred copies which were sent only to socialist leaders and to Marxian theoreticians of every faction on the right wing and left wing. He hoped to receive criticisms or that his basic concept of the social-idea would be challenged.

For a long time socialists had believed that their differences were merely differences of opinion as to the tactics of achieving socialism, and that on basic principles both wings saw eye to eye. But this, William now saw, was not so. He wrote, "If there is controversy within the movement, if there is factionalism and disruption and if there is general instability, the cause must be sought not in differences over policy and tactics but in the very principles themselves."

In Marxian thinking the class struggle is the dynamo of all history; it is this conflict between an owning class and an exploited class which results in progress. The class struggle, in turn, is caused by the fact that the owning class under capitalism extracts a surplus value from the worker, exploiting him at the point of production by returning to him less than the value of what he produces at the machine.

According to the Marxist theory of surplus value, an increase in profit corresponds to an intenser exploitation of the working class. In fact according to Marx, the misery of the working class would increase as time went by until it became insufferable. Yet as William looked about him it seemed to him clear that in the forty years since Marx had died the conditions of the worker had become pleasanter. He worked fewer hours. He was protected in his factory. His children received a free education. He received many medical services free. If he was permanently injured on the job he received a monthly income for years. And, oddly enough, this increasing happiness of the working class did not in the least

disturb the profits of private enterprise. Apparently the capitalist made more money than ever out of the surplus value of his wage-slaves.

In this country both the Socialist-Labor Party and the Socialist Party appealed to the workers for support. "The former," William wrote in his book, "is consistently Marxian and is an 'incoherent sect' in consequence. The Socialist Party, on the other hand, runs its campaigns on some such issue as cheaper milk and creates a furore." Perhaps labor ought to follow the advice of the purists and shun social reforms. But whether labor ought or ought not to favor reforms was beside the point. The fact was that the votes of laboring men were always solidly lined up in support of reforms. William came to the unorthodox conclusion that "capital and labor have some interests in common after all!"

Dr. William now began to hew out his most striking concept. What had inspired the worker to support these reforms was his interest as a consumer. William focused a new light on the worker. Marx had studied him only from the perspective of a producer. William now looked at him as a consumer.

"The masses have progressed and progressed rapidly, but the gains came to them not as producers, but as consumers, as social beings," he said.

An examination of the reforms of the past forty years showed a continuous improvement of the conditions of the masses. Surely this was social evolution. But there was nothing in Marx to explain it. This evolution revolved about the *consumer*; Marxism concerned itself with the *producer*. This evolution developed round *consumable wealth*; Marxism was interested in *productive capital*. Social evolution developed out of exploitation at the point of *consumption*, Marxism out of exploitation at the point of *production*. Social evolution was concerned with the *distribution* of consumable wealth, Marxism with the *production* of social wealth.

Marxism was based on an irrepressible conflict between the employer and worker. But social evolution operated in response to the common interests of employer and worker!

The political agenda which Marx lines up for the proletariat is violent revolution and a bloody civil war against the police and army of the capitalist class. But "civil wars and violent revolutions are no Sunday-school picnics," William commented. "They bring chaos, destruction, famine and ruthless butchery. Upon none do these fall with more crushing force than upon the proletariat. . . . And what is the reward? Socialism? The Co-operative Commonwealth? Not at all! The proletariat, according to Marx, will use its political supremacy to wrest, by degrees, all capital from the bourgeoisie, and then—and then . . . proceed to enact a series of social reform measures! And what is the nature of the reforms suggested by Marx? Why most of them haven't the slightest bearing on exploitation at the point of production, but concern themselves chiefly with the welfare of the consumers, as social beings."

The Social Interpretation of History declares:

"The propelling motive power behind all social change is the quest for a solution to the problem of existence.

"All social advance has been registered not as the result of conflict of interest at the point of production, but in response to the common interests of the majority as social beings.

"The economic interests of the majority as consumers coincide, and society advances in response to the economic interests of the majority as social beings and consumers.

"This majority is usually formed through a combination of the powerful and useful, as against the remnants of the past and the useless of the present."

When our political leaders misunderstand the driving force of history these statesmen become a drag on social progress. So that, instead of social progress—here understood as an increase in consumable wealth—we witness a more or less temporary regression of social welfare. Civil war and wars between nations are examples of the social drag. Civilized societies arose because primitive man became aware that continuous warfare, with every man raising a clenched fist against his brother, was a less efficient way of solving the problem of existence than the

peaceful community. War is the supreme anti-social phenomenon, and because the Marxian version of socialism emphasizes the necessity and the value of the class war, William characterizes it as anti-social.

William considers that the most important chapter of his book is Chapter XII, "Expropriating the Expropriators." Here he traces the directions that social evolution is taking in our time.

"Although the operations of social evolution in capitalist society are bewildering in their complexity," he wrote in 1919, "it is yet possible to discern that they are working out in four well-defined forms: (1) social and industrial reforms; (2) public ownership of the means of transportation and communication; (3) direct taxation; (4) governmental activity in the distribution of consumable wealth."

The majority of our society—that majority formed by a combination of the useful and powerful, against the remnants of the past and the useless of the present—is unified in support of these four methods, William asserts. The powerful of the present are, of course, the industrialists; the useful are the factory workers, the office workers, the salesmen, the advertising copywriters, the efficiency experts, the foremen, and the managers. The useless are the middlemen, who hamper the distribution of consumable wealth by their parasitic activity: the wholesaler, the speculator, the trader; the remnants of the past are, for example, the owners of outmoded forms of production or transportation.

Absolute socialism, William saw, was still a distant prospect. "Of all forms of capital," he wrote, "producing capital alone has not outlived its usefulness. It is still capable of advancing social progress and in consequence is the powerful element in society which, in combination with the useful, forms the majority necessary to set social evolution in motion. When society assumes the economic functions of transportation, communication, and distribution, the barriers which these have hitherto offered to production is removed. Crises and over-production become automatically abolished. Productive capital is for the first time compelled

to answer the imperative historic question, 'Can you fulfill social needs? Can you solve the basic economic problem, the problem of existence, to the solution of which all social history has been devoted?' "

V

THE limited private edition of *The Social Interpretation of History* was published in July, 1920, and copies were submitted to the leading Marxian thinkers of this country, including Upton Sinclair, Morris Hillquit, Charles Ruthenberg, Louis Waldman, Ben Gitlow, William Z. Foster, Max Eastman, and others of every wing and warring sect. In a brief prefatory note, William told his fellow-Marxians, "Your judgment of my contribution will be gratefully received."

The disillusionment with his old ideal had not been a cheerful experience. He rather hoped that some socialists might be able to tear apart his arguments, and find errors in his conclusions. He found himself instead bumping hollowly against a wall of thick silence. The orthodox Marxians chose neither to deny nor affirm his arguments. He received no comments and only one acknowledgment—from Louis Waldman, who wrote: "You caught me at a time when careful reading of the book is almost impossible. . . . I am awaiting the opportunity to be able, from a careful reading, either to wallop hell out of you, or acclaim you as one who has done what others tried and failed." Neither the walloping nor the acclaim was forthcoming.

At the meetings of the Socialist Party branch in Brooklyn to which he belonged, the plump, long-faced dentist was greeted by his old comrades with shakings of the head, with silence. Discouraged by this conspiracy of silence, William resigned from the Party and went in search of a bourgeois publisher. When it developed that no publisher was willing to bring the book out on a royalty basis, William took \$2,000 of his savings and paid for a trade edition of 2,000 copies. William was not only the writer and publisher, he was also the salesman. He put a price of three dollars on the book. He took sample copies in a suitcase and called

on the leading bookstores, assuring the buyers, "I can recommend this book highly. I personally know the author. You will hear a lot about this book." His first customer was Brentano's, which took 25 copies. Baker & Taylor took 25 copies. One morning he dropped over to see the manager of the American News Company, which, he had heard, sold books throughout the country and throughout the world. He tried his best to persuade the manager to place an order. "I won't buy it," said the manager, "but if you want to leave a sample copy I'll keep it around and maybe something will turn up."

In 1921 William received a letter from Timothy Y. Jen, a Chinese student at Union Theological Seminary, who said they had discussed the book in seminar and that he wanted to secure a copy to take back with him to China for use in combating communism. Two years later the manager of the American News Company telephoned William and asked him to quote an export price on the book, explaining that he had an order from China for 39 copies. (The canny manager sent along the sample copy to fill out the order for 40 copies.) Dr. William wondered about this strange order from China, but he never thought of asking the American News Company who had placed it.

In short, the general edition fared no better in the capitalist press than the private edition had fared in the circles of socialism. It was reviewed briefly in a few papers. But that was all. At times, as he went about his bicuspid business, William was visited by a presentiment that, as he had told the bookstores, his volume would yet make a noise in the world; but the prospects seemed to be growing rather dim by 1928, when he happened to be visiting at the home of a cousin of his wife, and the cousin mentioned that he, in turn, had recently visited a friend of his who was an instructor in history at the College of the City of New York. During a lull in the conversation the cousin had picked up an old copy of *Asia* magazine and had noticed therein an article which stated that Dr. Sun Yat-sen had been influenced by a

book called *The Social Interpretation of History* by a Dr. William. "Didn't you write some kind of a book once?" inquired the cousin.

The next day William, considerably excited, hurried over to the Fifth Avenue library and began to leaf through back numbers of *Asia* until, in the May, 1927, number, he found an article by John McCook Roots, who had recently returned to the United States from China. The article was headed: "Sun Yat-senism, The Doctrines of That Leader Whose Writings Are the Kuomintang Political Bible." Transfixed, frozen, he turned the pages and saw in unmistakable cold print:

"On the question of Marxian Socialism, or Bolshevism, Sun Yat-sen leaves no room for doubt. Sun is a social evolutionary. Marx is a social revolutionary. Marx preaches class war. Sun believes in the necessity for co-operation between the classes. He bases his anti-Marxian position almost verbatim upon a little-known work from the pen of an American author—*The Social Interpretation of History*, by Maurice William, published in 1921. With the aid of this volume, which is a refutation of the Marxian economic interpretation of history, he refutes the father of modern Bolshevism on all three of his principal positions—the economic interpretation of history, the theory of surplus value, and the doctrine of the class war."

The significance of Sun's reading of William's book has been commented on by at least one eminent historian, Dr. James T. Shotwell, professor of history at Columbia University and former chairman of the Research Committee of the Institute of Pacific Relations, who wrote:

Of all the strange chapters in the history of the East and West, there can be none stranger than this, that the founder of the Chinese Republic and the spiritual leader of the new China found in the writings of an unknown American author so clear a statement of the solution of the hardest problem in his political philosophy that he made the American's formulation his own. The reading by Dr. Sun Yat-sen of *The Social Interpretation of History* may yet turn out to have been one of the most important single incidents in the history of modern Asia, for the consequences were immediate and far-reaching and have only just begun to show their full extent in the orientation of China.

We might put it this way. You cannot understand modern China's political and economic aspirations without knowing something about the San Min Chu I, a Chinese phrase meaning The Three Principles of the People. You cannot grasp the implications of the three principles—which are nationalism, democracy, and livelihood—without knowing about *The Social Interpretation of History*.

The San Min Chu I are sixteen lectures which Sun delivered to the members of the Kuomintang in Canton in 1924. Already fifty-eight years old, he felt it would help if he crystallized the thoughts and experiences of his forty years as a revolutionary. He began his lectures as a thoroughgoing Marxian. He had effected a close rapprochement with Russia, and in the mind of the Kremlin there was little doubt that China would shortly be a member of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. In the early part of 1924 Sun seemed to be tending toward a more and more radical interpretation of Karl Marx. He had been fascinated by the ideas of the German dialectician for many years; in 1918 he had made his sympathies clear when he sent a telegram to Lenin congratulating him on the success of the Russian Revolution. The Russians, on their part, reciprocated with assurances of friendship and with material help in unifying China. They lent China millions of dollars to organize an army, and Sun sent the young Chiang Kai-shek, one of his secretaries, to Moscow to study the Red Army.

Sun returned to Canton in 1923 and in December of that year the famous Michael Borodin and General Vassily Bluecher arrived from Moscow. Borodin handled political maneuvers and propaganda. Bluecher set up the Whampoo Military Academy, staffed with instructors from the Red Army, of which Chiang was named president. Communists seeped into control of labor unions and influenced the press. Borodin advised Dr. Sun on how to reorganize the Kuomintang along the centralized lines of the Bolshevik Party. The Communists were admitted to auxiliary membership in the Kuomintang, and Borodin himself was appointed "High Adviser" to the Central Committee.

It was against this background of communist collaboration that Dr. Sun started his lectures. "Gentlemen," he began, "I have come here to-day to speak to you about the San Min principles. What are the San Min principles? They are, by the simplest definition, the principles for our nation's salvation."

The first lecture was given on January 27, 1924, and once a week thereafter for eleven weeks Sun gave other lectures. The first twelve concerned nationalism and democracy, and nobody was surprised to hear Sun speak as a confirmed Marxist. He spoke of the class struggle as a historical fact. He described socialism as the immediate aim of the Kuomintang, and favored the socialization of land and productive capital. On April 26th, he had concluded his twelfth lecture, an analysis of democracy. He had left his audience in an anti-capitalist mood.

But on May 3d the schedule was interrupted. No lecture was given. No lecture was given the following week. Sun had secluded himself and for three months was studying *The Social Interpretation of History*. In August, when he came out of his retreat, he shocked his listeners by making a complete intellectual about-face. He now repudiated Marxism *in toto*. He now declared that the materialist interpretation of history was a great mistake, that the theory of the class struggle was inaccurate, that the capitalist and working classes had common interests, and that it was by harmonizing these interests that China would make progress.

Sun's lectures, developing this new line of thought, were interrupted by his sudden death from cancer early in 1925. But the significance of his final credo had already made a deep impression on many Chinese, and most of all on Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang, whom Lin Yutang has aptly described as "the master strategist," did not dare to risk an immediate break with the communists. They were too strongly entrenched in the political and military machinery. He knew, also, that he could use them in accomplishing the "national salvation" of his country.

On May 30, 1925, the modern unification of China really began. A strike had taken place in the Shanghai spinning

mills. The police fired on the pickets. Forty years of propaganda to instill a national consciousness into the minds of the family-conscious Chinese had not been wasted. Suddenly, at the Shanghai outrage, all China like dry hay took fire from the shots. A nationwide anti-British boycott began. A general strike in Canton, Hongkong, and Shanghai paralyzed commerce. The strikers of Canton, now unemployed, provided a mass base for Chiang's disciplined nucleus of Whampoo cadets. The Revolutionary Army of Canton was born, and it rapidly cleaned up Canton and the Kwangtung Province. In August, 1926, the army began its march to the Yangtze Valley, and everywhere it was welcomed by the peasants, the students, the workers, all classes, including the merchants and bankers, who supported the army with gifts of money. Wuhan, the triple city which comprises Hankow, Wuchang, and Hangchang, was taken. And it was around Hankow that the split between pro-communists and anti-communists, which Dr. Sun's last-minute change of mind had precipitated, came to a head. For in Hankow the communists were consolidating their power and had come out in the open.

During these critical days Chiang said, "I know that Sun Yat-sen admitted the Communists as auxiliaries of the Party. I have done nothing against them, and I have often admired their energy. But now, instead of being content to remain auxiliaries, they set themselves up as masters and violently aspire to govern the Kuomintang. I warn them that I shall oppose these excessive pretensions, which go beyond what was stipulated at the time of their admission." In April, 1927, he moved on them and they were crushed. Shortly Hankow was taken, and the Comintern intriguers ran for their lives to the countries they had come from.

A book written by an American had frustrated world revolution, because the defeat of Borodin in Hankow was more than a local setback.

As Vincent Sheean has said, "The fall of Hankow was to determine the conduct of the Communist International for years afterward; it was to turn the mind of the Russian Soviet government away from the militant internationalism of Trotsky to the national socialism of Stalin; it was to chasten the impatience of communists all over the world more than any single event since 1917."

Now sixty-two years old, William is a plump, slow-moving, mellowed man with rolls of fat round his neck and cheekbones and shrewd smiling eyes that glance from his thick, black-shell-rimmed glasses. He walks across a room in a careful, almost ponderous fashion, and he utters his opinions in a long-drawn-out, patient manner that drives nervous persons frantic. He still works seven hours a day at the profession of dentistry, but in his office and parlor are the evidences of the part China has come to play in his life.

On one wall of his office, almost above the revolving dentist's chair and the white basin, hangs a large portrait of Sun Yat-sen, done in silk embroidery, and presented to William several years ago by Sun Fo, the son of Sun Yat-sen. On another wall, near the cabinet of drills and forceps, hangs a citation in beautiful black Chinese calligraphy awarding him the Order of the Jade, signed by Chiang Kai-shek and presented in 1941. On another wall is a citation stating that Dr. William is a member of the Kuomintang Party. William, the only non-Chinese member of the Party in the U. S., was inducted in 1936, his membership sponsored by C. T. Wang, then Chinese ambassador, and is paid up for life.

THE THREE R'S OF POSTWAR EUROPE

What Does Reconstruction Mean?

HIRAM MOTHERWELL



THE reconstruction of Europe has begun. In Sicily and much of Italy AMG is distributing food, propping up the political edifice, and supervising all aspects of civil administration. "In Sicily," said a report to the *The New York Times* not long ago, "the allies found chaos. . . . Yet the AMG has a small problem here in Palermo compared to what it will be in Rome. And Rome will be easy compared to Berlin. We are beginning to get some idea now [in Palermo] of what reconstruction is going to mean." The chaos in Sicily was of an exceptionally placid sort, but sufficient to give AMG "some idea of what reconstruction is going to mean."

What is it going to mean, and how can it be handled? I shall undertake the risky task of trying to forecast some aspects of the reconstruction job that will have to be done by somebody if Europe is ever to become a peaceful going concern again.

Such forecasting may prove erroneous in every detail, and yet total up to a faithful picture of the whole. For we know enough about what has already happened to Europe to be able to see with appalling clarity something of the size and nature of the labor that lies ahead. And we might as well begin to discipline ourselves by trying to visualize how, concretely, it can be done, what kinds of agencies can do it,

and what political and economic strategy should govern it.

It has been pointed out in previous articles by this writer, and more authoritatively by Peter Drucker, Frank Munk, and others, that much of Europe at the end of this war will be in a state of disintegration and revolution compared to which the upheavals in west Europe in 1918 and 1919 were mere street riots. (For convenience I shall use the word "Europe" throughout this article to denote all of the continent west of the Soviet Union's 1940 border, within which the USSR embraced the Baltic states, part of former Poland, and Bessarabia. It may well be that the Russian armies will be in control of much territory to the west of this border. In such case the Russian government will undoubtedly provide the administrative agencies for reconstruction in the lands its armies occupy, as the British and American governments will do elsewhere. Such division as to administration need not imply a division of Europe into permanent political spheres of influence. Ultimate political settlements are outside the scope of this article. America, Britain, and Russia can unite in promoting the reconstruction of Europe under a joint policy, pooling their resources while dividing their administrative responsibilities geo-

graphically. Indeed they must if we are going to avoid another and fearful clash in Europe to-morrow.) Great cities have been virtually wiped off the map. Harbors on which millions formerly depended for their sea-borne supplies have been rendered incapable of receiving a single ship. Thousands of factories which formerly produced basic materials for entire national industries have been obliterated. Railroad equipment and roadbed have been consumed without replacement, junctions reduced to shambles, machines worn to the breaking point by constant forcing.

The agricultural land has been "mined" to the limit to feed the war economy, without adequate replacement by fertilizers and rotated crops. Livestock herds have been pilfered and slaughtered or half starved for lack of fodder. Seed corn has been requisitioned for food until on millions of acres there can be no hope of a spring sowing, and millions of others have been "scorched" out of productivity.

The entire banking system of Europe, governmental and private, has been so completely integrated into the Nazi financial monopoly that when that collapses there will be little credit or dependable money left. Even those factories that can secure raw materials may be long unable to go into production because there will be no place where credit can be procured.

The political organization of Europe—Nazi, Fascist, or Quisling—will crack when the war ends, leaving a governmental vacuum, national and local. In some localities, certainly, patriotic or revolutionary bodies will appear to claim authority. But throughout most of Europe there will be political chaos. Ten million or more labor slaves are toiling far from their homes. Huge armies of Axis soldiers will be ripe for mutiny when the Nazi spell snaps. And millions of sufferers under Axis tyranny are already sharpening their knives for the day of vengeance.

What is happening in liberated Italy is but a faint foretaste of what will soon be happening north of the Alps and east of the Adriatic. Italy is a tough social organism which for centuries has yielded and rebounded without cracking. Elsewhere,

with some exceptions, the social structure is like concrete built above an impending earthquake.

II

WHAT are the agencies now in being or contemplated that may aid in the rebuilding of this Europe? First there is AMG. This is the civil governmental arm of the American and British armies, which claims unlimited authority over civilian affairs in the redeemed portions of Italy, and presumably in all enemy countries yet to be conquered, during the period which it considers to be one of "military necessity." In countries to be liberated, over which governments in exile or national committees enjoy some measure of recognized authority, there will be, it is announced, no AMG, but some United Nations relief and reconstruction agency will certainly have to assume comparable responsibility for a long time.

The agency which might take over this job both for the conquered and the liberated areas when AMG renounces its rule has been set up in skeleton form by Executive Order. This is the Office of Foreign Economic Administration, replacing the Office of Foreign Economic Coordination created last summer. This newest agency embraces the Offices of Lend-Lease, Economic Warfare, and Relief and Rehabilitation Operations, but eliminates the participation of the Departments of State, War, Navy, and Treasury, though these will obviously continue to have a great deal to say about relief and reconstruction. At this writing OFEA appears to be but the shadow of a skeleton destined to acquire bone and flesh later. Its principal advance over the former OFEC seems to consist in the appointment of a business executive, Leo T. Crowley, instead of the State Department's Dean Acheson, as operating chief of an economic assignment. Doubtless Mr. Acheson's appointment was *ad interim*, to bridge over the painful hiatus created by Mr. Sumner Welles's suspended resignation. The appointment of another business executive, Mr. Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., to the policy-framing post of Under-Secretary of State may strengthen the political authority of OFEA very substantially.

This prodigious infant called OFEA is yet in the womb because it is clearly intended to become, on its official day of birth, a United Nations organization. OFRRO is at this writing being internationalized. Lend-Lease is in practice an international give-and-take. OEW is in fact a multilateral international clearing-house for the procurement and distribution of primary materials. War and Navy operations are already under an international—that is, Anglo-American—GHQ. The Treasury is actively working with the financial officers of the other United Nations on postwar financial policies. In the coming months there may well be added to the OFEA some such agencies as an Office of Postwar Supply and Shipping, an Office of Foreign Industrial Reconstruction, an Office of Reconstruction Finance and Credit, all under the auspices of the future United Nations OFEA. Together they would be a “United Nations organization,” such as was foreseen by “the late” Sumner Welles, “for the relief and economic reconstruction of the postwar world.”

Most recently there has been inaugurated, or at least envisaged, a Mediterranean Commission, on which Russia is to have a seat beside Britain and America. This body, apparently partly political and partly economic, seems destined to be a clearing-house for earliest relief and reconstruction operations on a scale larger than AMG can undertake.

OFEA and MC exist as yet mostly on paper, and AMG is obviously evolving under pressure of realities. They will necessarily somehow merge their functions in some central executive *ad hoc* organism. Let us for convenience call this international super-agency the United Nations European Reconstruction Commission.

III

WHAT are the concrete tasks that it will have to discharge? What is meant by European relief, rehabilitation, and reconstruction?

Relief—which obviously comes first in point of urgency and importance—means primarily the distribution of something to eat to tens of millions of half-starved

European men, women, and children. The imperative task is to get food to all parts of the continent as quickly as possible in as great quantities as possible, of such kinds as available stocks and shipping space permit. Any food the United Nations can send to Europe in the months immediately following the war will be but a fraction of what is needed. Yet this marginal nourishment will mean the difference between life and death to many, the difference between courage and despair to countless millions. Any thought of exact justice or scientific accountancy must be discarded in advance. The job is too vast and complex for any but wholesale operations.

True, in a self-sufficient island like Sicily AMG may collect local stocks of food from the nearby countryside and distribute them in something like an orderly manner. But in most of the Continent, and especially in the larger cities, the only object must be to get the mostest food there fustest.

Retail distribution by United Nations representatives is out of the question. The European peoples will have to operate their own soup kitchens. The only thing we can do is to consign the food to local organisms presumed to be honest and responsible, with full realization that many of them will prove unworthy and that the wrath of the local population must rectify abuses. Broadly speaking, food cannot safely be entrusted to improvised “governments”—in reality, political factions—which will use it to coerce opinion and buy votes. Food has no politics. Politics must not be permitted to traffic in food.

Relief includes also of course things like emergency clothing and medicines and supplies needed by public health administrations. It includes, further, certain consumer goods “nonessential” to physical survival, such as the three great morale-builders, soap, coffee, and tobacco. Soap comes first. Civilized man knows no greater moral degradation than to be deprived of soap. To-day a cup of real coffee is the waking dream of tens of millions under Nazism. And to a myriad of men the first smoke comes before the first meal.

All this may be called emergency relief

—doing whatever may be done quickly. But almost at the same moment must begin the work of “reconstruction relief.” This means primarily such chemical fertilizers and concentrated fodders as can most swiftly and economically be shipped overseas. It includes also seeds of every sort, provided they are adapted to the special climate and soil of the various countries to which they are dispatched. Breeding stock may be a prime necessity, for the Nazis have, by all reports, stolen the best sires from all Europe. Artificial insemination from selected sires may become a mass industry in the first year after the war’s end.

We may define relief as the emergency feeding of Europe’s individuals, and rehabilitation as the emergency feeding of Europe’s primary production plant. This is implied in the President’s instructions to Governor Lehman. But this rehabilitation—the procurement of fertilizers for Europe’s soil and factories, the quick feeding of milch cows, the distribution of seed, the planned production of fodder, the redistribution of herds, the beating of tanks into plowshares, the parceling of tools to the farms, the transportation of everything from production point or import depot to the individual user, the restoring of lost families to old or new homes, the supplying of destitute artisans with new equipment, the teaching of new skills to men with one leg or no eyes—all this involves industrial, commercial, social, and political problems at every step. And these of course are at the same time primary problems of permanent reconstruction. Indeed, the three R’s of postwar Europe will often be indistinguishable. Woe to the graduate of the Army’s School of Military Government, or of our dozens of schools of foreign administration, who goes to Europe with a logical, pigeonholed mind! He will discover within six hours that the gifts required of him are chiefly those of intuition and improvisation.

But if we call rehabilitation the second phase of the process of helping Europe to live again, what of the third phase—reconstruction? One is apt to think of it as a task of rebuilding bomb-shattered factories and homes. But, except for vital ports, junctions, and some key

factories, that operation will be initiated mostly by local enterprise. Bricks will rise upon mortar, and new machines will replace the old in good season, as rehabilitation progresses. Life during this phase will go on somehow by improvisation. But, as Peter Drucker has said, “the one thing that cannot be improvised is organization.” What, then, must be organized?

First of all, the production and transportation of primary commodities—food of course and immediately after that coal and iron and oil and cotton and flax, and the steel and cloth and raw or processed products derived from them, together with the machinery needed to make these things roll. All demand fuel. If European rehabilitation could be summed up in one word, that word would be Fuel.

To get fuel out of the ground and distributed where it is most needed will be the first task, and it will override political policy. Coal from the mines, oil from the wells, wood from the forests, current from the waterfalls—this will be far more urgent than the task of inserting Monsieur X into the premiership of Ruritania. There will be some to say that if we do not put the right Monsieur X into control of Ruritania we shall never be able to fetch the coal out of Ruritanian ground or get it transported over Ruritanian railways. But there will be twenty or thirty Messieurs X claiming premierships in twenty or thirty countries of devastated Europe, and each will assert his own sovereignty over his country’s coal and railways for its own national benefit, at the expense of the nineteen or twenty-nine other Messieurs X and their respective fatherlands.

It is coal miners, not prime ministers, who mine coal; railwaymen who run railways. If the European Reconstruction Commission wants fuel and transportation in a hurry it is with organisms such as labor unions, co-operatives, business firms and cartels, municipalities and farmers’ leagues that it will have to deal. That is going to be the naked fact throughout most of Europe the moment the official shooting stops. To recognize this is to recognize Item Number One in the strategy of reconstruction. To ignore it—to wait until political factions have fought out their fights in their several countries—is to

lose precious weeks and months in the work of reconstruction, while the peoples' suffering increases and the peoples' wrath builds revolution.

IV

LET us now make the effort to picture how a European Reconstruction Commission might set about its task. Out of such an effort we may achieve a realistic concept of the size and character of the job. And we may rid ourselves of the boggy slogans that paralyze our collective imagination—phrases like “We can't plan until we know what the problem is” or “Let Europe cure its own headaches.”

Fuel and transportation, as I have said, come first after food. But to operate transportation you must have fuel, and to distribute fuel you must have transportation. Such dilemmas will bedevil the Reconstruction Commission at every step.

Nevertheless it will have to muddle through. It must lay its plans with the utmost foresight and then be prepared to alter or scrap them as new obstacles appear. Most of all it will have to possess the wisdom to win to itself and utilize for its tasks the intangible emotions and loyalties of the European peoples.

Obviously the United Nations will have to publish by unilateral decree the scope and nature of the Commission's authority. That authority will need to be all but dictatorial within its prescribed fields. But to prescribe and limit those fields will be essential. The Commission cannot, as AMG does in theory, take all that is human to be its province. The job of replacing Hitler as supreme arbiter of Europe's politics, thought, and morals is simply too vast to be manageable. The Commission must economize effort by limiting itself to the operation of those crucial processes on which the physical life of Europe depends. It must pump blood and food into the patient and trust to his natural stamina to achieve recovery.

But over those crucial processes its authority will have to be unlimited. Long and detailed quarrels over protocol, while millions starve, will be intolerable. We may as well accustom ourselves to the fact

that European reconstruction will have to be directed by someone the newspapers will call its “Tzar.”

Equally clear is the fact that the Commission's authority, within its specialized fields, will have to be virtually continent-wide, superseding the authority of national governments. This will be very hard for nationalistic statesmen and politicians to take. But they will have to take it and like it. It would be unendurable, for example, that when all Europe was gasping for gasoline to move food and medicines, Rumania should be permitted, on the pretext of national sovereignty, to use its quasi-monopoly to extort a famine price. Whatever Europe has that Europe needs for primary reconstruction must be made instantly available on the spot where it is most needed. Primary reconstruction materials must be subject to requisition by the Commission as required.

It is almost a corollary of this strategy that such primary goods as are administered by the Commission must pass duty-free and unmolested across national frontiers everywhere. The Commission's seal on a freight car must be sufficient certification for border guards and customs inspectors throughout all Europe. The national governments will simply have to accept free trade in these basic reconstruction commodities for the duration or else decline the benefits which the Commission offers.

Over all Axis and other enemy territories the Commission will have ample authority, under the laws of war, to enforce its orders. Can it enforce them on the nations now represented by governments in exile or on the remaining neutrals? Juridically speaking, perhaps not. But with the governments in exile it can surely reach prior agreement, while the neutrals will have so much to gain by submitting to its authority, and so much to suffer by rejecting it, that their choice can hardly be in doubt.

Finally, what must be the relations of the Commission with AMG and the military arm generally? According to present military regulations, economic functions during the period of “military necessity” are subject to the authority of the occupying military force. But AMG's experi-

ence in friendly Sicily has already suggested that it will eventually be happy to turn over much of the burden to the civilian specialists of the Commission. Where that happens the Commission will be free to solve its engineering problem with minimum interference from machine guns. And in its vast reserves of basic commodities and credit it will possess weapons far more persuasive than bullets. Yet it will from time to time need protection for its railway trains and depots, sanctions for its requisitions, safe conduct for its personnel and shipping. Clearly the civilian arm must decide where and when such protection is needed and must be empowered to request it from the Army at its discretion.

When military safety or the successful prosecution of the war is at stake the Army must be the sole judge. But if reconstruction is to be an efficient engineering operation, military necessity will have to be construed strictly, not with the all-embracing liberality implied in our present Army manuals.

V

LET us suppose the Commission has set up central headquarters in Trieste. Certainly it should not be condemned to operate from a political fever-spot like Paris or Berlin or Vienna. Trieste is a major port, easily protected by United Nations navies. Its railway connections with all parts of Europe are superb, and politically it lies athwart that ethnical boundary between Slavic and non-Slavic Europe. The symbolism of this alone might be decisive for its prestige. Trieste is a hard-bitten commercial port. It has no political "climate" whatever.

The Commission would promptly proclaim its areas of authority—those concrete and basic installations of European economy that can be managed, as distinguished from the political and psychological intangibles which no force can coerce. These areas of authority would include first of all the continent-wide economic organism of Europe as created by Nazism. The Commission must move in and take possession of the economic house that Hitler built. It must take over

the continent-wide trusts, cartels, concerns, trade associations, and banking syndicates (by whatever fancy names Schacht and Funk may have called them) that own or operate Europe's basic production plant. It must take over the fantastic agglomeration of industries known as the *Hermann Goering Werke* just as Goering will have left them when he rats to safety. It must take over these economic mechanisms *as is*. These monsters of Nazism were created for evil purposes, but they have proved monstrously efficient. The devil's work must be redeemed to the peoples' use. There will be no time to spare to split them into their former national or private components. There will be no time to disentangle the network of private ownerships. There will be no time to pause while new governments throughout Europe intrigue to certify their right to govern. Europe cannot wait. It will need food and fuel without a day's unnecessary delay.

And these organizations of production and transport are technically equipped (in so far as they have not suffered physical destruction in the war) to provide and distribute the food and fuel and primary materials which all of Europe will so desperately need. The top Nazi directors will have been booted out or arrested. But the remaining ninety-eight per cent of the personnel will consist of technicians and workers eager to shed the stigma of Nazism and hold on to their salaries. There will be little trouble with them so long as their jobs are secure in a turbulent world. They have the know-how, the habits, and the skills needed to operate Europe's basic economy on a Europe-wide scale. Problems of private ownership and of political authority must wait. The Commission will have to manage this gigantic primary installation as a receiver would manage a bankrupt power house, in trust for the residual owners, the European peoples.

Which "cartels" and which physical properties should be taken over by the Commission is a question for its engineers to decide. But on a layman's guess they might include:

Trunk Transportation by rail, river, and canal, coastal and Mediterranean shipping, and air. The Commission will probably

prefer to leave all local railways and shipping to local authorities. But it must retain unrestricted authority over all major ports of entry, all essential rail junctions, and all large airfields. Nominal operation of railways and shipping might remain in the hands of the governments or private corporations which owned them in the good old days, but the Commission's power to direct operation and prescribe priorities and schedules would have to be absolute. It would probably however have to organize its own air transport for fast freight, receiving from the Army all large aircraft that have been captured or can be spared, and operating the system as a continental unit.

Primary Raw Materials. All coal and iron mines and oil wells on the Continent would unquestionably come under the Commission's direct authority, along with any other minerals it deemed essential. Almost certainly all large hydroelectric plants would be requisitioned, along with all state-owned forests. Industrial raw materials produced on the farm would be another matter. For administrative purposes they are "agriculture" and would have to be purchased like food. If Europe only had efficient large-scale farms, deals could be made with the responsible co-operatives operating them. But, unfortunately for reconstruction, Europe's agriculture is mostly a mixture of petty-peasant and farm-proletariat economy.

Basic Industry. What industries are basic to reconstruction is again a question the technicians must decide. Unquestionably iron and steel are among them. All factories making locomotives and rolling stock and every other machine and material required for transportation will necessarily work on order from the Commission. Oil refineries are obviously high on the list. So too are many manufactories of *Ersatz* or synthetic materials. Some wholesale food operations, such as industrial fishing, may well come under the Commission's authority. The manufacture of cloth of all kinds is clearly a primary industry, but to what extent the Commission can undertake to administer it is questionable.

Processing Industries. It is a highly technical, and even political, question how far the Commission should assert its authority

"upward" from the mine and the farm into the processing and finishing industries. The Commission will probably be wise if it keeps its area of authority as "low" as possible. In the case of food it will have done enough if it gets grain by the carload and meat on the hoof and milk in the tin delivered wholesale to distribution centers. In textiles it might assert its authority over manufacture of standard types of cloth in the largest mills. In certain specialized lines, such as vital precision instruments, it might have to see the entire process through to the finished product.

Imported Supply. Besides food—Europe's most urgent need—there will be many essential materials which must be brought in from abroad. Which are indispensable to the crippled European economy, and which can be most expeditiously provided, are again questions for the experts. The problem for the Commission is to balance the emergency needs of Europe between the possibility of local production and the supply and shipping available. The Commission will have to do its improvised best. It cannot aim at perfection. It will have to be satisfied if it pumps a pint of new blood somehow into its patient's economic veins.

Transoceanic Shipping. Clearly, if foreign supplies are needed by the Commission for its work, shipping will be required to fetch them. This will be a United Nations problem which must be solved in common council. The shipping after the first few months of the armistice will become available in quantity. The problem will be one of allocating to the Commission the shipping capacity which it decides it needs for specific transport jobs. They may be plenty.

Credit. The Commission will have to take over most of the large Nazi-looted central banks and banks of issue* and find ways of pumping emergency credit into sick Europe's bloodstream. The problem

* Of all the tender nerves of the recognized governments and committees in exile this one of control over banks of issue is the most sensitive. Nevertheless, if their peoples are to receive constructive aid from their richer allies they must place their fiscal and monetary apparatus under the Commission for a while, or else wallow in their own inflations.

of supplying credit to an economy that has no tangible assets is almost metaphysical if you look at it from behind the bars of a bank teller's window. But if you keep your eyes on what Europe can physically produce one year after the armistice it assumes measurable proportions. Europe in the second year after the war (always assuming that politics does not put sand into the machinery) will be able to redeem most of its promises to pay. For it will be producing wealth in ever-increasing abundance. By far the largest part of the debt which Europe will contract for reconstruction it will owe to itself. That debt can be paid back in one year, two years—at most, five years. The great difficulty will come in providing the initial credit to set the first operations going. This credit must come from the Commission, which means in large part from the U. S. A.

It must come, for the most part, in the shape of primary commodities. On such commodities real bank credit can be based. But in all probability these first imported commodities can never be paid for. That is because they could be paid for only in goods which the supplying nations already produce in abundance. In other words, the first reconstruction credit must be in the form of goods—cotton or oil or nickel—given under United Nations Lend-Lease. The governing principle will have to be that goods sent in from the outside world as the foundation for new credit must be free-will gifts—an investment in world stability—but that Europe must begin paying its debts to itself just as quickly as possible.

Money. The current money which will represent this sound credit—money with which to pay coal miners and railway trainmen and synthetic rubber workers—will be one of the most painful of all the reconstruction problems. Probably there will have to be two kinds of money in reconstruction Europe—Reconstruction Commission money, which will be good money, and European money, which will be bad money. Neither the Commission nor any world financial consortium that could be organized could guarantee the mass of paper that will be issued in the guise of lawful currency after this war. Those workers who labor for industries

which are run by the Commission will receive a preferred currency which will buy real groceries. The others must take their chance. Commission employees will be the elite among the workers and professional men of Europe. There will be few strikes or complaints among those who are fortunate enough to work for the Commission.

Floating Labor. Theoretically the Commission should not be concerned with social or labor relations. It should merely administer basic economic processes with the labor supply that happens to be on the spot. But there will be ten million or more slaves who have been imported by the Nazis from foreign lands to work for Hitler's New Order, and at least five millions of undemobilized soldiers disarmed as to heavy weapons, but sometimes retaining their military formations and far too many revolvers for the comfort of Europe's civil population. Shall these fifteen million or more potential workers roam the countryside as marauders? There will also be many millions of war workers for whom their respective national governments can provide no immediate employment. Will these twenty or twenty-five millions become a charge on the Commission?

Let us try not to say, or think, the words "forced labor gangs." Yet these organized but temporarily useless millions will find their interim salvation in doing useful work at real wages for the Commission. Let us call them Battalions of Reconstruction, or any other dignified term you can think of. The greatest art will be to persuade them that they are volunteers in the task of repairing their own continent and to inspire them to discipline themselves. It can be done. Will the Commission have the art, the will, the resourcefulness to do it?

Reparations. Adequate material reparations for damage done by aggressor nations to their victims in this war is beyond all possibility of computation, to say nothing of payment. Certainly all identifiable property that has been stolen by the Nazis must be restored to its original owners. But beyond this a certain amount of physical reparation is feasible. It will be just and wholesome if the German people are

obliged to repair some small part of the damage their armies have wrought with their consent. That they should repair it by their own labor in foreign lands is out of the question. The mingling of the defeated *Herrenvolk* with their former victims would be a perpetual irritant and a chronic invitation to murder. Yet the German people can, and should, make the maximum feasible reparation for the damage they have wrought upon their neighbors. It is not feasible for Germany to pay reparations in money, but there is no economic reason why the German people should not make a measure of reparation in kind, over a limited number of years, in goods that are acceptable to the people receiving them. Germany could send coal to France. Rumania could send oil to Yugoslavia. Finland could send timber to Holland. Reparations in kind are feasible if they do not disrupt international trade.

Under some such headings as these we may list the tasks of the future European Reconstruction Commission. What are the principles and policies which must govern its operations?

VI

PERHAPS the toughest job of thinking we have to do in this matter of European reconstruction is to realize that it can be achieved through nonpolitical instrumentalities. Reconstruction will not be politics; it will be engineering.

It will be possible to operate Europe's primary economic plant directly, not through political controls. It is possible to make bargains with cartels and trusts, with trade unions and co-operatives, with farm unions and professional societies, without sending a single *démarche* through a foreign ministry or memorandum through a Department of the Interior. For a year or more after the First World War many cities and districts in central and eastern Europe provided for their immediate needs while their paper governments issued decrees and proclamations that meant exactly nothing. So long as food can be procured, politicians are expendable. And so long as the Commission can provide the minimum supplies needed to sustain local

life it can make trains run, and ships sail, and oil wells spout, and factory chimneys smoke.

Why it will often have to deal directly with nonpolitical bodies should be fairly clear. Unless a totalitarian police power is to administer everything (and it is unthinkable that our armies should provide or subsidize such forces) there can be in the more chaotic parts of Europe no responsible and effective national political authority for a long time.

Some of the basic elements of social cohesion can however speedily organize or reorganize themselves locally. In most of Europe the municipalities have been traditionally nonpolitical. The Commission will often be able to entrust to city authorities not only the distribution of food but also responsibility for the functioning, under its orders, of local factories.

In all industrial centers reconstituted trade unions will almost certainly spring up the moment the top factory management and the Nazi police power vanish. If the Commission does not worry too much about red flags and speeches, about the temporary niceties of property rights, and about the fairly wide diffusion of small firearms among their members, it will find them—especially in central Europe and north Italy—surprisingly responsible instruments for instituting relief and medical centers, reorganizing factory production, and maintaining civil peace and order.

And made to order for the purposes of the Commission are the agricultural and consumer co-operatives. Before the war, in the five countries of Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France, there were some sixteen thousand co-operative retail stores serving more than three million families, or more than twenty per cent of the population, and several thousand distributing warehouses serving more than half a million small farms. In central Europe and north Italy co-operatives are almost equally widespread. Throughout the depression of the early thirties they demonstrated an extraordinarily tough capacity for survival. Although they have been nominally swallowed up in Hitler's New Order, it is probable that their installations, their lower personnel, and the loyalties of their memberships

have remained fairly intact. In an emergency they might serve several times the number of their former members. Of all the instruments which the Commission might use—especially for distribution of consumer goods and agricultural supplies, none would offer a more dependable guaranty of efficiency and political impartiality than the co-operatives.

The Commission can do its job of reconstruction cleanly and swiftly—for it will have vast potential reserves of materials and engineering genius at its command—if it receives an unequivocal mandate to reconstruct, without interference from politicians. Europe will look to the Commission for a good deal of pump-priming and initial GHQ work. But thereafter it will, by gradual stages, become master again in its own house and manage its domestic affairs as it may see fit.

But it will reconstruct itself farm by farm, village by village, city by ruined city. They—the peoples and the unconquered men and women of Europe—will shoulder the job of rebuilding. The responsibility must be theirs, not the Commission's. Where a farm co-operative can distribute new seeds, where a trade union can guarantee coal deliveries for household needs, where a municipality can issue bonds for rebuilding its bomb-shattered homes, there will be reconstruction in action. No Commission or AMG can relieve the European peoples of their responsibility for redeeming their own future by their own labor.

Political disputes will be the big headlines while the Commission is quietly providing Europe with the stuff of life. But eventually Europe will inherit from the

Commission a unified, functioning mechanism that can satisfy the primary needs of its economy. Europe must then decide whether it wants to split that mechanism into many small, competitive parts, or retain it intact to benefit all its peoples and make possible peacetime mass-production which it has never enjoyed before. It cannot chop in pieces the machine that provides its sustenance without reducing its own supply. It must rather organize its political life round its productive machine. And that means some degree of European federation.

If Europe's basic production and distribution plant is in fact to be preserved more or less as a unit, then the European nations will perforce need to erect some central international agency to regulate and perhaps operate it. Such *ad hoc* economic federation provides the soundest of all foundations for the growth of political federation.

But if our Commission does not provide support to Europe's basic economy then we can expect that that economy will split into bits like the one-hoss shay. In such case—in case we cannot convert Hitler's economy to humane uses—we must expect that the European peoples will look to Russia to teach them how to reproduce the miracle which the Bolsheviks created out of the crumbled remnants of Tzarism.

We must do a job of capitalistic engineering in postwar Europe or Russia will do a job of socialist engineering that will probably stick. We have the first chance to start Europe's economy going again to provide Europe's peoples with the things they need. If we do not do it they will turn toward the east.

HEROD CONSIDERS THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

W. H. AUDEN



This is a passage from a Christmas oratorio entitled "For the Time Being" on which Mr. Auden has been working. Herod is speaking.—The Editors

BECAUSE I am bewildered, because I must decide, because my decision must be in conformity with Nature and Necessity, let me honor those through whom my nature is by necessity what it is.

To Fortune—that I have become Tetrarch, that I have escaped assassination, that at sixty my head is clear and my digestion sound.

To my father—for the means to gratify my love of travel and study.

To my mother—for a straight nose.

To Eva, my colored nurse—for regular habits.

To my brother, Sandy, who married a trapeze artist and died of drink—for so refuting the position of the Hedonists.

To Mr. Stewart, nicknamed The Carp, who instructed me in the elements of geometry through which I came to perceive the errors of the tragic poets.

To Professor Lighthouse—for his lectures on the Peloponnesian War.

To the stranger on the boat to Sicily—for recommending to me Brown on Resolution.

To my secretary, Miss Button—for admitting that my speeches were inaudible.

There is no visible disorder. No crime—what could be more innocent than the birth of an artisan's child? To-day has been one of those perfect winter days, cold, brilliant, and utterly still, when the bark of a shepherd's dog carries for miles, and the great wild mountains come up quite close to the city walls, and the mind feels intensely awake, and this evening as I stand at this window high up in the citadel there is nothing in the whole magnificent panorama of plain and mountains to indicate that the Empire is threatened by a danger more dreadful than any invasion of Tartars on racing camels or conspiracy of the Praetorian Guard.

Barges are unloading soil fertilizer at the river wharves. Soft drinks and sandwiches may be had in the inns at reasonable prices. Allotment gardening has become popular. The highway to the coast goes straight up over the mountains and the truck drivers no longer carry guns. Things are beginning to take shape. It is a long time since anyone stole the park benches or murdered the swans. There are children in this province who have never seen a louse, shopkeepers who have never handled a counterfeit coin, women of forty who have never hidden in a ditch except for fun. Yes, in twenty years I have managed to do a little. Not enough of course. There are villages only a few miles from here where they still believe in witches. There isn't a single town where a good bookshop would pay. One could count on the fingers of one hand the people capable of solving the problem of Achilles and the Tortoise. Still it is a beginning. In twenty years the darkness has been pushed back a few inches. And what, after all, is the whole Empire, with its few thousand square miles on which it is possible to lead the Rational Life, but a tiny patch of light compared with those immense areas of barbaric night that surround it on all sides, that incoherent wilderness of rage and terror, where Mongolian idiots are regarded as sacred and mothers who give birth to twins are instantly put to death, where malaria is treated by yelling, where warriors of superb courage obey the commands of hysterical female impersonators, where the best cuts of meat are reserved for the dead, where, if a white blackbird has been seen, no more work may be done that day, where it is firmly believed that the world was created by a giant with three heads or that the motions of the stars are controlled from the liver of a rogue elephant?

Yet even inside this little civilized patch itself, where, at the cost of heaven knows how much grief and bloodshed, it has been made unnecessary for anyone over the age of twelve to believe in fairies or that First Causes reside in mortal and finite objects, so many are still homesick for that disorder wherein every passion formerly enjoyed a frantic license. Cæsar flies to his hunting lodge pursued by ennui; in the faubourgs of the Capital, Society grows savage, corrupted by silks and scents, softened by sugar and hot water, made insolent by theaters and attractive slaves; and everywhere, including this province, new prophets spring up every day to sound the old barbaric note.

I have tried everything. I have prohibited the sale of crystals and ouija boards; I have slapped a heavy tax on playing cards; the courts are empowered to sentence alchemists to hard labor in the mines; it is a statutory offense to turn tables or feel bumps. But nothing is really effective. How can I expect the masses to be sensible when, for instance, to my certain knowledge, the captain of my own guard wears an amulet against the Evil Eye, and the richest merchant in the city consults a medium over every important transaction?

Legislation is helpless against the wild prayer of longing that rises, day in, day out, from all these households under my protection: "O God, put away justice and truth, for we cannot understand them and do not want them. Eternity would bore us dreadfully. Leave Thy heavens and come down to our earth of waterclocks and hedges. Become our uncle. Look after Baby, amuse Grandfather, escort Madam to the opera, help Willy with his homework, introduce Muriel to a handsome naval officer. Be interesting and weak like us, and we will love you as we love ourselves."

Reason is helpless, and now even the Poetic Compromise no longer

works, all those lovely fairy tales in which Zeus, disguising himself as a swan or a bull or a shower of rain or what-have-you, lay with some beautiful woman and begot a hero. For the Public has grown too sophisticated. Under all the charming metaphors and symbols, it detects the stern command "Be and act heroically"; behind the myth of divine origin it senses the real human excellence that is a reproach to its own baseness. So, with a bellow of rage, it kicks Poetry downstairs and sends for Prophecy. "Your sister has just insulted me. I asked for a God who should be as like me as possible. What use to me is a God whose divinity consists in doing difficult things that I cannot do or saying clever things that I cannot understand? The God I want and intend to get must be someone I can recognize immediately without having to wait and see what he says or does. There must be nothing in the least extraordinary about him. Produce him at once, please. I'm sick of waiting."

To-day, apparently, judging by the trio who came to see me this morning with an ecstatic grin on their scholarly faces, the job has been done. "God has been born," they cried, "we have seen him ourselves. The World is saved. Nothing else matters."

One needn't be much of a psychologist to realize that if this rumor is not stamped out now, in a few years it is capable of diseasing the whole Empire, and one doesn't have to be a prophet to predict the consequences if it should.

Reason will be replaced by Revelation. Instead of Rational Law, objective truths perceptible to any who will undergo the necessary intellectual discipline, and the same for all, Knowledge will degenerate into a riot of subjective visions—feelings in the solar plexus induced by undernourishment, angelic images generated by fevers or drugs, dream warnings inspired by the sound of falling water. Whole cosmogonies will be created out of some forgotten personal resentment, complete epics written in private languages, the daubs of school children ranked above the greatest masterpieces.

Idealism will be replaced by Materialism. Priapus will only have to move to a good address and call himself Eros to become the darling of middle-aged women. Life after death will be an eternal dinner party where all the guests are twenty years old. Diverted from its normal and wholesome outlet in patriotism and civic or family pride, the need of the materialistic Masses for some visible Idol to worship will be driven into totally unsocial channels where no education can reach it. Divine honors will be paid to silver teapots, shallow depressions in the earth, names on maps, domestic pets, ruined windmills, even in extreme cases, which will become increasingly common, to headaches, or malignant tumors, or four o'clock in the afternoon.

Justice will be replaced by Pity as the cardinal human virtue, and all fear of retribution will vanish. Every corner-boy will congratulate himself: "I'm such a sinner that God had to come down in person to save me. I must be a devil of a fellow." Every crook will argue: "I like committing crimes. God likes forgiving them. Really the world is admirably arranged." And the ambition of every young cop will be to secure a deathbed repentance. The New Aristocracy will consist exclusively of hermits, bums, and permanent invalids. The Rough Diamond, the Consumptive Whore, the bandit who is good to his mother, the epileptic girl who has a way with animals will be the heroes and heroines of the New Tragedy when the general, the statesman, and the philosopher have become the butt of every farce and satire.

Naturally this cannot be allowed to happen. Civilization must be saved even if this means sending for the military, as I suppose it does. How dreary. Why is it that in the end civilization always has to call in these professional tidiers to whom it is all one whether it be Pythagoras or a homicidal lunatic that they are instructed to exterminate? Oh dear! Why couldn't this wretched infant be born somewhere else? Why can't people be sensible. I don't want to be horrid. Why can't they see that the notion of a finite God is absurd? Because it is. And suppose, just for the sake of argument, that it isn't, that this story is true, that this child is in some inexplicable manner both God and Man, that he grows up, lives, and dies, without committing a single sin. Would that make life any better? On the contrary it would make it far, far worse. For it could only mean this: that once having shown them how, God would expect every man, whatever his fortune, to lead a sinless life in the flesh and on earth. Then indeed would the human race be plunged into madness and despair. And for me personally at this moment it would mean that God had given me the power to destroy Himself. I refuse to be taken in. He could not play such a horrible practical joke. Why should He dislike me so? I've worked like a slave. Ask anyone you like. I read all official dispatches without skipping. I've taken elocution lessons. I've hardly ever taken bribes. How dare He allow me to decide? I've tried to be good. I brush my teeth every night. I haven't had sex for a month. I object. I'm a liberal. I want everyone to be happy. I wish I had never been born.



WHAT SOLDIERS ARE THINKING ABOUT

PVT. DALE KRAMER



SOLDIERS of the last war who repeated the slogan "Make the world safe for democracy" took for granted that implicit in it was promise of more happiness on earth than had existed before they took up arms against the Kaiser. There was some cynicism, and many did not think one way or the other about it, but most soldiers felt that, should they be among those fortunate enough to return, their own particular future would be brighter than had no war been fought.

Heard on all sides to-day, in contrast, are allegations that American soldiers of this war lack idealism. They have no flamboyant slogans, they sing few stirring songs. On the surface at least the charges appear to be true. Ask a soldier—ask him informally in barracks or field—what he is fighting for, and he is apt to answer that he is fighting to get the war over with so that he can go home. Inquire whether he expects the world after the war to be a better place to live in, and probably he will deny that prospects for his own happiness are likely to be materially improved. He agrees that it would indeed have been a sorry world had Hitler been allowed to dominate it; the point is that he doesn't think America is going to be any better off than, say, in August, 1939.

This fact fortunately has not resulted in low morale (the soldier discovers that

fighting spirit, including his own, is stronger than he had expected when he entered the Army), for the reason that the nation suffered aggression. The Japs attacked us; Germany and Italy declared war on us. We defend ourselves and proudly punish those who dared even covet our land. It is an added attraction at the same time to strike down dictatorships. But so far the soldier's thinking is directed, as is the nation's, primarily toward defense of the homeland. He doesn't expect a brave new world after that defense has been accomplished by victory, and, generally speaking, his active interest in the international aspects of war is only slight.

But service in the Armed Forces changes men in numerous ways. More than anything else it stimulates thinking. Deep in his core the soldier, while perhaps not *expecting* better things from this war, very strongly *desires* them. He ardently believes that he should not fight in vain. Consequently what on the surface appears to be cynicism, or even apathy, is not necessarily that at all. Failure of the other war—or the peace—to solve anything makes him wary of pat slogans about this one. Moreover, in most matters the soldiers of this war are better educated than those of the last; they have read and seen more. The depression made them

uneasy, whether they felt its impact directly or whether its disquieting effect was communicated to them through their parents. As a result they prefer to examine things for themselves.

No one can speak with toplofty knowledge of the exact thought processes of American soldiers, and I do not pretend to. But certain attitudes are developed from like experiences. The war has had a tremendous, if not readily discernible, impact on the minds of soldiers, and they have begun to examine it.

II

THERE is one thing the tendency to appraise critically everything put forward as gospel has done—it has made the work of drum-beaters and professional morale pumper-uppers very difficult. In a recent article ("What It's Like in the Army," June *Harper's*) I mildly deprecated the revels of advertising writers, the wallowings of glory hacks, and the heroics of Hollywood movie-makers. The response I have had from soldiers encourages me to comment on some other works of the morale builders. Service men are not particularly upset—we find ourselves surprisingly tolerant—but it is a subject rarely touched on, and there is a chance that a slightly greater tendency toward treatment of soldiers and sailors as adults may result.

The hullabaloo over Stage Door Canteens is a good example. The canteens were created in good spirit and many Service men have found pleasure in them. But the nonsense woven about them is, to use understatement, remarkable. Example: "Whoever said 'War is hell' never saw a Stage Door Canteen," the *Rotarian* magazine quotes a Marine as saying. That Marine, I am informed by members of the Corps, was either a wag, drunk, or fictitious. This example is anything but an isolated one. It was my good fortune to observe a group of metropolitan newspapers beat the drums for the establishment of a canteen. Photographs of local dignitaries who contributed money were published. Captains of industry were shown attired in the aprons which they planned to wear while on duty as bus

boys. Given the most prominence of all were displays of pretty society girls who had consented to serve as junior hostesses for the entertainment of the soldier boys and the sailor boys. I do not know who was responsible for the campaign's frippery. The newspaper editors perhaps or publicity agents hired to thump the tubs. Prospective donors may have required an exaggerated feeling of philanthropy before they could be induced to open their pocketbooks. At any rate soldiers got the idea that they were expected to thank their lucky stars for a war which gives them an opportunity to eat free sandwiches, see a show without buying a ticket, and—God bless America!—maybe dance with a society girl.

I was not able to attend until some nights after the opening, but in time I got there in the company of a friend of mine who has a somewhat tricky sense of humor. He has a particularly naïve face, and with bright eyes he approached a senior hostess and asked that a couple of debutantes be allotted to us. He was informed that no society girls happened to be present. After a while though a pleasant and attractive young lady sat down with us. She was a secretary, it turned out. My friend smiled tolerantly and explained that we were not snobbish. The remark appeared to confuse her, and she had little faith in his sanity when he struck the table gleefully upon her explanation that she liked being a junior hostess fine even if otherwise she could be out having fun. My friend also told a large, round, and already harried-looking gentleman dressed in a pink apron that he was a better soldier for having seen a business man take up sandwich plates.

Some volunteer helper will stay away from a canteen to-morrow, and I shall be sorry. Many girls find pleasure in dancing with Service men in the canteens, USO's, and the like; and tycoons, suburban matrons, and people of the theater enjoy themselves—or at least get the feeling of helping to win the war—in the roles of bus boys and hostesses. Certainly much selfless effort and round sums of money go into entertainment of Service men. But I warn good people who work and give to cheer soldiers and sailors that such foolish-

ness as that put forth by the *Rotarian* magazine, most newspapers, and the producers of the movie "Stage Door Canteen" is harmful to their cause.

The plain fact is that soldiers and sailors do not like—they even resent—being given anything. Not that they refuse. They eat free food and go to free shows and sometimes sleep in free beds—if only to save money for, we'll say, strong drink. They have their own girls at home (dancing with a young lady out to entertain soldiers as a patriotic duty is not much of a substitute), good meals, and shows to which they could easily afford the price of admission. One scene in the movie "Stage Door Canteen" was particularly insufferable. A sailor who had some years of wartime service to his credit was pictured as nearly swooning with gratitude at having been given an orange. Why should a battle-scarred sailor feel particularly choked up because someone who has plenty of oranges, maybe a surfeit, gives him one of them?

III

CIVILIANS' lack of information about another phase of military life has caused soldiers' minds to be somewhat more exercised than would otherwise be the case. It is the delicate matter of rank. Occasionally men reject advancement rather than change to another type of work, and a great many have chosen to remain enlisted men rather than undergo the rigors of officers' schools; but should a soldier be heard to declare that he declined promotion in his own field it can be assumed that he either is a candidate for the mantle of Thoreau or else that he handles the facts loosely. On the other hand, rank-consciousness is exaggerated by the soldier's knowledge that the folks back home gage his progress by the number of his stripes or the shape of his shoulder embellishments.

The Army recognizes a wide gap between commissioned officers and enlisted men in that officers are given greater direct responsibility, more pay, and a right to certain formal marks of respect. In actual relations however, particularly in the field, this gap is nowadays considerably narrowed. A lieutenant, for

example, may have gone into officers' school as a corporal, a private first class, or even as a private. In so short a time he hadn't the opportunity, even if his personal inclinations were otherwise, to establish an attitude which sets him very high above enlisted men who might have, or may, become officers.

But these factors are less important than certain aspects of the Army structure which are understood by soldiers but are a mystery to outsiders. To gain rank it pays, and rightly so, to get into a war early. When the Army began to expand, and particularly when it mushroomed after Pearl Harbor, a tremendous demand for new officers was created. Men went readily to officers' schools, and there grew up a legend that any soldier of reasonable talent was more or less forced to become an officer. Lately however demand has decreased, the schools have been closing, and as a rule men with overseas service will be chosen for the grades which remain open, which is logical.

The rise to various grades of non-commissioned officers is regulated by the Army's famous Tables of Organization. An Army unit—regiment, battalion, company, etc.—has places for a given number of noncommissioned officers. When a training unit is set up, a "cadre" of non-coms, chosen from old outfits, is assigned to assist in training the new men. These cadremen usually remain, and they fill the high-ranking noncommissioned officer posts. Thus soldiers, understanding the Tables of Organization, and developing a strong and independent pride of person, tend to minimize rank except to covet it in order to gain higher pay or easier duties. It is true that a certain cleavage between officer and enlisted man remains. Of two close friends, one now an officer and the other an enlisted man, the enlisted man will not feel entirely at ease in public with the other, for the tradition of all armies since the first organized conflict says that the officer is superior. But most soldiers to-day realize that officers and men are not creatures of different species, and that a good deal of luck may have played a part in determining the stature of any individual, and thus do not put an undue value upon this stature.

Civilians, on the other hand, are more inclined to look at differences in rank as degrees of black and white, an understandable attitude which has caused more than a little mental torment for well-wishers of soldiers who do not appear to have been properly appreciated by the Army. This is illustrated by an adventure, which I consider of epic proportions, that a friend of mine had when he tried to purchase a garrison hat.

My friend had entered the Army as a private, a not uncommon manner of entry, but on his family tree were a number of colonels or better, and his mother felt some ignominy at her son's plight. Many of her friends were equally humiliated by presence of offspring in the ranks. My friend did not improve matters by insisting on wearing the small "overseas" cap (called a field cap in this war) when he could have purchased and worn a visored garrison hat of the type worn by officers for dress so long as he did not attach officer's insignia to it. He had the good fortune to be stationed for a while near New York City, his home, and his mother made up her mind that he should wear a garrison hat—to look, he assumed, more like an officer. On one of his leaves he agreed to accompany her downtown to make the purchase. She chose a large, rather exclusive store on Fifth Avenue, where they both had maintained charge accounts for many years. They went at once to the military room. A clerk heard the request, and he glanced at my friend. "We do not," he said icily, "cater to privates here."

The young man's mother controlled herself in a creditable manner. She silenced herself after only a few words and she wheeled her son and they hurried home, where she wrote letters canceling their accounts. After that she began telephoning friends who she knew had sons who were enlisted men. They caught the mood. They hung up receivers and fired cancellations of accounts to the store, telling why. The campaign had gained the proportions of a stiff prairie blaze when she came to a friend with whom she had not talked for some time. The story was well under way when she began to notice a lack of response

at the other end of the wire. Finally there was an interruption. "I'm awfully sorry, darling," her friend said, "I'm really not interested now. My boy was made a lieutenant the other day."

IV

THE matters examined above are more or less in the category of gripes, a popular department with Army men. Soldiers grumble about everything: they hammer down and flatten out their environment the better to tolerate it. The deeper and the positive things remain generally hidden and unspoken, but they are there.

The most important thing in a soldier's life, outside the physical essentials, is comradeship. It is something that is in many ways new to him. In the old days Americans pulled together to break open the new continent. They were individuals, but they often found it necessary to submerge themselves for the common good, or else they perished by the wayside. This process changed as an established pattern was formed and each fitted himself one way or another into it. A man came to live pretty much to himself. He worked intimately with others in office or factory, but when the day was over he went home and forgot about them. His friends might be very close, but ordinarily he had no real opportunity to test them under pressure.

When men step out of their little footholds of civilian life into the Armed Forces they are on unfamiliar and slippery ground and they must reach out to one another for help. There is constant pressure, starting at the induction center and intensifying through training to the battlefield and into the hospitals and the prison camps. The spirit of co-operation is seen in small things. There is, for example, a determined fairness with which food is apportioned in family-style service. ("No short-stop"—the rule against grabbing something off a plate after another has asked for it; "no chincing"—the law forbidding taking food in such a manner that the next man will have to go to the kitchen for more.) If a poker or black-jack game gets under way it is the un-

written rule that anyone with a dollar or two can enter it. (A peculiarly frank soldier-cardsharp told me, shaking his head sadly, that "You just can't cheat the boys all the time and stay popular.") Bullies are rare for the reason that selection of victims is impossible—some muscular individual may suddenly substitute himself, with the full approval of bystanders. The soldier readily grants any sensible favor asked by another, whether he is a friend or not even an acquaintance. When a man is placed on an unexpected duty or visitors show up without warning he goes first to his friends in an effort to arrange a swap and, failing that, he continues to others, who are expected to help him out if they have no special plans of their own. Money is the more readily lent because the stigma attached to failure to return it is something like that which horse thieves enjoyed in the Old West, where a man deprived of his mount was in a sore predicament. Soldiers on leave show consideration for one another in various small ways, and it is understood that when a man is visiting a friend in another outfit he is welcome to the mess line. There may have been some animosity between the branches of the Services in peacetime, probably to create an occasional diversion, but nowadays none is apparent.

This has not always been easy for men who had become, or had always been, cut off from people outside a limited, intimate circle. Faced with the simple and sometimes cruelly elementary life of the Army and with unfamiliar people, some fought hard to hold themselves aloof. They were shocked by the language. They found topics of conversation generally lower—at any rate different—from those to which they had been accustomed. They resented, some quite frankly, being thrown into what they considered the unwashed herd. One man (probably it was only a coincidence that he had been an advertising writer turning out some pretty stirring stuff about the American doughboy) expressed this view in a letter which inadvertently got published in his local newspaper. In time a clipping of the printed letter fell into the hands of a group of overseas soldiers, and at last he received a first-hand report from American dough-

boys, in a scrawled letter which required a number of shocked strokes of the censor's ink brush before it got through.

Whether what they said, which was a good deal, took effect I do not know. But the broadening effect of Army life is evident on every hand. One soldier I know declares that the educational courses at Groton are as nothing compared to the lessons of the Army. It is possible to see newcomers change from day to day. The supercilious learn to respect others whom, owing to some external appearances, they had at first put down for ignoramuses. A few do not, and in the end that is their misfortune.

Moral determination may have already been present in men when they entered the Army, and the greater fitness of body and knowledge of arms gained in training are important; but it is this comradeship, or esprit de corps—call it whatever you want—that has more than anything else to do with making the civilian over into a soldier. It is the grasping of hands for the long, hard, and dreary effort. When invading forces of the United States land on foreign shores, or a great battle is joined, a quick tenseness sweeps through the whole Army, and there is a strong desire to rush to the side of those in danger.

Thus men who have returned from overseas want to go back to the fighting fronts as much to be with their fellows as to strike again at the enemy. Even if wounded or ordered back for further training, they are tormented by the fact that old comrades are suffering while they live in comparative comfort and security. "I want above anything else to be with the boys when they march into Manila," one veteran of the Pacific wrote home. He wanted the Japanese driven out, but to make it right he needed the satisfaction of being with the others at the victory.

The feeling of closeness, of unity, is communicated to parents, sweethearts, and wives through letters, and the ties will grow closer as more millions take up pens and pencils and grope for words of encouragement for men overseas. On a short-wave radio I heard broadcast this letter, combining excellent advice with deep sentiment, from a mother to her son:

"No word lately. See if you can get word to us if only to say 'Hello and good-by.' Always be on the alert, my son, and may God bless you and protect you always."

This war is the American people's greatest common experience.

V

BUT the binding of the nation closer together by common agony is not enough. The experience will have to be translated into a feeling for the nation's future. That is why complaints that the thought level of soldiers is too low are worth attention. Drew Middleton summed up the prevailing opinion in a dispatch from North Africa to the *New York Times Magazine*. "Soldiers," he said, "do not yet realize the great part they can play in history. Their allies expect them to play the leading role in the postwar world, although at present their own apathy and, at times, downright ignorance of the rest of the world are not encouraging." After remarking that most thoughts are directed toward the return home, he notes that "Only a few read anything except the comic strips, sports page, and the gossip columns."

Mr. Middleton's inquiry was a serious one, and no one is likely to argue that American soldiers are as well informed as they ought to be, or that they show anything like a unanimous interest in world affairs. (Middleton declares that British and French soldiers are ahead of us on this score.) It is a fact, for example, that a great many—probably a majority—read little besides the comic strips, pulps, the sports page, and gossip columns. While this is anything but a desirable situation, it is hardly startling. In the first place, opportunity for concentration it is difficult to find, even if good reading material is available, which it sometimes is not. Many soldiers of a studious type who had previously gained most of their knowledge from the printed page have welcomed the opportunity of laying books aside and learning about their fellow-men at first hand. Anyhow, men who never were in the habit of reading serious material can hardly be expected to become Phi Beta

Kappa candidates by the mere donning of a uniform.

On the other hand, it is a fact that the demand for serious books by the Armed Forces cannot be filled. At any rate it has not been. A single organization at a large port of embarkation has put some thirty thousand books, most of them of an educational nature, into the hands of departing soldiers and sailors. The ladies who operate this club declare that requests far exceed their capacity to fill. In the same port the chaplains go to bookstores for purchase of supplies for ships' libraries. They buy what they know from experience the soldiers will read, and they stock up with books on economics, geography, world affairs, and quantities of the staple classics in low-priced reprints.

Men of this war, say these people who are in a position to know, are reading a dozen times more extensively than did soldiers of the last war, and the quality of the material is vastly superior. And it is, they say, growing. Soldiers who had not acquired the book-reading habit are thrown in with those who did have it. Their minds are stimulated by events, and after discussions they go to what books are available and read them. A book tossed out into the moving Army is read an estimated forty times before it finally is lost or destroyed.

Nevertheless it cannot be denied that concern with political and economic problems of the world at large fills only a relatively small corner of the soldier's mind. Someone has suggested that thoughts of American soldiers fall chiefly under the following headings: 1) Day-to-day activities, 2) sex, and 3) dreams of returning to the normal way of life. I see no reason to quarrel with this division. Daily routine occupies the attention of people in all occupations, and in the matter of sex the soldier's thought behavior appears to satisfy the psychologists, varying in no important degree from that of soldiers of past wars.

But in the third category—the occupation with thoughts of going home—there is more than appears on the surface. The past life is of course romanced to a considerable degree, never having been quite so pleasant and carefree as when seen from the distance of a sheetless bunk or a slit

trench or foxhole. But there is an inescapable tendency during these minute inspections of bygone days to analyze them, sometimes critically. Many a soldier has concluded that he wasted a good deal of his time, in drink perhaps, in loafing, or simply by letting events take their slothful course. Young men are exhorted by educators, usually without result, to figure out carefully what sort of careers they wish to pursue. In the Army they are far enough removed from their civilian selves to give attention to the matter. Ask the soldier what he wants to do if he is able to return to civilian life and he will at first give you a gawdy pattern which includes an inordinate amount of lying in the sun or the shade (depending on where he is stationed), some fine drinking, women, choice food, etc., etc. Get a little deeper and you will find serious ideas on how he wants to spend the rest of his life. This is mostly personal, to be sure, but it develops a habit of thinking objectively.

Something of the sort was observable after the last war. It was common for parents, friends, old employers, and the like to remark: "So and so has changed so much. I really would hardly have known him." The youth was quiet and seemed preoccupied, which often led these observers to conclude that he was thinking of the past, whereas probably he was calculating his old environment against what he had come to think of it during his absence. In most cases the soldier will have gained in self-reliance and self-confidence. The reasons are obvious enough. He may have been given responsibility as a commissioned or non-commissioned officer, and he may have had a hundred tight squeezes where his safety depended on nerve and skill. Soldiers gain a good deal by the mere fact that they find themselves able to master the intricate weapons and machines of this war.

It seems impossible that the greater serious-mindedness thus developed will be without effect on the soldier's attitude toward economic and political problems of the nation and the world. In addition there is the breakdown of provincialism through association with men from other sections of the country and the peoples of

other lands, and no one can deny that some of America's isolation has come from simple lack of knowledge of how the world is laid out. One Midwestern parent wrote to a son in the service:

"We listen to all the commentators. We have a globe and a good atlas and try to keep track of what and where."

The following of the commentators with globe and atlas may lead a part of the population into the crazy houses, but altogether civilians as well as soldiers are learning that the United States is only one part of the universe.

The main point is that a yeast is working. Soldiers are brought up abruptly against matters with which most of them would not otherwise have considered it their business to grapple. It is as well, probably better, that no simple slogan for this war was put forward and accepted, for idealism when coupled with naïveté is likely to be as bad, or worse, than no idealism at all. If the present generation, unlike the soldiers of the last war, should believe that military victory would make the world safe for democracy (with all that the slogan implies), they would be ready at the finish to go home and consider the job done. They would settle down as best they could, accept without question any peace treaty cooked up, and innocently hope for the best.

No doubt many will do that anyhow. They will slip back into their old environment and forget they ever were away. The possibility that the majority will do so cannot be precluded. This is a day of wishful thinking, and I may have looked too long on the brighter side, along with many others who write about the Army. There are a great many people in the United States who have a greater knowledge of war prosperity than of the sacrifices of war. Afterward, if hard times come we may hear, as we heard some years back, the phrase that "What this country needs is a good little war." A "return to normalcy" may be the thing. The intellectuals, it is possible, will conjure themselves into another Lost Generation.

It is true that the experiences of the soldiers of the last war had no very noticeable effect on events. But they had no memories of the fatuous twenties or the mis-

erable thirties which resulted from them. Moreover, twelve or fifteen million men will have carried arms in this war. That is roughly four times the number who put on uniforms the last time. If the war were to end now, the average length of service would be about twice as long—and even the most optimistic agree that it will be another couple of years before the guns

are laid away. Average service can hardly be less than three years, a long time out of a young man's life.

America is, after all, a young nation. Soldiers as a whole are maturing in this conflict. And, since they compose what will be the vigorous male population of the next two or three decades, the nation is maturing too.

Of Mice and Military

I HEARD my favorite military commentator, Colonel Eliot Gram Baldwin Pratt Howe, broadcast his regular weekly war analysis last night, and I took a few notes. The children were rather noisy, so I might have missed a word here and there, but the Colonel sounded something like this:

The military situation at present has its gloomy as well as its promising outlook. In general, it can be said that the picture will improve steadily, unless it takes a turn for the worse, in which case it will not be as hopeful as it might have been if things had developed more favorably.

In Russia events are bearing out our prediction of last week, when we said that if the attacking forces proved stronger than the defense lines, Kiev must fall, whereas if the defensive operations gained superiority in the struggle, Kiev would not fall. At this juncture it can be said almost beyond the normal reasonable possibility of inaccuracy that a momentous struggle is being waged in the Kiev area.

Lord Mountbatten's appointment turns our attention to the Asiatic theater. There developments have entered a period of quiet which will undoubtedly last until the battle flares up anew. In this connection I would like to emphasize the extreme importance of the situation in India, keeping in mind, of course, that it is not as important as other events which may transcend it in significance.

The Indian problem is vast and complex, although it is at the same time essentially simple in nature. It is becoming increasingly clear that the Indians are anxious for their independence. There are those who believe it should be granted, and this group finds itself opposed to that point of view which holds that Indian independence should not be granted.

Turning to the Pacific theater of war, we are faced with a situation not unlike that obtaining in the Atlantic theater, and yet with sufficient points of difference to prevent any confusion between the two. Modern warfare is distinguished by the fact that as the lines of communication of one side grow longer, those of the other side grow shorter. Short lines of communication are a great advantage and may frequently spell the difference between disaster and utter defeat.

I stress this aspect because the Pacific theater contains many different lines of communication, some short and some long, but all very important. In this connection it may be well to observe that operations in the Pacific area are more frequently naval in character because of the preponderance of water over land in this area. — P. J. McLarney

THE MASTER OF THE MURDER CASTLE

A Classic of Chicago Crime

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN



VIEWED from the outside, the murder castle was simply a big ungainly building, one of the architectural monstrosities common in the nineties. But its interior, honeycombed with trap doors and secret passageways and walled-up rooms, was the fulfillment of every small boy's dream of a haunted house.

If ever a house was haunted, that one on Chicago's South Side should have been. To this day, fifty years later, nobody knows precisely how many persons were murdered in it. Estimates range from twenty to a couple of hundred. Most, if not all, were women. It is believed that they were chloroformed, gassed, strangled, or perhaps beaten to death. Their bodies were destroyed in cellar pits containing quicklime and acids. Some of their skeletons were sold by their efficient murderer, who was determined to realize every penny of profit from his crimes.

He deserves to rank with the great criminals of history. Crime writers reserve the word "monster" for top-notch murderers. A monster ranks above such lesser criminals as fiends, beasts, and phantoms. He must meet certain rigid requirements. His victims, killed over a period of years and not for money alone, must be numerous and preferably female, and he must do unusual things with their bodies; he must inhabit a gloomy, for-

bidding dwelling, and he should be of a scientific bent. The master of the murder castle possessed all these qualifications and more. Magnificent swindler, petty cheat, mass murderer, he was a man of nimble, tortuous mind. He pyramided fraud upon fraud. Young, good-looking, glib, he mesmerized business men and captivated and seduced pretty young women, at least two of whom he married bigamously. Physician, student of hypnotism, dabbler in the occult, gentleman of fashion, devious liar, skillful manipulator of amazingly complex enterprises, he died on the gallows when he was thirty-five, his crimes exposed accidentally by the vengeful suspicions of that most despised figure in crime, the police informer.

On September 4, 1894, a caller, thinking it strange that the door to the little office at 1316 Callowhill Street in Philadelphia should be locked, enlisted the aid of Policeman George Lewis of the Eighth District; he forced the door and found the body of a man who apparently had been the victim of an explosion. Burns disfigured the face and left arm. Near by lay a pipe, several matches, and a broken bottle which apparently had contained some inflammable fluid similar to benzine. A coroner's physician thought the man had been dead three days.

Though decomposition and fire made positive identification difficult, the dead man apparently was B. F. Perry, the tenant of the office. In his pockets were letters, presumably from his wife, though the bottom portions, including the signatures, had been torn away; they indicated that Perry had come to Philadelphia recently from St. Louis and that his wife was still there but expected to join him shortly. Neighbors knew him only as that new inventor fellow; they thought he had been conducting experiments of some sort, but nobody had heard an explosion in his office during the past few days. A coroner's jury decided that he had died of burns. His body lay unclaimed in the morgue for ten days, then was buried in potter's field. And that was that.

A few days later the Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia received a letter from St. Louis claiming that B. F. Perry was Benjamin F. Pitzel, whose life was insured by the company. To Philadelphia came a pair of professional men representing the widow: Dr. H. H. Holmes, her friend, and Jephtha Howe, her attorney. They brought with them the dead man's daughter, Alice, about fourteen, and explained that Mrs. Pitzel had been too ill to come in person to establish identification. Holmes said that Pitzel's distinguishing marks included a mole on the back of the neck, a broken nose, peculiarly spaced teeth, and a twisted fingernail which had been crushed by a child's rocking chair. The body was exhumed. Holmes identified it calmly, Alice fearfully. It was removed to another cemetery. The \$10,000 insurance money was paid to Holmes, acting in behalf of the widow and Pitzel's five children. Presently Fidelity received a letter from Mrs. Pitzel expressing her gratitude that the claim had been paid so promptly; it was said that the company used the letter for promotion purposes.

And there the matter might have ended had it not been for one of those amazing indiscretions which even the most accomplished of criminals commit. Brooding in a St. Louis jail was a notorious train robber, Marion Hedgepath, alias Heds-peth. Nearly two months after the finding of the body in Callowhill Street,

Hedgepath sent a note to Police Chief Larry Harrigan offering to disclose details of a plot to defraud a Philadelphia life insurance company. He hinted at murder. When questioned, Hedgepath said that, some months before, a fellow-prisoner named Howard had offered him \$500 if he would suggest an attorney of repute who would assist in a foolproof scheme to make \$10,000. Howard planned to insure the life of B. F. Pitzel, to fake a fatal accident, to send Pitzel into hiding, and to substitute a body which he would obtain at a morgue and which he would identify as Pitzel's. Howard said he had perpetrated similar frauds at other times. Hedgepath recommended as an aide Jephtha Howe, the younger brother of one of Hedgepath's own attorneys.

Presently Howard was released from the jail, where he had been held briefly as a swindler. The plot progressed beautifully until Howard refused to permit Mrs. Pitzel to go to Philadelphia to identify the body. Attorney Howe suspected, too late, that Howard had double-crossed Pitzel and had actually murdered him instead of substituting a body. After the insurance was paid, Hedgepath said, Howard left Mrs. Pitzel to settle with Howe; they quarreled over his fee and \$2,500 was put in escrow. Hedgepath never got his \$500 share; this, coupled with a suspicion that his own defenders, including Jephtha Howe's brother, were deserting him in the case pending against him, probably led Hedgepath to denounce the plotters.

At any rate, Chief Harrigan communicated with the Fidelity company, which called in the police and the Pinkerton private detectives. Before the vengeful Hedgepath was transferred to the penitentiary to begin serving a twenty-five-year term the investigators were hot on the complicated trail of Howard, alias H. H. Holmes. They caught up with him in Boston November 17th. By that time warrants had been issued charging him with conspiracy to defraud, murder, and horse thievery. He promptly helped the officers locate the widow Pitzel and two of her five children, then started telling a long series of complex lies which soon thoroughly confused the detectives. On the train back to Philadelphia in custody,

he confessed the insurance fraud, denied the murder, expressed willingness to go to Philadelphia but refused to go to Texas where he was wanted only for horse theft, said that Pitzel was in South America and that the three missing Pitzel children were in (a) South America, (b) Detroit, (c) England. He also offered his befuddled guard \$500 if he would permit him to hypnotize him en route. The guard refused.

Attorney Howe was taken into custody in St. Louis and went voluntarily to Philadelphia. He was not prosecuted. Nor was Mrs. Pitzel, who, though nearly prostrated by fear that her husband was dead, was questioned vigorously. The body of the dead inventor—Pitzel's, or that of a ringer?—was exhumed a second time and autopsy revealed he had died of poisoning by chloroform administered before the explosion and fire. Search was begun for various other persons who had been involved with Holmes. Apparently unruffled by the furor, he continued to talk glibly and nimbly. Detectives spent months untangling his lies and investigating certain mysterious activities of his which had intrigued them while they pursued him all over the country. His career proved to have been remarkable.

II

HIS true name, it appears, was Herman W. Mudgett. In his home town of Gilmanton, New Hampshire, he was considered a bright lad. Before he was twenty-one he married the daughter of a well-to-do New Hampshire family and she helped to educate him. He studied in Vermont and at the medical school of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Here began his lifelong preoccupation with cadavers.

He was a brilliant but erratic student. Perhaps this was due to his extra-curricular activities. On the night a body disappeared while being taken to the college dissecting room a resident of Ann Arbor "died" after a brief illness. Holmes collected insurance. Thus he established a pattern for himself. Not long after, he left school. His wife and child returned to New Hampshire; they did not see him again until more than ten years later,

when he reappeared, a fugitive. Shortly after abandoning his wife he arranged for her to hear, in a highly roundabout manner, that his memory had been impaired in a train wreck. This was characteristic of the man: he could not simply desert his family; he must erect a complicated structure of improbable lies to explain matters.

After dabbling briefly in petty fraud and an unsuccessful attempt to swindle an insurance company of \$20,000 with another planted body, the young criminal turned up in Chicago about 1885 as H. H. Holmes. He married bigamously the daughter of a well-to-do family of Wilmette, a wealthy suburb north of Chicago. Here he set another pattern for himself: the pyramiding of fraud upon credit. The details varied but the main outlines of the scheme remained the same wherever Holmes worked it subsequently. He would borrow, with worthless notes and smooth talk, enough money to buy a lot. To repay the original loan, he would borrow on the lot. He would build a house in highly frenetic fashion, discharging workmen wrathfully, threatening suit against subcontractors, cajoling those he could not frighten, stalling, always stalling the payroll. As soon as the roof was on he would order huge quantities of furniture and other merchandise—on credit of course. He would sell the furniture to pay off the clamoring workmen and the loan on the lot. By the time the furniture company got round to repossessing its property the furniture was gone and so was Holmes; or else he had devised some new swindle which raised enough cash to pay off the furniture company and was now embarked on a fresh scheme to get money to appease his latest victim. And so on.

Withal he found time to father three children and establish himself in the Wilmette house as a solid citizen. His wife of course knew nothing of his many activities, which were rapidly becoming more numerous and more mysterious. How he explained to her his long absences is not recorded, but the task, intimidating to lesser men, probably was relatively simple for a man of his agile imagination.

Before he had been long in Chicago he failed in probably the only honest business he ever attempted to conduct. He was

president of the A.B.C. Copier Company, a concern producing an excellent device for copying documents. (Holmes appears in the role of "copier" every now and then.) He even went so far as to pay his typewriter—as stenographers then were called. (He seduced, mulcted, and murdered subsequent typewriters instead of paying them.) When the business failed Holmes gave up his office, leaving behind an assortment of creditors and taking with him fifty gallons of glycerine which did not belong to him. Later it was hinted that he intended to prepare nitroglycerine with the loot and perhaps did so.

Holmes now transferred his activities to the Englewood district of Chicago, centering on 63d Street; here he was to achieve lasting fame. He began humbly, working as a clerk in a drugstore at 63d and Wallace Streets. Before long he had bought out or driven out the proprietress, and in 1892 he built on the opposite corner the enormous, improbable structure later to be known as his murder castle. It was more than a hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet wide, huge and ugly, with three storeys and a basement. The first floor was cut up into stores, including a drugstore on the corner which Holmes operated until crime became a full-time job for him. The third floor consisted of apartments. On the second floor and in the cellar were the horror chambers, as we shall see.

Holmes ostensibly built the place as a hotel to accommodate visitors to the great Fair of 1893. It was months a-building; sometimes the work progressed with frantic haste; sometimes it languished. Its progress was an index to the success of the swindler's money-raising schemes.

And he was exceedingly active throughout Englewood, which was, and is to-day, a thriving, self-contained community on Chicago's South Side. Here Holmes marketed a sure-fire cure for alcoholism, crusading with great zeal against the evil of drink. He opened a restaurant and sold it before the outfitting company could repossess the fixtures. When, after banking hours, a citizen came to the drugstore to get large bills for \$178 in small change, Holmes gave him a worthless personal check and stalled him off successfully

for two years. He sold his drugstore by misrepresenting the volume of business; to substantiate his claims he hired various persons to stream into the store and make expensive purchases. He bought a large safe, moved it into a small room of the castle, narrowed the size of the room's door, refused to pay for the safe, and invited the owner to repossess it but warned him not to mar the house.

Having "invented" a machine which made illuminating gas out of water, he demonstrated it successfully to an expert who could not discover in the Rube Goldberg maze of pipes, pulleys, wires, and other gadgets the one pipe which tapped the gas company's mains; aided by the expert's endorsement, Holmes sold his "invention," which looked like a washing machine on stilts, to a Canadian for \$2,000. When the invention was removed from the basement a hole remained; presently Holmes announced that he had discovered in it a miraculous mineral spring; he piped the healing potion upstairs to his drugstore and retailed it successfully at five cents per glass until the water company threatened to prosecute him for tampering with its mains. (It was not long before the hole in the cellar floor was enlarged to accommodate a quicklime pit.)

Perhaps his most spectacular swindle during this period involved the furnishings of the castle. He bought truckloads of furniture, crockery, mattresses, bed-springs, hardware, and gas fixtures (a sinister item, it turned out). All this was delivered to the castle on 63d Street. The Tobey Furniture Company, unpaid a week later, became anxious and dispatched an agent to watch the house, then demanded payment. Holmes's usual tactics of cajolery failed, and the company sent vans and brawny moving men to repossess its property. They found the house empty. Yet the company's own agent swore that no furniture had been taken out and, indisputably, it had been taken in. The castle had swallowed the furniture as, later, it would swallow human beings.

A janitor at the castle gave the game away for a \$25 bribe. Holmes had moved all the furniture into one room, taken out the door frame, bricked up the door, and

papered the wall. (The porter offered further disclosures for another \$25 but was ignored; it was a narrow escape for Holmes.) In a space between the top floor and the roof the angry searchers found the missing crockery; one of them put his foot through the ceiling and Holmes sued his company for \$75. The suit was thrown out of court. It never has been established whether Holmes, when he built blind rooms and secret passageways into his castle, contemplated murder or merely simple swindles such as this concealment of merchandise. He was not prosecuted by these creditors. But his unsuccessful attempt to cheat them contributed ultimately to his downfall.

During all this time he still was maintaining a home with his wife in Wilmette. (Indeed, his mother-in-law was at one time listed as owner of the castle; its ownership changed constantly and included at least one mythical personage and a company incorporated by five men, of whom two were phantoms.) His Wilmette wife however probably never lived at the castle, and when neighbors spoke of his jealous wife who lived there with him they must have meant Mrs. Julia Conner, who is believed to have been the first woman Holmes murdered. Whoever this jealous one was, she sometimes slipped downstairs when she heard a female voice overlong in the drugstore; to thwart her, Holmes removed the third step on the stairs and installed an electric buzzer that warned him of her approach. The success of this device may have inspired him to develop the singular system of alarms which later betrayed the attempted flight from the castle of any of his prisoners. Mrs. Conner, her husband, and their eight-year-old child came to Chicago about 1890 and the couple found employment in the drugstore which Holmes was engaged in buying or stealing from its proprietor. Mrs. Conner, a good-looking woman, became Holmes's mistress; when he built his castle she and her daughter moved into it with him, and her husband departed.

During this period Holmes went briefly to Texas where he allegedly stole a horse and indisputably met a young woman named Minnie Williams who later was to

play an important part in his career. Also during this period he met in Chicago Benjamin F. Pitzel, an ineffectual man with larceny in his heart, for whose murder Holmes one day would hang. It is known that they lived together for a time, that in 1892 Holmes bailed Pitzel out of a Terre Haute jail where he was held on a bad-check charge, that some of their belongings were intermingled. Whether the two men actually worked together as partners in fraud prior to the insurance swindle which ended in Pitzel's death is unknown, but probable.

III

HOWEVER Holmes now engaged less frequently in petty frauds; he was branching out into mass murder for profit. Gone were the days when he must peddle worthless mineral water and liquor cures. Now he had reached the height of his powers, mentally and physically. He was in his early thirties, handsome, his sallow complexion enhanced by dark brooding eyes and a curled mustache. If he had been skinny as a boy he was supple as a man. His frequent amorous conquests had given him confidence, as had the success of his glib tongue among business men. Widely read, student of hypnotism and the occult, he had evolved certain esoteric theories concerning the origin and nature of human life. He prepared to test them, to conduct experiments on the human body. His old preoccupation with corpses returned. He was ready for important crime, and for the big money.

Yet, though his career as a mass murderer was energetic, it was brief. His murder castle was built in 1892; two years later Holmes was in jail. In that space of time he is believed to have killed more than 20 women. Newspapers of the day hinted that the correct total would be nearer 200, pointing out that great numbers of persons who visited the Fair in 1893 disappeared. It is neither possible nor necessary to trace the fate of each of Holmes's victims. The story of Minnie Williams will suffice.

She and her sister Anna were born in Mississippi; their parents died poor when the girls were very young. Anna remained in Mississippi with an aunt.

Minnie went to Dallas, Texas, to visit an uncle, a Dr. Williams, who adopted her. In 1886 he sent her to Boston to attend the Conservatory of Elocution. About the time she was graduated her uncle died, leaving to her property in Fort Worth valued at about \$20,000. After a brief visit with another uncle, the editor of the Methodist *Christian Advocate*, Minnie took her sister Anna to Dallas, where Anna entered school. Minnie, the elder sister, embarked on a teaching career. She taught elocution in Denver and at Midlothian, Texas. Presently she turned up in Mississippi and displayed a photograph of a certain young man named Harry Gordon in whom she was interested because he was "handsome, wealthy, and highly intelligent." He was of course Dr. Holmes. In March of 1893 (she was in her early twenties) she went to Chicago and soon wrote to her aunt that she had married her friend and that she was very happy.

It is believed that Holmes committed his first murder for her. When she arrived at the castle he was living with Mrs. Conner. Minnie, an extremely attractive, fresh-faced young girl, was jealous. Holmes killed Mrs. Conner and her eight-year-old daughter, it is thought; later, investigators found numerous human bones in the castle and among them were bones believed to be from the body of a child. At any rate, Mrs. Conner and her child disappeared and Minnie Williams took her place as mistress of the castle.

And a strange place it was by that time. In all, it contained nearly a hundred rooms. There were "staircases that led nowhere in particular," blind passageways, hinged walls, false partitions, rooms with no doors and rooms with many doors. All these centered on the second floor of the gloomy, forbidding structure. Holmes's own apartments were at the front of this floor. A trap door was cut in his bathroom and from it a short hidden stairway led to a windowless cubicle between-floors in the heart of the house; from this a chute dropped straight to the cellar.

Behind Holmes's apartments were various rooms labeled in contemporary news-

paper sketches as "five-door room," "secret room," "mysterious closed room" (behind this last was a "dummy elevator for lowering bodies" to the basement), "the black closet," "room of the three corpses," "sealed room all bricked in," "blind room," "another secret chamber," "the hanging secret chamber," and so on—nearly forty rooms in all. Near the rear of the house was an "asphyxiation chamber—no light—with gas connections." Here the large purchases of gas fixtures becomes meaningful; it apparently was Holmes's practice to lock victims in this sealed, asbestos-lined room and to turn on the gas. Immediately behind the asphyxiation chamber was another chute down which the bodies could be dispatched to the basement. Some of the rooms on this second storey were lined with iron plates, some had false floors that concealed tiny airless chambers, nearly all had gas connections. The doors to all the rooms were wired to an elaborate alarm system which rang a buzzer in Holmes's apartments.

The cellar was perhaps the most remarkable section of the building. It was fitted with operating tables, a crematory, pits containing quicklime and acids, surgical instruments, and various pieces of apparatus which, resembling mediaeval torture racks, never were satisfactorily explained. (Some thought Holmes used these appliances to wring from his victims the whereabouts of their wealth; others said he used them in experiments which he hoped would prove his pet theory that the human body could be stretched indefinitely, a treatment that, ultimately, would produce a race of giants.) Holmes sometimes destroyed the bodies of his victims completely; sometimes, aided by a needy skeleton articulator who answered his advertisement in the paper, he stripped the flesh from their bones and sold the skeletons to medical institutions.

To this house of horrors came young Minnie Williams. Her role is not entirely clear. She was almost certainly his victim. But some have hinted that she was also his accomplice; he used her Fort Worth real estate in some of his schemes, though probably without her knowledge. That she was his mistress there can be

little doubt. Yet she played a strange role for a mistress on at least one occasion: she served as his witness when he married his third (and last) wife.

A few months after Minnie arrived at the castle she invited her younger sister Anna to join her. Anna left Texas at the end of June, 1893. On July 4th she wrote happily to her aunt that "sister, brother Harry, and myself" would leave the next day for Europe, where Anna might remain to study art. She added, "Brother Harry says you need never trouble any more about me, financially or otherwise; he and sister will see to me." This proved prophetic: Anna Williams never was seen or heard from again.

Holmes himself later maintained that Minnie killed her younger sister Anna. The two girls had quarreled over Holmes's affections a week after Anna arrived, he claimed, and Minnie had beaten Anna to death with a stool. Holmes added that he had obligingly put the body in a trunk, had weighted it with lead, and had dumped it into Lake Michigan three miles offshore. Although this seems unlikely, it never was proved or disproved; both girls vanished utterly. (Holmes said also, after his arrest for Pitzel's murder, that Minnie had gone to England with Pitzel's three missing children; this was one of his bland, amazing stories which threw investigators into complete confusion.)

That Minnie outlived Anna is certain. That Holmes got his hands on her money, then killed her, seems almost equally clear. He appeared in Fort Worth as O. C. Pratt, displayed title to Minnie's property, borrowed on it, and prepared to build a house in behalf of his partner, a certain Lyman, who actually was Ben Pitzel. To get a clear field in Chicago and a scapegoat in Fort Worth, Holmes lured his castle caretaker, Pat Quinlan, to Texas and then disappeared, leaving Quinlan to face Holmes's irate creditors. In Chicago Anna vanished forever, and Minnie was not long for this earth.

During this spring and summer of 1893, while Minnie was Holmes's mistress, at least two other young women are known positively to have vanished after coming to live at the castle, supposedly also as his

mistresses, and the police believed that others fared similarly. All his girls were pretty and many were his stenographers. His favorites he had photographed "in the pose and dress affected by actresses." He once displayed these photographs to an acquaintance in his apartments, perhaps while the girls' bodies were decomposing in the cellar below. A contemporary paper noted that he "liked to get a nice, green, young girl fresh from a business college." He hired more than a hundred and fifty women, it was estimated, and he had all of them appointed notaries public so that they could notarize his fraudulent documents (he told the unsuspecting girls that their appointment was a badge of merit). Frequently he included the "typewriters" as dummy directors in his many corporations.

To all his mistress-victims Holmes represented himself as wealthy, whereas in truth it usually was they who had the money, and that was why he seduced and murdered them. Almost without exception, they appear to have had two things in common: beauty and money. They lost both.

IV

TOWARD the end of 1893 matters came to a head for the master and before the year was out he was to be driven from his castle, pursued hotly not by the police but by angry creditors and a fire insurance company he had attempted unsuccessfully to defraud. Old crimes were rising to plague him. In need of money, he set fire to his castle early in November of 1893 and tried to collect on a \$60,000 insurance policy. The proof of loss looked fraudulent, so did the building's ownership. Inspector F. G. Cowie, learning something of Holmes's reputation, shadowed him. He discovered that Holmes had abandoned his family in Wilmette and his castle, and was living furtively in a small hotel on the South Side with Minnie Williams. They moved frequently, and sometimes Ben Pitzel lived with them. The detective described Minnie as "of medium height, with a well-developed figure, big brown eyes, light hair, and what I call a baby face. She didn't seem to know a great deal." Using a fictitious

name, Holmes brazenly appeared at the insurance office to collect; while clerks kept him occupied, Inspector Cowie called on Minnie and told her the plot was exposed; she broke down and surrendered the policy. Cowie dropped the matter.

But Holmes's old creditors began to make serious trouble. He owed them between \$25,000 and \$50,000, much of it for the castle's furnishings. Up to then he had managed to keep his creditors segregated and at bay with smooth talk. Now, on November 22, 1893, they met in a body. Holmes appeared before them and represented himself as an honest man who had fallen on hard times. They were not impressed. Their attorneys prepared to swear out warrants for his arrest the next day. Holmes fled from Chicago.

His next public appearance was in Denver where, on January 17, 1894, he married his third wife, Georgie Anna Pitzel, with Minnie Williams as a witness. (It will be recalled that Minnie once had taught school in Denver.) Georgie Anna was a tall, slender beauty of about twenty-five with flaxen hair and blue eyes so large, one newspaper commented, as to be almost disfiguring. Here is another of the not quite solved mysteries of Holmes's tangled affairs. It is probable that she was the only one of his women that he really loved. For an astonishing length of time she remained loyal to him. Yet in the end she testified against him at his trial for murder. She was the daughter of a respectable family in the small town of Franklin, Indiana. One newspaper described her as "adventurous." She met Holmes when she went to Chicago during the Fair to work in an office with which he was connected. Holmes must have seen her often during that busy year of 1893, when Minnie was his mistress, and various women, including Emily Van Tassel and Emeline Cigrand, were his victims. Yet Georgie Anna he neither seduced, murdered, nor so much as threatened. He must have courted her in a more or less conventional way; her mother had the impression that he was wealthy and a gentleman.

Minnie Williams dropped out of sight early that spring of 1894. Georgie Anna had the field to herself. But the great

days were done. The master was on the run. It is not known with certainty whether he ever again performed his murderous rites in his castle. By June he was in jail in St. Louis charged with a common swindle and Georgie Anna was hiring an attorney to defend him. Before he was released he had confided to Marion Hedgepath his plot to defraud the Philadelphia insurance company by falsely identifying a planted body as that of B. F. Pitzel. Things went according to plan (for everybody but Pitzel) until Hedgepath denounced the plotters. From then on Holmes was a fugitive.

V

Now he embarked on perhaps the most remarkable flight in criminal history. For, instead of going into hiding alone, he took with him not only his own bigamously wedded wife but also the wife and children of his victim. And before he was caught he visited, supposedly, the only woman he ever married legally, his long-forgotten first wife.

The truly fantastic part of this odyssey—and it is characteristic of the man's agility—is that neither Georgie Anna nor Mrs. Pitzel knew that the other was anywhere in the vicinity. Holmes performed such miracles as keeping Mrs. Pitzel and Georgie Anna ignorant of each other's presence on the same train; when they arrived in certain cities he established Mrs. Pitzel in one rooming house, her children in another, and Georgie Anna in a third. And all the while he was inventing lies and carrying on a complicated correspondence involving half a dozen forwarding addresses, all designed to allay Mrs. Pitzel's suspicions that her husband was not in hiding but was dead. Moreover, at the same time Holmes managed to give "\$2,000 and a number of presents" to Georgie Anna; this may have come out of Mrs. Pitzel's insurance money or it may have been part of the proceeds of the sale of some property in Fort Worth which he probably stole from Minnie Williams, deeded to Pitzel, and stole again from Pitzel's widow. (The man's affairs were hopelessly involved; only he could have straightened them out in their proper

order, and perhaps, in the end, even he would have been confused.) Mrs. Pitzel later testified that she had received only \$500 of the insurance money.

Georgie Anna and Mrs. Pitzel and the children did not all constantly accompany Holmes on his ceaseless travels. After committing the murder he had returned to Indianapolis with Georgie Anna (she had been with him in Philadelphia). In the next few weeks he made two trips to St. Louis and one to Philadelphia; since these and other trips involved the divergent interests of Georgie Anna and Mrs. Pitzel, Holmes must of necessity have invented elaborate lies to explain his absences to them. Early in October he left Georgie Anna in Indianapolis and told her he was going to Cincinnati. She joined him in Detroit. He met Mrs. Pitzel there also; he had told her she would see her husband there, but now he stalled her and sent her to her parents at Galva, Illinois. Then they all went to Toronto. But by now three of Mrs. Pitzel's children were missing, perhaps lost in the shuffle. So was her husband; his last letter, written four days before he died, had inquired, "Have you seen or heard from Alice, Nellie, or Howard since this man got possession of them? I have not. . . ." Nearly beside herself, Mrs. Pitzel wanted to know where they were. Holmes said they were being kept by a widow in Indianapolis; he suggested blandly that another of the children, Jeanette, should join them. But he could not remember the widow's name. Nevertheless, so persuasive was he that he convinced Mrs. Pitzel that her children were in good hands and that her husband was alive in Montreal. From Toronto she went to other towns in Canada, then to Ogdensburg, New York, and Burlington, Vermont.

Here she found Holmes digging a hole in the cellar. It was a habit he had. When discovered, he left, and Mrs. Pitzel did not see him again until they both were in police custody. He went to New Hampshire, where he visited his aged parents and, reportedly, his first wife, the girl who had helped put him through medical school. On this visit he settled some old accounts, bought a suit for his son, presented his wife with gifts, and cheated

his brother out of \$300, part of which he reputedly needed to redeem a trunk that contained a body. He then left for Boston, where he was arrested. He decoyed Mrs. Pitzel and her two remaining children into the police net and she was taken to Philadelphia with him.

Here Holmes told a baffling collection of lies concerning the whereabouts of Pitzel and the three Pitzel children. Pitzel, it was quickly established, was dead. (Therein lies the irony of the whole case: Holmes, long-time successful swindler, was ultimately caught in an investigation launched by an insurance company which believed itself defrauded but which actually had not been defrauded at all.) In searching for the missing children, Detective Frank P. Geyer and other officers uncovered Holmes's entire lurid criminal background. They found the bodies of the two little girls, Nellie and Alice, side by side in a shallow grave in the cellar of a house Holmes had rented at Toronto, and they found the boy Howard's charred bones in a stove in a house in Irvington, a suburb of Indianapolis. (Apparently the children had encumbered Holmes's flight.) So well had he concealed his activities that it was not until nearly a year after Pitzel was murdered that the officers learned the truth about the children and the murder castle.

On October 28, 1895, the first day of his trial for Pitzel's murder, Holmes dismissed his attorneys. (Subsequently he recalled them, but to the end it was really he who tried the case.) He displayed a "remarkable familiarity with the law," the newspapers observed; during recesses he sat in the dock and read Stephen's *Digest of the Laws of Evidence*.

The trial was a national sensation. Perhaps the high point came when Holmes cross-examined Georgie Anna Yoke. As he did so "she never raised her eyes, and gave her replies in a whisper. The crier repeated them aloud." Holmes wept. (When he had requested a pre-testimony interview with her, "my wife," the district attorney had snapped, "Which wife?")

The murderer presented no witnesses in his own defense. In closing arguments his attorneys claimed that Pitzel had committed suicide. The jurors didn't believe

it: Though they reportedly reached a verdict immediately, they waited "for a seemly period" before reporting Holmes guilty. A journalist noted the spectators' opinion that the evidence against Holmes really was not strong enough to convict but that the murderer had received what moralists of the day termed his just deserts. He was hanged at Moyamensing Prison.

The case is not wholly satisfactory. To begin with, since Holmes was tried in Philadelphia, no really thoroughgoing investigation ever was made of the crimes for which he is remembered: the slaughter in his murder castle. How many people did he kill? Holmes himself made various statements and "confessions," in which he admitted a varying number of murders. Why did he kill? For money alone? But he was an accomplished swindler; he had easy access to money. Out of passion then? To silence successive mistresses who witnessed his crimes? Or in a perverted spirit of scientific inquiry? (Once he himself said he killed partly for the joy of killing.)

More troublesome still is the consideration of why, precisely, he murdered Pitzel. (One theory is that Pitzel was killed accidentally while he and Holmes were rehearsing the explosion.) Holmes had known Pitzel a long time and, presumably, could trust him. Did he kill Pitzel because he feared betrayal? But Pitzel was as deeply involved as Holmes. Did they

quarrel? Perhaps; four days before his death Pitzel wrote of "this man" Holmes who had "got possession" of the Pitzel children. Or did he kill Pitzel because it was the only way in which he could recover the Fort Worth property which he had stolen from Minnie Williams, then deeded to Pitzel? The motive is not established.

But perhaps the most inexplicable circumstance of all is his taking Marion Hedgepath into his confidence and thus bringing about his own downfall. Holmes was an old hand at corpse manipulation and insurance fraud; he already had enlisted the aid of Pitzel, an associate of long standing. Why did he feel that he needed also an outsider, an attorney? And why, to find one, did he seek help from a common crook, whom he must have despised? And anyway, why detail the whole plot to Hedgepath? Does the answer lie in the traditional egotism of murderers that betrays them into braggadocio? But that is the mark of an amateur, not the mark of a veteran murderer and certainly, above all, not the mark of a professional swindler, one of the wildest, most close-mouthed of all criminals.

No, there simply is no explanation. But for that one fatal indiscretion, Holmes might be alive yet. After all, he would have been only in his seventies when Chicago had another World's Fair. And at that time, though it has since been wrecked, his murder castle still was standing.

THE STRANGE CRUISE OF THE YAWL ZAIDA

Part II

LAWRANCE THOMPSON

Lieutenant, U.S.N.R.



Just after Thanksgiving, 1942, the Coast Guard Reserve yawl Zaida, a former pleasure yacht, went out on Coastal Picket patrol watching for submarines fifty miles offshore. She carried a crew of nine men. At the end of her five-day patrol a storm hit her hard; she capsized, righted herself, and was left drifting helplessly before the terrific gale, with her mizzenmast smashed, her sails torn, and three men injured. Her distress signals were picked up by radio, and Headquarters Commander Eastern Sea Frontier began directing a search for her by ships and planes. About twenty-four hours later a British destroyer sighted Zaida wallowing in mountainous seas and took her in tow; but in the middle of the night the towline parted and the yawl disappeared in the dark. At this point Lieutenant Thompson resumes the narrative this month.—The Editors

THE morning after the tow had parted and we had lost sight of the Limey destroyer we gave up thinking about being rescued and decided that our fate was in our own hands. During the night the steady pounding of the seas had punished us so much that we had felt pretty helpless, but when daylight came we turned to the job of fixing up as best we could.

Zaida was pretty lively. She still pitched and rolled so hard that we couldn't do much because we had to keep one hand wrapped round something for support. Most of the day we just puttered about with little things. We checked over shrouds and rigging to see how much damage had escaped our notice. The spreaders on the mainmast had been weakened, possibly by being hit hard when the life raft carried away. George

said there would be no use trying to sail on a port tack until we had strengthened the port shrouds, otherwise the mainmast might carry away in a blow.

The real trouble was canvas. The storm trys'l had flapped in the wind until it was nothing but rags. With the mizzen gone too, we had only a forestays'l and jib. Joe Choate, still too weak to come up on deck for more than a few minutes at a time, thought we could convert the jib into a storm trys'l and rig it on the mainmast. When George crawled out on the bowsprit and unfastened the jib he found it had been chafed or torn, possibly from contact with the hawser while we were under tow. We wrapped it in a clumsy ball and stuffed it down the companion-way, to work on it in the cabin.

It was too dark in the cabin to work

without light, but the batteries were so weak that we didn't want to use the power for lighting. On the cabin bulkhead, just over the little fireplace, a kerosene lamp swung in gimbals so that it would keep a horizontal position at all times. We had grown to hate that lamp, because it kind of hypnotized us all when the *Zaida* began to roll. You could always tell how much she was rolling just by watching that lamp swaying back and forth, back and forth like a drunk standing still. Smitty had wanted to bust the thing and get rid of it. But now it came in handy, and when we ran out of kerosene Smitty mixed some gasoline with lubricating oil, and whipped up something that worked pretty well as a substitute.

Windsor proved to be the best man we had for patching sail. At some time or other he had worked as a sailmaker, although he hadn't said anything about it. As soon as he got squared away with his sail twine, beeswax, patching canvas, needles, and sailmaker's palm he was happy. The worst part of this jib-conversion job was that our marconi-rig mainmast had a sail track for those metal slides sewn to the luff of the mains'l or trys'l. Of course the jib didn't have any slides, so we had to cut them from what was left of the trys'l luff. Windsor had the extra job of sewing all those slides at regular intervals along the edge of the jib so that they could be fitted to the sail track on the main. It was slow work.

With Jim Watson strapped up in splints and lashed in his bunk with broken ribs, and Joe Choate with a cruddy face, and Smitty not too handsome with his black eye and swollen nose, there were only six men left to stand watch. The Chief had begun to take his turn as soon as we were crippled. We tried all kinds of watches. Nobody had strength to stand four-hour watches after what we'd been through. First we tried standing two hours on and four off. That was the way it went most of the time. It was kind of tough on sleep, and when things moderated a little we tried having only one man on deck during a watch, with another man standing by below so he could be called at short notice if needed.

We kept wondering just where we were:

The standard deck log, which usually lay on the chart shelf at the foot of the companionway, had been washed down into the bilge when we capsized. Somebody dragged it out and dried it off, but the pages stuck together and it wasn't any good. From then on the skipper did all his figuring and reckoning in a little notebook which he kept in his pocket. Joe Choate started to keep a log of his own. Because he was too weak to do anything, and because his wrist watch was the only timepiece still running, he became the official duty officer who would call men for their trick, send them up to relieve those topside, then ask them for course and speed when they came off watch.

We had run out of the worst of the first storm on December 6th. Jobbie and Smitty had got up enough courage to hoist the forestays'l that afternoon and had been able to make a reach on the starboard tack, on a south-southwesterly course. That gave us a little more courage, because the canvas helped steady the yawl and things were a bit more comfortable below. We kept sailing most of that night, even though the wind began to freshen after midnight. Funny how that mid-to-four watch always seems to be the weather watch; during those hours the sky gets round to deciding what it will dish out for the next day. That night, as the hours passed, we could tell that we were in for another blow—or more of the same. All through the morning of the seventh the wind built up seas until we had to haul down the forestays'l and run under bare poles again. The worst of it was that we lost all we had made the day before, because the wind blew us south and east until after dark. During that night the weather moderated again; we hoisted the forestays'l and set our course once more toward land.

II

WE HAD tried to use the marine radio telephone on *Zaida* as soon as we had bailed enough water out to know she was going to stay afloat. But the aerial had been rigged between the mizzen and the mainmast, and when the mizzen carried away, the aerial broke. By the time we had fixed some sort of jury rig for the

aerial we found that the batteries were so weak we could just barely hear the shore stations on our frequency. George and Smitty were the best mechanics aboard, and their work on the generator had taken quite a little time. They had lifted it out of the engine-room hold underneath the cockpit and carried it below to work on it. They swore that when they had the generator working again they were going to take the head off the auxiliary engine and do a job on that. The skipper said he'd settle for the generator just then because he was anxious to get the radio phone working. Before they were done with the overhaul and had tried to use the watered gas, someone else had checked the radio phone and had found water in it.

Smitty and George finally began to get some power back into the batteries. At first the generator choked and backfired; then it began running by fits and starts. As it got warmed up it would race along on good gas for a minute or so, then cough and slow down. Smitty would dive for the adjuster, monkey with it until the motor picked up again, then cock his head on one side and worry over it like a doctor looking at a very sick patient. Slowly the batteries got stronger. After a while we could turn the radio on long enough to hear our shore station calling other Picket Boats. That cheered us up.

About daylight on December 9th George and Smitty announced that they had enough power in the batteries to send a message, but they couldn't promise the juice would last very long. So the skipper picked up the telephone and started talking. He had done it so many times before, when the phone was dead, that nobody paid much attention to him. We almost fell over when we heard the Block Island station answering him. It caught him by surprise too. He had said that we had an urgent message, but when he was told to go ahead with his message he couldn't seem to think what to say! Finally he came through with five words: "Condition favorable, three men injured." The Block Island operator repeated the message, and the skipper acknowledged: "Message correct." I'll never forget Smitty's face. He was so disgusted he couldn't even swear.

I don't know what he expected the skipper to say. We couldn't very well give our position because we didn't really know. Of course both the skipper and Choate had kept their own dead reckoning, based on our having been blown south and east, having sailed southwest for a day, then having been blown south and east again. Smitty claimed that came out to some kind of position and said the skipper should have been ready to give it.

The skipper kept his mouth shut. During the rest of the morning he turned on the radio each hour at the scheduled time. About noon we heard our own shore station calling CGR 3070. The skipper tried to reply, and was given a message to the effect that we should charge our batteries without using the radio again until 2000 that night, when we should be expected to report our position. Other stations would be listening for us. The skipper tried to acknowledge but couldn't tell whether or not his "Roger" got through. We were all pretty excited over that message because it was the first time we had been in real contact with a living soul for what seemed like a month of Sundays. Smitty and George went back to the generator and started it up again. The rest of us began straining enough gas to have a supply in store. All afternoon we just waited.

Not that we forgot to sail. The storms seemed to be coming in hour cycles, but we were getting bolder and took a chance on using the forestays'l off and on, so we were beating back toward shore. We figured we must be somewhere on a latitude with Atlantic City, but maybe four hundred miles east. We were probably making two or three knots southwest—which meant that we might hope for a landfall on Palm Beach, Florida, sometime early in January! We tried to forget that, and just kept talking about what might come of our little radio program that evening.

As the hour came close we all got more and more keyed up. Smitty tested the batteries, and the skipper checked the radio phone to be sure everything was in order. The rest of us did our best to crowd around the companionway so we could hear whatever came over the air.

Finally the skipper turned on the radio, and we heard our shore station calling CGR 3070. Then the skipper began to talk. He gave our dead-reckoning position, course, and speed, then said conditions were fairly good. When he switched over to receive, all he could hear was a voice droning away on our frequency. Whatever the voice was saying it had nothing to do with us. We tried again and again but never got any answer. All the time our transmitter kept growing weaker and weaker. Smitty tried charging the batteries again, but no luck. Our little radio program had ended—a failure.

At about 0630 on December 9th the controller at Headquarters in New York received a telephone call from a Coast Guard radio station on Long Island, reporting that a fairly strong message had been received on standard Coastal Picket frequency, stating that CGR 3070 was calling her own station; that she had an "urgent message." Unfortunately, the message itself was garbled by interference and could not be logged. A few minutes later a dispatch from the Coast Guard radio station on Block Island reported that it had received the entire message from CGR 3070; that it was: "Condition favorable. Three men injured."

The controller called in the plotting officers to ask their advice. What did they make of this message? Some were skeptical. It sounded like a hoax. Why should two small stations intercept such a message from a vessel well offshore when more powerful stations monitoring the same frequency had not heard any message? If the yawl were in the area where the search had been conducted—some hundred miles east of George's Bank—then her radio message should have been more clearly heard by one of the larger stations on Cape Cod or at Boston.

The officers who took pride in their blue-water sailing days were quick to advance their own opinions. Everyone had taken it for granted that the vessel had been running before the wind all the time. But unless the storm had been incredibly severe, there was every reason to believe that the yawl had started beating back toward her base under mizzen and heads'l. (Nobody had reported that Zaida had lost her jigger; it was thought merely that her sails were in bad shape.) The chances were that she might have got off a weak message and that it had been just strong enough to reach the nearest stations—one on

Block Island, one on Long Island. Considering her last known position, as reported by H. M. S. Caldwell, and other variable factors after that report was received, she might have been beating back toward home for the past three days, might even now be near Nantucket Lightship.

How else could one explain the mystery of the radio message? Other search areas had been combed by ships and aircraft, day and night; there could be no harm in trying to locate the lost yawl nearer her base. The controller organized a new search. Airfields were requested to alert planes returning through the Nantucket area from their dawn patrols. The Coast Guard was requested to inform its Coastal Pickets in the area, so that they might try to contact their sister ship and give her assistance. A sturdy sea-going tug at New London was ordered out to conduct an extensive search in co-ordination with Army and Navy aircraft, which would also cover the same sector. The Naval Air Station at Lakehurst was advised to have an airship stand by with first-aid kits and packets of food and water, which might be lowered on a line or dropped by parachute.

There was still another method by which the yawl might be located. If she could use her radio she could be located by radio-direction-finders. If three separate stations could report a bearing, these bearings could be plotted on a chart—and where the three lines intersected, the yawl's position would be indicated. The District Coast Guard Officer took charge of the plan. The yawl would be told to charge her batteries in preparation for a continued transmission at 2000 that night; all stations in the area would keep silence and monitor the frequency, while radio-direction-finders took bearings on her.

At 2000 all stations which might normally use the Coastal Picket frequency were silent, from Massachusetts to Virginia. Nobody had thought of interference from stations as far away as Mobile, Alabama. But the radio operators who tried to pick up even the faintest word from the CGR 3070 were thwarted by the steady monotone of voices going conscientiously about their business in Mobile.

That was not the end. The same procedure was tried again on the night of December 10th. Stations as far south as Norfolk were directed to broadcast to the CGR 3070 the following message: "All stations East Coast will keep silent and listen for you to make a report at 2200 to 2215 to-night." All stations did keep quiet. All listened. There was nothing but silence.

III

THE day after the radio phone incident the sea moderated so much that we decided the time had come to try out the jib as a storm trys'l on the mainmast. The worst trouble was that when the original trys'l had given way, the shackle on the main halyard had torn out and been hauled aloft to the top of the mast. We tried to get it down so we could use it for hauling up the new trys'l, but the weather was so rough that no one could go aloft in a bo'sun's chair, and even George was too weak to climb the shrouds.

The upshot was that we had to make a jury rig of the converted storm trys'l. Old Windsor's job of sewing on the slides for the sail track really looked like a professional piece of work—and as we came up into the wind and hauled up the trys'l, the patches were so neat that they seemed almost ornamental.

Just as we finished, and were ready to settle down on a southwesterly course, someone shouted, "Squall on the starboard beam." At first all we could see was a smoky bank of cloud that rose several hundred feet from the ocean. Under it the water had a dark and ominous color, flecked with whitecaps. When we first saw it, it couldn't have been more than four miles away, and rolling down on us fast from the northwest. As we all stood there staring we could hear something that sounded like the roar of breakers on the shore. Joe Choate was the first one to say anything:

"That's a damn sight more than squall. Down sail and make everything secure before she hits." The man at the wheel brought the ship's head up into the wind and we dropped our new trys'l in a hurry. Hands and arms round the boom, tying the furled sail fast; plenty of stops. Down came the forestays'l with a clatter and swish; more furling, more stops. Sheets taken up, all extra lines stowed through the fo'c'sle hatch, all hatches battened down, all snugged down aloft and below. Before we had finished we could hear the wind louder, could feel the rain blown ahead like a heavy mist. Then the shrouds began to sing.

The two men on watch were struggling

into boots and adding oilskins over their heavy-weather gear as they kept wary eyes to windward. They both broke out the familiar life lines, snapped them round their bodies, and bent the free ends round the stanchion in the cockpit. The rest of us climbed down into the companionway. The last look I got, the sky to le'ward was a dirty yellow, the storm area was coppery along the edges and black underneath. To the north the black was toned down by a solid gray of falling rain. I pulled the hatch in place and groped my way down to the cabin. *Zaida* pitched and rolled in a way that can't be described.

All that night the gale and seas kicked us around. From the way *Zaida* pitched and rolled everyone knew that this was worse than what we had already gone through. We worried about the men on watch. We worried for fear the mainmast would snap off and go overboard. But there was nothing we could do.

It was decided that two men would stand an hour watch together that night, and even that seemed too long. The wind steadily built up to a gale that seemed powerful enough to break *Zaida* into kindling wood. But she took it all and ran bravely before the wind. We could tell from the sound of water along the hull that she was tearing along at the same speed she would have made with balloon sails on forestay and jibstay in good racing weather. If only she had been headed in the right direction we might have felt better; but we were adding one more leg to our zigzag cruise—and this leg was carrying us farther and farther out to sea, south and east.

All that night and all the next morning the storm continued. By noon we began to tell one another the gale had lessened a bit, but the seas kept running in great forty-foot rollers. At one minute *Zaida* would be down in a trough; then she would be picked up into the air by her taffrail until she seemed to be hanging off a clothesline; for a second she would steady on the crest before the roller slid from under and left her briefly with her bowsprit pointing up into the scud.

About 1600 that afternoon, the lookouts started shouting, "Ship on the port bow!"

It was a new destroyer, one of our own, bearing down on us under plenty of steam. Every time she dipped, her bow buried itself in the sea and took tons of water over the for'ard deck. Then the bow rose slowly and shook the water off in great masses of white foam. At about the same time we saw a long line of freighters and tankers off the port bow—thirty or forty of them plowing along less than three miles away. It was a convoy; the destroyer was a part of her escort group.

Good enough! Join the Navy and see the world! If we were taken aboard the outbound destroyer, we might see quite a piece of the world before we got back to port! We all started shouting and laughing above the noise of the storm.

IV

WE WERE sure we would be rescued. Nobody thought anything about how we would be taken off *Zaida*. Even when the destroyer left the long procession of merchant vessels and kept bucking those forty-foot seas as she started swinging around us, she looked so large and powerful that we felt she could do anything. We might have remembered how the Limey destroyer had nearly scared us to death when she bore down on us with nets over the side. But that seemed ages ago, and now we were ready to take all kinds of chances to end the long punishment.

The big searchlight on the destroyer bridge began blinking at us, and the skipper called for the Aldis lamp so he could answer. We had rigged the lamp to a thirty-two-volt battery that Smitty had salvaged from our wrecked lighting system. The skipper started to signal; but the chop and rollers kept rising so high between *Zaida* and the destroyer that we couldn't even see her bridge at times. We kept asking the skipper what the destroyer had said, and finally he told us she wanted to know if we needed assistance. We let out whoops and bellows. The skipper waited until we were lifted high on the top of a wave and blinked his "Affirmative." Then the searchlight on the destroyer broke into such a rapid blinking that the skipper couldn't read it, and asked for the message again. We

kept asking him what they said until he told us to shut up. Finally he said the destroyer had asked if we wanted to be taken off. In one voice we all turned toward the destroyer and bellowed a chorus of "Yes, yes, yes." Of course it was silly trying to shout in that gale, but we were all too excited to think of that. The skipper blinked his answer again. For a few minutes we watched, until the destroyer had closed us enough so we could see the faces of the officers and men on the wing of the bridge; then she changed course and fell off to le'ward.

About that time our man at the wheel started shouting that we were being blown right into the course of the freighters in the convoy. The column nearest us was so widely spaced between ships that we hadn't noticed how we had been gaining on the freighters. Now we were in for it. The worst part of it was that we couldn't make enough leeway to keep clear. The skipper said not to worry about that; the freighters could see us and wouldn't run us down. We weren't so sure.

As we crossed astern of the first merchant vessel in the column she towered up above us like a floating city. Having seen nothing but clouds, snow, rain, and the crazy ocean for days, we had lost our sense of size. When *Zaida* had been everything that stood between us and Davy Jones' Locker, she had seemed pretty important. Now she was dwarfed to the size of a museum model as these huge ships hammered their way through seas and plowed up geysers of foam and spray that fell from bow to midships. When we came close enough to see men on the le'ward rails of the freighters they stared and waved—so we stared and waved back. It must have seemed fantastic to the men on the freighters to see us, without power or sail, being driven by the wind faster than they were moving, diagonally through the whole convoy formation.

By the time we had moved a half-mile or so beyond the first column we came charging into the second. This time we weren't so lucky, because our course seemed to be blowing us smack up against a tanker that kept her decks more under water than out. But the tanker veered

off to starboard until our courses were parallel for a time, then fell astern, and finally cut back to port and continued on course. We all started laughing when we realized we were making better time than the convoy. Someone suggested we take the convoy in tow and get the supplies to the other side that much faster.

The reason for the difference in speed was clear. The convoy was taking the storm pretty much on the port beam, and that made heavy going that must have reduced speed. Then too, those great hulks sat low in the water and took the seas in solid body blows. *Zaida*, for all her pitching and tossing, rode the seas just like a sea gull. Along would come a monster wave that seemed to rise higher than the mast, while we were down in the trough. Looking aft, we could see nothing but that great wall of sea bearing down on us and threatening to bury us under hundreds of tons of cold and boiling water. The next minute we would be climbing stern-first up the side of that mountain, as though we had suddenly started going backward at a great rate of speed. Then the forward motion of the wave would pick us up and drive us ahead of it, surfboard fashion. Sometimes we would be swept forward so fast that it scared you to watch. After a few seconds the wave would sweep in under us until we were perched high on the crest. As the huge roller swept beyond the bowsprit we would drop back down into the next trough to wait for another big fellow.

All this time the destroyer kept following us, dodging around the freighters and tankers, having a hard time keeping up. Somewhere in that game of hide-and-seek she signaled to the skipper that she couldn't possibly take us aboard. The skipper told Joe what she had said, and all of a sudden we felt as though the bottom had dropped out from under us. Apparently the skipper felt the same way, because he turned to Joe Choate and said he had a mind to ask them to shoot him a line so he could be hauled aboard the destroyer and tell them just how badly off we were. It sounded like a mad thing to say, but he meant it. Joe looked at him for a second without making any answer, then said he thought the skipper's place was

aboard *Zaida* with the rest of us. That made the skipper furious, and he began to protest that he didn't mean he was going to abandon us; he wanted to take any chance if only he could make certain we could be rescued. Joe said something about its being impossible to live in seas like that even on the end of a life-line. So the skipper stopped talking about it.

He climbed back on the cabin overhead with the Aldis lamp and started blinking. We didn't know what he was saying and he didn't tell us. But after he had finished he told somebody to get pencil and paper from the companionway chart drawer. He had asked for our position. When the destroyer had answered, and someone had written the figures down, we were all curious to know what it amounted to. Several of us went below to see it plotted on the chart: roughly, three hundred miles east of Norfolk, Virginia! And making about ten knots southeast, hour after hour. The skipper admitted that this was fully one hundred miles different from his own dead reckoning; but he didn't say whether he had thought we were nearer shore or farther out to sea. At that stage it didn't make much difference.

There was another message blinking across the rough waters to us—a long one that we couldn't follow entirely because the seas shut out parts of it. The skipper said nothing after it had stopped but he blinked a short answer. We kept an eye on the destroyer and saw her move out in a wide arc until she was steaming dead ahead on our course. She seemed to reduce speed for a while, but she was so often hidden from us that we couldn't tell what she was up to. Nothing happened for about twenty minutes. All of a sudden someone in the *Zaida* cockpit shouted that he had seen two drums on the crest of a wave slightly forward of our starboard beam. We watched, and the two drums rose into sight and slid down into another trough about a hundred feet away.

The drums were painted black and were lashed together. Although they were far enough away to be slightly to leeward, we were already so nearly abeam of them that we couldn't change our course without being capsized. Jobbie was so anxious to get a line on the drums that he of-

ferred to bend a sheet round his waist and swim for them. He had the build of a swimmer, and was so strong that he might have been able to make it. He was sure he could. But the skipper and Joe insisted that it would be impossible because the yawl was making such rapid headway that the drums were already falling astern. Smitty complained that if only he had known the destroyer was going to drop the drums overboard we could have changed course gradually and could have picked them up.

The worst of it was that the early winter twilight was already darkening the water. What we didn't know at the time was that the destroyer had paid out the drums full of food and water on a long line; that she apparently couldn't tell whether or not her method of sending us supplies was going to work. I don't know why she didn't change her course until the line crossed our bow. It looked as though she swung back to le'ward of us and recovered the drums after the experiment failed. She half circled us again, trying to think up something else to do, then blinked a short message and headed back toward the convoy, already out of sight in the haze.

On December 14th, the day after Zaida had her rendezvous with the North African convoy, but many hours before the escort commander was able to report the incident (since he was required to keep radio silence until a specified leg of his journey had been covered), a discouraging piece of information reached the control room at Eastern Sea Frontier Headquarters. A neutral vessel about three hundred miles north of Bermuda reported that she had sighted what appeared to be a derelict two-masted schooner. At first those who read the dispatch feared that CGR 3070 had been found, but it turned out that the derelict was a Coastal Picket which had been driven ashore at Truro, Massachusetts, on December 2d, by the same unexpected storm which had disabled Zaida, and then, after the crew had been taken off, had been swept out to sea.

The plotting officers in the control room realized that if the derelict had been blown three hundred miles southeast, then Zaida might now be somewhere in the same general area. Following this line of reasoning, the Commander Eastern Sea Frontier requested the United

States Naval Operating Base at Bermuda to conduct air searches in the area of the derelict schooner, in the hope of sighting CGR 3070.

Into the midst of this guesswork and circumstantial reasoning came the necessarily delayed report from the escort commander: "CGR 3070, Latitude 37-40, Longitude 69-50 at 1800, December 13th. Seaworthy but in need of assistance not rendered due weather, darkness, and necessity other employment of escorts."

On December 15th a search was organized to cover a vast circle around the reported position. Nine PBT's, three B-17's, and a fast destroyer were assigned to the search. The planes covered their assignments until they were low on fuel, returned to their various bases, and made their reports: "Conducted search to-day with negative results." Late that afternoon the destroyer made her report while still proceeding with the search: "Results negative."

On December 16th the same number of planes swept a new area with no better luck. Later reports indicated that some of them had missed CGR 3070 by not more than 25 miles.

V

IT WOULD be hard to make you understand how we felt aboard *Zaida* that night after we saw the destroyer show her fantail to us and start plowing back into the dusk after her convoy. If only the weather had been different we shouldn't have minded. But in that terrible gale it seemed as if something snapped in us.

Yet the more we thought about it and talked to one another about it the more we decided things could be much worse. We knew that some lifeboats in the Atlantic had drifted for weeks through all kinds of cold and hunger before the survivors were picked up. By comparison we were well off. Our food was running low, but there was still enough if we were careful. Our water was brackish, and the tanks weren't very large, but we knew we could collect rainwater. And best of all, there was *Zaida*. She had lost her mizzen and a lot of canvas; she had pieces of tin cans nailed over her vents; she couldn't count on her auxiliary engine; but, by God, she still kept sailing even without any canvas. The storms couldn't keep up forever. As soon as we hit the Gulf Stream we could rig sail and work back toward shore.

About December 15th we ran out of the storm, and the skies began to clear. We hoisted our makeshift trys'l and fore-stays'l—and almost immediately ran out of a breeze. After all the banging and slatting we had taken from that series of storms it seemed unbelievable to find ourselves suddenly becalmed in the middle of the Gulf Stream. But the best part of it was that all of us began to catch up on sleep again.

After a while a good breeze sprang up, and we set our course due west. From then on we lost track of time pretty much. The only thing that really mattered was food and water. Even underneath our beards, which had begun to get quite handsome by that time, there was plenty of indication that faces were getting thin. Smitty, who must have weighed close to two hundred pounds at the beginning of the cruise, began to get himself stripped down to a normal size. Ward Weimer found when he took the wheel that he couldn't handle it because his wrists got too painful when he put his body behind them. Some of the others found that whenever they heaved on a line their bowels would move without the slightest warning. Smitty seemed to be the only one to develop any kind of skin troubles of serious nature: boils on his arms and legs. The rest of us all had some kind of rash at times, but nothing that really bothered us.

Considering the number of days we had to put up with one another, we got along fine. There were times when we would get into little arguments over the best way to do things, but the only altercation that continued day after day was the feud between Smitty and the skipper. They just rubbed each other the wrong way. For instance, there was the little incident of the revolvers. One day when the atmosphere had got nasty, and the skipper had bawled Smitty out for something, the skipper went down to the cabin and started to clean his .38. After all the salt water in the cabin, the revolver certainly needed cleaning. But while he was right in the middle of it, Smitty came off watch; and when he saw what the skipper was doing he began digging into his duffel bag. Earlier in the fall, when we had been told we couldn't have any more ammunition al-

lowance for target practice, Smitty had offered to bring aboard a .45 automatic of his own and enough ammunition for limited target practice. That had been approved, and we had all taken turns blasting away at tin cans on the water. So now Smitty hauled out his .45 automatic, sat down on his bunk opposite the skipper, and went to work cleaning and oiling it. Nothing was said by anyone.

A day or two later the skipper and Smitty had another argument. Shortly after they got over the worst of it, Smitty went to Joe Choate, who still spent most of his time in his bunk because of his weakened condition, and handed him something done up flat in a cloth. All he said was, "Hide this. I don't want to know where it is, and I don't want to be able to find it." Joe knew what it was, from the weight. He hid it.

VI

ON DECEMBER 17TH—four days after our encounter with the convoy—we sighted a Flying Fortress. It was pretty exciting to see that enormous bird out there. We had figured that we must still be more than three hundred miles from shore, and we didn't expect to see a plane that far out.

She dropped a package of supplies for us by parachute, but it hit the water so hard that the package burst open and all the supplies sank before we could reach them. We turned to look at the Fortress, but she had already started back toward land and in a couple of minutes she was out of sight.

Although we were disappointed to lose that fat package the Flying Fortress had dropped we were too busy with the cares of lookout and seamanship to waste much time over it. The incident just seemed to fit into the breaks of the game—most of them against us—and we settled down to the job of sailing westward until we could make a landfall. A spanking breeze continued throughout the night of December 17th and grew even stronger during the 18th and 19th. Earlier, we might have considered that northwesterly blow to be too much for our stick and our sail. But on this leg of the cruise we knew

exactly how much we could do with the mainmast, how much punishment the shrouds could take. So we began leaving the trys'l and forestays'l up, day and night.

Food and water worried us more than anything else. During the next few days there were several rain squalls that gave us a little water, but the ritual of the daily meal got to be more and more unpleasant. As each man would get his cupful his eyes would travel around from cup to cup, just to see if anyone got more than he did. Nobody said anything about it; nobody needed to.

On December 22d the weather got plenty nasty again. The wind swung round into the east, and we began beating and reaching by turns on a course that was roughly northwest. On the watch from eleven to midnight the wind seemed to be swinging round to the north. At times it would blow up to a snow squall, then moderate until the visibility improved. When Smitty came up into the cockpit that night he said, "Well, I'm going to pick up a shore light to-night; you watch."

That was getting to be a pretty old gag, but this time it was true. He said afterward that he saw it three or four different times before he dared to say anything about it, he had been fooled so many times. But after a while he started yelling for the others to come up and take a look. The skipper got just as excited about it as we did, until it occurred to him that it might be marking a shoal or a sunken wreck. We thought the best thing to do would be to pull up alongside it and see if we could make fast until morning. The wind had moderated quite a bit, but there were still the rollers to make us worry about being smacked against the buoy and having a hole stove through along the waterline. The best we could do was let *Zaida* ride hove to and hope that we could keep paying off within sight of the buoy until daylight. Then we could decide on whether or not the color of the water and the set of the waves indicated shoals.

Just then Smitty shouted, "Look!" and pointed beyond the buoy. In the darkness, not more than a hundred yards away, we could see the dark outline of a small Patrol Boat, completely blacked out.

Her course was bringing her past the buoy and astern of us. We thought for a while she was going to pass us by, for she kept on her course until she was almost out of sight. Her crew had seen our flashlight but had thought we were a submarine; they deliberately moved on past so they could get set for an attack, with all guns manned and depth charges set for shallow depth explosions. It's lucky we weren't blown out of the water for our pains.

When the Patrol Boat turned back we were upwind from her and she could hear us shouting before she could see us. Smitty kept waving the feeble flashlight, trying to light up our deck and sails. He bellowed that we had been out for three weeks, that we were low on food and water, and could they give us a tow to shore. I think the skipper of the Patrol Boat was still suspicious. He shouted back that he was low on gas and couldn't tow us, that we were in a danger area (whatever that meant), and that we shouldn't go north of the buoy; just stay hove to and wait until daylight, when they would lead us in.

While we were still shouting back and forth, the wind freshened and snow began to fall. It was quite a little squall, and in no time we had lost sight of the Patrol Boat. Under the circumstances we couldn't even be sure of keeping any position in relation to the buoy. So we jibed round and ran down-wind to get out of trouble. The farther we went the worse the wind blew. After a while we took down sail and ran before the storm again.

At 0052 on the morning of December 23d the controller at Headquarters received a message from Norfolk. A Coast Guard boat on patrol near Buoy 6 in 34-50 North, 75-40 West, had sighted CGR 3070 and had found that everything was all right aboard except that she was just about out of water and supplies. There were rough seas running, heavy surf on shore. The Patrol Boat had lost sight of CGR 3070 in a snow squall, but was still searching.

This time Zaida must not get away. The final search was ordered. Reports began coming in long before dawn. Everything was ready. There would be two OS2U-3's and one PBY out of the Naval Air Station at Norfolk, two airships out of Elizabeth City, North Carolina,

two Civilian Air Patrol planes and one JRF from other fields in the vicinity. Their first reports indicated that conditions were not so good. Visibility poor, with promise of better conditions by afternoon.

Noon passed without any word of success from any of the surface craft or patrol planes; 1300, 1400, still nothing. At 1438, the long-awaited message came: an airship had found the yawl at 34-34 North, 75-15 West.

VII

EVERN though we had lost the buoy we knew that the long ordeal was over. It was obvious that we must be fairly near land, and we expected that the Patrol Boat would find us soon after daylight. If not, so much the better: we'd sail right into the nearest harbor without any help from anyone. All of a sudden we felt glad that the Limey destroyer hadn't been able to tow us in to port, that the convoy escort commander had had to leave us to our own fate, that the big Flying Fortress hadn't been a Navy duck that could land and take us off *Zaida*. The idea of leaving her all to herself out in the middle of nowhere wouldn't have bothered us too much when we were scared stiff by the storm. But now that she had brought us safely in we all had a new love for her and felt that she had been the real heroine of our strange adventure.

That last morning the sky was overcast, and rain squalls came by fits and starts. But we had the sails set and were slogging along on what we hoped would be the last leg of our cruise. By noon the wind eased and the sun began to burn through the lifting clouds. As the visibility improved we took turns searching the horizon for the first sight of land. But the Navy and the Coast Guard didn't give us the satisfaction of making a landfall. About 1400 that afternoon one of the lookouts shouted, "Blimp," and pointed off the starboard beam.

We saw her long before we could hear the steady roar of her motors; but from the way she kept her course it seemed she had sighted us first. Before she had even started to circle us we were shouting and laughing. The tension was broken, and for the first time there were tears in our

eyes and an almost hysterical tone of excitement in our voices. Before the blimp swung directly over us we were all on deck except poor Watson, who was still nursing his ribs in his bunk. Pretty soon she dropped a package of food, along with a note saying: "Your position reported. Sit tight. Help on way—K-13."

Then the planes began to appear—first one, then another, and another. They came in at different altitudes, circled *Zaida*, dipped their wings and gunned their motors. They made a fine reception committee. We stood and gawked at them like bumpkins at a country fair. One of them nosed down and dropped another bundle of food that hit the water with a splash. We fished it in, tore it open, and made a deck picnic out of it. Nobody wanted to go below for fear of missing the fun. Within an hour we had counted nine planes and two blimps.

Then the Patrol Boats came. The first to show up was a Coast Guard 83-footer that blinked a message saying she had instructions to take us aboard and put a skeleton crew on *Zaida*. While she was creeping up alongside, her crew began shouting at us and holding their clasped hands over their shoulders. The boys on *Zaida* who had been itching for a smoke asked for cigarettes—and half-filled packs sailed across to the deck. There was a scramble to save them. The crew that came aboard to relieve us began looking *Zaida* over as if she were a museum piece, but we left her to their curiosity. The Patrol Boat was warped alongside, and we climbed over to the deck.

The end at last, and no mistake about it this time! Commander Eastern Sea Frontier thought it wasn't quite the end. Arrange for a special transport plane, he said, to bring the skipper and crew to New York on December 24th. Then make all necessary plans to be certain that each one of the crew would reach home in time to spend Christmas Day with his family.

A few hours later Zaida's crew were safely ashore at the Coast Guard Station at Ocracoke—twenty-seven days after the start of their strange cruise. All nine were with their families for Christmas. Within a few weeks Zaida was repaired and back on station, the most famous veteran of the Coastal Picket Patrol.



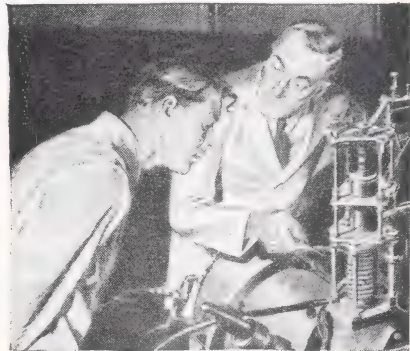
Helping the tire maker: Pictured here is a laboratory model of the new Westinghouse-developed "mass spectrometer," an adaptation of which analyzes gases with incredible swiftness and accuracy. Right now, one of the most important of its many uses is speeding up tremendously a step in the making of synthetic rubber.

Westinghouse research accepts every wartime challenge . . .

Under the spur of war, Westinghouse research is delving into numberless mysteries, not only in the vast field of electricity and electronics, but also in chemistry, physics, metallurgy, plastics. And as a result, out of the great Westinghouse laboratories has come a steady stream of new war products, and new and better ways of making old ones.

Westinghouse research develops new talent for America . . .

To Westinghouse, each year, come several hundred budding scientists and engineers—to work, to learn, to blaze new trails in electrical research. And each year, through more than 100 Westinghouse scholarships, young men enter America's engineering colleges to develop the native skill and talent that have made America great and will make it greater.



Westinghouse research promises new wonders for peace . . .

You have heard much talk of the marvels science will offer you after the War. Well, there *will* be marvels—plenty of them—and Westinghouse research is working to contribute its full share. But we will never lose sight of what we consider our first duty: seeing that, beyond all question, each Westinghouse product, old or new, is the very finest of its kind. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Penna. Plants in 25 cities, offices everywhere.



PERSONAL AND Otherwise



ANY COLOR AS LONG AS IT'S RED

WE HAD quite a time getting the shade of red which (we hope) makes *Harper's* rise right up off the newsstand and ask you to buy it this month. None of the ink catalogues had what we wanted, but we finally got it from a car-card in the suburban New York trains, a copy which we acquired through the courtesy of Transportation Displays, Inc., of New York City. With the card as a guide, the rest was easy.



WE EAT CROW

THIS is the sort of blunder that gripes us beyond words. In the November issue we ran a piece called "Crash in the Jungle." The author was Major Frank P. Bender, and we had him in the Marine Corps instead of identifying him as an officer of the Army Air Force.



OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS PERTURBED

READERS of *William Henry Chamberlin's* "Canada Swings to the Left" may recall that there was much political discontent in Canada during the First World War and that, in 1919, the Conservatives were defeated in the Ontario elections. In that year the Labour Party and the Farmers' Party combined and won 56 seats—enough to form an administration. The Farmers' Party won elections also in Alberta and Manitoba. There was a general strike in Winnipeg and the city was in turmoil for five weeks—a contrast to Seattle where the general strike of that year folded up on the third day.

This radical swing was short-lived and the old parties successfully made a come back. But things were never the same. Canadian wheat was in trouble and it has been in trouble ever since. (In the twenty years between 1901 and 1921 the farm acreage in Saskatchewan and Alberta increased from 6½ to 73 million acres. Wheat export from Vancouver boomed because of the opening of the Panama Canal.) Now the whole world is in an agricultural jam and an industrial jam as well. Production is a cinch. The question is: Who's got the money to buy? It may be that some sort of speculative boom after this war will chill the prospects of the Canadian C.C.F., but right now it looks as if their chances were pretty good.

Mr. Chamberlin is an old contributor. He spent eighteen years abroad as a foreign correspondent in Russia, Japan, and France. Among his many books are a number about Russia; the most recent of these is *The Russian Enigma*. A chapter of this book called "The Sources of Russia's Strength" first appeared in *Harper's*. His most recent article was "The Middle Road: Postwar," published in the May issue.

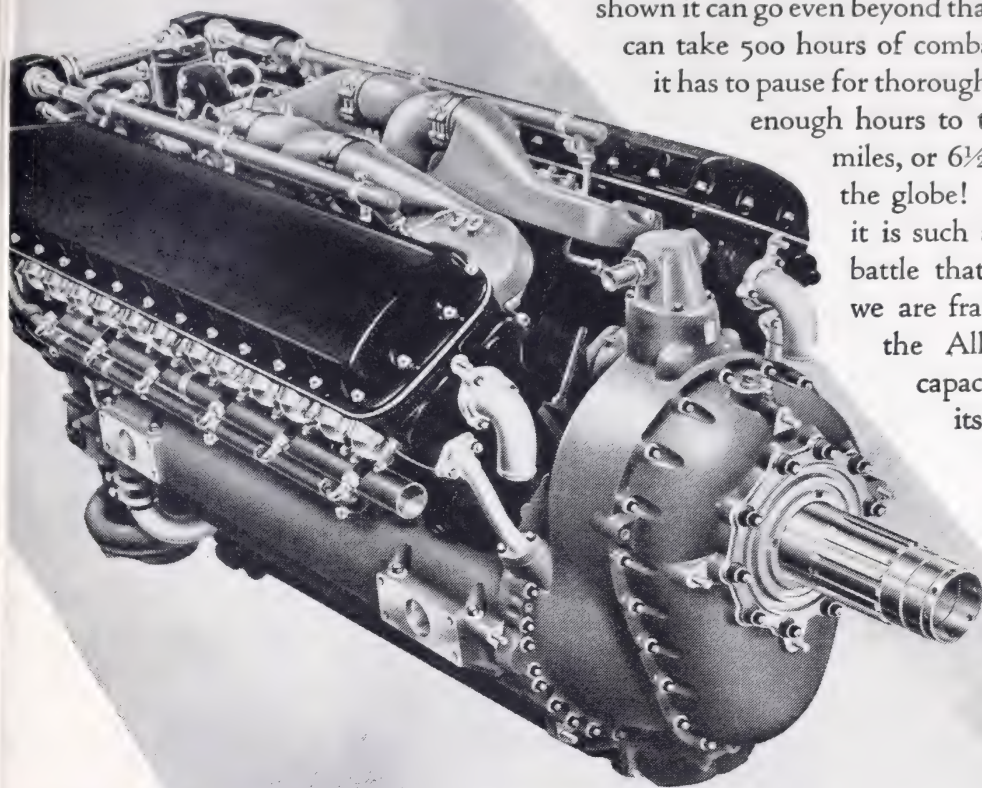


REVOLT OF AN ORPHAN CHILD

THORSTEIN VEBLEN would probably call the use of butter an example of conspicuous waste. Certainly social custom has not tolerated margarine in refined households. The folklore proves it with the old wisecrack: "Oleo, my Margarine, I take you for butter or worse." But things are different now and if, as *Wesley McCune* seems to think, the

MORE HOURS FOR FIGHTING

In pre-Pearl Harbor days, 180 hours of service in the air was the most expected of a fighter aircraft engine between major overhauls. ★ It's different now — the official time between overhauls has been more than doubled. ★ However, the Allison engine has shown it can go even beyond that. If need be, it can take 500 hours of combat duty before it has to pause for thorough going-over — enough hours to travel 162,500 miles, or 6½ times around the globe! ★ In wartime, it is such availability for battle that counts — and we are frankly proud of the Allison's proved capacity for keeping its battle-fitness.



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51—Mustang

Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL
MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
— NBC Network

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF



KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE WAR BONDS





HAUNTED BY OLEOMARGARINE

Charles W. Holman, Secretary of the National Cooperative
Milk Producers Federation

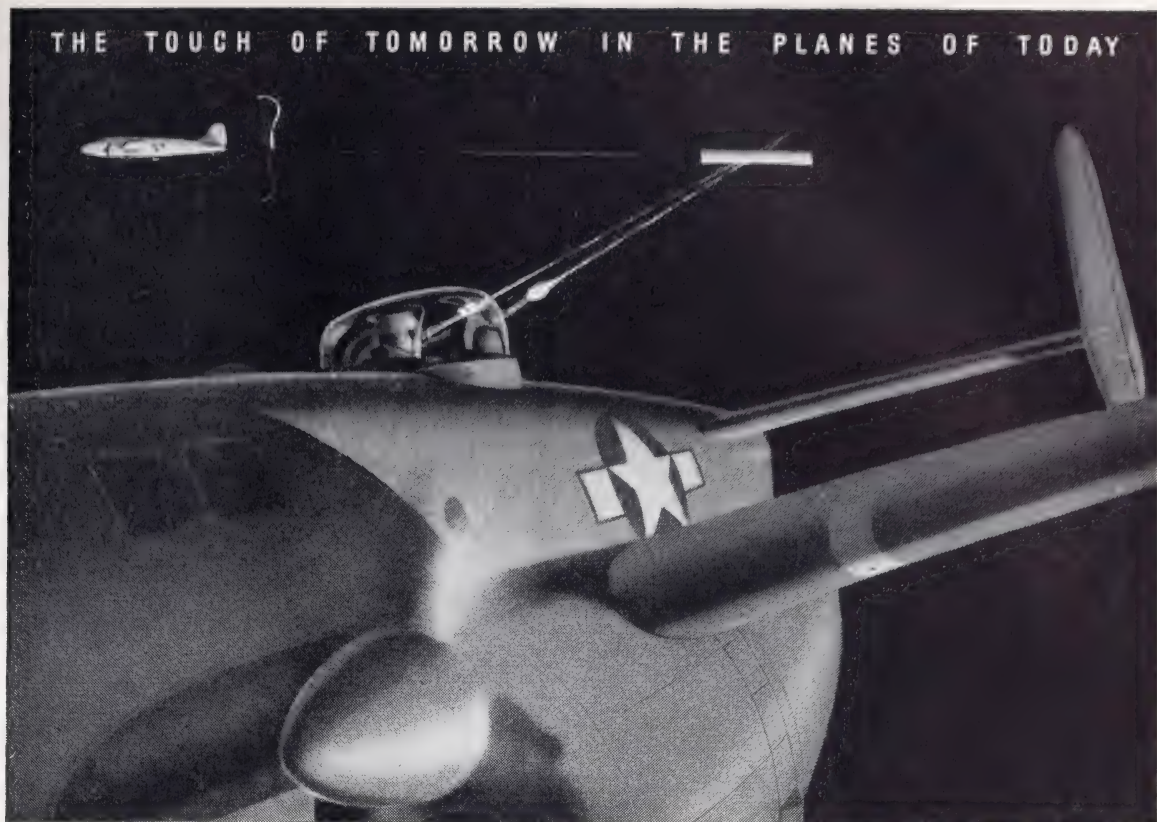
cottonseed and soybean folks really get going we shall see all the heavy guns of advertising and publicity rolled into action to glorify margarine. The wretched substitute will suddenly become not only more nutritious and more full of vitamins; it will be the favorite of all prudent young newlyweds. Margarine will be the spread of patriots, it will be the triumph of a scientific age, whereas butter is just a relic of pastoral times.

"The Oleomargarine Rebellion" gives the background of the conflict now beginning.

Mr. McCune is an assistant editor in the Washington bureau of *Newsweek*, but he comes from the dairy country. He was born in Nebraska and raised in Colorado and listened to the cries of dairymen while he was still in the cradle. He's been interested in the margarine question, he says, ever since he heard one farm neighbor grouse at another for taking his butter to market and buying oleo for his own table. Readers may remember that Mr. McCune wrote a piece for us in May, 1942, called "Why Milk Costs So Much," an

(Continued on second page following)

THE TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN THE PLANES OF TODAY



It All Adds Up To Subtracting Zeros

Today's apprentice gunner enters a deadly trade—defending American bombers against vicious attacks of Jap Zeros and other heavily armed enemy fighters.

To follow his trade and survive, the gunner first has to learn how to "polish 'em off around the clock." His training must be thorough and painstaking, and it must come within a hair's breadth of being the real thing. That's why Fairchild developed the GUNNER.

This advanced trainer has the essential characteristics of the bombers from which our student marksmen will soon shoot it out with Axis pursuits. From a power turret,

similar to one on a Flying Fortress, each fledgling is taught to pick off tiny targets while moving at better than 200 miles per hour. It's fast, tricky work and it takes a keen eye, steady nerves, precision equipment. It's the kind of training that pays off when the chips are down.

Fairchild's GUNNER, from which apprentice marksmen step into bombers and thence into action, is one of the largest, speediest training planes used by the Army Air Forces. Powered by two 12-cylinder, inverted, in-line, air-cooled Ranger engines, the GUNNER is a typical example of Fairchild's "touch of tomorrow in the planes of today."

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



FAIRCHILD

ENGINE AND AIRPLANE CORPORATION
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK

Ranger Aircraft Engines Division, Farmingdale, L. I. • Fairchild Aircraft Division, Hagerstown, Md. • Burlington, N. C. • Duramold Division, New York, N. Y.

article that caused certain parties much pain and anguish. Some time ago he grappled successfully with a subject—*The Farm Bloc*—that had thrown numerous good men before him. The book, published some months back, stands alone. It is the only book that traces the development of the farm bloc, that shows who belongs to the bloc and how it operates.



DAVIS VS. BIDDLE

“WHAT About Modern Art and Democracy?” is *Stuart Davis’s* rejoinder to two arguments by George Biddle which were published in June and October. In his first article Mr. Biddle claimed that modernism in art has reached a dead end; that its practitioners have crawled into an ivory tower and plugged the entrance tight. In the second article he argued that art must reach out to the masses, that Germany and Russia have learned how to harness the arts and that the same should be brought about in this country—only democratically. (“Sure it would be fine to have a Ministry of Fine Arts in this country,” said John Sloan. “Then we’d know where the enemy is.”) Mr. Davis will have none of either of Mr. Biddle’s contentions and here undertakes to explode them.

Mr. Davis is one of the best-known American modernist painters. (He refuses to be labeled an “abstractionist.”) He is represented in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, and in various other museums in this country. His murals are in Radio City Music Hall, Municipal Station WNYC in New York City, and at Indiana State University. He has been an instructor at the Art Students League of New York and the New School for Social Research.

His most recent one-man show was exhibited at the Downtown Gallery in New York in February, 1943. The opening was much relished by the customers, for the gallery had provided a first-class Negro jazz band for the occasion.



NO ELDORADOS AVAILABLE

THERE is this difference between *C. Hartley Grattan* and the gentlemen who are busy slinging world plans together. The latter collect information about the world in order

to fit the information into a plan. Mr. Grattan simply undertook to find out about the world.

If this sounds a little high-toned we can bring it down to earth very promptly. Mr. Grattan began working with economic materials dealing with the United States nearly twenty years ago. Some years later he went to Australia and became interested in the economy of that commonwealth. After his return to the United States his interest continued and his study gradually expanded into an examination of the economics of the British Empire. In the end his investigations carried him around the world—back to Australia for a two years’ stay and then to New Zealand, South Africa, Great Britain, and Canada. Since he wasn’t engaged in selling anything either of a commercial or political character, he was able to pursue his labors with a single mind. It is fair to say that there are few Americans who can match either Mr. Grattan’s first-hand knowledge or his competence.

In “Postwar Migration: A Mirage” he undertakes to deflate the golden illusion that Europe’s harassments can be eased by large-scale migration after the war.



A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH

IT ISN’T often that you hear about a dentist who employed his spare time on a project that subsequently upset the world. *Maurice Zolotow*, who tells about him, got a part of his schooling at the New Utrecht High School in Brooklyn. While there he was an editor of the school weekly. The sports editor was a boy named Bob William. Some ten years after graduation Zolotow happened to meet William in a New York restaurant and complained of a toothache. He asked William if he could recommend a good dentist and William replied that his father qualified. So Zolotow took his toothache to “The Dentist Who Changed World History.”

There was a very particular reason why William interested Zolotow. “I spent the best years of my youth,” he says, “as an agitator and organizer in the left-wing movement, principally the Young People’s Socialist League and the Young Communist League. Practically all my reading time was spent in studying the Marxian, pre-Marxian, and post-Marxian classics: the works of Marx, Engels, Bakunin, Plekhanov, Lenin, Buk-



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"Why does our wine turn sour, M. Pasteur?"

It was 1865 when Louis Pasteur showed the wine makers of his native France how to keep their product from souring by heating it to about 145° F.

The world was slow to see the value of "pasteurization." Some thirty years later, when the first American dairy began to sell pasteurized milk, the move met bitter opposition.

"Fraud and nonsense," cried competitors. But doctors noticed that the death rate dropped where pasteurized milk was used.

By 1915, a progressive cheese company succeeded in producing pasteurized, packaged cheese. It was another big advance. It assured uniform quality and purity even in distant markets. It meant no rind, no waste—and a greater variety of cheeses for family nutrition.

That milk company was Sheffield Farms and that cheese company was Kraft. Both are important parts of National Dairy—and their pioneering spirit still lives on in the modern

National Dairy Laboratories. From the Laboratories have come many improvements in dairy products. As you read this, they are busy developing new foods—new products—to help speed the war and enrich the peace.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



**NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION**
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

LISTEN:

JANUARY 1, 1944

Where they find the time nobody knows. But the fact is that 116 staff members of the stations on the CBS network are giving radio instruction in 34 colleges and universities, and in 60 schools: both civilian and Army and Navy technical classes. Mostly these people work at capacity in their regular jobs. For their teaching mostly they take in not a penny...some teach script-writing, directing, producing; some teach the equally mysterious behavior of the tubes, wires and electrons. A pretty formidable and useful volunteer "faculty" of people who work for the good of their profession, as well as for their daily bread.

★

Altogether too many people have been asking who writes the titles of the capricious pieces Alec Templeton plays each Wednesday evening over some 70 CBS stations—titles like *Debussy in Dubuque*, *Grieg's in the Groove*, *Bach Goes to Town*, *Ode to the Bottom of a Bumble Bee*, *Mozart Matriculates*, *Have a Few with Dinicu*, *Corelli in the Old Corral*, and *Gnats to You*.

So a posse of CBS title-searchers went out and found out who writes the titles. Templeton does.

★

Most everybody thinks of the radio audience as 31 million American families in 3,072 counties. Right, but not the grand total.

Let us not overlook the live, three-dimensional audience sitting in the 75 CBS theatres and studios in a single year—the men and women and boys and girls who like to watch programs being broadcast.

In a year more than 2,012,000 souls have that interesting experience, in CBS Network playhouses and studios.

What's more, affiliated stations of the Columbia Network, in their 500 or more studios and theatres, are hosts to a further total of over 1,368,000 live and mobile human beings who want to see the wheels go round in radio.

3,380,000 is a lot of live guests to know you've welcomed in person in a year.

And the best part of it is that 1,172,743 of them were boys and girls and men and women from the armed forces of our country. They're marvelous guests. We hope the entire armed forces will follow them.

★

Two more firsts—in one week:

1. November 14, Sunday, at 9:07:20 a.m. EWT, listeners to *CBS News of the World* heard the first American correspondent's voice broadcasting from Naples. It was Farnsworth Fowle, of CBS.

2. Sunday afternoon, November 21, at 4:30:00 EWT precisely, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz released in Honolulu the first news of the American landings on Makin and Tarawa islands. Twenty seconds later, Webley Edwards, CBS correspondent in Honolulu, read the communiqué to all continental America over CBS—beating all other news services by a cool ten minutes.

You've got to expect alertness like that in the normal operation of the Number One News Service on the air, even if the points of origin of the broadcasts are about 8,100 miles apart on the ground.

★

The tallest radio transmitter tower in America is that of WNAX, CBS affiliate in Yankton, S. D. From the top of it, 927 feet up, you can see way to hell and gone, and broadcast even further.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM



THE New Books *John Chamberlain*

THE publishers these days are happy men. Not so long ago they were worrying about the intellectual constrictions of wartime. Books wouldn't be written, or, if they were, there wouldn't be paper to print them on. But 1942 saw one big publishing company jump its business ten per cent over that of 1941. And this same company did a seventy-five per cent better business in 1943 than it did in 1942.

The quantitative boom in the book business may be due to the fact that it takes no points to buy a copy of *One World*. Or maybe it derives from the gasoline shortage, which keeps people at home. As for the qualitative aspects of the 1943 season, this reviewer had no cause for complaint. A good many of the war books, particularly those which were built out of front-line reporting, lacked perspective; their chief value to posterity will be as quarries for researchers bent on telling the larger story. But a book like Colonel Robert Scott's *God Is My Co-Pilot* (Scribner) will undoubtedly live as one of the great accounts of personal adventure. The man who could fly over Mt. Everest merely in order to tune up his plane and to put in a little routine flying time belongs to the breed of men which included that other Scott who died on his way back from the South Pole.

Training Is the Pay-off

In the exigencies of spot reviewing and quick reading, one is apt to mistake hills for mountains and vice versa. In the case of Captain Ralph Ingersoll's *The Battle Is the Pay-off* (Harcourt, Brace) the title betrayed me into tepidity of praise. For Ingersoll's battle scene was the least convincing part of his book. Battle scenes generally have all the raw violence and lack of ascertainable pattern that one usually associates with the old bar-room chromo of Custer's Last Fight. But the real pay-off on Ingersoll's book was that he was writing primarily about the way an army comes into being. It should have been called *The Training Is the Pay-off*, or *An Army Is No Better Than Its Housekeeping*. If the title hadn't led me astray I probably would have called

Ingersoll's book one of the fundamental documents for understanding war.

As for the North African books, I have had nothing but dirty looks for deigning to praise Kenneth Crawford's *Report on North Africa* (Farrar and Rinehart). But doesn't secular common sense mean anything to the world any more? Crawford's point was that the political shenanigans involving "Darlanism" were necessary to enable a force that didn't much exceed one hundred thousand men to seize thousands of miles of coastline. If readers won't take it from Crawford, will they take it from Guy Ramsey's *One Continent Redeemed* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50)? For Ramsey, who deplores Darlanism and hopes we will have no more of it, is forced honestly to report Eisenhower's words: "I'm sick to death of this god-damned political question. I played ball with Darlan because it would take me ten divisions to hold my lines of communication open if I didn't—and I couldn't get ten divisions here in a year while I'm fighting this war."

G. A. Borgese, in *Common Cause* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$3.50), is one of the easily igniting authors who consider our North African victory a resounding defeat. He heaps high scorn on our methods of "negotiated war" in his pyrotechnic pages. But Borgese, who was born in Sicily, owes the freedom of his homeland to the very methods which he decries. If, when the war is over, Churchill and Roosevelt try to force an unwanted government on the people of Italy—or Sicily—then Borgese will have righteous cause for complaint. But it would be undemocratic of us now, at this moment, to prejudge the case as between Tito and Mihailovitch, or de Gaulle and Giraud. Our business is to use whoever looks promising to the end of defeating Hitler. Then the race should be open to the parliamentary parties—or, if necessary, to anti-Fascist revolutionaries.

If the new world is to be for the common man, it might be well to note that the most lovable of common men, Ernie Pyle, didn't boggle over the political decisions of our generals in his *Here Is Your War* (Holt, \$3).

Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas

The common man does not elect to die in droves merely to win by perfectionist means.

Brown Under Fire

Here Is Your War is the most human book to have come out of the fighting. Of a different order, but fully as heart-warming, is John Mason Brown's **To All Hands: An Amphibious Adventure** (Whittlesey House, \$2.75). This whilom dramatic critic stood on the bridge of a ship which he calls the *Spelvin* during the hours of our Sicilian invasion and described via the microphone what was going on for the benefit of the men below decks. As "Bridge Announcer" of the *Spelvin*, Lieutenant Brown sometimes quoted Matthew Arnold or Shakespeare. His tact and taste and ability to link classical literature to the common mood of a tense moment went over big with oilers and gun crews and pantrymen. Surprisingly enough, the broadcasts make an enduring book; Brown's sense of style never deserts him, not even in moments of ad libbing.

When the war is over, no one will want to read the books of Max Werner. But, before his *Attack Can Win in 1943* (Little, Brown) is forgotten, it should be noted that Mr. Werner was the one prophet whose predictions measured up against events. Maybe the final attack will not come until the spring of 1944; the boys of the general staffs are evidently going to play it safe, waiting for Sir Arthur Harris's bombers to put the German industrial machine out of business before swarming in for the kill. But the progressive failures of the German army and air force have come just as Mr. Werner predicted they would come.

Of the novels of 1943, three will linger for a long time in the memories of their readers. Betty Smith's **A Tree Grows in Brooklyn** (Harper, \$2.75) might be called Farrell for the Millions. For it adds just a touch of sentiment to what might have been slum sociology, and it adds it without slopping over. Elizabeth Janeway's *The Walsh Girls* (Doubleday, Doran) shows a talent that is up to writing many fine novels of character. And Christine Weston's **Indigo** (Scribner, \$2.50), by a citizen of Maine who spent her youth in India, is a remarkable story of the clash of cultures and temperaments in what is to me the most mysterious spot on the earth's surface. India brings out the best in novelists who are in search of dramatic conflicts, as witness the works of Rumer Godden and, now, Christine Weston.

Authors in Town Meeting

The 1943 books on ideas prove their vitality by the way they suggest possible auctorial line-ups for town meetings of the air. Questions of foreign policy and the reconstruction of Europe are answered with more or less completeness by a whole host of 1943 documents, from Willkie's *One World* (Simon and Schuster) to Ely Culbertson's **Total Peace** (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). Culbert-

son's scheme for applying the notion of checks and balances to a world police force is ingenious, but most card players will probably want to ask him if he has ever succeeded in playing a bridge hand before the cards have been dealt. A very lively argument could be got up between partisans of Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi's *Crusade for Pan-Europe* (Putnam) and Walter Lippmann's *U. S. Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic* (Little, Brown). For the former book considers Europe as a cultural entity that should be made over into a federal version of the Holy Roman Empire, while the latter tends to think of Europe as something that is split between the "Atlantic world" and the world that is caught between the seacoast peoples and the Slavs. Readers of Bernard Newman's **The New Europe** (Macmillan, \$3.75) will probably want to add that Europe is split many other ways as well. Mr. Newman doubts that Coudenhove-Kalergi's idea for a grand European federation is feasible, but he hopes for smaller regional federations.

If I were holding a seminar on the individual versus the mass, I would choose two 1943 books as constituting all that one would need for the preliminary groundwork. They are Harold Laski's **Reflections on the Revolution in Our Time** (Viking, \$3.50) and Isabel Paterson's *The God of the Machine* (Putnam). Laski believes the individual must serve society; Mrs. Paterson believes the individual can best serve society by helping himself. In general, the authors have been veering in Mrs. Paterson's direction, even though most of them would qualify at least to some degree their growing aversion for the statism that Laski celebrates. Walter Lippmann's 1943 edition of his **The Good Society** (Little, Brown, \$2), Hamilton Basso's *Mainstream* (Reynal and Hitchcock), Charles A. Beard's *The Republic* (Viking), Albert Jay Nock's *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man* (Harper), and Henry Steele Commager's **Majority Rule and Minority Rights** (Oxford, \$1.50) all touch upon the problem that is posed by setting Laski and Mrs. Paterson off against each other. And they are all good books, some of them even remarkable books. Incidentally, they all point to a need for a judicious selection from *The Federalist Papers*, a selection designed to uncover the bare bones of the American political system. Such a book read in conjunction with Beard's *The Republic* would be a liberal education. Won't some publisher get busy?

The Negro Speaks Up

The Negro came into his own in the literature of 1943. He came into his own in Pearl Buck's **What America Means to Me** (John Day, \$2), a book that is eloquent with warning about what may happen to American interests in and desires for a stable Asia if we fail to solve problems of "color" here at home. A factual estimate of the Negro's current position is provided by Roi

The Signpost

By E. Arnot Robertson

Author of *Four Frightened People*

is a novel that is at once fresh, strong and stirring. It is the stirring love story of a young woman and a convalescent R.A.F. pilot on leave in the Donegal village of Kildooey in neutral Ireland. "The scenes are so fresh, so unexpected, so full of wit and charm that they could be played verbatim on any stage."—Henry Seidel Canby.

(Published Jan. 4.) \$2.50

Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for January



Winning the Peace in the Pacific

By S. R. Chow

Professor of International Law at Yale University, presents to the public the first definitive program for postwar planning.

\$1.50

A Crisis: The Background

By John S. Hoyland

Account of Indian life and English rule in India. The author, long a resident there and winner of the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal for service, knows the country and its people.

(Tent.) \$2.50

The Future of South-East Asia

By E. M. Panikkar

Authoritative, and encouraging way this book opens up the Indian experience in local and foreign affairs. It opens some of the problems concerning the future of South-East Asia.

\$1.75

World's All the World's Aircraft

Edited by Leonard Bridgman

Published—the new revised edition of the complete authoritative record of the world's aircraft development. More than 3000 photographs and other illustrations.

\$10.00



Far on the Ringing Plains

By George Rodger

A brilliant LIFE and TIME photographer reports in word and picture his adventurous 75,000 mile journey throughout war-ravaged Africa and Asia. His observations of native life and military activities were made with a sharp eye for significant detail. A thrilling, magnificently photographed panorama of war on two continents.

(Published Jan. 4.) \$3.00



By Arthur Koestler

Author of
Darkness at Noon

"The best novel the war has so far produced," says James Gray of this powerful and intensely exciting story. It is written with "full awareness of the individual and collective problems posed by the war for this generation."—*N. Y. Times*. "I cannot too strongly urge it upon you," says Clifton Fadiman in *The New Yorker*. "Koestler may become the great writer of our generation."

\$2.00

Arrival and Departure

The Chance of a Lifetime

FOR EVERYONE INTERESTED IN

A WRITING CAREER

HERE IS A CHANCE to learn to write by *writing* — under the personal direction of successful writers and editors. The Magazine Institute, a private school completely owned and operated by editors and writers, offers practical instruction in short story and article writing. You work in your own home, on your own time.

Every assignment you submit is returned with detailed criticism. Experienced writers patiently correct your work and help develop your style to suit the demands of the modern magazine market. You ask all the questions you like. As your ability grows you get a chance to concentrate on the sort of things you do best — essays, features, short sketches, etc.

Writers themselves active in the magazine field help you find your best outlets, often suggest markets you might never have heard of.

Send the Coupon Today for the free catalog which tells you how you may get started toward a writing career. Inquirers will also receive "The Best Job in the World" listing unsolicited testimonials from successful graduates.

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC., Dept. 21B

50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send your catalog without obligation, to:

Name

Address

Inquiries confidential. No salesman will call.

Learn to
Speak

SPANISH

FRENCH, GERMAN OR ITALIAN

This Quick, Easy Way



ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY. Know a second language for better business or social position; read foreign books; really enjoy travel. Speak like a native just "by listening" to CORTINA RECORDS. Learn quickly, easily at home as thousands have! Cortina-Method famous for 60 years. Write today for FREE book "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in.

CORTINA ACADEMY, Suite 41A, 105 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

MUSIC LOVERS

Fine records at bargain prices. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Wagner, etc., playable on any phonograph. Original imports cost \$1.50 to \$2.50 each — American duplicates only 50c and 75c. Send for FREE catalogue containing hundreds of selections.

The Gramophone Shop, Dept. H, 18 E. 48th St., New York, 17

A timely and significant report

MY NATIVE LAND

By Louis Adamic



Here is the first full-length report on the Partisan-Chetnik conflict in Yugoslavia.

"In a way it goes far beyond the confines of a small Balkan country and deals with issues which all the world will have to face." — Emil Lengyel, *N. Y. Times Book Review*.

\$3.75

HARPER

Ottley's *New World A-Coming* (Houghton Mifflin), which is even-tempered at all times. Bucklin Moon's novel, *The Darker Brother* (Doubleday, Doran), backs up Mr. Ottley's book in more emotional terms. Mr. Ottley, who is a Negro himself, tells us that his race will fight Jim Crow to the bitter end, and Mr. Moon shows us how the fight is proceeding as Negroes join the army with the mental proviso that this is their war, or else!

For a long time I have been hoping to get from Stuart Chase his precise recipe for mixing a "mixed economy." Chase's ideas on "planning" have always been vague; at times he has talked like a technocrat, one who would give an "industrial general staff" the dictatorial power over an entire economy, and at other times he has talked like a "tax and tax and spend and spend" politico. But now, in *Where's the Money Coming From?* (Twentieth Century Fund, \$1), he has at last come down to cases. He would mix the mixed economy, and maintain full employment, not by technocratic devices of subsidized planned production, but by Beveridgean social security consumer spending and by pumping money into a laggard system through public works programs which do not drastically compete with private investment.

Mr. Chase is all for experimenting with such devices as "incentive taxation," the taxation of idle bank balances, and the like. In other words, the Chase idea is to preserve the free market, free enterprise, and all the rest, but let the government play a compensatory and a gyroscopic role in keeping the economy going and the national income up. This convergence of Chase's thinking with that of some of his severe but friendly critics is all to the good. But the John L. Lewis who appears in McAlister Coleman's *Men and Coal* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3) won't like it, for it would mean the end of subsidizing producers to pay coal miners. As a matter of fact, all the pressure groups will be Mr. Chase's enemies from now on, for his thinking starts with the free consumer, a shopper who is able to shift his choice at will.

I am glad to see that Mr. Chase has at last seen the tyrannical catch in "over-all" planning of the top-down variety. There is a world of human difference between a planned economy and a compensatory economy, and Mr. Chase is too good a man, too humane in his responses, to stick to the mercantilist sort of thing that ruined the *ancien régime* in France and brought on the American Revolution of 1776.

So far as such things as incentive taxation (not to be confused with a tax on incentive) are concerned, I don't know what hitches might develop in trying to force money into investment by government prodding of this sort. But theoretically, a tax on idle money would seem to be a boon to the private enterpriser who really wants to be enterprising.

Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas

Harper's

CARL CROW

THE GREAT AMERICAN CUSTOMER

"Amazing stuff." — N. Y.
Herald Tribune. \$3.00

The ABC and XYZ of
Fabric Conservation

MARY BROOKS PICKEN MENDING MADE EASY

Timely, usable, and practical this book explains how to sew and how to keep clothes in perfect order in a professional manner, yet in the simplest possible way. Step by step, problem by problem, it shows exactly how to do every kind of mending — darning, re-inforcing, resewing, repairing of fabrics. *Profusely illustrated.* \$3.00



MERLE CURTI THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN THOUGHT

This pioneer work has been immediately accepted as a major landmark in scholarly and original research, and nominated for the next Pulitzer Prize in history. "An important event in the history of American scholarship, it is also an important event in the history of American democracy." — *New Republic.* \$5.00

SUSAN ERTZ ANGER IN THE SKY



"The very human story of one English family during those harried, tragic yet obviously richly rewarding days and nights of the bombing of England. Love, in the midst of war and bombings, is a tragic, beautiful thing. Miss Ertz exploits it to the full." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* \$2.75

A powerful new story
by the author of "Lonely Parade"

FANNIE HURST HALLELUJAH

Fannie Hurst has never written more dramatically and with more understanding of the emotional life of modern men and women than in this new book. She tells the magnificent story of a woman who gave of her strength to all... and of the one man among many with strength to give in return. \$2.50

L. CARRINGTON GOODRICH A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE

A significant contribution to the understanding of China at one of the most critical periods in her long history, this brief volume provides a scholarly, thoughtful, and fascinating account of the backgrounds of Chinese civilization. \$2.50

DR. ARNOLD GESELL AND DR. FRANCES L. ILG INFANT AND CHILD

In The Culture of Today

The development of the young child in terms of normal behavior and sensible guidance. *Illus.* \$4.00

GERALD W. JOHNSON AMERICAN HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP

One of the most brilliant and entertaining books ever written about our political life. — *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "An altogether extraordinary mixture of charm and scholarship." — *The New Yorker.* \$3.00

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 24 YEARS

We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, ghost writing, typing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT WRITERS WORKSHOP, INC., 280 Madison Ave. at 40th, NEW YORK CITY.

LAURENCE ROBERTS,
LITERARY AGENT

Stories, Articles, Novels, Books marketed. Highly recommended for manuscript sales and publication. Write for Information.
65 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE

Literary Agent, established 25 years. Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.
AGNES M. REEVE, FRANKLIN, O.
Dept. B,

DICTIONARIES

FOR 56 LANGUAGES, CATALOG FREE.

SCHOENHOF BOOK Co. (Established 1856)

Harvard Square, CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

SPEAK SPANISH

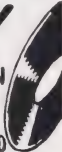
LEARN THIS EASY WAY

ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY.

Cash in on tremendous expansion of our So. American trade.

Big jobs NOW opening up everywhere to Spanish-speaking Americans! Cortina Method, famous for 60 YEARS, will teach you. Learn quickly, easily, at home, just "by listening" to CORTINA RECORDS. French, German, Italian also taught. Send for FREE BOOK, "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in. Cortina Academy, Suite 41, 105 W. 40 St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

JUST
LISTEN
TO
THIS
RECORD



The School— the College— the Junior College— the Vocational School—



you seek will probably be found among these pages. If the one you want is not listed our School Bureau will be glad to help you. When writing state type of school or college you seek, the locality preferred and the age of the boy or girl for whom the school is wanted. Address

School Bureau

Harper's Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., N. Y.

Does Your Copy Arrive Late?—

If so, please remember, wartime transportation is subject to frequent and unforeseen delays. Late delivery of your copy of *Harper's Magazine* means that your area has been affected. *Harper's Magazine* is still being printed and mailed on its regular schedule, and we shall continue to endeavor to get your copies to you on publication date.

A more sure-fire form of private enterprise is the subject of *Roots in the Earth: The Small Farmer Looks Ahead*, by P. Alston Waring and Walter Magnes Teller (Harper, \$2.50). Waring and Teller are certain that the family-size farmer can get ahead in a corporate world if he is willing to supplement his own brawn and husbandry with co-operative techniques in soil conservation, in buying and marketing, and in raising credit. As one who considers independence to be the human value that gives the most lasting satisfaction, I would vote for *Roots in the Earth* as the economic tract of the year.

IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Taps for Private Tussie.

Jesse Stuart, whether poet or novelist, is always first of all spokesman for Kentucky hill folk. And in most of his writing, up to now, it has been hard to tell where the prose stopped and the poetry began. In this novel, however, if there is a little less natural poetry, there is a good deal more natural ballad humor, and the novel gains thereby. It is also a humorous yet solemn reflection on our domestic economy and politics. Dutton, \$2.50

Arrival and Departure, by Arthur Koestler.

This book, brilliant and exciting, dealing with vital issues of personal morality, belongs to all times, though written in terms of our own. It is the greatest novel of this and many years.

Macmillan, \$2.50

The Dark Continent, by Richard Sullivan.

Many authors have wrestled with the plausible presentation of the story of a man who loses his memory, becomes another person, and then, his memory regained, has to resolve his new self with his old life. The author of *Summer After Summer* tries his hand at it and succeeds in writing a brief, happy story of a man who falls into a hole on the eve of his marriage and lives to rejoice over it. This book is just long enough for the mood it creates.

Doubleday, \$2

Home Is the Hunter, by Gontran de Poncins.

There is very little story in this book about changing attitudes in France after the last war and it will therefore appeal to a limited audience, but these episodes, rich in description and atmosphere, have a cumulative effect that will either please or displease in the extreme, according to the temperament of the reader. Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50

Non-fiction

Romanticism and the Modern Ego, by Jacques Barzun.

The author knows and loves the art, literature, and philosophy of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and writes brilliantly. In brief compass this is the ablest and most readable interpretation of our cultural origins we have had in recent years.

Little, Brown, \$2.75

Harper's Magazine

VOL 188 No 1124 January 1944



THE FUTURE OF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS

Has the United States a Policy?

BLAIR BOLLES

FROM Miami, Florida, planes fly to almost every part of the world even in wartime. The Air Transport Command, which moves everything from letters to jeeps to the Army all over the world, operates out of Miami. Pan American Airways will carry you from Miami down to Rio de Janeiro if you can get a priority. Eastern Air Lines will haul you northward from Miami along the seaboard to New York. And now, most significant of all, the Dutch K L M lines run a flying passenger service across the Straits of Florida and the Caribbean Sea, connecting Miami with Curacao and Venezuela. The K L M route over the old Spanish Main is a juicy strip for commercial flying, and traverses a part of the globe of great stra-

tegic and political importance for the United States—the eastern approaches to the Panama Canal.

The concentration of aviation activity at Miami focuses attention on what is probably the cloudiest and one of the most important questions of the time: how is the United States going to fit into the scheme of international aviation communication after the war? To-day, for practically all governments, aviation planning is second only to war planning. Unless there is an international agreement on the subject the struggle for flying routes is likely to provide one of the great commercial and political rivalries of history. Like everybody else, like the British and French and probably like the Germans

and Japanese, people in the United States are contemplating global flying on a scale much greater than anything which existed in 1939.

Miami gives substance to the airy vision of the future. In the first place, the Air Transport Command can exhibit the technical advances of the time. It dispatches four-motored land planes with huge cargoes across oceans; a few years ago slow amphibians with severely limited freight space handled the transoceanic business.

In the second place, Miami synthesizes the tumultuous rivalries and political difficulties connected with the overseas air operations. There is Pan American, making money on its South American flights; is it to be allowed to continue as the American monopoly in that fat portion of the earth? (For example, Pan Am has flown the West Coast of South America through an alliance with the Grace people, who control steamships, banks, factories, and other interests. This jointly owned line is Panagra. Now these allies have split, and Grace wants landing rights in the United States for a Panagra controlled by Grace alone. It will be interesting to see whether or not she gets them.) There is Eastern, raising the question of where domestic air lines are to fit into the scheme of the future. Eastern and another domestic operator—National—were invited by the United States government to bid for the privilege of flying from Miami to the northern South American coast; to their astonishment, the United States government then turned down their bids. To their greater astonishment, the same government, through the Civil Aeronautics Board, authorized on April 7th five foreign lines in the Caribbean to come into Miami. Of these five, K L M, the Dutch line, and Expreso Aereo Inter-Americano, controlled by American and Cuban interests, have actually made use of these certificates. The other three—Compania Nacional Cubano de Aviacion (a Pan Am subsidiary), British West Indian Airways, and TACA—have not.

K L M set up its Caribbean line in 1936; travelers and airmen knew it for an efficient carrier which had inaugurated service between Europe and the Far East

with its 1930 Amsterdam-Batavia line. The British West Indian Airways was created in 1940 by an energetic New Zealander named Lowell Yerex, who had marked the complaint made in the House of Lords in 1936 by the Earl of Cork and Orrery; the Earl had called attention to the loss of prestige Britain was suffering in the Antilles by the absence of a Union Jack air line and by the presence of Pan American. The same Yerex created TACA, a successful Central American line organized in Panama with operational headquarters in Honduras. TACA (which owns 40 per cent of B W I A, and more than 50 per cent of Aerovias Brasil—a new company, the remainder of whose ownership is Brazilian, which has recently filed for landing rights in Los Angeles, Miami, and New York) holds one of the keys to the row over Pan Am's monopoly.

In a political sense, the granting of the Miami privilege to those five lines means more for the future of United States overseas aviation policy than all the speculation in the world about globaloney and freedom of the air. A policy is jelling in the United States now, despite fierce and disturbing disagreement within the government, involving the State Department, the War Department, and the Civil Aeronautics Board. Judged by *faits accomplis*, the United States policy has three objectives: to encourage competition among international carriers; to cut into the monopolies of Pan American, whose development the United States government fostered; and to encourage aviation development of nations abroad, while our domestic lines, split among themselves on what they want, are encouraged to stand aside. The order of April 7th (which followed close upon the Roosevelt-Eden meetings in Washington) was the first of two steps starting American policy along the road toward the triple goal.

The principal advocate of the lines' admission into the United States was A. A. Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State and chairman of the Interdepartmental Committee on Aviation, who is fathering the three-headed policy now taking shape. One objection raised inside the government to the admission of these lines was

that the proposed operations were not needed, since travel was limited by the war and since all the lines were carrying materials from the United States for the War Department anyway on a contract basis or on private charter flights; the War Department said it was afraid that the attempt to conduct the regular service might reduce the efficiency of the contract operation. Another objection was that the lines lacked planes to maintain the service. A third objection was that the United States lacked suitable legal control over the foreign lines' rates, safety regulations, and priority lists, while Pan American, serving the same general area, is forced to comply with the rigid United States rulings. The final objection was based on the apprehension that, once the foreigners were in, only an earthquake could get them out. The fact that the authorization, renewable at intervals, was to end, at the latest, six months after the war's end did not shake the objectors, who argued that for practical purposes the limiting agreement would have no meaning.

Mr. Berle was unimpressed; the lines were let in. At once a number of the lines—K L M, TACA, and B W I A—asked the American government to make available to them planes to fly the service.

The second step was taken on October 15th, when the State Department and the Civil Aeronautics Board, on Mr. Berle's inspiration, issued a joint statement which again encouraged the foreign lines and which jolted Pan American. The statement, defining the procedure air lines are to follow in applying for air-route privileges abroad and into this country from abroad, invited foreign carriers to send applications through their own governments to the United States for landing rights here. It made the point that in the future all negotiations for landing rights for American lines in foreign countries are to be made by the United States government on an open-door basis (in the old days Pan American sometimes was its own negotiator). This statement caused concern to some of the Administration's air advisers, who had taken the position that it is naïvely unwise to pave the way for the entry of foreign-flag operators into the

United States until our government has decided on an international air policy for American lines and until the American companies have agreed on a practical basis for competing among themselves and with Pan American. The companies are groping their way toward a solution; they are quarreling together over whether they should pool their resources into one foreign line or whether every line should compete for the overseas business, limited as it is by economic factors.

II

THE WRIGHT brothers made their Kitty Hawk flight forty years ago, on December 17, 1903. Seven years later governments began to seek a basis for internationalizing air traffic, and the basis is yet to be found. The governments represented at the Paris Conference of 1910, at the Aeronautical Commission of the Versailles Peace Conference, and at the Westminster Conference of 1936 favored the principle of freedom of the air, but invariably the universal adoption of the principle failed because individual nations could not reconcile their theoretical belief in freedom of the air with fear for their own security. The term "freedom of the air" means that the atmosphere above any country is open to the planes of all other countries; but nobody can overlook the fact that planes up above can drop bombs on the ground below. So all countries embrace the policy that each has exclusive sovereignty over the air above its own territory right up to the stars.

Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt agreed last summer during Mr. Churchill's visit to Quebec that another international air conference would be held when this war is over, and on October 1st the President told his press conference that tentative planning on postwar air traffic had been in progress for six or eight months. Some asked the question: "What does he mean by tentative?" The firm pattern being cut by Mr. Berle will be hard to overlook when the global planning begins; the United States, leaning backward to help our allies in this postwar project, is going into a bargaining meeting with many of its cards exposed.

Actual city-to-city travel by air began

shortly after the 1910 conference in Paris. Before the First World War the Germans ran a Zeppelin line from Friedrichshafen to Berlin. In this country the first air line connected Tampa with St. Petersburg, Florida, for three months. Then after the First World War country-to-country flying began on a large scale, and the absence of international controls led to fierce competition and to a race for bilateral air agreements, in which the United States successfully joined. This country now has reciprocal agreements with Colombia, Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, Sweden, Norway, the Union of South Africa, Denmark, Great Britain, Eire, Canada, France, and Liberia.

The small area of European countries made Europeans aware earlier than the Americans of the commercial and military advantages of international air operations. By 1920 six lines—four French and two British—were flying between London and Paris. France, Germany, and the Netherlands began to contest for the business in central Europe. Toward the end of the twenties the British, French, and Dutch were looking toward the Orient; they came to see in the air line a great artery of empire in whose operations profit was of subordinate interest. They still see the air line in that light. The United States has never adopted the empire view of the air line, but, like every other government, it recognizes the international air line as an agent of prestige and national policy. That attitude gives to flight between, say, New York and London an aspect quite different from flight between New York and San Francisco.

The decision to use air lines to further imperialism thrust the British, French, and Dutch into rivalry in the Middle-East Arab countries, because all three, to reach the Orient, had to cross Iraq and Persia as well as British India. K L M reached Batavia in 1930. The French put their line through to Saigon in 1931. British Imperial Airways reached Singapore in 1933. The race to the East was matched by a race into Africa, and that was followed by a race into South America.

Following the imperial policy, the British opened a route from Cairo to South Africa in 1932. Air France flew across

Central Africa to Madagascar in 1936, and in the same year opened a line to South America via Dakar. The Italians, accepting the others' thesis that empire gains strength from air communications, opened a line to Italian East Africa in 1935 and to Ethiopia in 1936. The Belgians put a line through to their Congo colony in 1935, and in 1941 Spain opened a commercial air link with its west African colony of Rio de Oro.

South America was the area of rivalry where the United States came into conflict with the Europeans who were looking for regions in which to enhance their prestige by the airplane. There the French, Germans, and Italians fought for routes against this country's international pioneer—Pan American Airways.

III

PAN AMERICAN, founded by Juan Trippe, flies more air miles than all other lines operating in Latin America put together. It is a profitable enterprise; in 1938, when Pan American was losing money in the Pacific, it declared a 20 per cent dividend; in 1940, when it was losing money in both the Pacific and Atlantic, its net income, according to Oliver James Lissitzyn's *International Air Transport and National Policy*, was \$2,256,000. The dividend and the net were made possible by the Latin-American operations. Pan Am's operating loss on Atlantic service in 1939 and 1940, according to Lissitzyn, was \$761,917.

Trippe's experience as an international operator, gained in the Good Neighbor region, satisfied the American government that it had chosen wisely when it made Pan Am its favorite fifteen years ago, and his line was the instrument selected to do the work when Washington decided that in view of the growing Japanese problem an air line across the Pacific would be advantageous for the United States. So in 1937 Pan American opened its Pacific Clipper route from California to the Philippines. Two years later the government helped it negotiate its way into New Zealand, a remote region where American business possibilities suffered because of the limited communications.

Nationalistic political jealousies bubbled in the southwest Pacific before the war. Pan American sounded out both Australia and New Zealand; but Australia, which was served from Asia by K L M and by an extension of British Imperial Airways from Singapore, refused to admit the American line. Pan American subsequently got permission from the British to go into Singapore from the Philippines when the Japanese situation began to heat up. The three years before Pearl Harbor were a period of jockeying in the Far East; the United States refused to let K L M fly into the Philippines because of the fear in Washington that Germany might seize the Netherlands and take that air line with the country. Down through the southwest Pacific during the war the Air Transport Command has built a series of bases which are part of a string running around the globe, across Asia and over Africa; these are among the bases which the five circumnavigating Senators urged that we retain after the war. President Roosevelt has intimated that he will disavow any move to hold them.

In the prewar days Pan American had only occasional need for direct government assistance in dealing with governments. On April 3, 1937, after the line had decided to fly the Atlantic as it flew the Pacific, Trippe concluded an extraordinary contract with the Portuguese government. This contract gave Pan American exclusive American rights in Portuguese territory—including the Azores, a transatlantic steppingstone—for fifteen years. British Imperial Airways were granted Portuguese rights under the same contract, and Pan American and Imperial agreed that they would inaugurate service simultaneously between the United States and the United Kingdom.

Pan American retained its favored position with the United States government until the war. By the end of 1938 Trippe was ready to begin flying across the Atlantic; but the British said they wanted to wait. The State Department intervened by quickly negotiating an agreement with France which allowed Pan American to fly into Marseilles. Thereupon Britain permitted Pan Am to start flying. So on May 20, 1939, Pan American opened its

transatlantic service. When the war began it moved its terminus from Marseilles to Foynes, Eire. It plans to go into England after the war.

Two tests of Pan Am's favored position came in 1939 and 1940. The American Export Lines, Inc., a United States shipping firm serving the Iberian and Mediterranean countries, organized the American Export Airlines in 1937 for transatlantic operations. Pan Am's diplomats reached an agreement with its potential rival for dividing the European business; American Export was to have full rights so far as Pan American was concerned for exclusive flights to Italy, the Balkans, the Near East, and North Africa. Pan American took exclusive rights to the plums: Great Britain, Eire, Bermuda, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, and the Baltic.

The United States government outlawed the understanding on the ground that it was against the general interest. In 1939 American Export sought authority from the Civil Aeronautics Board to fly to Italy, and Pan American intervened in opposition. By the time the Board made up its mind Italy was a belligerent, and American Export could not fly there.

Now the bell began to toll for Pan Am's monopoly. The Civil Aeronautics Board announced that it was "desirable to take advantage of this opportunity [the war] to entrench American air transportation more firmly in the north Atlantic field by means of a second American air line," and on July 12, 1940, it granted a certificate to American Export to fly into Pan American's exclusive Portuguese domain.

Pan Am was still strong however. The Portuguese government, constricted by its contract with Pan Am, refused to let American Export come into its territory. The Civil Aeronautics Board itself pursued a wavering course. American Export in 1940 made a deal to buy 399,000 of the 400,000 shares of stock in Yerex's TACA lines. Again Pan American intervened, and the Board refused permission to American Export to make the purchase on the ground that it had not been shown that it was in the public interest for a shipping line to control an air carrier. Soon afterward Congress refused to appropriate

enough money to permit the Post Office Department to give American Export a mail subsidy for the Atlantic service authorized by the Board.*

But in the end, shortly after Pearl Harbor, American Export was granted a temporary certificate to fly to Foynes, Eire, and commercial service was begun on June 20, 1942. Pan Am's transoceanic monopoly was ended. Now, as American Export's vice-president Eaton told a reporter, "we are a yardstick for Pan American—and Pan American is a yardstick for us."

IV

THE north Atlantic Ocean promises to be the richest gold mine of the air routes for the future. In normal times, when Americans go abroad, they go to Europe; six years ago seventy-nine per cent of the passengers on water carriers made their destination Europe or the African Mediterranean countries. The Atlantic is the ocean fringed by most of the world's most powerful countries, which look upon the airplane as a messenger of national prestige. Britain, which maintained an air route to Canada for a few months in 1939, is ready to resume the transatlantic hop when the fighting stops; it has established a new company, British Overseas Airways Corporation—all of whose stock is owned by the government—to make that run and the others which formerly were operated by Imperial Airways and British Airways. France has plans, the Netherlands has plans, and the Spaniards have plans for crossing the Atlantic. Sweden keeps an air mission in Washington to negotiate for rights to run a transatlantic air line between the United States and Sweden and on to Moscow via Canada and Scotland. American domestic air lines are looking across the Atlantic. The TWA has applied for a line to Paris. Pennsylvania Central proposed a line to Europe with three seadromes floating in the Atlantic as landing fields. And, finally, Pan Am's only current transoceanic rival, American Export, filed application with CAB for routes extending across Europe and the Middle East to Bombay and for a south Atlantic route to Capetown via the Caribbean and Brazil.

Obviously, fierce rivalries are brewing that will make the prewar contests seem tame unless some international agreement checks the rivalries. In one way the prospective commercial and political air battle for the Atlantic is uneven: it would pit governments abroad against individual air lines in the United States. For the Europeans approach international flying with a different view from the people in the United States. To advance the national interest they organize overseas air lines into monopolies under the strict control and usually the ownership of governments, like the British Overseas Airways Corporation. The point of view was made plain in the Ottawa House of Commons last April 2nd by Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada, who said:

The fact that international negotiations of great importance must shortly take place confirms the wisdom of government policy under which its freedom of action in international air transport services is not limited by the existence of private interests in international air transport services.

Along with government ownership Mackenzie King believes in the doctrine of the "chosen instrument"—the use of one air line by a country for all its overseas operations. Canada, ambitious to become a center of international air travel, has Trans-Canada, publicly owned and the avowed chosen instrument. (The Canadian Pacific Railroad has tried without success to start a rival line, and it is reported that the Canadian government has bought a block of Canadian Pacific stock, which will help it to reinforce its chosen instrument policy.) Air France was a French governmental monopoly; the Dutch government has owned most of the stock in K L M for more than ten years; the Belgian government and the Congo government hold most of the shares in the single Belgian line, Sabena; the Spanish government bought 51 per cent of the shares in the Iberia; the Swedish government owns the majority stock in ABA, which has a monopoly on air-line business in Sweden.

The American official trend runs in the opposite direction. The growing signs that Pan Am is being abandoned as a chosen instrument are one symptom. On October 1st President Roosevelt said he

opposed government ownership and indicated that he favored overseas competition by many lines. The report of Mr. Berle's Interdepartmental Committee on Aviation advocated the same policy; this report, completed last June, has been kept secret from the public, but highest air-line executives have been given a glimmer of its contents. They got it from General H. H. Arnold, commander of the Army Air Forces, who held a meeting with the air-line executives soon after the report was completed and told them the Army had no intention of going on with the operation of its Air Transport Command world-route lines when the war was over; the Army intended to get out of the transport flying business. He suggested that the executives reach some sort of understanding about their own policy on overseas flying. The executives thought General Arnold was hinting for them to go after Pan Am, although nothing in what he said directly indicates such a proposal.

On July 15th the presidents of fifteen domestic air lines, using Samuel Solomon, president of Northeast Airlines, as their spokesman, issued a statement indicating the desire of each one of the fifteen to enter the over-water international field. They urged open competition.

There were two prominent executives who were not included. One was the president of American Export, who was in favor of "regulated competition," a status of very different brand from that favored by the fifteen lines. The other was W. A. Patterson, president of United Air Lines, who had been in on the discussion but refused to sign the statement because the other fifteen presidents turned down his proposal for including this sentence:

If it should be found on further study that our country's interest could best be served by joint or co-operative operation, the air lines are willing to give consideration to such a plan.

Patterson had come to the conclusion that international air operations are inescapably agents of national policy and therefore cannot be conducted on a simple commercial basis. He believed in the chosen instrument. A plan that is gaining some following in Washington as the fruit of the Patterson objection calls for domestic air lines jointly to establish a

transatlantic operating line and buy out Pan American's and American Export's interest in the North Atlantic.

V

HANS OPPIKOFER once told the League of Nations: "The State's interest in aviation is not economic but political." The trend abroad—like Canada's policy of having a government-controlled air line as the single chosen instrument—seems to bear him out. Patterson apparently agrees.

The story of the airplane in South America best reveals the primacy of political considerations in international air operations. The Western Hemisphere to-day fascinates Europe almost as much as it did in the days of Columbus and his successors. The airplane has given European countries an instrument for destroying the Monroe Doctrine, and the biggest commercial and political battles have been over the air lines.

In the 1930's Germany was the aviation aggressor in South America. It not only linked that continent to Europe by Deutsche Lufthansa service but it established a number of German air lines in different South American countries under dummy ownership. Many of them ran at a constant financial loss into sparsely settled regions. Rates on heavily traveled routes were low. The lines helped Germany develop its high economic-political policy of winning advantageous favor in South America, and they provided Germany with a system of airfields and radio communication in South America that might have become useful if the war in Europe had gone differently and Germany had won an opportunity to squeeze the United States from the south. The Reich-owned lines were content to lose money so that Germany might gain in the long run.

At the time of the invasion of Poland the Germans and Italians controlled 20,000 miles of air lines in the western hemisphere, while Pan American had about 15,000; and its affiliate, Panair do Brasil, had under 10,000. The Germans were in Brazil with their Sindicato Condor, Virig, and Vasp; in Bolivia with Lloyd Aereo Boliviano; in Ecuador with Sedta, and in

Colombia with Scadta. Lati and Aeroposta served Argentina. The German dummy lines were outlawed after the European war began, but only skillful and high-pressure diplomacy brought about the outlawry. Pan American bought the balance of Scadta's stock and turned it into Avianca, which is now a Pan Am affiliate. Condor was changed into Cruzeiro do Sol.

Remembering the German penetration, a number of officials in Washington have been opposing the generous course pursued by Mr. Berle lest it be interpreted by foreign countries as a new invitation to fly not only into the United States but also into and about South America. How Brazilian are the Brazilian companies? As we have seen, Aerovias Brasil is controlled by Yerex's TACA. And how Brazilian will the other Brazilian lines remain? The Deutsche Reichsbank still had debtors in Brazil when Brazil declared war on Germany. Some officials believe it is not impossible that the fields built with United States money in Brazil for the United States Army could eventually be used to injure the United States.

When Edward Stettinius, Jr., was chosen Under Secretary of State the Washington whisper was that Pan American had won a great triumph; for Stettinius is Trippe's brother-in-law. Yet events since Stettinius's appointment don't seem to indicate that Trippe has gained anything. The United States is apparently going to let Trippe sink or swim in Latin America; recently domestic lines as well as foreign lines have been given encouragement to plan operations southward.

Early in the autumn the Civil Aeronautics Board announced that it would receive applications for routes from the United States to the Caribbean, Mexico, and South America. This was not a modification of the stand that had let K L M, B W I A, and TACA into Miami; it was a request that apparently looked toward the future. At once Eddie Rickenbacker, president of Eastern, applied for an extension of his line's facilities to Mexico, Cuba, and South America.

At about the same time the Board approved the purchase by the United Air Lines of Lineas Aeras Minereas, SA,

in Mexico, one of the earliest Pan American preserves. A few weeks later TACA, which was about ready to fly a regular service from San Jose, Costa Rica, to Miami, sold more than half its stock to various American companies, the largest buyers being TWA, Adams Express, and Time, Inc. The split-up of the majority stock interest among several American buyers had the practical result of leaving British capital in control of this Central-American line, whose Miami franchise makes it a far greater threat to Pan American now than it was in 1938 (when Pan Am tried to drive it to the wall in Honduras) and greatly improves the British competitive position against American operations.

Such goings-on surely mark the end of the old era during which the United States government in the late 1920's gave Pan American high subsidies that enabled it to drive three competing U. S. lines from South America; during which Postmaster General Walter Brown, in 1931, advised the domestic lines to stay out of the foreign field and Pan American to stay out of the domestic; and during which Postmaster General Jim Farley, in 1937, refused to let the domestic Braniff line have a subsidy to run to Mexico City, in Pan American territory.

The problem of foreign air operation in South America is above all a problem of national security. The opponents of Mr. Berle's policy have argued with him that since invitations to foreign lines to seek certification into the United States are invitations to South American lines, he is in fact asking European operators to set up Latin-American companies and then send them after United States business. There is TACA-controlled Aerovias Brasil, for instance, which as we have seen has already requested the right to fly into the States. British railway interests in Argentina have toyed with the idea of promoting an air line which, taking advantage of the Berle policy, could shoot northward to the United States. *The South American countries themselves are not in a position to put out the capital needed for international air lines.*

Perhaps the principal bone of contention is the future of a group of wartime

airfields built in Brazil by Pan Am for the War Department in 1940 and 1941, when the United States and Brazil were ostensibly neutral. The Army wanted the fields created and equipped because it thought the war was coming our way and therefore wanted military plane bases to be ready. Hesitant to undertake the job itself when the United States was not at war, the Army asked Pan Am to set up the fields. Pan Am agreed on one condition: that Trippe's line would not subsequently suffer for its virtue; so the War Department agreed secretly that the fields would not be open to Pan American's competitors. Now pressure is being brought from Brazil to make the fields available to all, to the lines of Brazil as well as of the United States. (It may or may not be significant in this connection that Aerovias Brasil's recent application for landing rights in the United States was made on a full reciprocal basis.) The issue is whether American-built fields are to be used by rivals of American lines. It is not easy to evolve a policy for the air.

VI

FOR THE new era the Air Transport Command at Miami has proved that intercontinental air travel can be swifter and more practical than it was before the war. But it probably won't live up to the Jules Verne dreams of men and women who foresee stratosphere commuting for everybody. The prospects for aviation are not all clear and rosy. Economics are not working overtime for the airmen, and the politics of international aviation are murky.

Economics: Before the war the United States' air routes, in this country and out of it, totaled more miles than those of any other single country: 72,632. The British Empire and Commonwealth total was 89,077; the Soviet Union, which has sponsored international trial flights across the North Pole, 65,865; France, 40,833; Germany, 32,720; the Netherlands, 23,998; Italy, 23,583; Belgium, 11,388; Mexico, 10,104; Brazil, 9,182; and Japan, 8,694. For the most part the United States lines are flown to make money, and there will be more lines and more money

after the war than there were before it. Overseas planes carried 4,300,000 pounds of air express from the United States to Europe from 1940 through the first half of 1943. The four-motored Douglas Sky-master plane, which took Cordell Hull part way to Moscow, can carry 42 passengers and 6,450 pounds of cargo across the ocean every trip; two trips a week would give one Skymaster alone almost 7,000,000 pounds of cargo in one year. The Lockheed Constellation is larger than the Skymaster, the Mars flying boat is larger than the Constellation, and even bigger planes are planned. Since the plane operators can make more money from freight cargoes than from passengers, the use of some planes for freight alone is in the plans for the future.

But planes have been expensive haulers of freight in the past; in domestic flights the price was at least fifty cents a ton mile, compared with the railroads' average of one cent. Much lower rates are promised for the future, and there are of course places like Central America and China where even the higher rates compare more favorably with those for land transport than they do in this country. But the standard items of air express and air freight in the past have been flowers, jewels, and other specialties, and except in unusual circumstances high hauling cost will tend to restrict aviation's share in the transport of general cargoes.

Another but: While more money is sure to be spent on transatlantic flying, the urgent question to-day is whether there is enough money in flying the north Atlantic, rich as the route might be, for division among a British company, a French company, a Swedish company, a Dutch company, and a number of competing American companies. Even though the foreign lines are not by practice concerned with making money, could each American company make enough to keep it from bankruptcy or from pleading for increasingly strong governmental financial bolstering?

Plane manufacturers and shipping owners as well as air carriers have an immediate economic interest in the overseas operations. So have the taxpayers, who through the government now own 521 plants for

the production of airframes, engines, and accessories. These manufacturing industries are worth \$2,700,000,000, but any hope that they can be profitably converted from making warplanes to manufacturing commercial planes to fit into the world carrying scheme is vain.

These plants and the privately owned plants made about 85,000 planes in 1943. The Civil Aeronautics Board's Economics Bureau estimated a few months ago that at the most 235 planes (presumably two-engined Douglas DC3's, which are smaller than the Skymasters) could have carried all the first-class mail which in 1939 was carried in surface ships between the United States and overseas countries. W. A. Patterson, who is not inclined to speak disparagingly of aviation, estimated for the Los Angeles Rotary Club on August 16th that 54 planes (of one-hundred-passenger capacity) could handle the transatlantic service after the war.

The more business goes to transatlantic planes, the less business will go to ships. The United States Chamber of Commerce woke up to this last summer and promptly appointed a Committee on International Transport, which in turn appointed a subcommittee on Air Transport. The subcommittee adopted a resolution recommending legislation to permit ship lines to control competing air lines. John C. Cooper, vice-president of Pan American, a member of the full committee, wrote a letter of protest against the resolution to Eric Johnston, the Chamber president; then the full committee turned down its subcommittee's recommendation. The subcommittee had two members representing air lines: John E. Slater, executive vice-president of American Export Airlines, and S. J. Solomon, the president of Northeast Airlines and the spokesman for the proponents of free competition in the air over the Atlantic.

Political Murk: Admiral Howard L.

Vickery of the War Shipping Administration told a press conference this autumn that the United States, builder of more than 10,000 Liberty ships, intended to stay deep in the shipping business after the war. A few months earlier Clive Baillieu, then a high officer in the British Supply Council in North America, told an audience in New York that Britain after the war would have to seek export markets greater than those she had had before and that she would need to carry the exports as much as possible in British bottoms. In the December *American Magazine* Senator George L. Radcliffe of Maryland wrote an article on the theme, "Our merchant marine must be second to none." A political collision over shipping between the United States and the United Kingdom seems unavoidable.

A disagreement over sea carriers would make the prospect of getting an international agreement over air carriers remote. The airplane is just one of a number of interrelated instruments in national economics and politics. The other countries, especially Britain, are preparing for cut-throat air business through chosen instruments in case the international agreement is not born. (There is talk of forming a second British overseas line with the backing of English shipping interests, but, even if this is done, the British government will undoubtedly own much of the stock.) Mr. Berle however is betting high on the international agreement and apparently sees no need for having a chosen instrument ready in case it flops. He is apparently betting too that the Congress which refused to appropriate a subsidy for a second American air line across the north Atlantic can be persuaded to provide subsidies for up to sixteen lines over that same ocean. If Mr. Berle is right, well and good; if not, and if we have no alternative policy, then everybody will be ready for the contest except the United States.

OIL FIELDS IN THE ARCTIC

WALLACE E. PRATT



{ A map of the Arctic Oil Regions appears in Personal and Otherwise. }

THE international commerce of the future promises to depend so much upon direct transport between the United States, Canada, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and China that the region of the North Pole may become the crossroads of the world. For the fueling of the airplanes engaged in this traffic, indigenous sources of oil throughout the polar region should be of great value. The evidence is convincing that such sources exist, awaiting only to be developed. The lands that edge the Polar Sea—the northern shores of Siberia, Alaska, and Canada—are marked by a series of conspicuous seepages of oil.

Generally we associate the origin of petroleum with abundant sunlight and teeming life. We think of the humid, equable climates of past geologic ages; of an incredibly prolific vegetation which flourished throughout eons of time over the great, swamplike lowlands of the earth's surface; and of myriad microscopic creatures which thronged the warm waters of the adjacent seas. It was this luxuriant former life of the earth that bequeathed to us our great stores of fossil fuels. The old forests left us their carbon; the organic parts of marine life buried in the muds and sands of the sea floor were preserved for us in the form of petroleum.

This conception of the origin of petroleum requires a tropical environment not to be found in present-day Arctic wastes.

We forget that the earth's polar ice caps are evanescent phenomena that have existed for only a relatively short period. Of the two thousand million years through which we can peer dimly back in earth history these polar ice caps are discernible only during the past million years or so. For the greater part of geologic time plant and animal life alike have abounded in the polar regions. Fossil plants in the rocks of the island of Spitsbergen prove that in comparatively recent times, geologically speaking, tropical palms and ferns grew in profusion in latitude 80° north. There are still plants in Spitsbergen, but in place of the tropical forests of twenty million years ago there are now only scattered patches in sheltered coves where a few stunted tree plants like the dwarf birch still persist. The hardiest of these tree plants (the Arctic willow) rarely exceeds a height of two inches.

To be sure, life still abounds in the polar regions. Birds, fish, and marine mammals thrive in both the Arctic and the Antarctic. Stefansson says that greater tonnages of animal life per cubic mile of ocean are to be found in the waters along the Arctic Circle than along the Equator. He points out that the great fisheries of Newfoundland are in the icy Labrador Current, not in the Gulf Stream, and that the richest ocean life known is found in the drift-ice region that fringes the Antarctic Continent.

The fossil evidence in the rocks of the northland furthermore testifies to a warm-water environment for the marine plants and animals the remains of which were buried in the muds of the former seas.

In the past, then, geological conditions were favorable for the generation of petroleum in the rocks of the Arctic region. And even a cursory search for petroleum in the north, such as has been already carried out, reveals widespread and unmistakable evidences of its presence there.

The progress of civilization has been described as the slow march of humanity northward from all sides of an ever-shrinking circle at the center of which is the North Pole. It is a curious circumstance, overlooked by most of us, that whereas no human being, no land mammal, and no flowering plant makes a permanent home in the south polar regions (south of the sixtieth parallel of south latitude) yet in the corresponding area round the North Pole more than a million people, countless land animals, and tremendous forests live and thrive. The pioneer explorers of the sixteenth century, persistent in their search for a "northwest passage," already realized that northward lay the shortest route from Europe to the Orient. Now, with the increasing use of the airplane, it is fortunate that the Far North is provided with potential stores of petroleum because this resource will be indispensable to the development which appears to be in store for the region.

Up till now the United States, with an area of 2.4 million square miles in which petroleum may reasonably be expected to be present, has produced more than 60 per cent of the world's petroleum. The Far North, by comparison, includes a land area (north of the sixtieth parallel) of 1.5 million square miles which may also be described as favorable for petroleum. This comparison affords a reasonable basis on which to judge the potential petroleum resources of the Far North. They may well be half as large as our own American resources.

Most of the land area in the North Polar region lies within the borders of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in the Eastern Hemisphere; the most extensive exploration for petroleum in the north has

been carried out by the Soviet Government. It is understandable therefore that the evidence accumulated so far indicates larger resources of petroleum in the Soviet domain than in the rest of the Far North. Soviet geologists have examined areas in Siberia aggregating one million square miles (north of the sixtieth parallel) which they consider favorable for the occurrence of petroleum. In the Western Hemisphere our own geologists estimate at about one-half million square miles the land area (north of the sixtieth parallel) favorable for petroleum. Notwithstanding this disparity in area some of the most important known prospects, including one of the oldest active oil fields in the Far North, are to be found in the Western Hemisphere.

The waters that cover the North Pole occupy a depression in the earth's surface which, although never of extreme depth, has persisted throughout most of geologic time. These waters should properly be thought of as a sea rather than as an ocean. They are landlocked like the Mediterranean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico-Caribbean Sea region. It is of interest in this connection to reflect that the environs of these two mediterranean regions—the Caspian, Black, and Mediterranean seas in the Old World, and the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea in the New World—are the sources of by far the larger part of all the petroleum so far found on earth. It is in large part to their character as long-enduring mediterranean seas (seas in the midst of the land) that these regions owe the great accumulations of petroleum we find in them. Owing to their general character therefore the environs of the Arctic Sea become a likely prospect for the oil finder. Almost continuously since a very early period in earth's history, muds and sands and rock debris have been washed into this sea by streams flowing over the weathered surface of the encircling land areas to the south of it: the great continental shields of primitive crystalline rocks that constitute all of eastern Canada in the Western Hemisphere, and all of Mongolia and Tibet in the Eastern Hemisphere. These old lands are the sources of the accumulations of sediment laid down on the floor of the Arctic Sea.

The world's petroleum is found in rocks formed of the sediments deposited in former seas: the sediments of Cenozoic, of Mesozoic, and of Paleozoic seas, named in the order of magnitude of their total yields of petroleum up to date. The Arctic Sea was loaded with sediments during each of these great cycles of earth history. The modern Arctic Sea however is only a shrunken remnant of its ancestral seas, and much of the periphery of the former sea floor is now elevated above sea level.

The successive layers of sediment have hardened into the rocks which make up the encircling land areas. These rocks are promising source rocks for commercial accumulations of petroleum. Oil and gas seepages are so numerous and conspicuous that even the early explorers were impressed a century and a half ago when "petroleum" was a rare curiosity.

II

ONE of the most impressive surface manifestations of petroleum in the Western Hemisphere is situated near Cape Simpson, east of Point Barrow, on the Arctic coast of northernmost Alaska. Surrounding this locality is a coastal plain and foothills region more than 60,000 square miles in area. It consists of gently folded Upper Cretaceous marine shales and sandstones exceeding 10,000 feet in aggregate thickness. Beneath this series of rocks lies the Lower Cretaceous, an equally promising series of shales and sandstones of similar thickness. Geologically, these conditions are ideal for important accumulations of petroleum. The striking character of the petroleum seepages near Cape Simpson is revealed in the following simple description by Sidney Paige of the United States Geological Survey:

Seepage No. 1 occurs near the inland base of this ridge. . . . Here in an irregular area several hundred feet in diameter the moss is soaked with petroleum which also slowly seeps from the gentle slope.

Seepage No. 2 is . . . 3 miles almost due south of Seepage No. 1 . . . Here the residue covers several acres.

The main petroleum flow moves southward down the slope for 600 or 700 feet to a lake. This active channel is 6 to 10 feet wide, though

the area covered by residue is several hundred square feet and indicates that a considerable flow is coming from this seepage.

The Point Barrow region has been reserved to the United States Navy over an area of 30,000 square miles, but no attempt at exploration has been made. This part of Alaska is open to ocean transportation only two or three months in the normal year. No good harbor is available. The country is icebound and barren of timber. The unfavorable climate, the lack of marine transportation facilities, the isolation, and the bleak environment have discouraged development. For a navy that has been interested in petroleum principally as fuel for battleships a reserve so icebound as to be inaccessible to the fleet for three-quarters of the time has had little appeal. With the impetus given aviation in Alaska by the present war this attitude may change. Five hundred miles south of Point Barrow is Fairbanks, the inland metropolis of Alaska, which has become a great center of flying activity and a main base, both civil and military, for airplane maintenance and supplies including aviation fuel and lubricants.

The Point Barrow oil contains a valuable lubricating fraction and is low in sulphur, a common deleterious impurity in crude oil. Weathered samples show a gravity of 18.6 degrees, American Petroleum Institute scale, but the fresh oil might well be of lighter gravity. The operation of oil wells and a modern cracking plant at Point Barrow could be made largely independent of weather. Products such as aviation fuels could be moved southward by pipe line across the Endicott Range to Fairbanks despite ice and low temperature. The icebound Arctic coast is not an insuperable obstacle to the development of this promising prospect.

There are other areas in Alaska which would be worth exploring for petroleum. Extending north and northeastward from the deltas of the Yukon and Kuskokwim rivers over an area of 140,000 square miles are Cretaceous and Tertiary rocks of great thickness, gently folded and of a character favorable for the occurrence of petroleum. The sea at the mouth of the Kuskokwim River is free of ice throughout the year. No exploration for petroleum

has been attempted in this promising region.

Another promising region is the Alaska Peninsula. Its accessible southern coast exhibits seepages of petroleum at Cold Bay and again 120 miles farther north-eastward. The rocks of Alaska Peninsula are of Jurassic age. The oil from the seepages varies from 20 degrees to 30 degrees A.P.I. gravity. The possibly productive area is about 350 miles in length. Three test wells have been drilled on the peninsula, ranging in depth between 5,000 and 8,775 feet. These tests failed, but obviously further exploration is justified in this region.

Still farther east along the southern coast of Alaska is the Katalla-Yakataga region. Extending eastward from the town of Cordova, it has a length of 250 miles. Here the oil-bearing rocks are of Tertiary age with an aggregate thickness exceeding 10,000 feet. There are prominent seepages of petroleum along the entire length of their outcrop. Shallow wells at Katalla have a record of past production of about 300,000 barrels. This oil came from depths of 1,800 feet or less. Formerly a local refinery operated at Katalla. The oil is about 40 degrees A.P.I. gravity, free from sulphur, and yields about 35 per cent of naphtha.

It may be said of Alaska that whenever the development of its petroleum resources becomes worth while the enterprise will doubtless be undertaken, with every anticipation of a significant addition to the volume of the proved oil reserves of the Western Hemisphere.

Let us now turn to Canada. Near Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River, in latitude 65° north, a small refinery for many years has been producing gasoline and fuel oil for river boats, airplanes, and nearby mining operations. The petroleum for this refinery is obtained from an adjacent shallow oil field discovered in 1920. Since the local demand for products is small, the output of only two or three wells has sufficed to supply all needs. Recently however a number of additional wells have been drilled under the direction of the United States Army and have proved the existence of a major oil field at Fort Norman of first rank as a petro-

leum reserve. In connection with this development pipe lines are planned to make the Fort Norman oil available at other strategic centers in the Far North.

Thus we have the anomalous situation that the United States Army is driven by the realities of war to draw upon the natural resources of another nation, Canada, in an effort to ensure adequate supplies of aviation fuels for the Air Corps, while the United States Navy holds a totally undeveloped, twenty-year-old petroleum reserve on United States soil in the adjacent territory of Alaska. We are slow to realize that our air force needs fuel as well as our battleships and that our own potential sources of these critical fuels in the Far North have already been too long neglected.

The Fort Norman oil comes from a limestone of Devonian age through wells ranging in depth to as much as 2,000 feet; it is about 40 degrees A.P.I. gravity and yields a high proportion of gasoline on distillation. The first wells were drilled because of the presence of oil and gas in the surface rocks near Fort Norman. Seepage Lake, only a few miles from the oil field, and Windy Point on the north shore of Great Slave Lake, are both celebrated for copious seepages of oil, long known to the Indians and early trappers in that region. The oil field lies in the heart of a sedimentary basin 160,000 square miles in area (north of the sixtieth parallel). Other important oil fields will almost certainly be found in this region whenever systematic search is undertaken.

The remainder of the mainland of Canada north of the sixtieth parallel, consisting of the old continental shield of crystalline rocks, is devoid of petroleum prospects. But the islands in the Arctic Ocean north of western Canada from Banks Island and Victoria Island on the southeast to Ellesmere Land and the Greenland coast on the northeast are geologically favorable for petroleum. These islands lie directly north of our own State of Texas (look at a globe if you doubt it) and are scattered over a distance as great as that which separates the Gulf of Mexico from Lake Superior. They are composed of gently folded sedimentary rocks, rich in organic remains, ranging in age from Or-

dovician to Tertiary. In southern Ellesmere Land the Silurian and Devonian rocks alone attain a thickness of 8,000 feet. Coal is present in the Carboniferous, the Cretaceous, and again in the Tertiary. Stefansson reports seepages of petroleum along with outcrops of lignite on northern Melville Island, 500 miles north of the Arctic Circle. On the south coast of the same island he found bituminous shale which he burned for fuel. Though but little known, geologically this region is certainly suitable for petroleum accumulations, and the actual seepages of petroleum already observed by pioneer explorers confirm the geological evidence.

Immediately to the eastward of Ellesmere Land lies the northern portion of Greenland. An ice cap three-quarters of a million square miles in area and thousands of feet in thickness conceals the surface of the southern and central parts of this great island (the ice cap grows thinner the farther north one goes!) and denies us intimate knowledge of its geologic character. Presumably most of Greenland is unfavorable for petroleum, but its extreme northern end, which is almost free of ice and open to geologic study, is not without promise. Here the same series of rocks noted in Ellesmere Land can again be identified and observed to maintain their same favorable character. Horizontal beds of Cambrian sandstones, free from deformation, present the same favorable aspect here that they do directly across the North Pole in Siberia, where Soviet technologists are already recovering oil from them. Overlying the Cambrian is an extensive succession of rocks, Silurian, Carboniferous, Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary. Coal at several horizons and abundant fossil plants in these rocks indicate warm climates which certainly persisted until Tertiary times.

III

THE million square miles of territory in Siberia which Soviet scientists designate as favorable for petroleum stretch from the Ural Mountains eastward nearly 3,000 miles to the Sea of Okhotsk. Over this region many seepages of petroleum have been discovered and investigated; a

large number of test wells have been drilled. Guided by exhaustive geological and geophysical surveys, this exploration has been under way since 1934. The results of the work are not generally available, but it is stated that some half-dozen regions have been outlined in which the presence of petroleum has been demonstrated in rocks of various ages—Cambrian, Devonian, Jurassic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary. This energetic search by the Soviets for petroleum in the Far North serves to emphasize the significance they accord to the northland. Already in possession outside the Arctic regions of the largest potential resources of petroleum on earth, these people show more awareness than the rest of us of the future that beckons from the north and prepare to take advantage of it.

In looking at the petroleum resources of the Soviets we cannot limit our view to Siberia nor to the Far North. West of the Ural Mountains lies other favorable territory which in its extension to the south of the sixtieth parallel is already producing petroleum. And in Siberia proper the areas favorable for petroleum extend far to the south of the sixtieth parallel. But from our discussion of the Far North these extensions to the south are excluded, as are also the promising indications on Kamchatka Peninsula and the producing fields on Sakhalin Island. Excluded also are the Kuznetz District and the Lake Baikal area in southern Siberia, in both of which successful exploration for petroleum is reported.

Returning to the Far North in Siberia, we find petroleum coming to the surface along the estuary of the Yenisei River in latitude 70° north. As a result of these showings, which persist from Dudinka southward to Turukhansk, a distance of some 300 miles, a number of wells have been drilled.

Six hundred miles farther east along the Arctic coast near Nordvik on Khatanga Bay there are numerous seepages of petroleum. A test well has been drilled here which encountered petroleum at successive depths in Cretaceous, Jurassic, and Devonian rocks. This is a region characterized by the presence beneath the surface of "salt domes," remarkable intru-

sions of plastic salt which force themselves upward through the earth's crust from great depth and form ideal reservoirs for the accumulation of petroleum. Salt domes distinguish also our own most prolific source of petroleum—the coastal plain fringing the Gulf of Mexico.

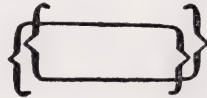
A thousand miles still farther east along the Arctic coast in the Yukahirs district Soviet geologists have outlined an area of some 300,000 square miles which they consider promising for petroleum. We know little of the basis for this opinion, but it is readily acceptable in view of the extensive evidence of petroleum throughout the Lena River drainage system farther south.

It is said that "oil has been found for a thousand miles along the Tolba," a headwaters tributary of the Lena River. Here the oil is found in Lower Cambrian rocks, only slightly deformed. Wells have been drilled along the Naya River in the eastern part of the district within 200 miles of the Sea of Okhotsk, and again in the Olekminsk district 600 miles to the west of the Sea of Okhotsk. The wells flow copiously and this Tolba region, which includes an area of more than 3,000 square miles, is believed to have great potentialities.

Petroleum products from this region could be readily transported by pipe line to a Pacific Ocean outlet on the Sea of

Okhotsk to the east as well as to the northern branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway 450 miles to the south. Eastern Siberia therefore, like much of the rest of the Far North, appears to be provided with resources of liquid fuel and lubricants adequate to support a greatly expanded future industrial economy.

Oil in the Arctic awaits the advance of civilization upon this, the last of our geographical frontiers. Conspicuous evidences of petroleum confront us throughout this region: prolific seepages in the rocks of Alaska; other seepages and a major oil field on the mainland of Canada; seepages on various Canadian Arctic islands; seepages and oil wells at frequent intervals along the entire Arctic Coast of Siberia. But only the forward-looking Russians have availed themselves so far of these potential sources of fuel and energy. Perhaps the rest of us have yet to grasp the fact that the Great Ice Age is already behind us. We escaped its extreme advance at the end of the Pleistocene only "by the skin of our teeth," according to Thornton Wilder's colorful drama, but now at length we should have pulled ourselves together sufficiently to begin to follow up its retreat and to reclaim for mankind the vast empire released to us by the return of the sun to the "friendly Arctic."



BEFORE THE MEN MARCH HOME

A Letter to the Churches

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL



“WAR makes for few conversions,” said Bishop Charles Palmerston Anderson of Chicago during the first world conflict. “War only makes people more strongly what they were when the struggle began. If they were intemperate when they went into uniform, they will usually have become much harder drinkers by the time they come back home. If they were careless of sex morality, they are almost sure to have become more slimy in that respect. If they were noisy braggarts, you may expect them to return intolerable boasters. If they were selfish, their selfishness will have increased. If they were honest, decent, modest men, the war will usually have improved those good qualities. If they despised God, they will have come out more sure in scorn; if they loved God a little, they will have learned to love Him a lot. But there will be no more conversions than in peacetime, rather less. All history shows it true that no religious revival ever began or was fostered by battle.”

This still seems to be the truth, if one may judge by the letters which many chaplains have been writing home lately. Even those whose units have been facing death have observed few instances of change of heart toward God. A number seem disgusted with current talk about there being “no atheists in shell-holes.”

“That may be so,” writes one who was a great pastor in peacetime, “but if so it is because there are few atheists anywhere. There are a lot of new would-be magicians in shell-holes though, asking desperately only that God do miracles for their benefit in the way of deflecting deadly missiles. If you call that religion, you can have it; but if religion means for a man to give his life to God and not merely to whine for God to give more life to him, the front changes very few men. What they were religiously, they remain—more intensely but the same; and if the Church back home is relying on the war to do for the lads what the Church did not do for them before they put on uniforms, namely, to make God-lovers and God-servers out of them, then the Church had better stop kidding itself.”

Things seem not to have changed in these respects since the First World War, when I watched more than one thousand young men stream by me at Great Lakes Training Station, going into the Navy and then, after months of service, coming out again. The great majority of men in the armed forces knew then, and know this time, next to nothing about religion. The separation of Church and State in the schools, and the astounding incompetence of most of the churches in respect to religious education, and the indifference of

parents to God, have combined to turn out a group of young people composed, to the extent of about eighty per cent, of religious illiterates.

So it was with men in the First World War. So it still is if the chaplains whose letters I see are to be trusted, and if one may believe many officers and men I know who are Christians and have their eyes open. When the ten million and more come marching home again—such of them as do come back—most of them will not be bothering their young but hard-boiled heads any more about religion in the old home parish than they did about religion in their outfits—which was mighty little. This will not be their fault or the fault of the chaplains or indeed the fault of war. The churches had not won them in the days before they went away. They will not have lost religion while in the forces. Few of them had any to lose.

But what of those few who, with understanding and affection for God and man, were really Christians when the war began? They will come back with that understanding and that affection driven deeper into their very being by the things they have observed, endured. Will they be satisfied to resume their former places in the churches?

The service people whom I know and trust doubt it very much. Great numbers of the more religious soldiers, sailors, marines, these report, are no longer as attracted by organized religion as once they were. More often than not they are a little scornful of it. Churches as social clubs seem in memory to have been trivial, and churches as places where men adore God and are empowered by Him appear in retrospect to have been largely nonexistent. Were not the churches smothered by respectability and enervated by timidity? It seems so in retrospect. The churches, these men surmise, were led chiefly by parsons more intent to please the congregations than to blurt out the disconcerting will of God; and the churches were controlled (and the parsons too often) by small-bore laymen fearful lest the Church blow ardently upon the latent fires of spiritual and moral revolution. They are now aware that the churches were impotent to prevent the

war, which war they loathe even while they bravely fight it. Nor do they see evidence of vitality enough in the churches to enable them effectively to stand for prevention of a revengeful and dishonest peace, which most of them think is the kind of peace that the politicians are preparing to unload on the world, a peace which will be prelude to another bout of carnage when the nations have caught their breath. They do not believe that the churches really love God more than money or prestige, or that they have an intention to obey Jesus Christ.

Let it be recalled that the men referred to here are not the atheistic, the porcine, or the indifferent, but rather the ones who are religious, the ones whose stars dot the war flags of the parishes, the ones whom those churches are counting on to return with new enthusiasm and take up their share of churchly activity. In the minds of far more of these men than Church people back home suspect, the conventicles which in former days they have attended, known, even loved, now appear as too little religious and too socially ineffective to command further respect.

THERE are three things about the churches which seem lacking to the men who are undergoing the tough discipline of training camps or are stripped to essentials on the various fronts or at sea. They deplore the absence of Simplicity, Sincerity, and Sympathy.

Simplicity is lacking because the blazing centrality of God as He is in Christ has become vague in churchly minds. Fussiness, vague and stereotyped prayer, choir music, hymn singing, young people's societies and rallies, no end of trivia, have been allowed to get in the way. Sermons have dealt with derivative matters, not with God. A living Christ, in Heaven and in Sacrament and in the hearts of the faithful, is what seems lacking; and without such a Christ a church looks more than a little ridiculous and parsons seem contemptible. The men who come marching home will have seen that much plainly. The Church had better get rid of fustian if it is to meet the challenge in their exacting eyes.

Sincerity too the returning soldier, sailor,

or marine most surely will require. He may come back himself anything but immaculate; but at the worst he will rarely be either a hypocrite or afraid. His demand for honesty will be brutal. Are the churches going to show to him, or require of him, a willingness to judge his own and other lives singly, or the nation's life, or international life, by the mind of God as Christ has proclaimed the same? A church which tones down the reality of judgment and the moral demands of God, in the way the churches appear to most observers to have toned them down before the war, will be met with deserved contempt. Shall God ask less of a man individually than his country has asked, or let a man break the code and deny discipline and yet make no demand for punishment? And what is the Church going to insist upon socially? The demand is not for churches which meddle in politics or go into business. No sane man wants the Church itself to build a righteous social order, even to try to do it. What is needed is a Church which is the conscience of Society, a Church which in the name of God will condemn selfish, nationalistic, imperialistic, compromising social action, by whomever contemplated or committed, and insist upon a Society which will recognize, as Jesus does, that man is more than a producer and consumer of goods, more than a breeder of wage-slaves and cannon-fodder. Christian Social Action is no accidental aspect of religion; it is central to any Christianity which is not a "phony." Christianity is a perpetual revolution against the *mores* of the canny and the worldly. Let the Church behave accordingly. Moral and spiritual revolution is coming; it is overdue. If the Church has a first-rate variety of such revolution to offer, let the Church trot it out, or else forever hereafter hold a shameful peace.

And *Sympathy* is demanded, not pity but fellow-suffering, which is what the word "sympathy" by derivation means. The churches are called on to show willingness themselves to suffer and to lead their members gladly to suffer, alongside those who must live and move and have their being in a world all shot to hell, a world starving and ragged and homeless and

tired and shell-shocked and disillusioned. There are people who think that the wounds of the world can be cured when the guns cease firing, that the hearts of men can be healed, merely by way of a lot of new gadgets, mechanical and political. Such men are not apt to be found under arms. A lot more than that will be required. Sympathy, shared suffering, will be needed. Are the churches prepared to furnish it? What did they ask for before the war? Chiefly that their bills be paid, their own spiritual and social goings-on financed, and "Give us a dime for the heathen." Such a program, such purposes, soft parsons, padded pews, polite piety, respectability for its own sake, ecclesiastical exemption from the travail of mankind—these receive a ribald derision from those who have seen the war and tasted of its sorrows. The churches must lose their lives for Christ's sake and that of the brethren, become the hidden leaven of a selfless love in the lump of misery called mankind, go out and share the bitter things with not one timid shudder, or else be trodden under foot by men who have learned what life is all about.

Do the churches want the postwar allegiance and help of those of their own men who are now in service and who have had conventions stripped away, who now insist upon reality in religion? Do they wish to use such a man as Thomas, for instance, who writes from the Middle East? He is a university graduate, brilliant, urbane, not quite thirty years old. Before the war he was a layman, with rather more than a good start in a manufacturing business. He now writes: "I always *believed* in God; I *know* God now. I have seen Him in the desert and in the eyes of forsaken and oppressed people. I have seen Him weeping as the damned shells break and tear Him. I must be His utter servant. By the Lord God I shall compromise no more. I must preach Him, proclaim Him. If I come back the ministry is my vocation. But do you think the Church has room for me in the ministry?"

Well, I wonder a little myself about that man, if and when he comes up before the usual vestry or parish committee that is cautiously looking for "a pleasing clergy-

man." Are such righteously impatient people—there are a lot of them—going to be used, in the ministry or anywhere else; or will they shake the dust of organized Christianity off their feet because of their own faithfulness to Christ? And if the churches cannot hold and use the *religious* men among the returning millions, what chance have they to win to God the multitudinous *heathen* that are among them?

"WHAT do you advocate?" someone may ask. That is a fair question. It does no good to diagnose this far unless one goes a little farther. Well—

1. I suggest that every clergyman write to each serviceman on his parish list, send him a copy of this article, ask him if it tells the truth, and request him (if it seems to him at all a fair presentation of the facts) to write back and recommend what he would like to see *different* about *his home church* when he comes back. Ask him to be frank, and specific. Tell him to overlook his supposed sentimental attachments, forget that the inquirer is a parson, and spill his real ideas. The answers will be interesting. Some will refuse to answer. Some will be polite. Some few

will have no fault to find. Many of the replies will shake complacency. Then, as the clergyman gets his answers (he should promise that no names will be revealed), let him tell his congregation what its men in uniform are thinking.

2. I suggest that the War Commission (whatever it may be called) of every denomination do the same sort of thing with its chaplains (again promising that names will not be used); let the replies be analyzed, digested, and printed for circulation in that denomination.

3. Let no plans be made for postwar work by any communion unless and until its chaplains have a fair chance to criticize the same.

4. Put a tough returning chaplain on the faculty of every theological seminary (in the preaching and pastoral department), and one or more on every strategic denominational committee, commission, and board.

5. Revise, now, the whole set-up of parochial religious education, so that in future emergencies like this war the young men may not go forth quite such spiritual ignoramuses.

Other suggestions come to mind; but these are probably enough for a beginning.



NOTES ON AN ENGLISH VISIT

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN



I. *Blackout*

I REACHED London early last October at seven o'clock of a cloudy evening, just as the nightly blackout took effect. Stepping from the bright interior of the train onto a station platform whose gloom was only faintly alleviated by an occasional hooded lamp of low candle-power, and wondering how anybody could recognize anybody else in this crowded dimness, I was nevertheless recognized and hailed and led away to a car which whirled me out into the vast dark of London. We drove at what seemed to my unpracticed eyes a wildly confident speed—down half-empty avenues, round almost invisible corners, past traffic islands marked only by a small $\frac{x}{x}$ of light; past an occasional taxi tearing along with the same sublime confidence, its headlamps playing dimly downward on the roadway ahead of it; past vaguely illuminated double-decker busses thundering through the night.

We stopped before a hotel—not a glimmer showing from it—while my companions went inside to inquire about reservations; and for a few minutes I stood waiting beside the car in a silence broken only by the rush and rumble of infrequent taxis and busses, by the clicking footsteps of shadowy people striding by on the sidewalk (as briskly, it seemed, as if they had cats' eyes), and by the fragments of their conversation as they passed. Now and

then a flashlight would blink as some pedestrian checked up on the location of the curb he was approaching. Across the street a tier of office buildings and apartment houses loomed lightless and immense. There is always, to me, something majestic about London; in this portentous obscurity its majesty was intensified.

I left the city a little over five weeks later, likewise by blackout. And so my last impression of it complemented my first. It was of standing on another equally dim railway platform in the midst of a clamorous and shadowy confusion: soldiers, sailors, and civilians tramping along to their trains, the soldiers and sailors laden with heavy kits, and some of them accompanied by wives or parents as they searched one dark crowded railway carriage after another for a vacant space; baggage trucks, heaped high with blanket-rolls and military equipment, being dragged clattering through the throng; smoke pouring from panting locomotives into the high black vault of the train shed, through the glassless skylights of which I could catch glimpses of a full moon weaving in and out of bright-edged clouds. About me I could half-see the farewell embraces as families were separated; and it seemed to me that the sense of overwhelming urgency that hung in the smoky air, the sense of imminent departures for unknown and perilous destinations, the sense that

individuals were being implacably lost in impersonal groups beckoned by fate, was strangely accentuated by the blackout gloom which turned men into mere moving shapes.

And as I look back now upon those English weeks it is the blackout which stands out in my mind as the most striking, and also the most wearing, single circumstance in British life to-day. Millions of words have been written about it, yet to the visitor who experiences it for the first time it comes nevertheless with a shock of surprise. For as he sees how the blackout circumscribes his movements from day to day he realizes how profoundly it must circumscribe the lives of millions of English men and women as they enter *the fifth winter of darkness*.

The English seem to-day a worn and tired people. For over four years they have undergone deprivations and manifold inconveniences similar to those which the war has imposed on the people of the United States but much more intense. On the average they have become more deeply immersed in the war than we, and their lives are more distorted by it than ours are. Their food is more drastically rationed than ours and is short of so many things—meats, butter, citrus fruits, and so on—that although there is enough to sustain health there is seldom enough to make eating a pleasure. Their gasoline is much more drastically rationed than ours: there is no basic ration at all; nobody can get a gallon unless he can prove absolute necessity—as for a family in the country to go marketing once a week, or for a government official to go on war errands. Their clothing is so sharply rationed that the purchase of a new suit will eat up half a man's clothes points for the year. All manner of goods which we regard as necessities are lacking; matches, for instance, are almost unobtainable (and good cigarette lighters are expensive and hard to come by). Every form of transportation is infrequent and overcrowded, and the sight of men and women standing quietly in long queues at the bus stops is ubiquitous. People mostly look a little shabby, down-at-the-heel; the women's cotton and wrinkled rayon stockings, for instance, and the fact that half the young girls are bare-

legged even in October, reflect a situation in which supplies are often lacking even if one has the ration points to buy. (One morning in Cardiff I saw a long double queue of women stretching along the sidewalk, and asked one of them what they were in line for. "Stockings," she said. Some shop had got hold of a supply.) As for living under government regulations, the British are far more circumscribed in their day-to-day freedom than we: consider the single circumstance that no one may change his job without government consent. For four years they have been working long hours under the spur of war-time necessity. All these conditions of life are wearing—yet none of them seems to me to bear down upon and hamper the individual quite as does the blackout.

In summer its impact is comparatively slight, for the evening twilight lasts long. But in winter things are different. When I was in Glasgow, toward the middle of November, the blackout began at about 5:20 P.M. and lasted till well after eight in the morning. Think what it must be to work a shift from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M., and in one's free waking hours, all week long, never to be able to move outdoors save in blackness!

MAKE no mistake about it, this blackout is strictly enforced. When I reached my hotel room on my first evening in London I found the windows already shrouded by heavy overlapping black-lined curtains. Under the glass top of the dressing-table was a warning notice:

BLACK-OUT
PLEASE DRAW CURTAINS
BEFORE
SWITCHING ON LIGHT

Another sign amplified the warning:

IMPORTANT

It is imperative that you comply with the Act of Parliament regarding the "Black-out" * which is now in force every night. Not a single ray of light must be seen outside your rooms. Please therefore keep the curtains drawn correctly, and never open a window unless all lights are first switched off.

* The quotation marks (as well as the hyphen) are used in most public notices in England, as if the very name of this unfortunate if necessary institution were hardly admissible to a respectable language.

By the door was a third:

A.R.P.

ALL LIGHTS MUST BE TURNED
OUT BEFORE THE ROOM IS LEFT,
IN CASE WINDOW DAMAGE OCCURS.

I switched off the light, groped my way to the windows, parted the curtains, and looked out—across a hotel court—at what one might have imagined to be a quite untenanted building, with not a sliver of light showing. Actually it was another wing of the hotel, with every room occupied. Later I moved to another room looking out over a wide stretch of London—rooftops, chimney pots, apartment houses, hotels, office buildings; a view at least a mile deep. Invariably there would be no ray of artificial light visible anywhere after nightfall except at one point among the rooftops where a single not-quite-sufficiently curtained window, invisible from the street, showed a tiny line of brightness. Every evening as dusk approached a chambermaid made the rounds of the hotel rooms, both occupied and vacant, darkening every window: the inevitable routine which someone must go through every evening *in every house in England*. One afternoon I was talking with a publisher and a novelist when the novelist glanced at his watch and leaped to his feet. “My wife is busy this afternoon,” he said, “and I’ve got to get home to my suburb in time to black out thirty-eight windows.”

To the newcomer to England, particularly if he has a map to consult beforehand and a bump of direction, the game of trying to find his way about London in the evening is rather good fun. When the moon is near the full, even if the sky is quite overcast, it is easy. Most curbstones are marked at the street intersections with white paint, as are projecting cellar doors and other obstructions; and as there is almost no traffic by night you can stride along rather confidently (with a wary eye out for unmarked garage entrances and other changes in the sidewalk level in the middle of a block) provided you can keep track of how far you have gone without ever being able to see a street sign. But in the dark of the moon . . .

You go out through the revolving door of your hotel (this door has been made lightproof by stretching a black strip of cloth over each of its glass panels) and find yourself in blue-black gloom. Ahead of you you can see a dull blue light set into the curving brick blast-wall which protects the hotel entrance against any bomb explosion outside—but you can see no steps at all. You feel your way with your feet, step down on the sidewalk, steer out past the end of the blast-wall (which is vaguely visible to you now because it is painted with black and white stripes) and stand bewildered in what seems total blackness. You can hear people walking by but you can’t see them. Better grope your way to the hotel wall—unless you have a flashlight (you are permitted to carry one if you have one)—and stand there a minute till your eyes adjust themselves. Then you can set out.

Whenever a car comes by, your way ahead becomes half-discernible, for its dim downward-shining headlights reveal a bit of the street and diffuse enough light even outside their direct path to indicate the line of the curb. As you approach a street-corner there will be a tiny hooded overhead street light to guide you, and perhaps a small traffic light. If the pavement is wet these lights will make thin paths of reflected light below, which will help to orient you; but if the night is overcast and the pavements dry you may stop helpless in the middle of a block, unable to tell which way to move until a car approaches. Your concentration upon the effort to find your way, the brief glimmer of flashlights showing here and there, the almost invisible people groping their way along, the snatches of their overheard talk, the computations going on in your mind—“There—here’s the corner—now two blocks in this direction and then a block to the left”—take on a strangely dreamlike quality: this episode in your evening is as sharply set apart from what preceded and what will follow it as if you were sleepwalking. You reach what you think must be the approximate location of the building you are seeking; you ask a passing shadow if you are right and he tells you to go a little farther on; you make out a faint bluish glow, find your-

self moving in behind another blast-wall and climbing steps and laying your hands on a revolving door; it revolves—and then suddenly you are in a blaze of light: a hotel lobby full of activity. The dream is over and wakeful life resumes again.

With a flashlight in good repair of course it's easier, though the flashlight so conditions your night vision that if you use it you are half-helpless when it is not shining. But anyhow you will notice not many Londoners on the streets. One reason is that, although they will go out without hesitation to places they can readily find, the difficulty of finding an unfamiliar house, plus the shortage of taxis and other transportation (and also of course the rationing regulations) combine to reduce evening entertaining to a minimum and to keep most people at home at night. Therefore by any American standard the streets of London are very empty after nightfall and very quiet.

WITH all this inconvenience goes a special beauty: the beauty of the ghostly streets by moonlight, with every Renaissance pediment and column, every bit of white stonework in the brick houses, shining under the moon; the beauty of starlight, with a powder of stars overhead so clear that I have plainly seen the faintest of the seven stars of the Dipper (the one where the handle joins the Dipper itself) from the sidewalk of as traveled a street as Park Lane; the sudden unexpected effects (as when once I noticed that a supposedly full moon seemed to have had a piece bitten out of it, and saw as I walked on that the bite altered its shape, and realized that I was witnessing a partial eclipse of the moon by a barrage balloon hanging above the city); and the somber beauty of the scene from a high window on a foggy night, the dark shapes of the clustered buildings looming like castled mountains through the mist till one imagines one is not in an inhabited city at all but in some silent land of ghostly slumbering peaks and turrets.

But even the beauty palls on people who have endured the blackout winter after winter—never able, waking at night, to turn on a light without first closing the curtains, never able to let night fall with-

out blacking out every window, never able to set out of an evening without calculating how to get to their destination and home again. Of all the things English people dream of doing when the Luftwaffe is reduced to helplessness, perhaps the first on the list is to see the lights turned on again.

It has gone on so long! An English friend of mine heard a little girl, pointing to an electric-light pole in the street, say to her mother, "What's that thing for?" The child couldn't remember ever having seen a lighted street.

I heard another anecdote which involves both the blackout and the obstinate pattern of habit which helped to carry the English people through the horrors of the bombings of 1940-41: An English county official told me that one night when the Luftwaffe was ranging over England and bombs were falling he was himself in a plane flying above his county at about three thousand feet, inspecting the adequacy of the blackout arrangements. As he looked down into the darkness, he began to see little subdued flashes and gleams here, there, and everywhere. "What's that?" he asked the pilot. "Oh, that," said the pilot. "It's ten o'clock. They're putting the cat out."

II. *The Scars of 1940-41*

MY FIRST morning in London, as I walked out in the streets, my first reaction was similar to that of many other newcomers these days: "I don't see much bomb damage." It was a fine sunny morning, the busses rolled mightily by, the sidewalks were busy with people (perhaps a third of them in uniform, and over half of this third in American uniform); everything looked very active and normal—though the traffic was far lighter than in New York. Presently I'd come to a gap where a couple of houses had been removed and the neighboring buildings showed patched walls, but there didn't seem at first to be many such gaps.

Soon, however, I'd come to a bigger gap where several houses were missing. Next to this gap there would be perhaps a half-wrecked house whose front wall and floors had been sliced off, disclosing some such

sight as a second-storey drawing-room, its fine wainscoting still in place, its green wallpaper torn and fluttering in the wind, its ornamental fireplace a mere niche in the side wall, its ceiling and floor quite gone. (London offers an endless variety of such odd stage sets; where the side wall of a ruined apartment house has been left standing, for instance, one can see running from the top of this wall to the bottom identical patterns of bathroom tiling, with identical arrangements of holes for the plumbing fixtures.) Then I began to notice that around each such area of total destruction there was a fringe of still apparently intact but untenanted houses, most of them with FOR SALE or TO LET signs before them—buildings so gutted or shaken that they would be unfit for use until labor and materials, and presumably government money, became available for their repair. And I noticed another thing: I could walk for two or three blocks along a street that seemed to have suffered no damage whatever—but just out of sight round the corner on a side street would recur the familiar picture of the yawning gap and the houses all about it damaged and empty, their glassless window-openings covered with building-paper. About these scars of the blitz the life of London flowed on unregarding, for now that the wreckage has been mostly cleaned up Londoners have become as used to the marks of destruction as New Yorkers in the nineteen-twenties were used to seeing in every other block along Fifth Avenue a building being demolished or a lot standing vacant to await a new skyscraper.

Of the desolation wrought at the end of 1940 in the region east and north of St. Paul's Cathedral much has been written; but the descriptions have mostly, it seems to me, failed to suggest its vast extent. Translating it roughly into American terms, it is somewhat as if in New York a zone a mile or more wide from east to west, and stretching from near the Woolworth Building on the south to say Washington Square on the north, were broken into a chain of what might be called lakes of desolation, involving in all perhaps half of the zone. St. Paul's, with its great Wren dome, stands virtually intact; about

it on the north and east stand a few unsmashed buildings and a few gaunt and blackened skeletons of brick and stone; then come the open spaces in which almost every wall has been demolished down to the street level, and you walk along almost trafficless streets past endless rows of deep cellar holes in which moss and rank grass grow greenly. At intervals stand oddly surviving remnants of the City's former pride—a carved stone Renaissance doorway or a pair of stone statues that once flanked an imposing office building. Here and there, in front of a yawning cellar hole, a signboard informs you that John Bates & Son are continuing business at such-and-such a new address. In one island, as it were, of surviving buildings I came upon the Church of St. Giles-Cripplegate, its tower partly intact, its walls mostly intact, some fragments of stained glass still in place in its windows, but its whole roof gone and its interior burned out; beside the entrance doorway there still stood an announcement-board listing the weekly schedule of Morning Prayers and Holy Communions and Vespers. Close by, where some cellarless buildings must once have stood, a row of vegetable gardens flourished among the wreckage.

I SAW similar bomb damage in other English cities and towns (for on such a trip as mine one becomes something of a connoisseur of modern ruins): in Canterbury, where whole blocks along its busiest street have been wiped out; in Swansea, where the shopping district was smashed; in Coventry, where the central part of the town was eliminated; and especially in Dover and Plymouth. One detects among the residents of these places a certain rivalry for the prestige of living in the worst-bombed town, but on one score Dover's pre-eminence is secure. It certainly has been the most frequently hit town.

The Dover air raid headquarters reminded me a little of some I had seen in New York—the same sort of maps, and charts of available equipment, and girls sitting knitting by the telephones—but with this difference: the number of alerts in Dover since the war began is numbered

in the thousands. And in addition to occasional night bombings Dover now has to submit to frequent shellings from across the Straits: at any hour of the day or night a shell which has taken just one minute to travel from the Nazi-held French coast may approach in complete silence and land on a house and blow it to bits. No wonder that in some parts of Dover half the houses have been hit; no wonder that the population of the town, which was 45,000 before the war, has now dwindled to 18,000 or 19,000 people, of whom about half spend every night on iron cots ranged along labyrinthine tunnels carved into the celebrated white cliffs.

Dover was having a quiet day when I was there—not a shell dropped—and as we stood on the cliff top and looked across the Straits, where a stiff southwest wind was kicking up a rough gray sea and had blown the air quite clear of mist, the wrinkled cliffs of Cap Gris-Nez looked singularly peaceful; and to the left of them a few faint vertical marks on the horizon, which powerful field-glasses revealed as high chimneys and a crane and a graceful tower in the town of Calais, looked hardly less innocent. But the Doverites, going on about their business within eye-shot and artillery-shot of Hitler's Fortress Europe, have to be ready every instant for trouble, and they still get a nasty amount of it.

Yet no place that I saw has had to face such wholesale ruin, in proportion to its size, as Plymouth. There a city official with a gift for the graphic phrase told me how the ruin began on a March evening in 1941. "We heard a sound," he said, "as if an immense hive had been overturned." The Plymouth searchlights played, but the city of 220,000 people was almost helpless as German planes came over by the hundreds; within a couple of hours one whole section of the city was mostly in flames. The next night the Germans came again, turned their attention to the adjoining section of the city—the main business and shopping district, containing most of the public buildings—and made a similar shambles of it. The third night bad weather came to Plymouth's rescue. "If the Germans had come again that night," the City Clerk

told me, "I don't know what we'd have done. We were almost helpless from exhaustion; I know I hadn't had my clothes off for sixty hours."

The Germans didn't come to Plymouth again in force, as a matter of fact, for about a month. Then they resumed their campaign and smashed a third adjoining area and a fourth. (I have seen a series of maps on which are marked the places where each bomb hit, night by night, and it is clear from the patterns that the German intent in this series of raids was not to go for military objectives so much as to plaster the city area by area and render it unfit to live and work in.) By the time the Plymouth blitz was over, two hundred acres of buildings had been ruined, some fifteen hundred lives had been lost, and the city was such a wreck that now as one drives through it one exclaims with surprise if one discovers a whole block of houses standing complete.

I find my Plymouth notes crammed with items of the sort that will undoubtedly live on as legendary tales of the great ordeal, handed on from generation to generation in Devonshire. The item, for instance, about Dingle's big store, which was demolished in the March raid: the proprietors of the Dingle business leaped into action and promptly rented twenty-four other small properties in which to resume business, department by department—only to have fourteen of the twenty-four smashed before the end of April. . . . The item about the keys: the ARP officials after the first raids forehandedly listed one hundred houses which would be available for emergency occupancy, and stored away the one hundred keys ready for instant use—only to have the ARP Headquarters burned, and the list of houses burned with it, and all the key-tags burned off the keys! "You learn by experience," said the man who told me this; "the fact that key tags are inflammable just hadn't occurred to us." . . . The item about the old woman who had been vainly pestering the city fathers for bricks to build a shelter, and who, when she was dug out of the ruin of her house a few nights later, stood up, blackened but uninjured, and looked about her and yelled, "*Now they can't say*

there are no bricks for me!" . . . The item about the city's supply of firewood, which was buried under rubble for safety, but was set into a huge blaze when incendiary bombs pierced the rubble—and now is stored under water in an estuary. . . . And the item about the completeness of destruction wrought at the center of a high-explosive bomb blast: the bomb, I was told, reduces everything within many feet to a fine blue-gray dust; when a big bomb made a direct hit on a piano shop the salvagers found nothing at the spot but a ten-foot length of piano-wire—and a layer, over everything, of that blue-gray dust. . . .

THOSE horrendous days are receding into history, and the people who endured them, in Plymouth and elsewhere, wonder now how they got through the exhaustion and sleeplessness and menacing suspense that dogged them week after week and month after month; and they feel too, one sometimes notes, a little yearning of regret for the exaltation that took hold of them then: the exaltation of discovering that all of them, rich and poor, were knit together by the sharing of labor and peril. Little by little in the intervening years that close bond has been loosened. Of course this had to happen: the human spirit cannot long live on such a plane. But the bond has not quite been undone. No one can travel by train in England (to select one test which the visitor can apply himself against his pre-war experience) without noticing that the Englishman who withdraws into the traditional frigid reserve has become a rarity. There is as much, or almost as much, give-and-take of conversation as there would be among Americans in a similar setting. And though the fiery resolve to remake postwar England which accompanied the exaltation of 1940–41 has likewise weakened as the peril has receded and men have begun mentally to wrap themselves about their property, privileges, and settled habits, and to say, "At any rate you shan't change *this*," the psychological momentum has not all been spent. Though you will hear people say sadly, "There's been a great letdown since then," you will also hear them add, "But

we learned something that we won't ever quite forget."

III. *German Air Raids, 1943 Style*

NOT that the Germans have stopped raiding England. They were doing it on a minor scale while I was there. During the four weeks that I spent in London in October and November we had something like fifteen or twenty alerts (warnings by siren), and on several evenings German planes reached the city and dropped bombs. The official news of such raids takes such vague and well-worn forms—to the effect, let us say, that the bombs "caused slight damage in scattered residential sections, and some casualties"—that you may have wondered just what these attacks were like and whether there was more to them than met the eye in the censored dispatches. So I propose to set down just what I saw and heard of them myself, as a newcomer intensely curious to see all I could of the show.

The evening after I arrived in London—the evening of Thursday, October 7th—I was sitting in my hotel room writing notes when the air raid sirens began to howl. I didn't pay much attention; they had howled the night before, just after my arrival, and nothing more had happened, and anyhow I'd been told that nobody bothered to go to shelters any more. But soon I began to hear guns going off—distant ones going *blip-blip* and nearer ones going *blunkh*, so that I could feel the concussion—and I decided to investigate. So I went through the routine of turning out the light, groping my way to a window, unbuttoning the heavy blackout curtains by the sense of touch, and pulling them apart. Then I could open the window and put my head out.

The position of my room—on the eighth floor of a nine-storey hotel, looking out on a wide court—gave me a big patch of sky to see. It all looked very peaceful now. A half-moon was shining into the dark court. The sky was clear and glittering with stars. The guns were still going off from time to time, and when they did I'd be conscious of a sudden vague general illumination, something like heat-light-

ning. But that was all. Not a plane could I see. So I closed the window, buttoned up the curtains again (folding them over carefully), felt my way to the light switch, and settled down to work again.

Later—maybe half an hour later—I was conscious that for some time I had been hearing a steady drone of planes. “The RAF going to Germany,” I decided, and went to take another look. The drone of planes continued, now louder, now fainter, and this time the long fingers of searchlights were moving about the sky. I wondered whether it wasn’t a confusing business distinguishing friend from foe when both the RAF and the Germans were over England, and how the anti-aircraft people solved the confusion. Soon the searchlights went out, the stars shone quietly again, and I went back to work.

But presently the guns went off again, and this time some of them were very near by—they jarred the building—and I took a third look; and this time what I saw was spectacular. Searchlight beams were moving all over the sky, and now and then two or three of them would concentrate on a single spot, and others would join them till ten or a dozen from different directions would converge together—and then, in their combined brilliance, I could see a plane moving along like a bright star transfixed by the searchlight beams. Then the guns, near and far, would bang away, and just below and about that slowly moving star I’d see little flashes like the flashes of Fourth-of-July sparklers—the anti-aircraft shells exploding. One plane was so brightly illuminated and seemed so low that I could distinctly see its shape, make out the fuselage and wings. Whether it dropped any bombs I couldn’t tell; there was such a banging and flashing of guns that my untutored ear wouldn’t have been able to distinguish the noise of a distant bomb explosion; but I followed the plane with my eye till it left my patch of sky, the farther searchlights snapping off as it moved on, and new beams from ahead of it picking it up to keep it always impaled on at least ten beams.

As I watched the thought suddenly came over me, “I’ve been living for

twenty-two months in a country that is at war, and I had to come to London to hear a gun fired in anger or see a plane that was actually bent on dropping a bomb on me. No wonder Londoners don’t forget there’s a war on!”

Finally things quieted down and at last the all-clear sounded, leaving me wondering whether London often offered a show like this nowadays. The next day the newspapers enlightened me. It had been the most spectacular raid for months. The fact that, whether by accident or design, the German planes had come while the RAF was passing over London was a novelty. “A few bombs” had been “dropped in outlying districts” and there had been “some casualties.”

On subsequent nights there were other raids. Once I was at a stag dinner of some fifteen Englishmen and Americans when the sirens went off and the guns muttered and thumped; everybody went on discussing Russian political policy as if nothing at all were happening. Once or twice the sirens woke me up with their howling in the middle of the night, and I’d put on an overcoat and hang out the window. Searchlights poking round; the guns going off and giving that odd heat-lightning effect; the clatter of the feet of fire watchers belatedly climbing up a fire-escape to the roof; a bang or two so loud that it might have been a bomb landing—but no visible planes. Then all would turn quiet again, the moon shining on the wall opposite, the stars shining, everything calm. One week the sirens sounded six evenings in succession, but usually there would be no gunfire or searchlights at all.

ONE morning, reading in the papers that “a block of luxury flats in a residential area of London” had been hit and several people had been killed, I found out from an all-knowing friend where the bomb had landed and went to have a look. The place was about two miles from my hotel, in a comfortable apartment-house district. When I got there the scene was about what you’d see in an American city the morning after a two-alarm fire. In front of one five-storey apartment house in the middle of a block half the street had been roped off. On

the opposite sidewalk there was a thinnish crowd of people, with a policeman asking them to keep moving. The apartment house that had been hit hadn't been knocked down; the walls still stood; but a gable at the top had been smashed, every windowpane of course was gone, and one could well imagine that the place was a mess inside. (Later I got a glimpse of the back of the building through an alley and saw that the rear end of the roof was knocked to bits.)

What interested me most was the incidental damage all about. Opposite the apartment house stood some four-storey houses set back from the street with cement walks running up to their steps between plots of grass. Practically every window in these houses had been smashed, leaving jagged projecting edges of glass here and there, and piles of broken glass on the window sills, and window shades ripped and hanging askew. Near by every plate-glass store-front had been shattered, and I heard the musical sound of men shoveling up broken glass out of the street into trucks.

Not a pretty sight, surely. But later I got out a big map of London—to confirm my impression that the nearest thing which could conceivably be regarded as a military objective was some suburban railroad tracks and a minor railroad station a quarter of a mile away—and I realized what a pinprick on the huge expanse of London this bomb had made, this bomb which hadn't even knocked a house down.

That was generally true of the raids on London during October and early November. On one occasion, as American readers learned from their newspapers, a bomb hit a crowded dance-hall; the result was virtually comparable to the Coconut Grove horror in Boston. But that apparently happened by blind chance. Lives were lost in the other raids, but compared with what the RAF and our Eighth Air Force were doing meanwhile over Germany, these sorties of a few German planes at a time over London—dropping their bombs apparently just anywhere before cutting for the Continent—were mere fleabites.

People seemed annoyed by them,

exasperated by the inconvenience they caused and by occasionally losing a little sleep as a result of them; and since they were becoming more frequent there was an increase in the small number of Londoners who still preferred to sleep in the uncomfortable-looking metal cots ranged in triple tiers along the inner edges of the tube-station platforms; but to most Londoners these raids seemed to be regarded about as we regard, let us say, heavy thunderstorms: they may wake us up, and we know that somebody somewhere may be struck, but we stay abed and think little more of it.

I'm not even sure, for that matter, that the raids weren't in a way welcomed, as visible demonstrations of the fact that the enemy's air power, once so terrific, was now so spent.

IV. *The English Look at the Americans*

NO AMERICAN who visited England, as I did, at the invitation of the British Ministry of Information, could very well help talking and thinking a good deal about Anglo-American relations. Naturally I kept my eyes and ears peeled for evidence of British attitudes toward the United States. The following observations—some at first-hand, others from reliable hearsay or other indirect evidence—I set down categorically, as objectively as I can.

1. The American visitor is struck by the cordiality toward him, not only of those official hosts whose job it is, in a sense, to help him get a favorable impression, but of all manner of people with whom he comes in accidental contact. I have already said something about the apparent relaxation of the traditional aloofness of the Englishman one meets casually on one's travels. I should add that the moment it was discovered I was an American invariably there was a special effort to be hospitably helpful.

The examples of this that spring to my mind were each so tiny as items of evidence as to seem hardly worth citing. If an English lady who had sat opposite me in a railway carriage as I talked for an hour with an American major seized the first opportunity to put in a friendly word,

saying to me as I pulled down my bag from the luggage-rack on arrival at Paddington, "You won't forget that coat of yours, will you?"—if a Welshman on the train to Cardiff not only answered my questions fully, but volunteered all possible information which might be useful to me in South Wales—if another English lady entered into absorbed conversation with me on a two-hour journey through the Midlands and ended by shyly inviting me to come and visit her and her husband in a London suburb—if three people in a first-class carriage from Bristol to Plymouth took a personal interest in my predicament of being hungry and having ignorantly neglected to purchase something unknown to America, a ticket for a sitting in the restaurant car—the evidence in each case was of microscopic size; but to have experienced such manifestations of cordiality again and again and again perhaps adds up to something. Once I found myself traveling with a group of men who made some amused comments on the five American senators which might have been considered derogatory. When, to spare them any possible embarrassment, I put in a word to show that I was an American, their friendly reaction was instantaneous; and as if feeling that they might have offended me they pressed cigarettes upon me at every opportunity for the rest of the journey.

I think too of another small incident which I found rather touching. A friend of mine, a colonel in our Air Force, was given a birthday dinner by several of his fellow-officers at a famous old village inn—a party in which I happened to be included. When we arrived at the inn, before the bar opened, the sitting room (all chintz-covered furniture and ancient paneling, which was almost completely obscured by hunting prints and assorted antique bric-a-brac) was icy cold, and the few English guests who sat there seemed equally icy as they talked among themselves in whispers. When the bar opened and we eight Americans moved into it I was conscious that we pretty nearly monopolized it despite our polite efforts to give room to others. When we took a table at dinner it seemed to me that we made more noise than all the other twenty

or thirty guests put together, and I wondered if we might seem to them unduly boisterous. But when, at nine o'clock, the radio in the dining room began the BBC news program and led off with an account of the terrific damage done in Germany by the American bomber attack of the preceding day, the whole company turned with friendly smiles toward my companions, as if to indicate appreciation of what the Air Force that they represented was contributing; and when a little later we found that the birthday cake was much too big for us to finish, and the Colonel suggested to the headwaiter that he offer it to the other guests in the room, three Englishmen from different tables came up to him in turn and shyly but warmly expressed their thanks and congratulations and good wishes.

2. From every American Air Force officer whom I asked whether the RAF gave satisfactory co-operation I got an enthusiastic reply. They couldn't hope for anything better. They got everything they asked for, and more too. The mutual working relations were unbelievably good. Intelligence data, weather data, and all manner of other forms of aid were provided for them promptly, efficiently, and without thought of who would get the credit. These statements were not made for the record but under informal circumstances in which I could count on their validity.

3. As to the general British attitude toward the American troops in England I cannot give such first-hand evidence; here I must rely upon a variety of testimony at second- and third-hand. It seems to add up to the fact that the English people regard the American soldiers with a mixture of friendliness and irritation. Partly the irritation is inevitable: no foreign troops could be quartered in such large numbers in any small country without arousing here and there a certain hostility simply because of their strangely different ways. More positively it can be ascribed to the fact that the American soldiers are paid much more than the British soldiers—are in fact rolling in spendthrift affluence by most British standards. It is sometimes annoying to an Englishman to see American soldiers

on leave drive off in the only taxicabs available at a London station, or to see them throw their money about (again by British standards) in restaurants and bars. Then too, the American soldiers' comparative wealth helps to make them popular with the English girls, and this causes some uneasiness among parents and some jealousy among English rivals. Their success with the girls is heightened, I was told, by an odd circumstance: American movies are so popular in England that to a young English girl an American accent is romantic: the sergeant from the United States sounds to them deliciously like Clark Gable or Jimmy Cagney.

Another cause for frequent irritation is the fact that the American boys drink harder, are noisier whether drunk or sober, and are faster workers with the girls than most English boys. In the early days of our Air Force in England an American colonel appeared before a group of English county officials to discuss mutual relations between the American troops and the English community. It happened that the gathering was presided over by the Lord Lieutenant of the county, an elderly and fastidiously aristocratic peer. "What you'd better understand right now," said the American colonel, "is that our drinking habits are different from yours. When *you* leave work"—and here he pointed his finger directly at the presiding peer—"you like to have a nip of beer on the way, but you're headed for home and the missus. But when the American drinks he drinks for one purpose only—to get drunk." (The peer is said to have cringed a little at the description of his evening routine.) Of course the contrast was exaggerated, but there was some truth in it nevertheless. When American soldiers by the thousands overrun London, and Leicester Square swarms with them, most Englishmen wisely understand that men sometimes make a big noise by way of defiance of their loneliness in a strange community; but not everyone makes such allowances.

The behavior of our troops in England gets better and better, I am reliably told. Certainly the commanding officers have done their best to make the showing creditable. But the irritations remain

(along with the manifest English desire to be hospitable) and in some respects apparently increase.

4. As for the general attitude of the English people toward the United States as a war ally and potential postwar co-worker, I can generalize only tentatively. From all the evidence, direct and indirect, which I picked up, I should put it something like this: the English people are so convinced that their destiny and ours are interlocked, and feel so instinctively that basically we share their ruling beliefs—their zeal for fair play, their hatred of cruelty, their belief in personal freedom, their desire to live and let live—that they are a little bewildered when they discover evidences of suspicion and ill-will among some elements of American opinion. When, for example, the five senators sounded off on various alleged British misuses of Lend-Lease goods, and made other charges to the effect that wily British officials had been slipping over fast ones on us—and these criticisms were headlined in the British press—the average Englishman was puzzled. Of course he couldn't be expected to understand the ways of American politics—the fact that a Congressional attack on the British may be in intent primarily an attack on the Executive, or that a Republican attack on the British may be in intent primarily an attack on Roosevelt as the 1944 candidate. All the Englishman could see was that some American officials had impugned England's honesty and loyalty as an ally; and he was hurt.

If he had put his inner thoughts into words they might have run somewhat as follows: "What are they driving at? We're doing our best to win this war. We're co-operating all we can with our American allies. We share everything that's available for war uses—the Middle East oil was not available when the Mediterranean was closed and shipping was short—and we cheerfully accept the leadership of comparatively inexperienced American commanders-in-chief; and if it so happens that the Americans can contribute more munitions than we can, and this runs into a sum of money, there are other things that we can contribute that can't be measured in money: the fact

that we've given more lives than the Americans have yet had to; the fact that the great majority of the troops fighting in Italy to-day are British. We have solemnly promised to go ahead with the war in the Far East after Hitler is beaten, and we keep our promises. Why this suspicion of us? Incidentally, we're glad to note that *someone* thinks our officials so devilishly astute; the idea is new to us."

Such thoughts were not spoken. In fact, feeling (rightly or wrongly) that a Roosevelt or a Hull or a Willkie was in a better strategic position than any Englishman to talk back to a McCormick or an Ellender about British policy, the British press met the aspersions of the five senators and other American critics with almost complete editorial silence. But the sigh of relief throughout England at the satisfactory ending of the Moscow Conference was almost audible, as if the English were saying, "So it's all right after all."

TO THESE tentative observations I add two more, still more tentative:

1. Russia is hugely popular in Britain to-day. The feeling of gratitude to the Russians—for having, at such a vast sacrifice in lives, made victory possible—is not confined to the Left. It is shared by large numbers of Tories. As a somewhat conservative Englishman said to me, "I gather that in the United States, at least until very recently, most people felt that they had to preface expressions of enthusiasm for Russia by saying, 'Of course I'm not a Communist, but—.' Nobody has felt it necessary to do that here for a very long time." I am told that the feeling is so strong among many British workers, especially in the Midlands and Scotland, that some of them if given the choice might choose Russia as an ally ahead of that great conservative power, the United States. Presumably not many would actually do

so, for after all Russia remains a very foreign enigma to the average Englishman—who has perhaps never laid eyes upon an actual Russian. Yet the present admiration for Russia is not to be dismissed lightly. An American newspaperman in London remarked to me that it might come as a shock to some Americans to realize that the problem of Anglo-American relations might not hinge on whether we would consent to play ball with an England whose need of us could be taken for granted, so much as on the extent to which an England already linked to Russia by a twenty-year treaty, and resolved to work closely with Russia, would continue to want to play ball with a remote and possibly stand-offish America. Be that as it may, the treaty with Russia is not regarded as a scrap of paper in Britain. Which of course is another reason why the news of the Moscow Conference was so very welcome.

2. A severe test of future Anglo-American friendship will come when Germany falls. For despite the English promise to join wholeheartedly in the offensive against Japan—and the certainty that it will be lived up to—the probability is that the offensive against Japan will, in the nature of things, require from England chiefly sea power and air power; there may not be practical use for much of the British Army in the Far East. If part of the British Army is therefore held in Europe or demobilized, it will be easy for those Americans who look with suspicion or dislike upon England to claim that the English are getting out of the war; that they are taking a headstart in international trade while their American rivals are occupied elsewhere; that they are already reconstructing their country while we are still up to our necks in the war. This possibility is something to think about now, for the time may not be long distant.

AURELIO: THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

FERDINAND LUNDBERG



THE foundations of the Republic are trembling. Satan in all his dark majesty has ascended the bench of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, there to mingle with angels of judicial light—Steuer, McCooey, Untermyer, Hofstadter, Pecora, Colden, et al. He has assumed the judicial robes in the person of short, pudgy, nervous, mouselike Thomas A. Aurelio, First World War overseas veteran, model husband and father of two small children, deputy assistant New York prosecutor for six years, assistant prosecutor for three years, city magistrate for twelve years (appointed by Tammany Mayor Walker, reappointed by New Deal Mayor La Guardia), and protégé of the notorious Frank Costello.

Of the gravity of the situation the citizenry is solemnly assured by all institutionalized opinion, from heartsick editorial writers, clerics, and high-minded members of the Bar to office-holding guardians of New York civic virtue. So there is no guarantee that Aurelio will be permitted to dispense justice undisturbed. Big-league lawyers are still frantically leafing through the lawbooks, seeking some technicality with which to lay him low.

But why the public should be particularly uneasy about Aurelio's incumbency in view of circumstances that will be set forth has not been made too clear. Many an American judge other than Aurelio has had a Costello in his life. Few have

been the judges, outside a distinguished handful, not beholden for their eminence to some powerful person whose interest in the law was other than scholarly. But rarely has the public, as in the case of the hapless Aurelio, been practically guaranteed against judicial shenanigans by advance knowledge of the subterranean connection. Aurelio, with his secret connection revealed and admitted, takes office for a fourteen-year term (at twenty-five thousand dollars per annum) under circumstances that might conceivably make him, willy-nilly, an outstandingly good judge.

As all his decisions will be severely scrutinized—assuming that his outraged critics do not finally dislodge him from his hard-won job—he cannot in any of them show favor, or even the suspicion of favor, to any special interest, political boss, or racketeer without provoking an horrendous outcry. With the crude mechanism behind his elevation revealed, he has now the incentive of self-interest to conduct himself as a perfect judge and to stand for reelection in 1957, God willing, on an unblemished judicial record. Unlike other judges, he cannot even occasionally run with the hares and hunt with the hounds. He has become, in short, a judge who cannot afford to cut corners, of no use to forces of darkness, which must always work their will through men publicly accepted as moral paragons.

In this connection it will be remembered that soon after his appointment to the United States Supreme Court in 1937 Justice Hugo L. Black was constrained to admit, which he did with uncommon dignity, that in his younger days he had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan—an enterprise no worse, albeit franker about its intentions, than a number of less thoroughly ventilated pro and anti racial and religious organizations. Scenting warm blood, the forces of self-proclaimed civic righteousness from coast to coast were instantly rampant. The sacrosanctity of the Republic, for which the sturdy yeomanry had bled and died, for which the Founding Fathers had slaved, was allegedly jeopardized. Yet Justice Black, in the opinion of eminent barristers of various political shadings, has proved himself one of the ablest judges ever to sit on the Supreme Court.

Here we have, to the bafflement of mechanistic moralists, good emerging from supposed evil, as evil often emerges from supposed good. The worst judges and public officials have invariably enjoyed high esteem up to the moment they were caught in the act of betrayal. Judging by the record, the most dangerous are those surrounded by an oppressive atmosphere of unchallenged virtue, conjured up by frequent ostentatious appearances in public with high ecclesiastics and members of their families, and orgies of ineffectual ministration to the lame, the halt, and the blind. Tammany Hall, emulated by every political machine in the country, made a science of such theatricals, and for years its successes were the envy of politicians everywhere.

A Democrat, Aurelio started out for his judgeship bright-eyed and hopeful, with the endorsement of the Republican Party, gained through the supposedly nonpartisan method of nominating judges in New York—a method which can be used as a screen for bipartisan backroom trafficking in judicial posts. Under this system the two major parties share available ballot vacancies, endorsing each other's candidates. The public is thereby thoughtfully relieved of exercising any choice. Voting is purely formal. Nominees are automatically elected.

The significance of the Aurelio case, however, does not lie in any revelation of wrongdoing or intended wrongdoing. The point is that the case provided the public, in advance of any wrongdoing, with a precise, detailed, clinical picture of machine creation of judges. As such, it will long remain a classic. Even corners such as remain forever dark in other similar scandals were in the Aurelio case beautifully illuminated, as with fluorescent lighting. And the light fell as much on other participants in the system, including the accusers, as on Aurelio and Costello.

II

THE facts of the case, briefly, are these: On August 23, 1943, Aurelio was nominated by the Democratic judicial convention in New York City, his nomination being presently endorsed by the Republicans. On August 24th, minions of District Attorney Frank S. Hogan, protégé of Governor Thomas E. Dewey, intercepted a telephone conversation while engaged in wiretapping under a recent amendment to the New York criminal code that permits such sleight-of-hand with respect to "notorious characters." The conversation was between Aurelio and a hitherto shadowy fifty-year-old personage named Frank Costello, convicted gun-toter, slot-machine operator, ex-bootlegger, race-track gambler and bookmaker, vendor of kewpie dolls and other novelties, occasional real-estate operator, and comrade of an astonishingly inclusive number of nationally notorious top-drawer criminals. In this conversation, initiated by Aurelio in a call to Costello's private number, the judge-to-be effusively thanked the gun-toting kewpie-doll magnate for getting him the Democratic nomination and assured him of his "undying loyalty."

As his own testimony subsequently revealed, Costello had at an earlier date played an important role in crowning former Congressman Michael J. Kennedy with the leadership of Tammany Hall. A leader of Tammany Hall is an important figure; he has a party status in Manhattan equivalent to that of Mayor Frank Hague, national vice-chairman of the Democratic Party, in Jersey City, and Mayor Edward

J. Kelly in Chicago. The Aurelio job, quite patently, was only an incidental Costello achievement, more by way of keeping his hand limber than anything else; for the New York Supreme Court, despite its august name, is no more important than a county court in other States. At the beginning of 1943 there were listed 127 New York Supreme Court judges, including the Appellate Division, and of these about 70 sat in the Greater New York City area. The high court of New York State is the seven-man Court of Appeals.

Immediately after the telltale telephone conversation Hogan sternly communicated to Democratic and Republican leaders his high resolve of making it public unless Aurelio withdrew from the ticket. When Aurelio, summoned by Kennedy, declined to withdraw on the entirely reasonable ground that he had done no wrong, Hogan rushed the story to the newspapers. Thereupon ensued frantic efforts by election-minded Republican and Democratic politicians, their eyes mainly on 1944, to be the first to slit the throat of the bewildered Aurelio. It was clear anyhow that Aurelio had been guilty of putting too much trust in the invention of Alexander Graham Bell. Both political parties "repudiated" him, after failing in efforts to have him legally removed from the ticket, even though all he had really done, to date, was to play the political game according to a standard pattern. Aurelio could hardly have won the nomination by appealing to Bishop Manning, Arturo Toscanini, President Conant of Harvard, Albert Einstein, Arthur Compton, Pilot Joe Foss, the Mayo brothers, Chief Justice Stone, or Pope Pius. Desiring the nomination, he had to go where it was obtainable, and Costello was the man sitting at the levers, in the dim background. An interesting point, discreetly ignored in the proceedings, was the presumption that other judicial candidates on the ticket—before their nominations were cinched—also had to proceed through vague third parties who, whatever else they might be, were hardly saints.

The argument to be sustained, then, is that moral indignation was misdirected when it focused on Aurelio. It is the

system that is at fault—and the cynical attitudes of amoral professional politicians which make the system possible.

Aurelio stuck to his guns throughout and fought for his hard-won place, which he deserves by the test of having played the political game exactly as most of his official critics play it. His single miscalculation was that he did not play it carefully enough, so that he inevitably stands out as a gullible sheep among wolves.

After failing to induce Governor Dewey to go to the extreme of calling a special session of the Legislature to deal with the grave question, District Attorney Hogan obtained the intervention of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York—loftiest of American lawyers' groups—and the Association instituted disbarment proceedings before Special Referee Charles B. Sears, a highly respected retired justice of the Court of Appeals, who was named by the Supreme Court Appellate Division. Sears found—and was unanimously sustained by the Appellate Division—that no offense had been proved against Aurelio. His written decision was bulletproof.

Despite the best efforts of Mr. Hogan, no wrongdoing was shown in the proceedings, nor was any evidence adduced that wrongdoing was intended. It could not even be shown that Aurelio knew of Costello's extra-legal enterprises. For all the evidence showed, Costello, anxious about the state of the American judiciary, had decided like many another malefactor turned Good Samaritan to devote his life to good works, and particularly wanted to see that the New York bench was manned by judges of impeccable record. Suspicion there well might be, to be sure, that Costello intended to function as the broker between the underworld, so useful on Election Day, and pseudo-respectable officialdom, in which case he would only have been playing a role long familiar in latter-day municipal politics in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Jersey City, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Buffalo, St. Louis, New Orleans, and other American towns.

As there was nothing very novel about the basic facts, what inspired the fearful animus suddenly brought to bear against

Aurelio? On the surface the motivation was clear. Public officials hastily scurrying away from Aurelio as though he had contracted the plague; editorial writers and leading members of the bar all proclaimed their anxiety lest public confidence in the bench be lessened.

But under the surface two other considerable motivations appeared.

1. The professional operators in both the Republican and Democratic parties unduly magnified the case as a stick with which to beat the rival party in anticipation of the coming important national elections of 1944. Whichever party enough indignant voters decided was responsible for the nefarious situation might, it appeared, lose enough votes to lose valuable New York State. Although Aurelio was a Democrat, the contest to fix the blame ended in a draw, with the voters refreshingly apathetic. The entire business made many newspaper readers think, "This is where I came in."

2. Institutional moralists evidently found the case useful in that it enabled them to loose the floodgates of indignation for a change, something they rarely do in matters concerning more substantial and obvious evidence of wrong. The newspapers, most of them Republican in their sympathies, screamed for Aurelio's head and commended District Attorney Hogan as a St. George. Mayor La Guardia took bows right and left.

Is an injustice being done to Mr. Hogan by suggesting that his zeal in the case may have stemmed from the fact that Aurelio is of a different political faction? If so, he can prove it—by revealing the mechanisms by which other judges have been created. And he can get his leads from any political reporter. How does one become a judge in American politics anyhow? Certainly not by praying for the stork or taking vitamin pills.

III

JUDGES are made, mainly, in two ways:

1. They are initially sponsored by one or several men, not necessarily altruists, and they are appointed or placed on the ticket by professional politicians desirous of having the favor of the sponsors, who are big campaign contributors. The

sponsors are invariably and without exception men best described as vendors. They have something to sell in the public market and their interest in the law is selfishly pragmatic. Aurelio won by relying on this method.

2. They have no special sponsorship, and are men of outstanding personal and professional merit, but are put on the bench by professional politicians driven to desperation by accidental disclosures about the "regulars" that threaten to bring public reprisals at the polls.

It is by the second method, a two-party reflex from the operation of the first, that most of our good judges have been obtained. Accident sometimes operates to elevate other good men, as when they are "kicked upstairs" from posts where, as hard-hitting public executive officers, they have begun to step on someone's toes in matters of crucial interest.

The principal witnesses in the Aurelio disbarment proceedings were Aurelio, Costello, and Mayor La Guardia, and Costello was by far the most interesting. Among other things, it transpired that he had never voted. Born in Italy, he became an American citizen in 1921 or 1922, and in 1932 had to pay back income taxes of more than \$600,000 to New York State and the Federal government.

He asserted that, in addition to many crooks, he numbered many "fine, big business men" among his friends. Apparently unaware of the unconscious comedy of it, District Attorney Hogan permitted Costello to name these "fine, big business men" *in camera*, off the record. As Aurelio was being condemned for association with Costello, it is difficult to see how Mr. Hogan can justify not bringing to light the business men numbered among Costello's friends. But the one-sidedness of his method did not seem to bother Mr. Hogan nor, for that matter, counsel for Aurelio, who chivalrously assured Costello he would not "embarrass" him by insisting on having the names made public.

To become a judge in New York City it is practically essential that a man be of Irish, Italian, or Jewish derivation, and how these transcendent considerations weigh behind the scenes was brought out

in the proceedings. Costello testified that he had heard Boss Kennedy was considering an Irish Catholic for the vacancy rather than an Italian, but Costello was able to prevail upon him. Aurelio had been informed, however, that his chances would be better if Congressman Louis J. Capozzoli, his seat eliminated by reapportionment, could be appointed in his place as a magistrate, an Italian replacing an Italian, and he went to ask the Mayor to take appropriate action.

"I told him I wouldn't do it," the Mayor testified, adding with hauteur: "I told him that if Capozzoli was a combination of John Marshall and Holmes and Cardozo I wouldn't appoint him after such a request."

Lest this testimony leave an impression of the Mayor as too much of a People's Galahad, it should be noted that in filling vacancies in the Municipal Court of New York City the Mayor has appointed "regular fellows," such as Aurelio, with due consideration for whether the appointee was Irish, Italian, Jewish, Catholic, or Protestant. None of the Mayor's appointees could possibly be confused with Marshall, Holmes, or Cardozo.

As a result of the disclosures about Aurelio, disclosures that disclosed very little other than the ways of machine politics, the Democrats endorsed Matthew M. Levy, candidate of the American Labor Party and of the hastily improvised Justice and Integrity Party, and the Republicans virtuously put up George Frankenthaler as the nominee of the Judiciary Party, a political organization brought to a hurried birth for this occasion. While the Democrats were hymning the suddenly discovered virtues of Mr. Levy, the acidulous Westbrook Pegler, perhaps just to show how it could be done, injected a new sour note into the campaign. Levy, according to Pegler, "was pulled out of the hat by Alex Rose, of the Hatmakers' Union," and "was counsel for New York Local 306 of the notorious Browne-Bioff racket of the movie industry from August 1, 1935, to December 31, 1941" at \$18,000 per annum. Levy, according to Pegler, "lavished praise on Browne in June, 1940," by which time "it had been shown that Bioff was an old brothel-keeper who had

never worked and he was in jail." Naturally enough, Mr. Levy's supporters were not slow in calling attention to the fact that Mr. Levy had informed the Bar Association that he had had no connection with Browne and Bioff whatever. And anyhow, in this country any man, no matter who he is, is entitled to the advice of counsel. So the campaign hitched along.

On election day the voters, pondering the mess and moved to no enthusiasm by Frankenthaler, who they suspected had been put up by the Republicans chiefly because he was a Jew and therefore, theoretically, an effective counter to Levy, proceeded to elect Aurelio, who ran last of all the winners. The combined vote for Levy and Frankenthaler exceeded Aurelio's, and had the two major parties been able to agree on one candidate Aurelio would have been defeated.

Inadvertently emphasizing what all the excitement was about, Mayor La Guardia after the election accused the Republicans of having really elected Aurelio by insisting upon splitting the anti-Aurelio vote, a grave consideration which New York voters will have to carry in mind next fall when it comes to electing a President. The wrathful reaction of the Republicans showed that they attached considerable weight to the charge, and charges and countercharges arising out of the Aurelio case will no doubt be heard throughout 1944.

IV

AURELIO, if allowed to fill out his term, will probably be a good judge. Indeed, hereafter he can do no other than devote himself to good works. And he will be a good judge in a State where the judges are better, despite frequent unsavory disclosures, than in other States where two-party rivalry is not so evenly balanced nor the stakes so great.

So far as fresh material was concerned, the most pertinent testimony was given by handsome young Mrs. Aurelio, herself a Tammany district co-leader, who related she had once met Mrs. Costello and found her "very refined, very well dressed, neat, cultured."

Of her husband, she said: "He's a God-

fearing man, a good father, and an excellent husband. He's always home nights. He's an excellent man. I don't think he could be better." The truth of the matter was that Aurelio's record as a magistrate had been good, but that was a fact that nobody bothered about while the uproar was at its height.

With this assurance the country can prepare to discover in Mr. Justice Aurelio a good judge. He will never, like United States Circuit Court Judge Martin T. Manton, now an ex-convict, be in a position to sell judicial favors. Nor is he likely, after the tribulations he has experienced, to be so hard of heart as County Judge Peter J. Brancato of Brooklyn, who last October gave the fourteen-year-old Herbert Downie a sentence of from fifty years to life for murder. In imposing sentence Judge Brancato regretted the passing of the old West and the frontier days when summary judgments were possible! Nor is Aurelio likely to find himself rebuked as Judge Freschi was by the Court of Appeals when the Court reviewed the case of a non-

religious conscientious objector. Judge Freschi had bawled the man out, accused him of cowardice, and denounced him before a court full of people; the Court of Appeals sternly reproved the Judge.

No, if there is anything at all in the science of psychology Mr. Justice Aurelio should make a judge who, shunning all eccentricities of behavior or expression, comes to his decisions with humility and care. Who knows but what some future clear-visioned President, hearing about his lonely work in the vineyards of justice, may not some day find him fit material for the Supreme Court of the United States? The truth of the matter is that Aurelio, unlike many other judges, is now completely free. He owes nothing to anybody. Both parties repudiated him before election. If Costello had any hopes that Aurelio would remember him in time of need, those hopes were canceled when Costello's support was turned into a liability. Aurelio ascends the bench without hostages to fortune. Sweet are the uses of adversity . . . a Daniel come to judgment.

A Badly Needed Definition

DEMOCRACY is not a lovely thing. It has about as much glamour attaching to it as one finds among the politicians who make of democracy a profession. But there is hope in it for one good and sufficient reason: it is not abstract, not doctrinal. It avoids dogmatizing itself. It is not so much tolerant (an overrated virtue) as content with just enough force to carry through the business in hand. It proceeds with the most lavish expenditure of social means to attain half-thought-out ends. It is vulnerable in detail, amorphous in organization, prone to waste, unauthoritative and insecure, but since it never wholly commits itself it can never commit the final act; it cannot destroy itself. It can make every mistake but suicide. This alone, and it is enough, lies outside its scope. — *Asher Brynes*

RACE CLASH II

THOMAS SANCTON



IN THE early fall of 1936 I was involved in a race clash in New Orleans. The experience drove home to me the utter immorality of the Southern caste system. I was one of the offending parties in the incident and for a long time I could not remember this fact without feeling a sense of shame. But now I am glad that it happened. The whole thing took place in a brief and dangerous half hour, and it taught me something about my Southern world that I could not have found in a book.

This incident occurred at the end of a day which had begun like a youthful idyll. The time was late September. It was a cool, bright autumn day and white-caps were gleaming on Lake Pontchartrain. A party of eight of my friends had met at a yacht club four miles above the city to go sailing. The club kept a fleet of little sloops which were rented to members for a dollar a day. We had done much sailing that summer. The feel of the thing was in us. We were tanned and our khaki trousers and dungarees were clean and faded. There were three girls with us, gay and beautiful in hair ribbons and lipstick and gaudy sweaters. Most of us had some connection with the university or the big morning newspaper and two of the girls were still attending school. Two older reporters with us had come along for a romp.

Almost every week-end that summer we

had plowed up and down a staked-off racing course, whooping and arguing over two or three hundred yards of open water. After the race we took a swim in the lake and went to the Sail Inn tavern for drinks.

The tavern was a weather-beaten shack equipped with a bar, a music box, a couple of tables, and a carton or two of cigarettes. It was closer to the boat pen than the yacht club was, and it did a bigger business. The tavern was a great place to drink a beer or two between sailing and dinnertime. It was a bad place to be marooned for the length of a fine autumn day. We were to learn that.

A high wind was blowing and the yacht club manager had ruled out sailing for the morning. There was not a cloud in the sky, but the wind gage had climbed to the danger point. Lake Pontchartrain is peculiar. Its prevailing winds are erratic. We were always getting becalmed beneath a raw semitropical sun.

Against this eventuality we usually carried aboard a bucket of ice and a bottle of rum, or beer. We never regarded ourselves as heavy drinkers. But during the 1930's in New Orleans drinking was a part of life. We were restless and not very happy. Huey Long's thieves were plundering our city. Our decade was drifting inexorably toward the war. An evil, persistent wind blew into our faces, a wind from hell, and it withered the good things that were in us. We ducked

into the taverns of our spirit and there, pouring tall ones, we waited.

It was nine or ten in the morning when we came out from the city. There was a chance that the noon sun would make the wind fall off, and then we could sail. So we went into the tavern for a drink. Someone took our little bottle of rum and made drinks for the eight of us. It wasn't much to go round. Yet as we held the icy liquor to the light there was amber fire in it and on this September day we were like tinder. A fresh wind blew through the open tavern door and outside we could see the whitecaps and the gulls. The rigging of the big boats cracked against the hollow masts. The salt smell of the Gulf of Mexico was in the air. There is an unforgettable quality about autumn days in the coastal South.

The wind blew so strong it became a joke to us. Someone would say, "Let us go feel of the wind," and it began to seem very funny. We translated it into French and said it. We were feeling the warmth and intimacy of working in the same office, of having gone to school together. The girls were chattering and lovely. We teased them about all kinds of things. Lunchtime came and went. We devoured a sandwich in the tavern and went outside to feel of the wind again. But now we had almost forgotten that we had come to sail.

Our party developed into a real New Orleans breakdown. We kept the music box fed with nickels, beating out the jazz that had grown up almost within our memories in other taverns of our city. The round white Milneburg lighthouse, a famous landmark, stood in view only a short distance down the lake shore. The place had been given a kind of immortality (and a different spelling) in one of the earliest jazz classics, "The Milenberg Joys." Years ago there was a cheap resort town there, a place of bathhouses, fishing camps, and dancing pavilions, where the New Orleans Italians and Irish and *boogalies* French had gone to hold their picnics and fish fries; had caught heaping baskets of shrimp and crabs and brewed their fragrant gumbo soup; had got sunburned, drowned, drunk, quarrelsome and murdered; and had called for madder music.

It was out of their hunger for laughing, gibbering horns and clarinets that New Orleans jazz was born. There is something in the air there.

So we danced, sang, laughed, and drank through all that day. At last we saw by the tavern clock that it was four in the afternoon, and three of us who had to go to work that night on the newspaper arose and declared the party at an end. I took a look at our rum bottles. There were six of them. The clear air blowing through the tavern, the absence of cigarette smoke, the atmosphere of relaxation had kept us clearheaded; yet it came over me that we must be faced with some sort of retribution.

II

FOUR of us got into a coupé owned by a young business man named Carter. We sped down the black-topped road toward the residential section of the city. The road paralleled a long navigation canal which had been dug in Reconstruction days from the lake to the heart of the city. Four miles inland from the yacht club the canal entered a fringe of the city's residential section. Here the road skirted the New Orleans country club and its lush green golf course. There was a short cut from the highway at the country club which we used to drive on, a narrow street which cut through a scraggly patch of Negro houses, crossed a drainage canal, and led through a mile of weed-grown barren lots to one of the principal streets of the uptown residential area.

The front seat of the coupé was badly crowded. There were Carter, Jeff (one of the older reporters), me, and one of the girls. We were still feeling buoyant. Carter turned into the short cut and shouted to friends sitting in parked automobiles by the swimming pool. We passed through the four or five blocks of Negro houses. They were tucked away along the banks of the drainage canal, back in the weeds, back in a bald and deserted section of the city where no one else particularly wanted to live.

As we passed through the Negro section and entered the open road again all of us sighted down it instinctively. It was a narrow, dangerous road. Two or three

hundred yards ahead, a red delivery truck drove in from a dusty side street. In one voice we shouted to Carter. We had been singing a ballad about a clam digger. Carter shook his head from side to side and continued to shout the words. A reckless smile suddenly illuminated his face. He turned quickly to the left side of the road and shouted, "Out of my way!" and sped at the oncoming truck. Jeff and I lunged for the wheel. Carter blocked us with his shoulder, laughing like a maniac. The big red truck loomed up before us. Suddenly I knew that six bottles of rum had done their work.

Carter was handsome, shrewd, and reckless, and on this September day he was well cast for the part he played.

The truck was driven by a Negro youth. He jammed on the brakes and brought the machine to a grinding stop and sat there, in a moment of terror I suppose, wondering if this fool of a white man was crashing deliberately head on. But no. At the last moment our brakes and tires shrieked and the shiny chromium bumper slid to a stop two feet from the motionless truck. Carter leaned out of the window and shouted again, "Out of my way!"

In my mind's eye I can still see this Negro. He wore a blue denim shirt with sleeves rolled above the elbows, exposing a pair of sturdy forearms. A black driver's cap with his trucking license sat on the back of his head. On his smooth chocolate face there was a look of humiliation and exasperation—and a wry acceptance of the event. Three centuries of slavery spoke to him in his blood. He sat there for a moment with a pained smile on his face. Carter kept whistling ominously and jerking his thumb to the other side of the road. Finally the Negro shifted to reverse and began to back slowly away to drive round us.

Ordinarily Carter would have let it go at that. But a devil had got inside him. This gag *had* to be played out to its wild, unpredictable end. He slammed the gears of his powerful automobile and followed the retreating truck. He crashed into the bumper and stepped on the gas, pushing the truck ahead of him down the road. The Negro applied brakes. The two machines struggled to a stop.

"Get it out of the way," Carter cried, warming to the game. He stepped on the throttle again, the two bumpers groaned together, and the truck tires chirped and skidded ten feet down the road.

"Get it out the way! Out of my way!"

Then the inevitable happened. The day reached a treacherous turning, and suddenly the imminence of violence and murder hung in the late red sunlight.

The groaning of motors had attracted a little group of Negroes, men and women, who came walking across the open lots from the houses back by the canal. Carter had forgotten that there was not another white man within half a mile of us. The Negroes stood on the sidewalk watching the truck and coupé buck it out. At first they stood in silence, beholding one more scene of an immemorial humiliation. At first there had been only two, or three, or five, and we in the car had hardly been conscious of their presence. Suddenly there were more—twenty, perhaps thirty—and they were staring at us and muttering.

In another moment Carter doubtless would have backed, turned past the truck on the right-hand side of the road and driven off; and we should have talked about the incident for ten minutes and forgotten it forever. But suddenly a tall, bony, mean-faced Negro left the crowd and ran round the truck. The truck had no doors. He jumped on the running board and gave the chocolate-faced boy a contemptuous shove. The boy slid over instantly and a different kind of man was at the wheel. A third Negro youth jumped on the running board and sat beside them.

The driver ripped the gearshift into first and set the big Mack engine thundering. Carter did the same and the bumpers smashed and ground together. Under this tremendous pressure something had to give. The front of Carter's lighter coupé lifted for a moment off the street and our bumper slid over the truck's thick, beveled bumper and locked behind two crosspins. The truck bumper ate into his grillwork and crumpled his fenders. Suddenly, with a feeling of disgust and fear, I realized that our car was trapped.

Carter pushed back at the truck for a few minutes, though there was no longer any point to it. The truck was fighting back, and it had the power. The Negroes were fighting back, and they had the numbers. Our tires began to burn on the asphalt. Finally he locked the emergency brake and it held. The machines came to a halt, like exhausted stags.

"God damn!" he muttered in disgust. We sat there for a moment in silence. The girl with us had courage. She said nothing, knowing we should have to work our way out of this jam as best we could. Carter got out of the car on one side and I on the other. If the three men in the truck had been white we should have expected to fight instantly. And what we would not have given then merely to be faced with the necessity of slugging it out with two or three husky Italian boys driving a produce truck from the farming section. We would have been licked no doubt, but a fist fight holds no terrors for the young. But we were faced with something different—a race clash—the Southern nightmare. White men and black men fight to kill. They use weapons: a stick of firewood, a garden spade, a heavy wrench, a knife. Suddenly I sensed the bitter knowledge that a thousand Negroes have died with—the feeling of being outnumbered.

And yet we were white men and this was still an advantage. It meant that a simple fist fight was impossible; but it meant also we were untouchable so long as the Negroes did not lose their heads. For death was in the offing for them too. They had only to plunge a knife or wield a jack handle, and there were six feet of hungry rope waiting in the Parish Prison. They had not yet forgotten that.

There we stood on this dirty New Orleans back street, only a mile from our homes, but in the heart of a savage land. A caste system had marooned this Negro settlement in white society. Now we were captives. But still we were white. It was a fearful thing to injure us. Scattered across the city were jails and firearms, nightsticks and shotguns, and all of it in the hands of white policemen.

Carter and I looked at the bumpers. The Negroes got out of the truck and

watched us. I could see a gleam of burning excitement in the tall black driver's face. He was the one to watch. He was almost past the point of caring what happened. I was afraid of him.

Carter looked at the Negroes and said in an even voice, "Let's lift my bumper off."

"White son-of-a-bitch!" The Negro choked with rage.

"Nigger bastard! Wait till the cops come."

The Negro made no move. He stood looking at Carter. Behind me, I could hear Jeff opening the back compartment of the coupé. He was one of the older reporters, almost middle-aged, slender, tense. Heavy tools rattled. Jeff got in the car again and I heard the clunk of steel as he put them on the floor. He had got our weapons. In my mind's eye I could see them lying on the floor of the car: heavy wrenches, a hammer, a jack handle, a tire lever. I was afraid of the Negro. Man to man, no; but this was something different. I could see he was trying to make up his mind. What was passing behind those eyes? Was he trying to decide whether to go for his knife? He was standing on my side of the automobile. I had it figured how to get a wrench in my hand. It would take him a few seconds to fumble in his pocket. Jeff had the door open. Before the Negro had his knife out I would have a plump, murderous wrench in my hand. So would Jeff. So would Carter. Then I wouldn't be afraid any more. Then there would be only one thing left in life for me to do: bring that iron crashing on Negro skulls.

III

I WENT back to the car. Jeff had an unconcerned look on his face. He looked and spoke as though we were still driving down the highway.

"You'd better call the cops," I said. "They know your name." He was a well-known reporter.

"Where?"

"We passed a little store a few blocks back."

He thought for a few moments and then grunted something indistinguishable. I knew he didn't want to give the police his

name. They would have something on him. Finally he left and was gone ten minutes. Carter leaned on the opposite door and we talked a little with the girl. I looked at the tall Negro's face. He had heard me ask Jeff to call the police. The word hung heavy in the air.

Jeff came back and sat in the car. "They're coming," he said in a loud voice. There was a police station half a mile back toward the lake, across the boat canal. Several Negroes left the crowd and walked slowly through the weeds, pausing to look back over their shoulders. We waited for a long time; the police did not come. Carter and I went to the bumpers and began to jump on them.

"Leave it dere!" the Negro shouted instantly. "Leave de cops see it!" We ignored him.

"Leave it dere!" he shouted again and jumped out of the truck and walked up to us. My stomach was constricted in a tight knot. I wanted to lurch into him, smashing haymakers at his mean, skinny face. And yet—I was afraid of him. If this Negro fought a white man he could not count on surviving; and he would not let me count on it either. His knife would be out and he would try to "take me with him." That phrase had meaning. We stood there staring at each other, beneath the spell of the old Southern tragedy.

I walked to the little Negro grocery store—with eyes boring holes in my back—and called the chief dispatcher at police headquarters. I told him we were drinking and had driven on the wrong side of the road. I told him there would be a riot if the cops did not come. I had been a police reporter and I knew him.

"Jesus," he said, in the curious New Orleans accent. "Why didn't yez tell me. I couldn't make out what that other guy was talking about. He wouldn't give me his name."

I returned to the car feeling relieved and ashamed. The police would come quickly now. We had put down the rebellion. The light horse cavalry would top the hill and drive the Comanches from the wagon train. White blood had called to white blood. The native uprising was broken. I felt rotten.

I leaned on the door of the car and told Carter the police would come in a minute. The girl breathed a sigh of relief. Carter's face was flushed and his eyes bloodshot. Mine were too. The tension had sobered us, but we were tired. The red, swollen sun dipped toward the roofs. We were looking directly into it. This day that had been so cool and sweet had come to a shoddy end.

I was no longer worrying about the tall Negro, but instead I was mulling over the day's events. "This is wrong," I thought. "This is wrong." In a few minutes the police came. I watched the final scene as though I were not even a part of it.

IV

THE police came roaring down the little road, making a hellish racket. Two motorcycle cops and a long black patrol wagon drew up with sirens screaming. The motors and the wailing struck the fear of God into the Negroes on the sidewalk. In their wide-eyed faces I could see that most of them would like to run. It was too late. The law had arrived. Altogether there were eight burly cops. It was odd the way they came at us all in a bunch. Not one at a time, not by twos, not straggling. They converged on the scene all at once. It made them seem big and terrible, like giants. The motorcycle engines were thundering. Here indeed was frightfulness.

A police sergeant came to our car. "I phoned Charlie Boudreaux," I said. Carter told him we had hit a rock; that the brakes had thrown us to the left side of the road.

I will not forget the look on the Negro's face. He stood there in defeat, tall, silent, malevolent. He looked steadfastly at me and Carter as we told our lies. I believe he realized that he had really beaten us.

The sergeant said nothing to me or Carter. Charlie Boudreaux had told him to get us out of this jam and not to book us at the police station. The cop walked over to the Negroes.

"All right," he said ominously, "get these bumpers unhooked."

The chocolate-faced boy—the first driver—hopped to it. He must have been

relieved to see the police. Now he knew where he stood. He had never wanted to fight with white men in the first place. Here at last was the law, telling him what to do.

"Come on, you niggers," the chocolate boy said. His voice was wheedling and melodious. "Git dis yere bumper off now!" He hunched his big shoulders over the bumper. For a long moment the tall Negro stood looking at us. Then he bent down slowly and went to work.

"All right," the sergeant said to us as the bumpers parted. "You boys watch yourselves. Drive it on off now."

"All right, you niggers," he said to the

crowd. "Break it up now. Show's over. Go on home. Okay, boy, get this damned truck out the way. Go on with your delivering."

It was all over. Carter backed slowly from the truck, put the car in first, and we were away. He breathed a long sigh. "That's the stupidest thing I ever did," he said. We did not talk very much.

I went home and took a cold shower and put on clean clothes and went to work. Jeff was working also. We sat on a desk for a few moments talking. Then we got down to the night's routine. But the scene stayed in our thoughts, I cannot say how long.

Advice to Emigrants

"MANY persons in Europe having, directly or by letters, expressed to the writer, who is well acquainted with North America, their desire of transporting and establishing themselves in that country . . . he thinks it may be useful, and prevent inconvenient, expensive, and fruitless removals and voyages of improper persons, if he gives some clearer and truer notions of that part of the world than appear to have hitherto prevailed.

"He finds it imagined by numbers, that the inhabitants of North America are rich, capable of rewarding, and disposed to reward, all sorts of ingenuity; that they are at the same time ignorant of all the sciences, and consequently that strangers, possessing talents in the belles-lettres, fine arts, etc. must be highly esteemed, and so well paid as to become easily rich themselves; that there are also abundance of profitable offices to be disposed of, which the natives are not qualified to fill; and that having few persons of family among them, strangers of birth must be greatly respected, and of course easily obtain the best of those offices, which will make all their fortunes. . . . These are all wild imaginations; and those who go to America with expectations founded upon them, will surely find themselves disappointed.

"The truth is, that though there are in that country few people so miserable as the poor of Europe, there are also very few that in Europe would be called rich; it is rather a happy mediocrity that prevails. . . . In Europe birth has indeed its value, but it is a commodity that cannot be carried to a worse market than to that of America, where people do not enquire concerning a stranger, 'What is he?' but 'What can he do?'" — *From Benjamin Franklin's "Information to Those Who Would Remove to America"*

THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



THIS exercise in cross reference was touched off by a publisher's clip sheet. The author of a book which had a large sale three years ago, the notice says, has finished a new novel which is being prepared for the press. A union rule forbids me to review the novel before reading it, but the clip sheet started me thinking about that earlier success. I thought there might be some point in reviewing it as of three years later, and that notion in turn set me to rereading some related stuff. Among it was the *Easy Chair* for July, 1941, which was written immediately after Mr. Charles A. Lindbergh resigned his commission in the United States Army. There was a question in its second paragraph, "How important are Mr. Lindbergh's ideas about foreign policy?" That seemed to me a good question still and I wondered if the passage of time had modified the original answer. So I have had an interesting if laborious day following Mr. Lindbergh's ideas through the files of *The New York Times*.

I suggested in July, 1941, that some of Mr. Lindbergh's ideas about foreign policy were related to his military ideas and that there was no reason to consider him a military expert. Some of the facts are in now and we can check his calculations against them. While he still held his Army commission he made a report to the government on the military aviation of various countries. It has not been published but parts of it can be restored from his speeches. There is, for instance, his finding that the Russian air force was inefficient. He repeated that judgment when, on January 23, 1941, he testified

before the House Committee on Foreign Relations, at the invitation of Congressman Hamilton Fish. What Mr. Lindbergh said about the *Luftwaffe* at various times suggested to some people that Marshal Goering and others took him for a considerable ride when he was inspecting it, but it appears to have been a mild runaround compared to the one he got in Russia. Apparently the Russians showed him some 1925 flivvers held together with baling wire, and the will to believe did the rest.

He told Mr. Fish's committee that "Oriental [Japanese] aviation is far behind that of Western nations." Considering what has happened in the Pacific, his data seem to have been not only incomplete but cockeyed. He went on to say that so long as we should maintain an army, navy, and air force of "reasonable size," and provided we should establish the essential bases, there was no danger of any invasion of this continent either by air or by sea. Relatives of men killed in the Aleutians may meditate on that one and perhaps find solace in it. What did he mean by "reasonable size"? He thought that we ought to have ten thousand modern fighting planes, plus reserves, or something less than two months' production at our present rate—"This number, I believe, would be adequate to insure American security, regardless of the outcome of the present European war." Mr. Lindbergh was always extremely regardless of that outcome, but also he was convinced that the Nazis had an overpowering technological superiority. They had told him that in 1938 they could produce twenty thousand planes a year, and by the time he

spoke that capacity had been increased, he said, "several fold." It would take the United States "several years" to catch up to such production. It didn't.

Interesting stuff came out when the committee questioned Mr. Lindbergh. Our repeal of the arms embargo was, he said, a mistake. It had increased the bloodshed in Europe and "our encouragement of waging war in Europe won't affect the outcome and will increase hatred against us." After all, the war was "merely" a war over the balance of power. Here Mrs. Rogers of Massachusetts suggested that if the United States continued to give aid to the democracies "Russia will stay out and dominate," and Mr. Lindbergh heartily agreed. It would, he said, be better for us and for every nation that the war in Europe should end without conclusive victory—or presumably restitution of spoils—and "a negotiated peace would be the best thing for the United States." But every month "negotiation becomes more and more difficult," alas, "and the position of Great Britain more and more desperate." The day before he spoke, the British had captured Tobruk; still it was suicidal folly for us to go on helping them.

THREE months later Mr. Lindbergh addressed an America First rally at Manhattan Center; while Bundists heiled, *Social Justice* was hawked through the overflow crowd in the streets, and Joe McWilliams' goon squads slugged a picket line of protesters. The United States, meaning the President, had persuaded France to declare war on Germany in 1939, Mr. Lindbergh told the Bund. England and France had not had a reasonable chance of winning the war they entered, and we ought not to enter a war unless we had a reasonable chance of winning, which we assuredly had not. "It is now obvious that England is losing the war." Even the English knew they were licked, he said, but they had one last, desperate plan. They hoped to persuade us to send another A.E.F. and "to share with England, militarily as well as financially, the fiasco" of this war. Perhaps we might at that but, he said, we could not possibly win. Even if we took

our Navy from the Pacific to convoy shipping, the best we could accomplish would be to "permit her [England] to exist under the constant bombing of the German air fleet." That bombing has turned out to be something less than constant, and the prophet turns out to have been wrong also in his idea that even if we had an air force we could not use it effectively over Europe. "Some of our squadrons might be based on the British Isles but it is physically impossible to base enough aircraft in the British Isles to equal in strength the aircraft that can be based on the continent of Europe." One thinks of what our air force and the RAF have done to that continent and moves on to another judgment. Even if we had an army or an air force and dared to move the Navy to the Atlantic, "I do not see how we could invade the continent of Europe successfully as long as all of that continent and most of Asia is under Axis domination." He expressed his certainty that we could not invade Europe in several speeches. The combined general staffs however went ahead with Sicily and Italy.

Many other exploded military ideas could be added to this list, but let us rest on a quotation from a speech he made just thirteen years lacking one day after the transatlantic flight which is his chief claim to military, or any other, distinction. "To be successful in modern warfare," he said on May 19, 1940, "a nation must prepare many years before the fighting starts." Our success in the modern warfare for which we did not prepare was underwritten by attributes of the American democracy which obviously were outside Mr. Lindbergh's awareness, and one moves on to his other ideas. In that same speech, for instance, he said that only our own actions could prevent a continuation of peaceful relations between America and the countries of Europe—meaning Germany. If we want peace, he said, we need only stop asking for war. "No one wishes to attack us and no one is in a position to do so." It will be useful for some time to come, I think, to take an occasional look at that state of mind.

PART of it was his theory of hemisphere defense. The United States would

defend this hemisphere, he said, but the countries that compose it must not engage in "foreign" war. He was thinking of the Canadians. We would defend them if they were attacked, he promised, "but have they the right to draw this hemisphere into a European war simply because they prefer the Crown of England to American Independence?" They had better give up that dangerous preference and it would be a good idea for us to detach the British islands as well. That message to Canada is fascinating. One turns it over and over, and each revolution reveals further meanings. Another part of his state of mind was his expectation that we must eventually defend the white race as such and "fight side by side with the English, French, and Germans." That notion dovetails beautifully with hemisphere defense and even more beautifully with the Nazi party line as short wave was daily expounding it at the time—before the honorary Nordics spoiled that play.

And do you remember his speech at Des Moines three months before Pearl Harbor? England's situation was still desperate, he said; she could not win the war either by invasion of Europe or by aviation. But she had more hope now, for "the British, the Jewish, and the Roosevelt administration" were pressing this country toward war. The international situation had been used to get Mr. Roosevelt a third term—you and I had nothing to do with it—and the power of his Administration depended on maintaining a wartime economy. The unholy despotism of the majority that re-elected Mr. Roosevelt alarmed Mr. Lindbergh a good deal more than the Nazis ever did, but the Jews apparently alarmed him even more. He conceded that Jews had been persecuted by the Nazis—the only admission he ever made that anyone had any real case against the Hitler crowd—but "instead of agitating for war the Jewish groups in this country should be opposing it in every possible way, for they will be among the first to feel its consequences." That might have passed as a friendly caution rather than as a threat, except that he went on to say, "Their [the American Jews'] greatest danger to this country lies

in their large ownership and influence in our motion pictures, our press, our radio, and our government." He wanted them to stop agitating for war, though it would be enough if either the British or the Administration stopped. If any of those three groups would stop agitating, he told us, there would be no war. It will be useful to remember that Des Moines speech from time to time. December 7th would be a good day for remembering it.

In the July, 1941, *Easy Chair* I said that Mr. Lindbergh's ideas about foreign policy were worthless. Rereading them in the *Times*, I see that I should have said dangerous, and I have come to understand his exalted tranquillity, his majestic indifference to small things. The Jews had some reason to feel vexed perhaps, but in the polity of nations nothing much had happened. It didn't seem to matter to Charles A. Lindbergh that the Jews were being exterminated. The Jews didn't seem to matter nor the Poles nor the Czechs nor the Greeks. The destruction of France didn't seem to matter, nor the invasion of Russia, nor Holland, Belgium, Norway, Denmark. Massacre, the bombing of Coventry or Warsaw or Rotterdam didn't seem to matter, the enslavement of millions, the starvation of millions, the slaughter of millions. What the hell? It was just the same old game about the balance of power. If we would only mind our own business we'd be able to get along with the Germans.

MRS. LINDBERGH however had a different slant. The looting and the enslavement and the extermination did matter to her, in a way. They were deplorable, in a way. She would not for a moment condone them, in a way. But she had a message about them for us and she put it in a book, a book which she subtitled *A Confession of Faith*. Her faith was above the battle, well above it. It enabled her to see some things about Nazism which people who looked at the horror could not see. Behind Nazism some new "and perhaps even ultimately good conception of humanity" was, in a not too happy metaphor, "trying to come to birth." Our duty was to disregard the perhaps evil events which attended the

birth of the new conception and to fix our minds on the ultimate good. There was something which the "Democracies" must understand—and it was Mrs. Lindbergh, not I, who put the quotes round that word. They must understand that they were the Forces of the Past, of Yesterday, whereas Nazism and Fascism were the Forces of the Future, of To-morrow. The "Democracies" must also understand that, as the Forces of the Past, they could not possibly win. War, she told us, was not a matter of "material defenses *alone*." (Her italics.) Germany's success had not been due to her superb equipment alone, but to moral forces as well. Mrs. Lindbergh assured us that she would not at the moment support the means by which those moral forces, the national spirit of the Germans, had been incited. But there they were, something which the "Democracies" did not have, something which revealed the future.

"There is no fighting the wave of the future, any more than as a child you could fight against the gigantic roller that loomed up ahead of you suddenly. . . . All you could do was to dive into it or leap with it. Otherwise it would surely overwhelm you." She liked that image from her childhood and called her book *The Wave of the Future*. We should be foolish to try to prevent the future from happening. And we ought not to be appalled by the catastrophe of our age, for the poet had told us that every age must be either a dream that is dying, like the dream of the "Democracies," or a dream that is coming to birth, like the dream of the Forces of the Future. Of course we were right to regret the disappearance of much that was certain to disappear, but we must be courageous and, above all, we must have faith. All we had to do was to dive into the wave or leap with it. In fact, all we had to do was to understand that it truly

was the wave of the future. Apparently we were to ignore Warsaw, forget Rotterdam, never mind the Poles and the Czechs and the Greeks and the Norwegians and the French. Just climb on the bandwagon.

THAT was what Mrs. Lindbergh had to tell us in the fall publishing season of 1940, a little more than a year before Pearl Harbor. It supplements what her husband had to tell us. They agreed, it seemed, that there may have been a certain amount of murder and destruction, perhaps a little enslavement here and there, an occasional unloveliness—but let us not see it out of proportion. They agreed that the "Democracies" had no chance. But the Colonel gave us leave to hope that we might eventually get along with the Nazis and help them defend the white race at the appointed time. And, Mrs. Lindbergh added, let us not forget that behind all this apparent evil something tremendous is coming to birth. He told us that the war was none of our damned business. She told us that if we would only get right with God we should find that it was all leading Somewhere.

The publisher's clip sheet which I mentioned earlier says that Mrs. Lindbergh has written a new book. It is a novel, a novel of ideas. I wonder what ideas she has now? That curiosity will presently be settled, for the clip sheet says that her book is going to be published. But we have not heard from Mr. Lindbergh lately. Has he learned anything, I wonder, and what are his ideas now? A public demand exists, a demand of at least this columnist. I'd like a report from him and will contribute one dollar toward buying him some radio time. Make it two-fifty, the price of a novel of ideas. Provided, that is, he will tell us where he stands.

THOSE JAPANESE MANDATES

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN



THE Japanese Mandated islands in the Pacific are to-day a worry to the American people. Up to December 7, 1941, few Americans gave them so much as a passing thought; and fewer still ever bothered to inquire exactly how they got into Japan's hands about four centuries after their original discovery by the Spanish and Portuguese. But since Pearl Harbor many writers have discussed them sententiously on the correct assumption that they played (and still play) a role in the war dangerous to the United States and her Pacific allies, and the incorrect assumption that the American people might easily have taken possession of them at various times in the past—and would have done so had they not been stupid.

The island groups involved are the Marianas, the Marshalls, and the Carolines, in which a minor group, the Palaus, is usually included since it is joined administratively. In this article I call them the Mandates, even though they did not assume that character until after the First World War. They hang like a curtain between Hawaii and the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies, and extend Japan's power south almost to the equator—a vast collection of stationary airplane carriers, with fortifications of unknown strength scattered through them and a strong naval operating base at Truk in the Carolines. American raids into the Marshalls were described by

Fletcher Pratt in *Harper's* for January, 1943.

Alexander Kiralfy, the writer on naval strategy, has summed up the "ifs" of the Mandates as far as their strategic significance goes: Had Japan not held them "The raid upon Pearl Harbor might not have occurred and the Philippines could have been readily reinforced. Australia and the East Indies would have been well beyond Japan's wildest ambitions." This encompasses so much that the chagrin of the many commentators seized with the same idea is easy to understand. Why on earth, they unanimously shout, were the Japanese ever allowed to get a hold on those islands? On the political side Walter Lippmann has fastened upon the Mandates as one of many illustrations of his thesis that the United States for many years has lacked a living foreign policy. Assuming that Woodrow Wilson at the Paris Peace Conference had the disposition of the islands in his hands and let them go to Japan, he wrathfully writes, "Such a neglect of American interest, such a failure to see the value of these islands, would have been impossible if Americans had had a foreign policy." In various terms, other writers have supported Lippmann's view, both before and after he gave it the setting of a disputable general thesis.

The strategic value of the Mandates is now plain for all to see. *Ex post facto* any



THE JAPANESE MANDATED ISLANDS

strategist, armchair or professional, can be wise. It is however only an incidental part of our present purpose to prove that strategists of both kinds on our side saw how important the islands would become in a trans-Pacific war. For if the strategists could not persuade the political masters of foreign policy to get possession of the islands their insight is very interesting, but not of decisive importance. What we want to know is why the political leaders failed to take the islands when opportunity offered—if it did offer. Mr. Lippmann with magisterial aplomb puts the failure down to American incompetence, ignorance, and neglect. As is the case with so many of the *obiter dicta* in *U. S. Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic*, the facts do not

exactly bear him out. Rather, they provide an admirable object lesson in the complexity of international affairs, even where “unknown” islands are concerned; in the powerful influence of the dead hand of the past in international negotiations; and in the fact that neither the complexity nor the past is dissolved by war at the behest of peace-planners with eyes dazzled by the rising sun of a new world. On this globe we inhabit it is far easier to fight a successful war than to write a decent peace. The large objectives are always being compromised by the little, sticky facts. A man who successfully negotiated Niagara Falls in a barrel slipped on a banana peel in New Zealand and broke his neck.

II

THE first occasion when the United States might have found reason to acquire some of the Mandated islands was when the Spanish-American War was being settled; for at that time all the islands, except the Marshalls, were possessions of defeated Spain. The Marshalls had passed to Germany in 1885. In that year Great Britain and Germany had arranged a settlement of claims in the Pacific whereby Germany was confirmed in possession of the northeastern portion of New Guinea, some of the northernmost Solomons, miscellaneous islands north of New Guinea eventually called the Bismarck Archipelago, and the Marshalls. All the other islands in the Mandates were owned by Spain, loosely administered from the Philippines.

When the Spanish War broke out and the Philippines fell into American hands the fate of all the Spanish possessions in the Pacific was immediately a matter of international concern. It is reliably reported however that when President McKinley heard the Philippines were ours he said he "could not have told where those darned islands were within two thousand miles." He probably knew less about the Mandates, which however were never subjects of detailed conquest. The question of their disposition did not arise immediately even when the war ended. The question of what to do with the Philippines was far more important. But even with regard to them the President, his advisers, and the great American public were uncertain.

The armistice which ended the fighting stated that the question of the Philippines was to be discussed at the peace conference; the United States asked for one island in the Marianas (which turned out to be Guam); but the Mandates were not mentioned. When it came to defining America's wishes with regard to the Philippines there was a slow, hitching movement toward asking for all of them. It is now forgotten that this was so. It is also forgotten that many people, including some of McKinley's closest advisers, doubted the wisdom of taking all the Philippines—some thinking that Luzon

alone was sufficient, others wanting no part of the archipelago. But in the end the United States took the lot. We even went on and tried to acquire some of the Carolines, but the Spanish finally refused to negotiate. They didn't have to, technically, because the United States had not previously raised the question of what was to become of them.

But the real reason was the fact that the Spaniards had already tentatively disposed of their holdings in the Mandates. Immediately the war had broken out, the Germans began to worry about their disposition. They were, at that time, constantly on the alert for what they called "naval fulcra" which would strengthen their position in Asia and the Pacific islands. They aspired to add the Spanish islands to their Pacific possessions administered from New Guinea. On September 10, 1898, after the Spanish-American armistice had been signed, the Spaniards agreed to sell Germany certain of the Carolines and "to grant Germany favorable consideration in any future disposal of Spanish insular possessions"—subject to the treaty with America. On December 10th a further treaty was signed under which the Spanish agreed to sell all the Carolines and also the Palaus and the Marianas (except Guam). Germany let the United States know about this and asked for American non-interference—which was granted, with a "reproach" from Secretary of State John Hay. Eventually the Germans got the coveted islands for four million two hundred thousand dollars. All the Mandates were thus in the hands of Germany. This put them beyond the reach of the United States—even theoretically—until 1919.

There is little evidence that the United States seriously wanted the Mandates anyhow. For strategic reasons some naval people thought they should pass to the United States, but the greatest of all the naval theorists, Mahan, "saw no sufficient reason for our opposition" to their transfer to Germany. Some missionaries thought we should have taken the Carolines, where they had been laboring off and on for half a century. Our belated move to get some of the Carolines was inspired by the idea that they might be useful as

cable stations. But the evidence is really overwhelming that American eyes were elsewhere in the Pacific.

Ignoring the windy moralism of the imperialists of 1898, American eyes were on China, Hawaii, and Samoa. The principal tangible argument for taking the Philippines, or any part of them, was the assertion that Manila would serve as a trans-shipment port for the China trade. The imperialist outlook was commercial in character. And consider what was happening in China at that time to arouse American cupidity and alarm: Germany took Kiaochow on the Shantung peninsula on March 6, 1898, Russia took Port Arthur on March 27th, Great Britain took Weihaiwei on April 2nd, France took Kwangchow on April 22nd, and on June 9th Great Britain extended her holdings at Hongkong. It looked as though the powers were about to partition the ancient Empire. The Americans, with British backing, were eventually to block the logic of these changes by announcing the "open door" policy. But for our purposes it is sufficient to note that the imperialists thought of the Philippines *vis à vis* China and the trade there which they hoped to cut in on, and the events in China in 1898 appeared to increase the urgency of the need for them. But while the imperialists were riding high enough to win the Philippines the opposition was very strong. The treaty with Spain came within two votes of failing in the Senate. In this situation it was better strategy to concentrate on the Philippines—to the acquisition of which the anti-imperialists were bitterly hostile—than to scatter the fire and perhaps lose the whole case. And there was always the danger that trying to grab too much would lead to a violent collision with the Germans.

Moreover the United States had lately come into possession of what was then and for many years after—right up to December, 1941—regarded as the best strategic position in the Pacific Ocean America could possibly possess. This was Hawaii. Acting chiefly under the pressures of the Spanish War, both Houses of Congress passed the joint resolution annexing the Hawaiian Islands, and McKinley signed it on July 7, 1898. This gave the United

States possession of Pearl Harbor, a site for a naval base coveted for many years and subject to some American control for several years previously.

And hardly was the war over than the United States acquired still another long-coveted site for a naval base in the Pacific. The Samoan Islands, long the object of rivalry between the British (urged on by the New Zealanders), the Germans, and the Americans, were split between Germany and the United States in a convention signed on December 2, 1899. The British took compensation elsewhere. The United States got Pago Pago, allegedly the best natural harbor in the Pacific islands after Pearl Harbor. This the navalists had coveted for sixty years—since Captain Wilkes had visited it in 1839.

Wake Island also formally passed to American possession in 1899. Midway had belonged to the United States since 1867, and Alaska, including the Aleutians, also became an American possession in the same year. The Americans had a strong position in the Pacific.

III

IF THE Mandates escaped the net thrown out by the American expansionists of 1898, why did they again escape the grasp of the United States in 1919? Oddly enough, the two situations have a family resemblance. Once again the Mandates were immersed in a complex stew of international politics. It is impossible to see how they could have been neatly lifted out of it and dealt with as a separate issue. At least this could have been done only at the expense of a costly and dangerous row. The stew came to a boil at the Paris Peace Conference, but it had been on the fire long before.

When the First World War broke out in 1914 the Pacific immediately became a matter of secondary interest to the great European powers. The Allies of course wanted Germany eliminated from the Pacific as soon as possible. They wanted her possessions taken away from her and her warships and raiders hunted down and destroyed. Japan was an ally of Great Britain, but the British were fearful of what the Japanese might do if they came into

the war, for the expansionist elements were in power. They wanted to confine Japan chiefly to naval patrol work. But the Japanese had other ideas, and when they declared war on Germany on August 23, 1914, they undertook not only patrol work (which they continued throughout the war) but also immediately began to take over German possessions in the East. They took Kiaochow on the Shantung peninsula, and then went on and took all the German islands north of the equator—the famous Mandates. The United States made no important move to stop Japan, either by acting directly or by prodding the British, although it was well understood that the islands menaced our strategic position in the Pacific and we proceeded to oppose other Japanese activities. The Japanese were thus able to put themselves in a strong position to lodge a claim to the islands; for possession is always nine points of international law.

For their part, the British also acted to gather up German possessions in the Pacific. The Australians took the German portion of New Guinea and all the German islands south of the equator, excepting Samoa, which was taken by the New Zealanders. The Australians were all ready to go on and take the German islands to the north of the line when they received orders from London to lay off. These were to be handled by the Japs. Thus before the summer of 1914 was over an informal division of the spoils in the Pacific had been arranged.

The division was put on a formal basis in February, 1917, after the Allies had declared their peace terms to Woodrow Wilson and before the United States had entered the war. The initiative came from Japan. There is evidence which appears to prove that the formal arrangement was merely a putting on paper of an understanding dating back at least two years. But whatever the date of its origin, the agreement provided that the British would support at the peace conference Japan's claims to all German possessions north of the equator in return for Japanese support for British (Australian and New Zealand) claims to German possessions south of the line. Japan went on to get approval of the deal from the French, the Italians, and

the Russians. Thus to the physical possession Japan added strong diplomatic support. This was the situation as the Peace Conference assembled.

Did President Wilson and his advisers know anything about this deal before it came up at the Peace Conference? Ray Stannard Baker in his *Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement* (1923) says they didn't, but evidence has come to light since which makes it quite clear that they did. However, in this instance as in others, Wilson felt that the endorsement by the Allies of his Fourteen Points cancelled any prior agreements that ran counter to them. This proved to be a mistaken idea. Not only did the Japanese enter the Conference determined to hang on to the ex-German possessions, but Australia and New Zealand were equally determined. The Imperial War Cabinet endorsed the position of the Dominions in the spring of 1917. What the Dominions demanded was outright annexation. Wilson was advised of this too before the Conference opened.

At the Conference the British-Japanese campaign for the right of annexation ran headlong into Wilson's desire to dispose of ex-enemy territories under the mandates system. As a matter of fact, the Japanese took little part in the campaign against Wilson's proposal, well realizing that what the British got they would get too, so why antagonize Wilson? The burden of the fight fell on the willing shoulders of William Morris Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia. After lengthy and complicated wrangles, the issue was settled by giving the Dominions and Japan C-class mandates for the ex-German islands they wanted. Boiled down, a C-class mandate gave the mandatory power practically absolute control short of sovereignty. With that reservation—and a rather technical one it is—possession was complete. Above all, Australia and New Zealand had sought to gain control of trade and immigration in the islands. This they won, and Japan won it equally. All were forbidden to erect fortifications in their mandates. Thus to get the Pacific islands under the mandates system at all Wilson had to accept a category of mandates which severely compromised the principles he wanted the system to embody, like

freedom of trade to all, and freedom of immigration. But since his attention was on the basic idea of mandates, he was willing to make concessions to frustrate outright annexation, which was the alternative offered.

But this is only a part of the story. The complications were even greater. Wilson, it might be argued, should have affronted Japan and declared she had no right at all to the islands. As a matter of fact he did. He declared that "he was by no means prepared to accept the Japanese treaty, and was doubtful whether Japan could be admitted there even in the capacity of a mandatory power." There were many reasons why he should take that attitude, and as many why it did not, in the end, rule his conduct.

After the outbreak of war in 1914 the United States undertook the difficult task of preventing Japan from freely realizing her expansionist dreams in all their particulars. The principal focus of the struggle was China, not the islands. Japan had not been content merely to grab Germany's concession at Kiaochow; she had gone on to absorb much of the Shantung peninsula; and she had tried to get China to swallow the famous Twenty-one Demands (January, 1915) which would have given her almost complete dominance over the entire country. And she had reinforced her position in Shantung by treaties and agreements wrung from China in May, 1915, and September, 1918. The United States had tried hard to block these goings-on; and the skirmishes climaxed in the Lansing-Ishii agreement of November 2, 1917. This unfortunate document is described and characterized by Professor A. Whitney Griswold as follows:

... still one of the most controversial subjects in American diplomatic history. Its studied ambiguity invited each signatory to construe it to suit its own purposes. And each has since made the most extreme claims of it: Japan, that it was American recognition of her paramount political influence as well as economic interest in Shantung, Manchuria and Mongolia; the United States, that it was a self-denying ordinance pledging Japan to the most meticulous respect for the open door and the integrity and independence of China. These claims are neither realistic nor sincere. The framers of the agreement knew what they were about. They understood the meaning of the words they employed. Each had

recourse to ambiguity as an offensive as well as a defensive weapon.

At the Peace Conference President Wilson sought in some measure to resolve the ambiguities, the product of acute wartime embarrassments, by forcing Japan to accept the American position, especially with regard to China. There was thus then already going forward a struggle which was to continue down the years, in one diplomatic form or another, until it embraced all the formulæ of American diplomacy, old and new, and ended in the all-out smashup at Pearl Harbor. But at the Conference Wilson found that, if the United States had stood alone against Japan during the war, and had been forced into defensive ambiguity, it was now doubly alone at Paris. For the principal pawn in the game was Shantung, and the British and French (our allies!) were just as much committed to support the claims of Japan to Shantung as to the islands. Both Lloyd George and Clemenceau acknowledged that they were obligated to support Japan.

What Wilson tried to get was the direct return of Shantung to China as the Chinese wanted. Japan demanded that it pass to her as successor of Germany. Japan won. In the Peace Treaty the transfer is provided for in Articles 156, 157, and 158. But Wilson went on to wring from the Japanese an engagement to return Shantung to China at some later date. The Chinese however were embittered by this chicanery, withdrew from the Conference, and refused to sign the Treaty.

A final complication. The Japanese wanted the Covenant of the League to include a declaration of racial equality. Wilson tried hard to find a formula for this which would satisfy the Japs and not outrage their opponents, but to no avail. Therefore, after a good deal of backing and filling, the Japanese lost their case. In the end Wilson rejected the formula finally offered on the ground that it was not unanimously approved (it commanded 11 votes to 6) and that nothing not unanimously accepted could go into the Covenant. Naturally the Japanese were displeased and affronted.

All this wrangling took place, not as a

separate and distinct phase of the Conference, but before, during, and after Wilson's bitter rows with the French and the Italians, not only over provisions of the Treaty but over the League as well. It is hardly necessary to emphasize how dear the League was to Wilson. According to Ray Stannard Baker:

The President pointed out how inextricably the whole matter was tied up with old treaties, how Great Britain felt herself bound to Japan and how, with Italy already out, Belgium bitterly discontented, the defection of Japan might not only break up the Peace Conference but destroy the League of Nations.

This was something Wilson could not face. He said to Baker that "the settlement was the *best that could be had out of a dirty past.*"

The wonder is not that Japan got a C-class mandate for the islands. The wonder is that she didn't annex the islands without restrictions. Certainly the Australians and New Zealanders fought hard enough for that privilege south of the equator, and if they had won, victory would have been assured to the Japanese. Only because Wilson went to bat against the Australians and New Zealanders, who had the backing of the United Kingdom and France, was annexation ruled out. Wilson won a victory of a kind by keeping strings on the islands through the League. He thought those strings would be strong. Wilson *believed* in the League. To him, getting the islands under the League's mandate system was a great victory. We now see that it was hardly that. But we are rendering an *ex post facto* judgment. Mr. Lippmann is mistaken: the islands did not go to Japan in 1919 because we lacked a foreign policy. Wilson most decidedly had a policy. It embraced the League, the mandates system, and above all a philosophy of permanent peace. Wilson's whole campaign with regard to the Pacific shows how hard he tried to effectuate the policy against tremendous odds. To-day Mr. Lippmann condemns Wilson's policy of 1919 and even implies that no policy existed. But in 1919 it was real enough to him and he was himself a partisan of it. Mr. Lippmann's famous book is in considerable measure a severe condemnation of his own past, as he

shamefacedly admits. While confession may be good for the soul, it is hardly profitable to imply that what you believe to-day—long after the event—would have prevented the "mistakes" of yesterday unless you are prepared to show in detail how you could on that yesterday have bent the forces at work to your ends. Mr. Lippmann undertakes no such demonstration; he merely asserts and implies that the old policy was no good and offers a new one. But on the evidence I can find no reason to suppose that the new Lippmann policy would, in 1919, have allowed the United States to have taken those islands for herself, entangled as they were in a "dirty past" and an unregenerate present.

IV

THE next occasion on which the United States might have done something about the Mandates was at the Washington Conference. They were Item III on the Agenda. The American government had made certain reservations about all mandates to protect its rights in them, and in the Japanese case it was concerned to protect its rights of access to the island of Yap in the Carolines, an important cable and wireless center. These rights it easily obtained from Japan and a treaty was signed. For the rest, a treaty was made on December 12, 1921, in which the United States recognized Japan's status as mandatory of the islands in general. The prohibition of fortifications, an integral part of the mandate, was reinforced by the general treaty of the Conference which provided for the observance of the *status quo* for fortifications in island possessions. (Incidentally, Shantung was returned to China as a result of arrangements made at the Conference—a belated victory for Wilson.)

Like the League of Nations, the treaties made at the Washington Conference were based on the proposition that the foundation stones of peace were the honor and self-discipline of nations. In America belief in these ideas had survived the astounding political transition from Wilson to Harding. This belief hardly created an atmosphere which allowed the Americans, its principal proponents, to take territory

away from the Japanese for their own use. The best that could be done was to hedge about the use of the territory with restrictions. This the architects of the Washington Treaties valiantly tried to do. They took this line in the face of the fact that the strategic implication to America of Japan's position in the Mandates was widely understood by naval experts. For the general public, Hector Bywater concisely outlined the situation in his book *Sea Power in the Pacific* (1921). We now know that the American effort utterly failed. But at least we should try to see what it was the men who wrote those treaties were trying to do.

After the Conference the Mandates passed to the supervision of the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. Japan was required, like all mandatories, to present an annual report to the Commission and send a representative to answer the verbal questions of the Commissioners. Japan met these requirements for a number of years. But as tension mounted in the Pacific, particularly after the Manchurian episode of 1931, suspicion of Japan's activities in the Mandates also mounted. She was accused of duplicity, of developing certain harbors far beyond commercial needs, probably to make them of use as naval bases. Many persons passed from suspicion to belief, but the case could not be proved because Japan excluded all casual travelers from the islands and saw to it that those admitted kept to carefully defined itineraries. The Mandates Commission proved powerless to settle the argument by an impartial investigation, though it questioned the Japanese closely on every possible occasion. To-day even its friends agree that the principal weaknesses of the Commission were that it lacked an inspection service of its own and that it lacked the power to enforce its policies and decisions.

That the Japanese did a very great deal to develop the islands commercially is generally admitted, even by their bitter enemies, and that they tied that development to the homeland is admitted to be proper, though unfriendly, by all who recall the terms of a C-class mandate. It was the same with the exclusively Japanese immigration into the islands. If the Japanese

got away with murder with regard to fortifications, as is not at all impossible, then the failure to curb her goes back to the limited powers of the Mandates Commission. In any case the naval importance of the islands is to a very great extent inherent in their location. This strategic value remains whether or not they were fortified. And the location can be blamed only on God.

When Japan gave notice on March 27, 1933, that she intended to leave the League of Nations there would have been a case for forcing her to return her mandate. But the case was never put to the test. Japan hung on to the islands, thus establishing a case for the contention, which she set up, that they had become an integral part of the Empire. I strongly suspect that what specifically naval development took place in the islands before Pearl Harbor took place after 1933, when the Japanese clearly saw that their title was not going to be challenged short of war. As far as is known, the United States government did not challenge the League's failure to act to recover the mandate. It is doubtful that the United States, acting alone, could have raised the issue without provoking a major Far Eastern crisis and perhaps precipitating war. It is difficult to believe that this country would have supported war over the Mandates at any time between 1933 and 1941. The blame for allowing Japan to retain the Mandates after she left the League rests, in any case, squarely on the League, or perhaps on the powers then dominant in defining the League's policies.

However that may be, Japan remained in the islands. That is the point of the story. And what it has cost, and will cost, is plain for all to see.

In his Message to Congress on September 17, 1943, President Roosevelt declared:

It goes almost without saying that when Japan surrenders the United Nations will never again let her have authority over the islands which were mandated to her by the League of Nations. Japan obviously is not to be trusted.

This is an entirely negative statement. The Mandates are not to be left in Japan's possession. But who is to get them?

The clear implication of Mr. Lipp-

mann's attitude is that they should, finally, become the property of the United States. The same view is taken by Mr. Arthur Krock in *The New York Times* for October 7, 1943. Ignoring Mr. Krock's implication that we should grab British islands (and, in the case of Canton, a British-American island ruled as a condominium), as well as the Mandates, here is how he put it:

Another objective of the Pacific war is to take away from Japan the mandated islands and others in that area, including Canton. These plainly are essential to protect the Pacific approaches to the United States and to hold back Japanese militarism of the future: therefore, they should definitely be under the American flag. Though the Atlantic Charter says of the United States and Great Britain that "they seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other," these islands must be added for security to American possessions, and that, in any dictionary is "aggrandizement."

The opposed point of view was expressed by Mr. Samuel Grafton in the *New York Post* for October 18, 1943:

We think that British, Japanese, and perhaps Dutch island bases in the Pacific ought to be given to us for keeps after the war because, well, because we want them. Because we say we need them for our security.

Look, honey, it's late and Tiffany's is closed. Why should anybody want to give us bases? American security is not the world's problem. World security is the world problem.

Why should the world give us bases until it knows whether we intend to use them as part of a system of world security?

Woodrow Wilson and his followers thought Tiffany's had closed during the last war. Yet recall, honey, what deals the boys cooked up in the back room!

The truth is there are three courses open:

1. We can take the islands ourselves and get the other interested parties—Great Britain, China, Australia, New Zealand,

and the Netherlands—to agree to our taking them.

2. We can refuse the islands ourselves and let them go to one of the interested parties listed above.

3. We can assign them to the care of some international body with the proviso that Japan is to have no hand in governing them.

The first two possibilities are directly in line with the "realistic" settlement of the war which Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin now seem bent on achieving.

The third proposal, supported by Mr. Grafton, is completely unrealistic. It is a dream-world scheme to which there is now no practical means of approach whatever. The Four Nation Declaration of Moscow states that the future "general international organization" shall be "based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all peace-loving states." That means some sort of revived League of Nations. But the peace is obviously not going to be maintained by any such organization. It is going to be maintained, if at all, by the powerful nations behind it—that is, the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and, perhaps, China.

If peace is to be maintained by agreement among these powers, then the islands should not be left in the hands of some international body whose authority depends upon the extent to which the big powers back it up. It will be the better part of wisdom to get the islands either into our own hands or into the hands of some nation likely to be friendly to us in the predictable future. In the hands of an "international authority" they will be used as pawns—beyond our control—in the game of strategy which gives them the only significance they have.

AFTER CHRISTMAS

A Passage from a Christmas Oratorio

W. H. AUDEN



WELL, so that is that. Now we must dismantle the tree,
Putting the decorations back into their cardboard boxes—
Some have got broken—and carrying them up to the attic.
The holly and the mistletoe must be taken down and burnt,
And the children got ready for school. There are enough
Leftovers to do, warmed up, for the rest of the week—
Not that we have much appetite, having drunk such a lot,
Stayed up so late, attempted—quite unsuccessfully—
To love all of our relatives, and in general
Grossly overestimated our powers. Once again
As in previous years we have seen the actual Vision and failed
To do more than entertain it as an agreeable
Possibility, once again we have sent Him away,
Begging though to remain His disobedient servant,
The promising child who cannot keep His word for long.

The Christmas Feast is already a fading memory,
And already the mind begins to be vaguely aware
Of an unpleasant whiff of apprehension at the thought
Of Lent and Good Friday which cannot, after all, now
Be very far off. But, for the time being, here we all are,
Back in the moderate Aristotelian city
Of darning and the Eight-Fifteen, where Euclid's geometry
And Newton's mechanics would account for our experience,
And the kitchen table exists because I scrub it.
It seems to have shrunk during the holidays. The streets
Are much narrower than we remembered; we had forgotten
The office was as depressing as this. To those who have seen

The Child, however dimly, however incredulously,
The Time Being is, in a sense, the most trying time of all.
For the innocent children who whispered so excitedly
Outside the locked door where they knew the presents to be
Grew up when it opened. Now, recollecting that moment,
We can repress the joy, but the guilt remains conscious;
Remembering the stable where for once in our lives
Everything became a You and nothing was an It,
And craving the sensation but ignoring the cause,
We look round for something, no matter what, to inhibit
Our self-reflection, and the obvious thing for that purpose
Would be some great suffering. So, once we have met the Son
We are tempted ever after to pray to the Father
"Lead us into temptation and evil for our sake."

They will come all right, don't worry; probably in a form
That we do not expect, and certainly with a force
More dreadful than we can imagine. In the meantime
There are bills to be paid, machines to keep in repair,
Irregular verbs to learn, the Time Being to redeem
From insignificance. The happy morning is over,
The night of agony still to come; the time is noon:
When the Spirit must practice his scales of rejoicing
Without even a hostile audience, and the Soul endure
A silence that is neither for nor against her faith
That God's Will will be done, that, in spite of her prayers,
God will cheat no one, not even the world of its triumph.



PREFACE TO A SCHOOLMASTER'S BIOGRAPHY

GEORGE W. MARTIN



THERE is a challenging mystery about the career of Endicott Peabody. For more than fifty years he was Head Master of Groton, and during this period it became a matter of great and increasing interest how he did it. Intelligent and expert persons repaired to the School and examined the process and made reports. Mr. Peabody himself wrote a piece, which was duly published, explaining the system: with the result that everyone agreed that he himself did not understand his own technique. As for the experts, they exhausted all the stock phrases about "orientation, integration, motivation," etc., and then it became apparent that they were like the three blind men describing the elephant—there was no agreement on anything. They differed not only in their conclusions but in the factual reports of what they found going on.

Education is one of those subjects, like divorce or constitutional law, on which everyone has an opinion. Some think it is involved with vocational instruction; some think it is to "discipline the mind"; some hold it to be the acquirement of media of self-expression; and some think it is just a formal process to which the young should be exposed for a certain length of time.

The Rector never sold out to any one school of thought in this connection.

Sometimes he was sure education ought to be connected with discipline; sometimes he thought well of science, but more often not; and as the world changed he changed too.

This capacity to change was referred to by his admirers as "growing." His detractors noted the changes but considered them the irrational results of outside stimuli, the unconscious response of intellectual inertia to current pressures. The conclusions of any particular person in this respect are observed to be heavily influenced by his own investment of time and effort in any particular department of education. When one has labored long years at Latin and Greek one is scornful of the educational value of engineering. And anyone who has put years of work on the study of chemistry is apt to prescribe that subject positively as the way to the good life—although chemists make a rather comic noise in the ears of "educated persons."

When the Rector supported the thesis of the advocates of science they considered him intelligent; when he opposed the emphasis on science the scientists thought him a mossback. As an actual fact, he was not profound; but he was alert and intelligent and completely devoid of any shame about changing his mind when he thought he was wrong. This was disconcerting. Indeed, it is hardly fair. He never spent

any time or effort proving he was right yesterday; he simply went on to the next thing. He never tried to get even with anybody or bore any grudge. Thus he saved so much time that life appeared leisurely.

II

THE Rector had a great talent for firing incompetents. He did not fire boys often; he worked over them. But he was entirely aware of the strong and weak points of the masters; and those who did not measure up to the requirements he eliminated. This kept the School from becoming a Home for Indigent Incompetents.

He did this himself. He hired the masters. He sat in their classes. He listened to their suggestions. When they returned from a trip to Boston he sat up and cross-examined them. He may have had great faith in human nature, but it was a kind of general, impersonal faith. He knew what he was working for, and there was nothing vague or half-hearted in his contact and control. He was just but not particularly sympathetic.

It was sometimes felt that a clergyman should have cultivated a more trustful nature which could be imposed on. Well—he didn't.

He was not trustful, but he was completely reliable. When he was on duty he was always the same—always. He always first appeared before the School at Chapel in the morning, when he wore the usual priest's robes.

After Chapel the boys went at once to the schoolroom at the School House—all the boys. Every desk was occupied. A master stood at the desk and surveyed the assemblage. He rang the bell and there was silence.

And then the Rector would come in. He never hurried. He never sauntered. He always looked the School right in the eye as though he were looking for trouble. The quick cadence of his step was always exactly the same. His black shoes were polished. His blue suit, starched collar, white bow-tie, also starched, were always exactly and precisely as expected.

He mounted the steps to the dais. He took the framed schedule of events from

the master. He turned slightly to the right. "First Form—History. . . . Second Form—Latin. . . ." Under his eye the School filed out to the first recitation of the day.

Four hours later he dismissed the School from the same platform. He did it—no one else. He read the detention, sent out the mail, and made what announcements were in order.

At dinner the School stood at their places while he asked a blessing. The blessing never varied. It was short and impersonal.

His next official appearance was at supper. No matter what he had been doing during the afternoon, at supper he was back in the blue suit, white starched tie, and black shoes. He asked the blessing. The boys went from the dining room to the schoolroom, and he conducted evening prayers. He stood at the desk and read from the New Testament—always. Then he knelt down on the floor and read some familiar prayers. When prayers were concluded he went out in the hall; and Brooks House filed by and said "Good-night, sir"; and to each he said, "Good-night, my boy," and shook his hand.

That was the system. So far as a casual observer could see, that was all there was to it. The experts came and talked about Freud and Jung and looked for hidden significances, and neurotic parents moaned and chattered; but nothing was ever done to change it.

Long, long afterward, boys could recall the tones of his voice as he read the prayers: "Watch over our School as its years increase . . . until we come to thine everlasting kingdom."

He taught the First Form Latin. The boys learned no Latin to speak of and picked up no interesting information on the side. He was not unkind, but the children were ill at ease. The class never seemed to get going. There were no interludes, no nonsense—not even explosions. Whenever the Latin suspended for an instant there was a kind of Peter Parley talk which bored the boys.

The contrast between this and the Greek classes conducted by Amory Gardner was stupefying. Mr. Gardner did not actually juggle balls and Indian clubs, but

only because it did not occur to him or any of the boys. He did not actually cut himself with clamshells, because he had no clams handy; but he would leap up in the air, and beat his breast, and tear his hair, and faint with fervor. And, withal, a lot of boys learned a lot of Greek; while the gossip they picked up about Sanskrit, Egypt, the zoetrope or wheel-of-life, Max Müller, Grimm's Law, and the private lives of the denizens of Mt. Olympus was wholly incredible.

Amory Gardner was always wanting to address the School, and the Rector was forever thwarting this ambition. The Rector was right.

Besides this Latin class, Mr. Peabody undertook the instruction of the Fifth and Sixth Form in Sacred Studies. The origin of the ensuing difficulties is obscure. From time to time some tough-minded intellectuals turned up among the boys; but the Rector knew what he was talking about—in the beginning at any rate—and no confusion ought to have occurred.

But confusion there was. Somehow the subject would get turned round; and it seemed as if the class were enamored of Mohammed and on the verge of embracing Islam. And this of course was quite all right if only these exuberant explorers were open-minded enough to see, before the end of the hour, that Christianity was best after all. But sometimes it was just touch and go whether they could be brought back into the fold and the gate safely shut before the clock struck. It was nervous work. Buddha was disposed of without difficulty. Apparently Nirvana excited no interest, and Gautama no converts. But when Zoroaster came along there were ten short minutes spent on him; and for the other fifty minutes the faithful St. Bernard dogs were searching the Alps for the yodeling Parsees straying far from the company compound.

Often it seemed as though there were something almost diabolical in the way the wrong side was put on the defense. The spectacle made some boys nervous, and the stupider a boy was the more embarrassed he became. But there were volatile devils who enjoyed it and the range of whose speculations never failed to exceed all reasonable bounds.

III

CHAPEL came every morning in the form of morning prayers, a hymn, and a psalm. One became familiar with a lot of psalms, and with Cranmer's Prayer Book. On Sunday there were services morning and evening. In the evening the hot tears coursed down the cheeks of the little new boys during the *Nunc Dimittis*—but the others never noticed it, having been through it themselves. At the morning service the Rector would alternate with Mr. Billings in preaching the sermon. Both of them preached without dramatics in the strict New England tradition.

The importance of sermons is underestimated. At an evening service in the Town Hall at Groton, in May one year, Dr. Rainsford made some remarks about the *Origin of Species* which resulted in at least thirty boys reading that book; and it was a topic of discussion for weeks.

The sermons of Mr. Billings were excellent. The Rector's sermons were stuffy. For some reason the boys did not seem to believe them. Certain phrases recurred continually: "The dyer's hand is subdued to what it is dipped in. . . . Sanctify yourselves for their sakes." . . . The boys wanted to live dangerously and see life. The Rector wanted them to be pure in heart and to keep unspotted from the world. These objectives are not inconsistent; but you cannot capture the imagination of boys by talking of goodness or self-sacrifice or strong silent heroism. What the beggars wanted was to excite the admiration and astonishment of the other monkeys: in short, just what everyone wants to-day, and always has wanted since Cheops built the pyramid.

After St. George killed the dragon he was very popular; and it is obviously up to the proprietor of a large stable of boys to provide dragons right along. Now there was something phony about Mr. Peabody's dragons. Instead of getting into some old clothes, and sneaking up on the dragon, and grabbing him by the neck, and sinking your teeth in his jugular vein, while he roared and writhed and breathed out clouds of smoke—but you hung on: it wasn't like that. . . . In the first place, you had to go in training; and then when

the dragon was brought round it appeared you were to *talk* him to death, or set him a good example, or something: more like St. Georgianna than St. George.

It was a continuous puzzlement what kind of a man the Rector really was. The way he walked was incompatible with the way he talked; and the boys believed their eyes rather than their ears. He was humble with the cortex maximums—by an effort of will—and he was “liberal” the same way. He was determined to be liberal—if it killed him. And so of course he was not really liberal; he was only determined, like the man who is honest because honesty is the best policy: such a man is not honest; he is politic.

It was his true essence which he communicated to the boys. They learned determination, to know cricket from non-cricket, to be unafraid; and these attributes carried some to honor and glory, and some to infamy and disgrace. Lord Rosebery is reported to have said as a young man that he had three ambitions: to marry an heiress, to own a Derby winner, and to be Prime Minister. He achieved all three, but he was not generally admired. It was felt that he paid too high a price.

Living is complicated. Exhortation is useless. Boys scorn precepts, but they will imitate heroes.

The selection of heroes to introduce to the attention of boys is an important matter. Socrates, Jesus, Servetus, Bruno, Galileo, Cromwell, John Hampden, George Washington were all lawbreakers. Most of them were tried and executed according to the law of their time.

Prohibition came along. It proved completely unenforceable. Practically all the graduates of the School became criminals. Admittedly the noble experiment operated to breed corruption, to teach girls to drink gin, to flout the law, to create disorder, and to produce a host of ills. When one consulted solemnly with oneself it was evident that, measured by any frame of reference that made sense, the situation demanded resistance as clearly as the imposition of Ship Money Taxes by Charles I. To comply was to co-operate with tyranny.

The graduates, from the first, saw this

clearly and saw it whole, and contributed steadily to the breakdown of enforcement. The Rector went through a slow mutation. He first fell under the influence of Mr. Horace Taft, who persuaded him that to be a criminal was the worst thing that could happen to his boys; and so he started out to urge compliance.

Then someone called him the Vicar of Bray and said he had sold out his real convictions for a mess of pottage called “law and order.” All the criminal graduates came up to the School, and for the first time in their lives felt morally superior. The biographies of the great, mentioned above, were pointed out to him. The worst of it was everyone was kind and solicitous about it; and the amount of interest taken in the New Testament was prodigious. Even the stockbrokers were reading it.

This was a wonderful and chastening experience. For once a moral question got so complicated that it was not instantly apparent what the proper course was. And though many a graduate had an attack of the dry grins on observing the Rector's predicament, not one had any thought that he was cowardly or taking the easy path. And when the Cromwellians finally won they admired him for sticking it out all by himself; and they knew he never did really think any less of them even if they were criminals.

IV

THE Rector complained a good deal about the vacations—especially the short vacations at Christmas and Easter. He said the younger boys came back infected with various contagious maladies, and the older boys lost from five to fifteen pounds in weight, and were returned exceedingly demoralized. Said they spent their time at the theater, and later discussed, not the merits of character portrayal, nor the problems presented, but “the beauty of actresses.”

He just had not thought this out. Any boy of seventeen who was more interested in the technique of drama than in feminine pulchritude would have been an object of suspicion to the Rector at the very first contact. But he was right in complaining

about the vacations. They were too violent. The boys reacted from the ascetic, cloistered existence at Groton like sailors getting shore liberty; and though the damage was not permanent it was unnecessary and exasperating.

The role of the parents was difficult. If they were rich they took their boys to Jekyll Island, and thus supplied a sterilized playground from which there was no escape. But if they had to live in New York or Boston the boys ran themselves ragged. The Rector exercised a kind of remote control which operated to involve the parents in collusive and clandestine breaches of unenforceable edicts. The problem continued to be a worry for many years; but the attempted control became less, and more responsibility was left to the parents. No satisfactory solution was ever evolved. The young continue to be interested in actresses.

V

WHEN one reads *Tom Brown's School Days* one does not get the impression that Dr. Arnold had any noticeable sense of humor. Perhaps the best people did not have one in those days. *Punch* was started in 1841; and a good deal of Aristophanes is more modern than those early copies.

What went on around the Rector was not funny. Life was real and life was earnest. It was often gay and cheerful and friendly; but not funny.

All the same, some wonderful things happened. First Amory Gardner built the Chapel. Then he built the Pleasure Dome. A visiting fireman, observing Mr. Gardner in a bath wrapper drinking whiskey after a game of squash, approached him curiously. Thereupon Gardner rose and dropped him an elaborate curtsy. The visitor (whose collar buttoned in the back) concluded he was in the presence of extreme depravity—in which delusion he was of course encouraged by a couple of irresponsible graduates—and was going to tell the Rector about it. He had to be personally escorted to Ayer, and sent home to grow up.

The Rector's conception of what was funny was Burnand's *Happy Thoughts*. This book was published in 1871, having

previously come out piecemeal in *Punch*. It is funny too—if you have plenty of time. He used to read it aloud when he and Mrs. Peabody went on picnics with the Fifth Form in the springtime.

He was born in 1857; and the decade from 1870 to 1880 he spent in England being subjected to formal education. If anyone will look through the bound volumes of *Punch* for those ten years a great light will break on him. For there are all the jokes, the preoccupation with playing fields, the impatience with vulgarity, the social dilemmas of the well-endowed dowagers, the total ignorance of life on any other plane, the complete confidence in the morality of property, the feminine women, the protective and possessive men, the swells and the bounders and the snobs—in short, there is portrayed the benign complacency of a ruling class which had no regrets for the past and no fears for the future. The remarkable thing is not that, brought up in this society, the Rector was inscrutable and different from home-grown grass-root Americans, but that when he finally came back to Boston he was endurable at all. He was not only endurable; he was very popular. He was also indestructible.

He counted himself a clergyman. He had loyal labor-union ties with clergymen. He was always helping worthless ones. But many people were more impressed with his executive ability. Julius A. Atwood, Bishop of Arizona, a lifelong intimate of the Rector's (he used to preach sermons at School; he was bald as a billiard ball, and was known by the boys as "the Mexican Hairless") not only insisted that Mr. Peabody was a great executive, but said he would have made a wonderful banker: that the way he got money for the School was little short of miraculous. Others said he was a great leader, a teacher, a noble character, a guide, philosopher, and friend. They agreed only on one point: he did not remotely resemble a clergyman. He was something like Coke of Norfolk.

VI

SOPHISTICATED persons know that it is not enough to be right. In this world it is necessary to be successful also. This

is often resented by closet theorists—especially women—but wise men accept the universe and get on with their knitting. Of all this the Rector was fully aware. He never formulated it because he was essentially inarticulate; and what he knew did not find expression in words. But the boys were indoctrinated with this philosophy; and when they grew up they wasted no time feeling sorry for themselves or weeping over past mistakes.

This attitude is conducive to an urgency which tended to push boys a little farther along the road to success than they would have got under their own steam. Unfortunately it did not induce any increased discrimination in the selection of occupations, and the graduates took to finance as eagerly as to medicine.

The Rector saw this very clearly; but his only weapon of opposition was exhortation. He urged the boys to go into the professions and keep away from Wall Street. He lectured on vocations in Sacred Studies: and they asked him how an Army officer could possibly send his son to Groton. He had not thought of it. His whole School project required a large income for its customers. When he urged the boys to be true to themselves and drop out of their parents' income class, they simply did not hear him. They were going to make money enough to be able to send their sons to Groton. That was the first and great commandment.

This business of money and vocations was fantastic, and the Rector got no help on it. Everybody from Jacob Riis to Booker Washington undertook to give talks to the boys and advise them. In the very early years of the century Gifford Pinchot, who was then a forester, came up to lecture on forestry. The lecture is long forgotten; but, at its close, he looked at the boys meaningly, almost menacingly, and said: "Fortunate is the man so rich he does not have to work; but twice fortunate is the rich man who works hard though he does not have to."

He might have saved his breath. When the annual product grew up, rich and poor alike fell to the task of making money and getting power with a fury which astounded their classmates in college.

T. R. came up when he was President,

and he too made a few remarks. He urged the boys not to take champagne or butlers with them on camping trips in the Adirondacks—honestly, that is what he said. It sounded awfully *pukka* at the time; but long afterward many wondered what it was all about.

While the exhortations were complete duds, the civilizing influences organized by the Rector were at work all the time. If a boy was oversensitive or spastic or hysterical the School was, certainly during some periods, a cruel place; for neither wealth nor prominence availed to buy peace. But for the average youngster there were interludes which almost seemed a link with the great world. There was "parlor night" twice a week in Mrs. Peabody's house, which was always polite and often amusing; and Mrs. Peabody always remembered a boy's first name—which restored morale, somehow. Another morale- tonic was the requirement that shirts be changed for supper and also shoes. And there were "sing-songs" in the wintertime and debates and the choir and the play—in short, various arenas where excellence did not depend on physique or seniority; and these were all to the good.

VII

WHY should the cat lying in the sunshine bother its head about astrophysics? And why should one try to analyze a benign influence, and label it "Victorian," or "Neo-Anglican," or "Muscular Christianity"? To classify the Rector does not contribute to any better understanding of him. All one can do is to tell what was visible, and let each appraiser put it together as he sees it.

That he was inarticulate was evident. That he probably was quite as sensitive as anybody normally is, was not so evident. He was exceedingly polite, but there is no doubt he got very angry on occasion. In being polite he was not just suave—he was friendly and frank and controlled.

He forgave a lot of mean things that were done to him—even some outrageous ones—and thereby disarmed his enemies. And this was not merely a pose. He really did forgive them. This was one of the secrets of his indestructibility.

He had little conception of the strains men are subjected to in the modern world; and he used to infuriate fathers of sinful sons by summoning them to come to School and confer about their brats. At the conference it usually appeared that the son was white as snow compared with the father at the same age. This unawareness of the world's standards was the principal—perhaps only—clergyman-attribute which he had. He said, himself, that his greatest regret was his failure to inculcate a livelier moral sense in boys; but he was up against the whole world. After all, morals are customs; but he thought they were absolutes. If he had been attacked by a thug he would have observed the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

His real occupation at the School was the enforcement of civilization. The boys

got up early and went to bed tired. There was a first-class library, and there were educated men on the faculty. These were the ingredients; and he kept them in balance. He was just, according to his lights, and he was consistent; and he dealt out rewards and punishments without hesitation or misgivings. On the whole, he was rather more reliable on punishments than on rewards. He never disappointed the School by overlooking infractions of decorum or virtue. He made it quite plain to boys that each must live his own life—that no one else could do this for him—and he was unsympathetic when any of them felt sorry for themselves.

He was the *pater familias*, and the boys instinctively trusted him even when they criticized him. And he just walked back and forth in the cool of the day.

The Case for AMG

THE Administration may be interested in the following statement, by one of America's greatest military leaders, on the problems of military government of occupied territory:

"I would deem it very unwise at this time, or for years to come, to institute in this quarter any civil government in which the local people have much to say. . . . A civil government now would be simply ridiculous. The people would not regard it, and even the military commanders of the antagonistic parties would treat it lightly. Governors would be simply petitioners for military assistance, to protect supposed friendly interests, and military commanders would refuse to disperse and weaken their armies for military reasons. Jealousies would arise between the two conflicting powers, and, instead of contributing to the end of the war, would actually defer it. Therefore I contend that the interests of the United States, and of the real parties concerned, demand the continuance of the simple military rule, till after *all* the organized armies [of the enemy] are dispersed, conquered, and subjugated. . . .

"God knows I deplore this fratricidal war as much as any man living, but it is upon us, a physical fact; and there is only one honorable issue from it. We must fight it out, army against army, and man against man; and I know, and you know, and civilians begin to realize the fact, that reconciliation and reconstruction will be easier through and by means of strong, well-equipped, and organized armies than through any species of conventions that can be framed."

We should add that the time when this statement was made was September, 1863, and that the writer was General William Tecumseh Sherman.

HOW TARIFFS CAN FREE TRADE

BERNARD B. SMITH



THE idea that backward countries should be built up industrially after the war is a common one and one that is rather generally approved. But where is the necessary capital to come from? There are some serious objections to allowing the private capital of any nation to get a strangle hold on new industry, and equally serious objections to having the necessary money given away, directly or indirectly, by the government of the United States (the only nation which is likely to have it to give).

Furthermore, there is no point in building industrial plant in undeveloped countries unless there is some way of making a reality out of the Atlantic Charter's qualified promise to all nations of "access, on equal terms, to the trade and raw materials of the world." If this is not done both old and new industrial plant either will lie largely idle or will be forced into producing armaments with which the nations may once again start a war for markets and resources.

Yet "equal access" seems to require, among other things, that all discriminatory tariffs be abandoned, all embargoes and import quotas eliminated—a course of action which has long been recognized as desirable in terms of international peace, but which for the past few decades simply has not had a chance in the domestic politics of any industrial nation. Following the First World War, nations everywhere

piled up autarchic trade barriers in retaliatory efforts to preserve their own economic systems. Here in the United States we have had protective tariffs for years—the classic argument being that they protect newly organized or "infant" American industries, and hence the wages of American citizens. Secretary Hull, with his reciprocal trade-treaty program, and others fought valiantly to free trade from tariff barriers, but their efforts met with only minor success. The "infant" industries never seemed to reach maturity and the protectionist interest continued as a powerful political force.

Here, then, are the basic obstacles in the way of healthy international trade in the postwar world. Up to now they have seemed too formidable to be overcome. Every proposal for international economic collaboration has run head on into one or another. But there is a vulnerable spot in one of them which may offer a way out.

Even though it may be politically impossible to legislate tariffs out of existence in the United States and elsewhere, it is not impossible to *circumvent their damaging effect on world trade.*

The first point that needs to be stressed is that protective tariffs are *not* levied for revenue purposes. If revenue were the purpose of our tariffs we should obviously have imposed them on such products as coffee and raw silk, which we normally import in huge quantities; but we did not do

so. In fact, almost two-thirds of all our imports enter this country duty-free. Our dealings with the Philippines and Puerto Rico provide ample evidence that it is protection, not revenue, which we expect from tariffs. During the transitional period when we took over Puerto Rico we maintained protective tariffs against its products, but deposited all customs receipts from those tariffs in a trust fund to be used exclusively for Puerto Rican redevelopment. Similarly, when to "protect" American producers of butter and competitive oils we placed a domestic processing tax (seventeen million dollars a year) on Philippine coconut oil we agreed to return the tax collected to the Philippine government (on condition that no part of it be paid back to the Philippine planters). And finally, it is worth noting, the revenue significance of tariff receipts has steadily diminished in the past thirty years. As recently as 1913 such receipts were approximately equal to all the rest of our national revenue, but by 1939 they represented only five per cent of the total.

Though there are of course some countries that derive from customs duties a larger proportion of their revenue than does the United States, the proportion has been diminishing in most nations as more direct and aboveboard forms of taxation (income and sales taxes) have increased. Yet the sum of all countries' receipts from tariffs comes to a sizable figure; even in 1935, when the total volume of world trade was very low, it exceeded four and a half billion dollars.

It is upon this conception of the dual aspect of revenues derived from tariffs that the following plan for the expansion of world trade and the destruction of international trade barriers is based.

II

WE PROPOSE that an international organization, or World Board of Trade, be set up, to which each nation will annually turn over its entire receipts from tariffs. This ought to provide a fund of perhaps five billion dollars a year during the immediate postwar period if world trade and tariffs continue at approximately their prewar level. (Even if tariffs

are reduced, the volume of world trade will promptly expand so that the actual annual fund from tariffs is not likely to decrease for some time.)

It would be the purpose of the World Board to use this fund to stimulate international trade. The Board could make loans—and, if necessary, outright grants—for industrial development of backward nations, for stabilizing currencies, and for cushioning the shocks of natural disasters or other temporary internal crises which might otherwise impel a country to revert to nationalistic trade restrictions. It could, in effect, perform all the desirable functions of the postwar international monetary agencies proposed in the plans put forward by Lord Keynes (for England) and Mr. White (for the United States Treasury).

The advantage of such a proposal as compared with the Keynes and White plans is that it challenges fewer prejudices. In the first place, it does not compromise national sovereignty. Each member nation of the World Board of Trade would be free to determine for itself how much—if anything—it would contribute to the international fund. If it wanted to reduce its contribution it could either reduce its tariff rates or increase the number of products which were permitted to enter duty-free. If it wanted to contribute nothing it could simply remove all tariffs and adopt a full free-trade policy.

In effect, therefore, the nations which, for internal political reasons, erected tariff barriers and thereby seriously impeded world trade would be the very nations which would contribute to the fund set up to counteract the blighting effects of such restrictions upon the economic prosperity of other countries.

The "infant industries" which would fight so fiercely against tariff reduction would still be protected. Yet countries whose exports to the United States might be curtailed thereby would find new outlets for their products in the once backward countries now industrially developed through the World Board's use of its tariff funds.

Eventually of course, as people became increasingly aware of the direct and indirect cost of protective tariffs, and as the standard of living in the newly industrial-

ized nations improved, and as the mutual advantages of uninhibited international trade became clear, protective tariffs would be progressively lowered and the functions and resources of the World Board of Trade would be curtailed.

In order to prevent the purposes of this proposal from being subverted it would be necessary for all member nations to consent to two pre-conditions. Each nation would have to agree, first, to refrain from imposing trade barriers other than tariffs—such as import quotas, or internal excise taxes which discriminate against imported, in favor of domestic products; and, second, to refrain from imposing any tariff on any product in excess of the highest tariff imposed on that product by any participating nation during the immediate prewar period. In other words, trade barriers would have to be restricted to tariffs the revenue from which must be turned over to the World Board, and those tariffs could not be permitted to rise so high as to stop all trade. If the Board's income is to be reduced this must be accompanied by a reduction, not an increase, of trade barriers.

III

THIS is a bare outline of the proposal, and it necessarily passes over many problems of organization and operation which would have to be settled if it were to be put into effect. But for the purposes of this article there are only two special aspects of the subject which need be enlarged.

One of these involves the fate of gold as a medium of exchange—a question which, rightly or wrongly, is of major political and economic importance to the United States. For it is going to be difficult to induce this country to enter into a program of international economic collaboration unless all participating nations consent to permit gold to become, in whole or in part, the basis—if not the unit—of foreign exchange. Unless this is done the value of over twenty-two billion dollars in gold (\$22,174,968,279.02, to be precise) now in the vaults of the United States or in the hills of Kentucky will be ruinously reduced; for it is upon the use of gold as an international yardstick of foreign exchange

rather than upon its commodity use that its principal value rests.

It is of course true that if the United States becomes imperialistically belligerent it may be able to force the world to accept gold. But we should not forget that we acquired much of this gold by fixing artificially high prices for it—as part of our national recovery program—without considering the effect of this acquisition on the economic relations of other countries. Certainly we should not now force the reintroduction of gold into world commerce as the basis or unit of international currency unless we are prepared to do it in a manner calculated to help, rather than injure, the economic systems of other countries.

It is suggested therefore that the initial capital fund of the World Board of Trade—perhaps five billion dollars in gold (the amount of International Stabilization capital proposed by Mr. White in the United States Treasury's plan)—be loaned by the United States, to be amortized without interest at the rate of one and one-half per cent a year. Out of the interest which the Board will charge on its loans and out of its annual income from tariff revenues the repayment of the American gold loan can readily be effected. After all, the hoard we have is not paying us any interest today, so there would be no sacrifice involved in lending a fourth of it without interest to set in motion a scheme which would maintain the monetary value of the remainder.

The other aspect of the proposal which should be mentioned here is the role the World Board might play in overcoming a barrier to "equal access" which has hitherto been ignored, although it is in certain respects far more serious in its effects than many tariff restrictions. This is the barrier of geographical distance, the barrier which prevents the Balkan countries, for example, from selling their products to Ecuador and Mexico as effectively as to Germany and Russia, and which handicaps industrial development in countries which are far from sources of raw materials.

The pattern for equalizing these international discrepancies already exists within the domestic business structure of the

United States, where a number of important industries have adjusted freight costs so as to neutralize the factor of proximity to source as a competitive advantage. Goods are delivered at a uniform price anywhere within a specific section or zone of the country.

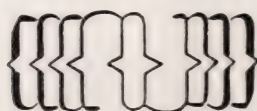
The same principle could be applied to international freight. For the World Board of Trade could establish international freight rates for air and sea transport based on a standard number of miles and equally applicable to all transactions, regardless of the actual distances traversed. These standard rates would of course have to be set at a figure below any average which might be struck between short and long hauls over the world; otherwise the countries which in the past have enjoyed proximity to markets would face a ruinous rise in freight rates. Losses to the carriers which were not made up by the extent to which rate gains on short hauls would offset losses on long hauls would be covered by subsidies paid to the airlines and shipping companies by the World Board of Trade. In addition, the Board could provide remote countries with as frequent and regular air and ocean freight voyages as their economies reasonably require rather than leave them dependent upon the infrequent voyages which their relatively small world economic importance and remote

geographic position have warranted in the past.

If this is done we shall have gone far toward solving the problem of what to do with the world's enormously expanded merchant marine and air transport. More important, we shall have provided a system under which the world's goods can flow from country to country as readily as mail normally moves under international postal agreements. Such a system, furthermore, would help to free small nations which cannot be economically self-sufficient from economic—and hence political—domination by their powerful neighbors.

Presuming that the details of this proposal can be worked out to the satisfaction of the various nations (and there seems to be no reason to suppose that they cannot), the World Board of Trade offers a practical way to remove trade barriers, to stabilize currencies, to assist the industrialization of undeveloped countries, and to do all this without impairing national sovereignties, without challenging politically powerful protectionist interests, and without either rendering sterile America's enormous store of gold or insisting on preserving its value at the risk of ruining less favored nations.

There is a chance that American voters would support such a scheme.



THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN

A Story

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE



This is the sixth story in Mr. La Farge's series, "East by Southwest." These stories, their characters, and their happenings, are all entirely fictional. They grew from the observations and experiences of the author as a war correspondent in the southwest Pacific. If, happily, they seem true, it must be in the sense of a truth that illuminates rather than reports, for here there is no transcription of actual events.—The Editors

V AL DES NAOULIS is near the north end of the island of Balade and, because that name is not easy for American mouths to pronounce, it is called VDN. I had to wait there for three days on my way home, and it rained almost continuously during that time. Such rain is not uncommon at that season and it turns the iron-red soil into a deep and liquid mud that is very slippery and stains your clothes beyond remedy of washing.

Even during the rain it is hot—less hot of course than when the tropical sun pursues you, but of a damp, enervating heat that penetrates your bones and makes you feel a little feverish all the time, until you have been there long enough to have your blood thin out and accept it as the normal. The rain seems to stimulate the mosquitoes, though they are a mild pest there compared to some other places, and I remember that it drove the huge and ugly spiders indoors and that they got very busy in the little, unscreened shack I slept in. I used to leave my drab mosquito bar down and tucked into my cot to keep

them out of that at least. The shack had a concrete floor, and was roofed with Australian corrugated iron, on each section of which was thoughtfully stenciled, "Unfit for Drinking Water." With a roof like that you never had to look out to see if it was raining: you merely listened. There were only two other men in the shack—a Signal Corps captain, from New Guinea and on his way to Oahu, and Major Dorielt, of the Air Transport Command which ran the encampment. VDN is a place you stop at in order to fly somewhere else as soon as possible. Normally it is not a sociable place.

My first meal there was lunch. I slid downhill, waded through the mud of the road, and scrambled up the opposite slope to the officers' mess shack. It was a small building, also with a concrete floor, wooden walls up to three feet, then open to the eaves above, though well screened. The roof was of a coarse thatch that overhung the walls far enough to prevent all but the most persistent gusts of wind from driving the rain into the room. It was furnished with two wooden tables

which had benches along their sides. One table was for transients. The other was for the officers of this command. It was obvious quite soon that the food served at the transient table was considerably less varied than that served at the permanent table. But I noticed that an equal amount of tomato ketchup, A-1, and Worcestershire sauce was used at both tables, so their food must have been almost as tasteless as ours. It made me realize all over again how well the Navy feeds you.

At lunch there were six officers who, like me, were waiting for a plane out. There were about twelve officers at the permanent table. Perhaps because of the rain, the heat, and the poor food we didn't say much. I talked a little to the Signal Corps officer, but he was hard to get going then and seemed immersed in his own thoughts. The few rather feeble attempts at starting conversation with the permanent officers fizzled out. I think this might have gone on during supper also if it hadn't been for a short story by James Thurber.

I spent the afternoon reading on my cot, for it was raining hard outside. Captain Lazard, the Signal Corps man, slept most of the time and wrote notes in a large bound notebook when he awoke. We went sliding and slipping over to supper together. The same lot of men were gathered for the meal as had appeared at lunch. But we had hardly begun to eat when we had six new arrivals. They were all Army pilots and very young, and they had just got in with three new Liberator bombers that they were flying to Australia. They evidently knew one another well and came in laughing and talking.

"Ta-pocketa-pocketa," said a dark-haired first lieutenant as he sat down, and the others all laughed.

"Full strength in No. 3 turret," said another in a stogy voice. "Commander Mitty will take over."

They were all seated now and asked to have the platter of meat passed along.

"Well, Dr. Pritchard-Mitford," said one, spearing an unappetizing-looking piece of dark-brown, overcooked meat, "I'd diagnose this as streptothricosis, and should say that coreopsis has set in."

"You'll need the new machine to

breathe life into that one," said a young second lieutenant. "If you can make it work."

"Dr. Mitty will fix it," said another.

"Ta-pocketa-pocketa-queep," said the dark-haired boy.

"Walter Mitty, the undefeated, inscrutable to the last," said another.

They all laughed again.

"What the hell sort of a guy can think up that sort of story?" said one.

"Yeah. God, it's a good story. What sort of a bird is James Thurber, do you suppose?"

"God only knows."

"He's a good sort," I said.

"You know him?" asked the Second Lieutenant.

"You know Thurber?" asked another.

"Very slightly," I said. "I've met him several times. But I've heard a good deal about him."

"How the hell do you happen to know him?" they asked.

I told them and they asked me a lot of questions about Thurber. They had all just read "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," and they were full of it. They'd been quoting bits of it to one another over their radio telephones on the flight down from Ile d'Edouard, which is a long hop from Balade over a lot of Pacific.

But the point of all this is not what they said or I said. It is that, suddenly, the ice was broken. Instead of being just another transient waiting to get on a plane, I was someone with a name and a job. I introduced Captain Lazard to them, and he brightened up and joined in, and the first thing you knew we had all introduced ourselves and were talking and laughing, and it got to be contagious, so that the permanent staff chipped in to our talk. I don't believe they had meant to be exclusive. They had simply been there so long, and had seen so many people go through whom they'd probably never see again. We stayed talking till quite late, for there was no movie that night, and even if there had been it would have meant going over a mile in the rain and the mud. Then Lazard and Doriott and I went back to our shack and the rest of them went to a bigger one nearby that was called the Hotel Vanderbilt.

It was raining much less hard the next morning after breakfast. When I had discovered that there would be no transport plane out that day (though the three Liberators took off for Australia), I got my pad and pencil and sat down under the wide iron eaves of the Operations Building and started to make a drawing of the cook shack. It sat on the slope opposite me, among young *naouli* trees with their twisted white limbs, and a few scrubby pines with very long, soft clumps of needles. Like the mess shack, it was thatched, but it was open to the ground except for the inevitable screening. Over part of the thatch was a dull-orange tarpaulin and, with the deep red of the wet soil, it would have made a fine painting.

Inevitably I attracted a small crowd. First there were two privates, then a sergeant joined us, and later on a couple more privates and a corporal came and stood to watch. For the most part they merely said how do you do and stood silent afterward. Finally one of the first lieutenants of that command, whose name was Phelan, came and stood beside me. He was a tall and attractive young man. The seated soldiers all rose.

"Morning," he said. "Sit down, boys."

"Good morning," I said.

"Here, Lieutenant," said one of the privates who had been sitting on the base of the building next to me. "Sit here."

"No, no," said Phelan. "Keep your seat."

"No, set down," said the Private.

"Yeah, set down, Lieutenant," the others said.

"O.K.," he said. "Thanks, Buck." He sat down then. I could see that the men liked him by the way they spoke to him and smiled at him, and because they were all very easy together.

"Do we bother you?" Phelan asked me. "Not a bit," I said. "You get over that. You have to."

"Gosh," he said. "You certainly wouldn't ever think that that ugly damn shack would look so good in a drawing, would you?"

"No, sir!" said the Sergeant. "When the gent shows this at home they'll all wish they was here."

They laughed.

"Yes, sir," said Phelan. "The romantic life of the tropics. Alone at last."

"This dump," said the Sergeant.

"I tell you, Lieutenant," the Corporal said, "when you been here as long as I have you'll learn to love it. The first ten months is the hardest."

They all laughed again.

"I'll have to get hold of that story by Thurber," said Phelan. "Sounds swell."

"It is," I said.

Just then a soldier came out of Operations Building. "Lieutenant," he said, "the Colonel wants to see you."

"O.K.," said Phelan. He got up. "So long," he said. "Send me a copy of the drawing, will you?"

"I'll try to," I said. "If it isn't a military secret."

"Could be," he said. "By God, considering the food that issues out of it, it should be. Well, so long. I hope the old man doesn't expect me to fly to-day." He left us then.

"Gosh," I said. "Fly to-day?"

"Oh," said the Sergeant, "you never know. It's been worse than this. He takes that damn little pocket-size Cub of his up in all weathers. He's a fine pilot."

"He's a fine officer," said another man.

"We got a lot of good officers," said the Corporal. "If we didn't we'd go nuts, I'm telling you."

It began to rain pretty hard then so I left, to finish the drawing from memory in my little shack. Then I wrote up my notes and slept till lunchtime. There didn't seem to be anything else to do. During wars you get very good at sleeping and waiting.

At lunch I fell into conversation with Major Dorielt and Captain Lazard. For the most part they were talking of the radio installations at Ouan, on the northernmost tip of the island, some sixty miles from Val des Naoulis. They were good about answering my questions. It was all very different from the first day. After lunch I walked back to Operations Building with Dorielt and sat on a bench there to read, while he disappeared into his partitioned office. After about half an hour he came out looking rather worried. He had one of those sallow complexions that never take

a tan, and his thin oval face was commonly rather sad looking and rather kindly. Now it was drawn into longer and sadder lines.

"Listen, Glenn," he said to the Sergeant in the outer office. "Take the jeep and go down to the construction camp and see if they've heard anything of Phelan, will you? He may have gone there with the rain and all. Ask them to check on the radio."

"Yes, sir," said the Sergeant. He put on his waterproof and left the building.

"Something wrong?" I said.

"Oh, no," he said. "It's just that I phoned to get Phelan, who ought to be back, and they don't know a thing about him at the airfield. Probably nothing. They've got the radio at the camp. Might as well make sure."

"Yes," I said. "Did he go somewhere?"

"He had to go up to Ouan," said Doriett. "He took his Cub plane. It wasn't raining too hard then. We couldn't get Ouan on the wire or by short wave this morning. The Colonel wanted to check up."

"Rotten weather to fly," I said.

"Oh, well," he said. "The road's worse than the weather, up there. The showers are heavy, but you get a decent ceiling in between. Sorry it's raining so hard. I'd have rigged it for you and me to go fishing."

"Fishing!" I said. "Boy! Where?"

"In the lagoon," said Doriett. "With old man Fish Fry."

"Who's he?"

"Fish Fry? He's a black Kanaka, about a hundred years old, they say, and he has a boat there. What he doesn't know about fishing you can put in your eye."

"Sounds wonderful," I said.

"Damn good fun," said Doriett. "Maybe to-morrow."

I heard the phone ring in the office and Doriett went in to answer it. Presently he came out shaking his head. "No word," he said. "I don't like it. I think I'll go up the island and look for the guy."

"Yes," I said.

"Want to come along?"

"Very much."

"Get your coat then. It'll be a tough ride if we hit the heavy rain again."

"Right," I said, and I sloshed across to the shack for my raincoat and returned. By the time I got there Glenn was back and the jeep stood in front of Operations Building. The Major was standing in the doorway talking to Glenn.

"When I get up to Pounéon," he was saying, "I'll try the phone from the Post Office there. It may be the line is O.K. from there to Ouan."

"Want I should get some guys to check the line from here?" said the Sergeant.

"Yes," said Doriett. "Might as well. It may be a small break somewhere up toward the New Zealand camp. Maybe they'll know. Get Fiske to take the truck and some of the boys."

"Yes, sir," said the Sergeant, and he saluted Doriett and went back into Operations Building.

Doriett and I climbed into the jeep and we drove east. For a while the road was pretty awful and he had to keep all four wheels driving to get through the mud, but after about two miles we struck north into a hard road, and the driving wasn't so bad, though even with the top up a lot of rain can blow into a jeep.

The visibility was good enough in that light rain to let me see some of the country, which was very beautiful. It was rolling upland we went through, a fine grazing land of thick, high grass. Along the roadside grew wild flowers in profusion, one of which looked in its lavender excellence like an oversize vervain that had decided to bloom all the way up its stalk at once, and another shrub was covered with little round blossoms like those of the daphne, only of many colors from white through yellow to a pale red. The pastures on our right ran up into grassy foothills of the mountains, and you could see the base of the red-rock mountains themselves, heavily timbered, but not their tops, which were lost in clouds. There were small grassy meadows here and there high up on the mountains. To our left lay the sea, but it was hard to get a good view of it. At one point the road rose onto the base of a high hill near the water, and looking back from there one could see the lagoon and the nearby coral reefs, though the barrier reef that parallels the whole shore line was out of sight in the

rain. On the south slope of that hill, in a grove of pines and *naoulis* and what looked like a sort of acacia, was an encampment. On a fine day there must have been a wonderful view of the ocean.

"That's the New Zealanders' camp," said Doriett.

"Looks like a good spot," I said.

"Not bad," he said. "They're right near the lagoon. Fish Fry keeps his boat in a cove just below there. His huts are there too. His family makes a whole damn village of fishermen."

"Nice for the New Zealanders," I said.

"Yes, sir," he said. "They're great fishermen."

We drove on north for about thirty miles. Presently we began to go past big groves of tall and thick-foliaged trees planted in rows, and between them grew coffee bushes, four or five feet high, with shiny green leaves that were handsome in color. Beyond the coffee groves we came into an area of truck gardens, neatly laid out and large, and these gave way to scattered native huts, mostly thatched, and then we crossed a bridge over a calm and lovely stream that was deeply overhung by rank vegetation and masses of pale-blue and deep-purple flowers, and we climbed a green, grazed hill into the little village of Pounéon.

It was a pretty village, to my surprise. The houses were very French, of white and gray stucco, with hip roofs of slate, and the walls were often paneled into simple square designs. Some of the houses had corners cut off at a forty-five-degree angle and the cutoff, carried into the slope of the roof, made a pleasing pattern. They were all one storey high and had deep porches on one or two sides. Their grounds were neat and their gardens colorful and full of roses.

Doriett stopped the car at the Post Office and we went into its bare, white-washed lobby. He disappeared into an inner office after a few words in French with a native soldier on duty there, and I read all the French notices on the bulletin board. I don't know why it is that taxes and rationing should suddenly seem very odd and quite amusing when you read about them in French in the southwest Pacific. I suppose it is partly because

at that point none of it affects you, but just a lot of other people.

Presently Doriett came out. He looked puzzled.

"I got Ouan on the phone," he said. "Phelan was there this morning, had lunch, and started back. Up there it isn't raining at all. Their radar is all O.K. again, and so is their radio. It was just the generator that went a little queer. Hell, Ouan's only sixty miles from VDN. He ought to be back long ago. Hope to gosh he hasn't got into trouble."

"It hasn't been raining hard since lunch," I said.

"No," he said. "But they tell me it rained like hell just before we got here. Well, no use to worry about it. We'll start back and ask as we go." He spoke lightly, but I could see that he was really worried and upset.

"He's a fine pilot, I understand," I said.

"Yes," he said. "Jesus, I've known him a long time. We fish together with Fish Fry."

We went out and got in the jeep and started back for Val des Naoulis. It began to rain really hard after we'd gone about five miles, and twenty miles on we picked up five very wet New Zealanders. They said they'd seen no plane and were on their way back to their camp. Seven men in one jeep is a lot of men, and these New Zealanders were no pygmies. Doriett drove in the side road to their camp and let them off at their gate.

"Hope you find your pline okye," they said. "Much obliged for the ride."

"You're welcome," said Doriett. To the guards at the gate he said, "Haven't heard anything of our Cub plane around here, have you? Lieutenant Phelan?"

"Dunno about anyone called Phelan," said one of the guards. "But there was something about a pline down. What was that, Alfred?"

"Ah," said Alfred, the other guard. "You know that black old nigger has the boat at Bouni Cove?"

"Yes," said Doriett. "The one they call Fish Fry?"

"That's right," said Alfred. "Fish Fry. Older than God, they say. He was up here a wile back and reported to the Captain that a small pline went down on

the outer reef. Hit hard and blew right up."

"God!" said Doriett. "What's been done about it?"

"We sent two medicos out with Fish Fry," said the guard. "They got out to it, but there wasn't nothing left of it. Not a bloody thing. Only bits here and there. The chap was gone. They looked. Found a life jacket, but that was all. I expect the barracudas got to him pretty bloody quick. Hope it's not one of your boys."

"Hope so," said Doriett.

"It's been reported to VDN," said Alfred. "The Captain phoned it through. The phone's working again now. A cow fouled with the wire and busted it. That was all."

"Well. Thanks," said Doriett. "Could I speak to the Captain?"

"Righto," said Alfred. "Come right along."

Doriett got out and followed the New Zealander and they disappeared into a distant hut. I sat and waited. In about fifteen minutes Doriett came back. He looked white and drawn.

"Thanks," he said to the guard.

"Okye, Major," said the New Zealander. "Cheerio."

"So long," said Doriett, and we drove off again. "I guess that was Phelan," he said.

The rest of the way back to camp Doriett didn't say one more word. He just drove very fast on that bad and slippery road. I knew it was silly to drive so fast, and was serving no possible good purpose; and I knew exactly why he was doing it. I felt oddly uncomfortable being with him, as one would feel at finding oneself in a stranger's house when someone has just died there. Finally, in an absolute downpour of rain, we stopped at the gate to VDN camp. The guard came out of his hut and peered at us.

"Major!" he said, "They been trying to get a hold a you."

"Yes, I know," Doriett said. "Anything new?"

"No, sir," said the guard. "They all seem to think that was a Cub that went down out there. Fish Fry he came down about half an hour ago with his grandson,

the gray-haired one, and said he'd been out with the New Zealand doctors."

"That's right," said Doriett. "I spoke to Captain Williams up there."

"Did they find him?" the guard asked.

"No," said Doriett. He put the car into gear and we began to creep through the heavy mud toward Operations Building.

"Couldn't it have been someone else?" I asked.

"No other Cub around here," he said.

At Operations Building we got out and went inside. The Sergeant and about a dozen other men were sitting there, looking glum.

"The New Zealander telephoned," said the Sergeant. "Anything new, sir?"

"Only what you've heard," said Doriett. "Has anyone checked with Donbouha?"

Donbouha is the big airfield one hundred miles to the south.

"No, sir," said the Sergeant. "The line's out there too. But the north line is O.K. now."

"I'll go down to the camp and try it on the short wave," said the Major. He started to leave.

"Thanks for taking me," I said.

"Oh, come along," he said.

"No, I'll just be in the way."

"No," he said. "It's more cheerful." He gave me a small and rather shy smile, and I followed him out again to the jeep.

While we were crawling and skidding down the road to the construction camp I remembered that only this morning Lieutenant Phelan had sat beside me and talked cheerfully to me while I was drawing. It's funny I shouldn't have thought of it before, but I hadn't. And it made all this seem suddenly very close and real and awful.

"Everyone seems to like Phelan a lot," I said, almost without thinking.

"They sure do," said Doriett. "Gawd Almighty!" It was addressed to nothing but the air and his thoughts.

We turned in at the construction camp. Men were walking round in the deep mud and working on drains (for it was just built), dressed only in a pair of trousers rolled up to the knees. The tents were provided with raised board floors and

were therefore comparatively dry, but you could see that the floors were tracked up with the red mud. We finally pulled up at a large tent which housed the radio. It was full of men, and they all looked at Dorielt as he entered and then looked away again. I've rarely seen a gloomier lot of faces. Dorielt went at once to the Sergeant who sat at the sending apparatus.

"Can you get through to Donbouha?" he said.

"I'm trying now, sir," said the Sergeant. "But every damned thing seems to have gone screwy to-day, and I can't get a response yet. I'm trying though."

"Keep at it," said Dorielt.

A young lieutenant came in then. He carried his boots in his hand and he scraped the mud off his bare feet at the door.

"Heard anything, Major?" he asked.

"Nothing definite," Dorielt said.

"Sounds like it was Phelan," said the Lieutenant. "Did you see Fish Fry?"

"No. He around now?"

"Yes. He's over at the cook shack."

"Fetch him here, will you? Take my eep."

"Sure will," said the Lieutenant. He went out again and got into the jeep and put on his boots and drove off, looking quite happy, for he had something to do.

We sat there for a while in absolute silence. From time to time the Sergeant, who wore earphones, sent messages on his telegraph key. Then he'd listen. Finally he spoke.

"That's them," he said. "Now I got them."

"Good," said Dorielt, and he got up and stood beside him. For a long time no one spoke, but they all watched the Sergeant.

While we were waiting a very wet and bedraggled young man walked in, his clothes half torn off him, his trousers tattered, and his legs bleeding from a lot of long, deep scratches. It was Phelan.

"Hello," he said. "Here I am at last."

"Jesus Christ!" said Dorielt. "Where in hell you been? You all right?"

"I'm damn wet and tired, Major," said Phelan. "I'm going to go and change my duds and get me some coffee."

"Damn all," said Dorielt, and he grinned at Phelan and at me and at the rest of the men. They were all grinning too. It was beginning to get dark now, but there was a naked electric light bulb in the tent that made all their faces look very white and happy. "What happened, son?"

"Oh, hell," said Phelan. "I ran into a fine old rainstorm about halfway home and I guess I got off my course, and by gosh! I looked ahead when a cloud opened up a minute and there was old Mont de Gaiac right spang ahead of me and me headed for her. I said to myself, 'This is no place to be,' and I pulled her round. And then I saw one of those little upland meadows just before the clouds shut in again and I set my baby down in that. Boy, I'm telling you, Major, I just made it. But she never got a scratch."

"Jeepers," said Dorielt.

"Yes, sir," said Phelan. "Then I beat my way the hell out of there on foot and through all those briars and brambles and I tore the hell out of my clothes and my skin. Look at me. I took three hours to hit the damn road. Got a lift in and here I am—and hungry!"

"I'll take you back," Dorielt said. "The jeep'll be here in a minute."

"I certainly don't want to walk any farther to-day," said Phelan.

Just as he said this the jeep came tearing through the mud and stopped in a long skid near the tent and out hopped the Lieutenant.

"He's here, Major," he shouted. "He walked home. Phelan's in camp and he's O.K."

"Yeah, I'm here and O.K.," said Phelan.

"Holy Crow!" said the Lieutenant. "You sure scared hell out of us."

"Scared hell out of myself," said Phelan.

"Come on," said Dorielt, and he started for the jeep. I followed him and so did Phelan and the Lieutenant, and we all got in. Dorielt started the engine. As he did so the Sergeant came to the door.

"I got Donbouha," he said. "It was one of their Cubs."

"Oh," said Dorielt. "Oh, yes. Too bad. Tell 'em we'll try to find the guy when the rain lets up."

"Yes, sir," said the Sergeant.

"What's all this?" said Phelan.

"Oh, some plane crashed on the Barrier Reef and blew up. I guess the poor guy got eaten by barracudas."

"Oh," said Phelan. "Who?"

"Dunno," said the Major. "Some poor bastard from Donbouha. Boy, I sure am glad to see you again! The boys were worried about you."

"You going right to the Hotel Vanderbilt first?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Yeah. I've got to change my clothes," said Phelan.

"I've got some whisky there," said the Lieutenant. "I got it off those Libera-

tor boys last night. We'll have a slug."

"No," said Dorielt. "We'll stop by the Operations first. The boys'll want to see Phelan. Then we'll go there."

"O.K.," said Phelan. "My God, did you think it was me on the reef?"

"Yes," said Dorielt. "Sure had us gloomy for a while."

"Well, it's O.K. now," said the Lieutenant. "Say, we might go fishing tomorrow if we have to look for that guy."

"That's an idea," said the Major.

I said nothing. I remembered it, though, as an epitaph for the unknown man that the barracudas had got to so bloody quick.

SONG OF THE CHANCES OF WAR

JOHN PUDNEY

O RINGING glass
And drowning sailor.
Some go to war
With words on paper.
O whistled tune
And luckless airman.
Some go to war
Sheathed in a sermon.

Some are too wise
To think it over
Or grudge to lose
Sweet life, sweet lover.
And lucky ones
Of simple stature
Kill not to kill
But serve the future.

O ringing glass,
O luckless whistle.
The weeds grow proud,
Day crowns the thistle.
Ill-luck and lack
Go sickle-handed.
Keen is the blade,
The eye most candid.

HE RUNS A GARAGE

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN



This article is the second in a series by various authors on everyday life in wartime in terms of the experience of actual individuals in occupations affected by the war.—The Editors

PAUL WHITE was probing with his stout index finger among the tire valves, ball bearings, unsorted bolts and nuts, and cotter pins in one of the grease-darkened cigar boxes on the cluttered workbench along the side wall of his garage. In his other hand he held an inner tube which had been ripped at the base of the valve stem.

The tall lean-chinned fellow standing next to him asked without interest, "Can you fix it, Paul?" It wasn't his tire.

The specially rigged telephone bell clanged loudly in the garage office—a triangular space in one corner of the floor, fenced off by chicken wire stretched on a frame of unpainted two-by-fours. Paul bent a little farther over the box in order to see more easily past the cigar stub clamped between his lips. "Good as new," he said.

The telephone clanged again. Paul set the cigar box down at the back of the bench. It was tipped from a wrench under one corner. He picked it up again and plowed some tools aside with it to clear sufficient space to set it flat. Then, moving with the slightly rolling, soft-shoed walk of a short, heavy-set man, he crossed the garage to a smaller and higher bench which straddles the air-compressor tank. He arranged the flabby tube over

a convenient peg, then traveled deliberately over to the office and picked up the telephone.

After a very brief conversation with whoever it was—something about a car that wouldn't start and all right he'd be over—he emerged again. "They're all alike," he said as he moved around the garage selecting tools to drop into a leather sack. "She knows the battery's all right, she says." He dropped the last of the tools into the sack and started with it to the door. "And she don't know a damn thing about it."

The other fellow and I hung round to see who would drop in, but nobody did. It wasn't like a couple of years ago, when the garage was a center of the town's activity. Now everything was quiet, and the quiet reflected a change in the entire community.

Dorset, Vermont, is both a farming town and a summer resort, and the garage serves both the winter and summer people. Before the war cars from all over the Union rolled by, and many of them stopped at Paul's for gas and service. Almost everyone in town depended heavily on cars; people were accustomed to drive forty miles to a picnic or fifteen miles to the nearest movie, and nobody hesitated to drive seventy miles round-

trip to shop in Bennington or Rutland. But since then tire rationing, and gas rationing, and the further discouragement of pleasure driving have come in turn until—in this part of the country, at least—the strange emptiness of the highways and the boarded-up windows of tourist camps and roadside stands are among the most striking visible signs of the strain of war.

The quiet of the garage reflected another wartime dislocation also—the movement of manpower. Before the war there was always someone around the place working on something. Paul always had a mechanic as helper then; two men in the summer months, when all the city people were in town. But, being a farming community and a summer resort, Dorset is one of the places the wartime migration of workers has gone *from* instead of *to*. For instance, the fellow who was Paul's right-hand man for years got a war job forty miles away in Springfield, Vermont, at the Fellowes Gear Shaping Co., and comes home only one day a week. Another man, who used to work summers for Paul, now has a job as a welder in a shipyard in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Scores of Dorset men and women have gone to work in war plants—some nearby, at the Mack Molding Co. in Arlington, for instance; but others in almost every war-production center from Bridgeport, Connecticut, to Los Angeles, California. And this leaves out of account the more than eighty men who have gone to serve in the country's armed forces.

Before the war it used to be easy to find someone to do odd jobs; there were always men and boys hanging around the I.G.A. store, or somewhere, with nothing to do. But now there are none. Farmers who always had a hired man cannot find anyone to help. There are unoccupied summer homes whose owners have been unable to arrange for anyone to cut the grass or keep the gardens weeded; and some of the lawns have become hay fields.

But even if Paul could find a mechanic to help him, he wouldn't have enough work for him to do. On the day Paul went out to start the lady's car, for in-

stance, the only jobs on the floor were a Chevrolet pick-up truck which was waiting for a new connecting rod to be sent down from Rutland and a small Montgomery Ward family-size washing machine, also in need of a connecting rod, which had been sitting there for six weeks or so since the owner left it and said he'd pick up the new part himself and bring it in sometime.

The war has made some businesses prosperous; others have been hard hit. Generally speaking, garages and service stations seem to have made out pretty well in most parts of the country. The magazine *Motor Age* reported that even in the East, where rationing has been severest, more than half of the shops were busier in 1943 than in 1942. But those shops must have been in war-production communities. At all events, Paul's business has fallen off to about a third of what it was before the war, in terms of the quantity of work done. In terms of profits, the situation is even worse because the most profitable parts of the business have been hardest hit by wartime conditions. A garage like Paul's makes most of its money out of the sale of tires, chains, and parts. But Paul hasn't sold a tire in over a year, and as for parts, well, for one thing there isn't the demand and anyway there are many you can't get even if someone needs them.

In good years he used to sell as much as 31,000 gallons of gas; this year he's selling less than 8,000. Of course the sale of gasoline is always the least profitable part of a garage's business. You make four cents on each gallon you sell, which may seem like pretty good profit, but isn't when you think of the time it takes to check the battery, the oil, the tires, and to perform all the rest of the special services you have to provide. It's all right if there's nothing else to do, but when you have overhauling or repair jobs on hand and have to take twenty minutes out to sell five gallons of gas (gross profit twenty cents), it doesn't pay. "If in good times a fellow could have the same business in repairs and service and not sell gas," Paul tells me, "he'd be better off." But of course you have to sell gas or people don't patronize your place.

II

As a matter of fact you would be amazed at the amount of labor and money which go into setting up and maintaining a garage like Paul's. Suppose you had driven through Dorset last fall and decided to get five gallons of gasoline, and have some air put in your tires, and—while you were about it—get a change of oil.

The white clapboard garage faces its gable end to the road, and sits a hundred yards or so back from and somewhat below it (they banked the road up a few years ago when they hard-surfaced it); so you might not have seen it till you were almost by. Then you would have had to back up a little and drive down the gravel slope to where the gas pumps stand on their beveled concrete island. Before the war there would have been a small rubber hose lying in a wide loop across the yard which you would have had to run over in order to approach the pumps; and when your front wheels pressed it, and then again when your rear wheels went over it, a bell would have rung in the dark of the garage, and pretty soon someone would have paid attention to it and come out to look after you. But so few cars come in now that it's not worth while to let the rubber hose weather out there in the dust and mud; Paul has stored it away till after.

He probably saw or heard you drive in anyway, though he probably did not come at once. He might have been out behind the garage working in the vegetable garden (twice as large this year as last). Or he might have been next door in the small, elongated white clapboard house which noses up against the bank that lifts onto the highway—that's where he and Mrs. White live. But if the big sliding garage door was open Paul wasn't far away; he always shuts the door and padlocks it (first having thrown the switches which cut off the current for the gas pumps and the air compressor) when he has to go out on an emergency call or for some other reason must leave the garage untended.

When he came out Paul probably did not speak until you spoke to him, and even then it's doubtful if he said much. Certainly he did not remove the half-

smoked unlighted cigar from his mouth. The cigar and his heavy build would at first have made you think he was older than he is; then a closer look at his clear, smooth-shaven face might have made you change your mind and imagine he was only in his mid-forties, which he is not. He is almost fifty-five.

He pumped your five gallons without spilling any by letting the pump work too fast. That cost you \$1.10, of which 20 cents was Paul's profit. Then, to have your tires checked you had to drive down to the garage door where the air hose is. Air is free, though the air compressor cost Paul \$298 when he bought it. (That's more than most such machines cost. The average small garage is equipped with a smaller model that pumps only three or four feet a minute. Paul's pumps nine.) Then, since you wanted an oil change, you had to shift your car again so you could run it alongside the garage onto the tracks of the electric lift which Paul bought for \$365 in 1937 and installed, concrete base and all, himself. Your oil cost you about \$1.50, of which approximately 50 cents went to Paul.

There's no need to go into too much detail on this transaction. You can see what it means. For twenty minutes of his time (the time of an expert mechanic) and for the use of equipment which cost almost \$700 installed, Paul got 70 cents. And that doesn't reckon with general overhead. You don't get rich that way.

Not that Paul wants to be rich. It's my guess that he doesn't. He wants enough to pay his expenses and keep his home and his garage going. He wants to hold on.

In the fall of 1942 it looked as if he couldn't swing it and would have to close up the garage and go take a war job somewhere. There were plenty of high-paying jobs open to men with his experience. The summer season in Dorset had been slow and prospects for the winter were bleak. But after all, Dorset was home, and the garage was the thing he had worked for years to build up. Unexpectedly he found that there were a half-dozen summer people who wanted someone to look over their houses once a week

or so during the winter and make sure everything was all right. The pay would be small, but it might be enough to keep things going through the lean months. He talked it over with Mrs. White, and they decided to take a chance.

Not long afterward a fellow came over from a war plant in Bellows Falls to try to buy the South Bend metal-working lathe which Paul had picked up second-hand several years before. The fellow had heard about it from a drummer who goes through Dorset regularly, and good lathes were scarce. He offered a good price. Paul wouldn't sell. It wasn't that he had very much use for the lathe himself, but it probably seemed to him that if he let the lathe go he would be losing a part of what he wanted most to hang on to. Besides he had already made a tentative deal with a fellow who runs a small machine shop in New Jersey to turn out some small pieces during the winter as a sort of subcontracting job on a war order. As it worked out, the cost of freighting the pieces from Jersey to Vermont and back would have been so high that the arrangement was abandoned. But Paul hung on to the lathe even then and refused offers from three other machine-tool scouts who came later.

Maybe he should have let it go; maybe at first glance it will seem that America's part in total war requires everything we have—even Paul's lathe. But there is something about his unwillingness to part with it, just as there is about the way he has taken a body blow to his business without a whimper and has faithfully done every job that the war has put before him, which in a way typifies the role of the majority of Americans in this conflict. For most of us there is a point beyond which it does not make sense to carry the concept of total war.

III

PAUL has always liked machines. So did his father, who was a machinist with the H. C. White Stereopticon Co. in North Bennington when Paul was a boy. It was natural therefore that Paul's first job after he quit high school at the end of the third year was as helper to a me-

chanic who maintained the machinery at the local collar-manufacturing shop. Soon after he got the job he and his boss had a chance to overhaul two Pope-Hartford cars which belonged to the shop's owners. The two men worked on the cars at night, and in the process Paul got his first real knowledge of gasoline engines.

Then one day, after Paul had worked as mechanic's helper for several months, the engineer of the collar shop got drunk and, as Paul puts it, "They showed me what to do till they could get a new man. I did it for two years, and they still hadn't got the new man. So I resigned and they had to get one."

Meanwhile he had learned how to drive a car. No one ever taught him. He knew how from having helped take those cars apart and put them together again. When he had to get some pipe fittings in a hurry one day he just got into one of the Pope-Hartfords and drove it. He liked cars and they came natural to him; so when he left the collar shop he went to work at the Bennington Garage.

That was in 1910, when only doctors and people of means owned cars. Most people still did their business at the livery stables, but even so there were enough cars in town so that the garage employed two other mechanics besides Paul. For the next two years, except for a few months one summer when he went to chauffeuring for a family there in Bennington, Paul worked on the Fords, Stevens-Duryeas, Maxwells, E.-M.-F.'s, Interstates, Pope-Hartfords, and Buicks which were the popular automobiles of the time.

Early in 1912 Paul was offered a job as chauffeur for a well-to-do New York family who had bought a big farm thirty miles upstate in Dorset Hollow where they spent their summers. They wanted Paul because he had put a patch on a timing case which everyone else had said couldn't be fixed. After considerable dickering he hired out to them, and from that time on Dorset has been his home.

In October, 1917, shortly after he had gone to work chauffeuring for another summer family, Paul was inducted by the Army. He was soon sorted out as a mechanic and sent to Augusta, Georgia, where he became a sergeant in a regiment

of air-service mechanics—made up of canvas men, instrument makers, automobile mechanics, and others. When they got to France the regiment was assigned to a French airfield at Sommesous, east of Paris, where the Americans did all the mechanical work for the French air squadron. In those days the air force's chief job was making daily flights over the enemy lines to take photographs, getting into occasional dogfights with the German planes. Paul got along all right with the French aviators but he remembers them as the damndest handshakers you ever knew. "They'd shake hands with you when they came on in the morning, then again when they went off at noon, then again when they came on after lunch, and again when they left for the night. Every day like that. Shaking hands all the time."

Finally one night the Germans bombed the airfield all to hell, and Paul's company was broken up. He was assigned thereafter as a mechanic with the motor-dispatch division of the A.E.F. Postal Express Service, with which he was serving at Bourges when the Armistice was signed. When the American army of occupation moved into the Rhineland he was stationed at Coblenz for a while, keeping mail trucks in shape and seeing that they went out on time. He remembers the Germans as friendly people who didn't seem to mind the Americans.

Paul came back to the States in August, 1919, and went right back to his old chauffeuring job in Dorset, which he kept for several years. Then in 1928 he opened a garage in a rented building just a little way down the road from where his present place stands. In 1931 he built the new place, doing a good deal of the work himself. And in 1936 he married "an old sweetheart" he had met when he lived in Bennington and she had visited there.

IV

SITTING in his office at the walnut roll-top desk on which the radio stands with its dial always set at 1050 (the station that carries the big-league ball games), Paul has to spend a lot of time these days filling out tire- and gasoline-rationing

forms and doing the rest of the paper work which wartime has multiplied. Mrs. White helps with much of this, but even so Paul says there have been wastebaskets full of mail from OPA. He does his best to keep up with all the important rules and regulations of course, and he tries to keep his customers posted about rulings that affect them. For example, he has tacked on the garage door a typewritten copy of the tire-inspection regulations. But the regulations and rulings change so often and are so complex that it is sometimes impossible to keep up with them.

There are altogether six different kinds of gasoline-ration coupons which Paul's customers may hold. Each of these kinds of coupons has its value in gallons (subject to change), the A coupons being worth 3 gallons, the B coupons 2½ gallons, and so forth. Each sheet of coupons in each of the six different kinds of ration books is good for a limited period, and Paul must of course know when these periods begin and end.

Every time that a customer buys gasoline he surrenders the appropriate number of coupons and Paul writes on the face of each the license number of the car. (The purchaser should do this, but seldom does.) Paul then takes the stamp-size coupons into his office and deposits them in his own coupon-filing device: six glass jars, with slits cut in their metal screw-on caps, out of a large rackful which used to contain a complete stock of replacement parts for starting, lighting, and ignition systems. Paul has replaced the original "Standard Motor Products" labels with hand-lettered Dennison labels: A, B, C, D, R, and S (the present TT coupons used to be S coupons, and Paul hasn't got round to changing the label).

Once a week the Texaco distributor in Granville, N. Y., who supplies forty-two retail dealers in the region, delivers 100 gallons to Paul's tanks. (Incidentally, in the summer of 1942 Paul was still able to get 300 or 400 gallons a week, and before the war he got as much as 800 or 1,000.) The day before the gas truck is due Paul, having taken sufficient coupons out of the glass jars to cover the 100 gallons he expects to get, pastes them on gummed sheets about 8" by 12" which

the OPA provides. There has to be a separate sheet for each type of coupon, and the total value of the coupons attached to each sheet has to be marked in the upper right corner. Then duplicate copies of an OPA form giving a summary record of these coupon sheets have to be filled out and signed. One copy of this summary record and all the gummed sheets have to be surrendered to the driver of the gasoline truck when the gas is delivered. The other copy of the summary has to be kept for three years in Paul's files.

A hundred gallons of gas won't keep Paul's customers supplied for a week, even with pleasure driving curtailed. The pumps go dry after a few days. Of course there are other places in town which have gasoline pumps, but their quotas are cut too. Yet in spite of the scarcity, and in spite of people's real dependence on gasoline in a rural town which spreads over a large area, there is scarcely any evidence of violation or attempted violation of the rationing laws. You hear tales of course about stations not too far away which sell black-market gas, but Paul isn't impressed by the stories. He has run across only one person who tried to get him to sell gas illegally—a fellow with a Jersey license plate who stopped on his way through town and asked him to name his price for five gallons.

Nevertheless there are people in town who circumvent rationing one way or another, and Paul as a member of the Ration Board must be aware of it even if he doesn't talk about it. There are a few oil drums in town which still contain gas which was stored up early in the war. This last summer there was considerable ill-feeling in the village because, although most of the local people had difficulty getting enough gas to carry on their regular business, several wealthy outsiders maintained three or four cars, each of which had a technical right to at least an A ration without any special favors from the Ration Board, and were therefore able to do three or four times as much driving as the people who could afford only one. And when a few summer visitors bragged publicly of using their influence with city Boards to get B and C rations the local people resented it bitterly.

The familiar tensions between summer and winter people, which have always existed and are merely accentuated by such incidents as these, have apparently never troubled Paul. In the old days he drove for summer people, and got to know them well. His garage serves both summer and winter people, and he gets along equally well with both groups. There are some who don't like him of course. A few of the summer people buy gas elsewhere because they think Paul's uncommunicative manner is a sign that he is grouchy and unfriendly. On the other hand, some of the townspeople (especially those who have run up big unpaid accounts for gasoline and repairs) say Paul thinks too highly of himself. For instance, one of them has a sour slant on Paul's jobs looking after summer homes during the winter. "Trust Paul," he kept saying, "to get him a job where he wouldn't have to do any work"; and he wouldn't listen when someone else pointed out that if Paul hadn't had those jobs he would have had to close up the garage and move out of town a year ago, leaving no one in the village to get the doctor's car going in below-zero weather, and no one to keep all the town's other winter-punished cars on the road.

But Paul need not worry about such misapprehensions and grouches. He does a good job and deals honorably, and the town as a whole knows it. He was elected Selectman of the village eight years ago, to fill out the unexpired term of a man who died in office, and he has been re-elected twice since then. He doesn't know why he was elected and he never lifted a finger to get votes. But none of the rival candidates has ever come anywhere near beating him.

He is also chairman of the Prudential Committee of the Fire District, and as such has charge of the village water supply, street lights, and sidewalks. It is on account of this job that he has rigged up the water-pressure gage from an old American-La France fire engine on the water pipe that feeds the garage sink. If the pointer on the gage drops below one hundred pounds he knows there is a leak in the reservoir or in the water mains, and he can get right after it.

But the honor which pleases him most is probably his long tenure as Commander of the local American Legion post. The Legion has its headquarters on the second floor over Paul's garage, in a hall which has its own outside staircase for an entrance. Here the Legion meets and has its parties. (Paul picked up a steel I-beam, from a factory that was being dismantled upstate several years ago, to run lengthwise down the center of the garage ceiling and brace the floor joists of the hall. It wasn't quite long enough to reach the whole length of the building, but Paul pieced it out with a heavy timber, and the floor doesn't shake now as it used to when a crowd was having a good time upstairs.)

The wartime job which takes the largest share of Paul's time is his service as a member of the Ration Board, but there are many other community and Legion activities of which his garage has inevitably become the center. The Memorial Day parade forms out in front of the garage and the Home Guard sometimes assembles there. In the evenings last summer the boys of the village met in front of the garage to drill. During the aluminum-scrap drive it was in front of the garage that the pots and pans were piled. And in Paul's office last fall there were four or five big cardboard cartons full of old and broken phonograph records collected by the Legion to turn in so that new ones could be sent to service men.

Paul is naturally pleased by the fact that he has been elected to so many offices, but he is amused at the idea of himself as a prominent citizen. He doesn't mind being kidded and he can kid himself. A few years ago, when he was Assistant Fire Chief, a big brush fire got started near one of the homes up on Barrows Hill—a steep slope that rises out of the valley not far from the garage. The sirens went off, and the volunteer fire department got the engine out of the shed by the town hall and went roaring up to the fire. Meanwhile Paul, who is heavy now but was considerably heavier then, started out across lots from the garage with a shovel. When he had climbed about halfway up to the fire he sat down on a stump, breathing heavily, and

shouted: "If you want that fire fought by the Assistant Chief, you'll have to bring it down here."

V

SUNDAY morning of Labor Day weekend this year there were four or five people around the garage. A young fellow who was week-ending at his mother-in-law's summer place was at the workbench repairing a broken door-handle with Paul's tools. A big, loose-jointed growling man in hip boots was trying to persuade anyone present to go fishing with him up to the lake; he didn't want to go alone. Paul was affectionately tightening the bands on a Model T touring car, reaching in under the floor boards in the front seat where the keystone-shaped cover had been removed from the oil-splashed transmission case, alternately taking a quarter-turn on one of the take-up nuts with a small wrench in his right hand and testing one of the foot pedals with his left hand, and all the while cramping his head back to keep his dead cigar from getting in the way of what he was looking at.

Several cars drove in to the gas pumps at various times, and Paul had to quit work and go out to tell the people that the pumps were dry and there wouldn't be any gas till next Tuesday or Wednesday. Someone drove in to get a spare tire he had left to be fixed. Someone else drove up to the garage door, got out to collect one of the New York Sunday papers which are left at the garage each week by special arrangement with a dealer in nearby Manchester. Someone else drove in to check his tires and pick up the battery he had left to be recharged. (There are lots of battery failures now that people can drive so little.)

Gradually as noon approached people left. Paul was putting the Model T's transmission cover on again, and there was the homesick sound of screws turning in oil-soaked grit as he tightened it down.

He was talking about the garage and about business. The season had been way off from last year, though it hadn't been as bad as he had thought it might be. But you could see that that wasn't what he really wanted to talk about. He was

more interested in telling about the tools and machines and equipment he had, and what he hopes to do with them if he can hang on at the garage till the war is over.

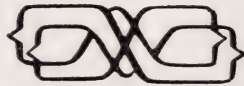
He talked about the set of spring spreaders for Fords, for example, a \$28 set of special tools for spreading the springs so you can put new shackle bolts on them. There are eight different sizes of springs on different Ford models, and each one of the eight requires a special spreader.

This duplication of tools is a major item of expense in outfitting a garage, and Paul thinks a lot of it is stupid. "Automobile people could save a garage man a lot of money if they'd standardize sizes," he argues. For example, he can't see any reason why there are seven different sizes of spark plugs used in different cars, making it necessary for a garage to have seven different spark-plug wrenches. But that's the way it is all down the line.

It would be more sensible to standardize parts of course. But the fact nev-

ertheless remains that Paul gets a tremendous amount of pleasure out of having those eight different-sized spring spreaders—a kind of pleasure which reveals a good deal about Paul and many other Americans who, like him, have an innate sense of the value of what is at hand to work with.

It is that sense, in its broader implications, which underlies Paul's devotion to his garage and which enables him to take in his stride all the extra duties and difficulties of civilian life in wartime. And it is the same quality, essentially, which ties him so closely to his community. At one time or another he has traveled through many parts of the country, but he has always claimed that there is no place so beautiful as the part of Vermont where he lives and works. Not long ago, when he came home from a trip to Virginia, he told his wife once again that what he wants more than anything is "to keep the garage going and to live here always."



ONE DESTROYER

FLETCHER PRATT



THREE or four of them had located a really good restaurant the evening before—a restaurant run by an old Frenchman on one of the back streets of Manila—and had proclaimed the glad tidings aboard through breaths no little perfumed by Gallic vintages. The news produced an energetic babble of conversation, and after the usual kidding (“But will Harmon be able to get away from his girls long enough to eat anywhere?”) it was agreed that all but the duty officer should meet there of a Saturday night to give the place a workout.

Ensign Darrah, the dark, stocky Tennessean, was the duty officer. Fifth wheel on the ship he used to call himself, and it was a not inaccurate description of the latest man to join the wardroom mess, whose duties as assistant communications officer consisted mainly in looking over Slaughter’s shoulder as the latter maneuvered the strings of letters on the big board. Darrah remembers standing in the wings of the bridge at 2:30 in the morning, watching the lights of Manila flicker across the black ripples like some rapidly moving constellation in a planetarium; thinking how often he would be able to visit that restaurant while the ship was in for her overhaul. Chow in the city was pretty bad when you had to live on an ensign’s salary.

The door of the radio shack opened with a bang and the sound of feet in haste

was audible, one set going down the companion toward the skipper’s cabin, the other across the deck to where Darrah heard knuckles at the division officer’s door. “Commander Talbot! Commander Talbot!” he heard the boy say urgently, and he frowned over the reflection that, no matter how important the message, both the watch should not have left the shack together, and in any case they should have reported to him as OD before calling the captain. That’s what it was to be a new and junior officer.

Commander Cooper reached the deck, still buttoning, the hair at the edge of his uniform cap a little fuzzy where he had missed it with the comb. “Call all hands and clear out the paint locker,” he said. “The Japs have attacked Pearl Harbor and we’re at war.”

That was how it began for the destroyer *John D. Ford*, No. 228 and flag of the 59th Destroyer Division. She was one of the type not too affectionately known as four-pipers; an 1,190-ton ship contracted for at the height of the 1917 submarine campaign, but not actually laid down till exactly one year after the Armistice, and therefore built more slowly and with greater care than some of her sisters. She was named after an engineer whose active service had covered both the battle of Mobile Bay and that of Manila and who had died as a retired admiral at an immense age. She was a Cramp ship and

therefore a good one, soundly constructed, but with the somewhat primitive accommodations of her date, including double-deck bunks in the cabins and washbasins that discharged into slop jars. Now she was something more than six years over age by the naval treaties and due for the scrap heap; besides this, her arthritic joints were two years away from her last overhaul.

"Damn that goddam Congress that spent all their time building petunia-covered privies down South instead of giving us some new ships and decent equipment," her skipper used to say when the chief engineer, Lieutenant Sam Spencer, came up to report the feed lines clogged again. The skipper was a Southerner himself, a Georgian, who had never lost the slow precise drawl of his native State. To hear him one might have judged him subject to quainting spells, but the impression would last only till one saw his face—made out of cast iron, the kind of front one expects to see behind ropes and under lights at Madison Square Garden. Actually Commander Cooper's sport was baseball, but he lived up to the implications of his countenance and kept so taut a ship that junior officers often thought him downright tyrannical.

This was to be expected. Ensign Johnny Cross was a V-7, an Oregon lumberman (on coming aboard he had promptly been assigned to the care and feeding of the foremast, the only timber in the ship); but the rest had come from the Academy or from more easygoing destroyers to the gilt-edged atmosphere of a tropical colony, where only mad dogs exert themselves unnecessarily. Oh, of course baseball . . . but that was a sport and not subject to the tabu against effort. Besides, Commander Cooper himself was interested in baseball; he offered advice out of considerable experience to the gunnery officer, who coached the *Ford's* team, and managed assignments so as not to lose Faber, the gigantic and somewhat dim-witted electrician, because he was a good man at the plate.

With the men it was different. For the most part they were Old China Hands, thoroughly habituated to the routine of summer at Chefoo and winter in Manila. Some of them were already in their third

enlistment on the station, like all expatriates, grumbling about the lousy climate and terrible food, but always finding some urgent reason why they had to stay for just two or three more months whenever a draft to go back to the States was made up. Such men have learned that there are one or two sundowners in the wardroom of every ship. They bear it aboard and find their escapes outside the service, usually at the edge of town, where one of those neat native girls called "Bamboos" keeps a little house without benefit of clergy for the mariner home from voyage.

For these men and their Bamboos it was a whole system of life that rolled up like a garment that night when the radio shacks became excited and blinker lights began to go aboard the fleet flag.

II

U.S.S. *John D. Ford* sailed at dawn "to take a convoy to the south," says the only statement we have of her activities on the first day of war, but it could not have been very much of a convoy and could not have gone very far, to judge from the fact that she was back in Manila Bay in time for the first big bombing raid against the city on December 10th. The orders were to put her into dock at Cavite and give her in a hurry the overhaul of which she stood in need. While she was waiting for the tide to get over the dock-sill the Japs came with 27 bombers, up above 20,000 feet. They circled the city three times, blandly ignoring the one or two still-serviceable planes that went up from Nichols Field; they picked their targets and began to drop bombs deliberately as they were joined by a second formation of the same size. The first stick fell in the water some distance from the *Ford*, which had got under way and was steaming slowly around the bay, stepping carefully to avoid our submarines underneath. Someone on the bridge said "They'll have to do better than that," and Chief Engineer Spencer back on the fantail opened up with his little 3-inch 25, the only AA weapon aboard. His shooting was very good; he could see the bursts right on line every time and those from some other 3-inch.

But that was the only defense Cavite or Manila had, and after a few rounds the skipper bitterly ordered them to stop; they weren't doing any good, the bursts were only about two-thirds of the way up. Bitterly—for he could see and they all could see the flames and fragments rise as the bombs hit in the Navy Yard and among the ships tied up at dock, even if he didn't know then that the very first hit had knocked off the mess hall with everyone in it, including a lot of his friends. Petunia-covered privies!

That was the *Ford's* introduction to the actualities of war and no one aboard ever forgot it.

As they steamed away from the shambles that night, south for Java where the nearest repair docks lay, an old coxswain named Griffin with three hash marks on his sleeve said wildly, "Just leave me here with a rowboat and a machine gun, will you, so I can kill some of those bastards." The wardroom was glum, the usual bridge game forgotten. Officers would sit silent for a long time and then apropos of nothing burst out, "I just hope I can be there when Tokyo gets it."

Matters were not helped either by the heat and the general atmosphere of tension in a vacuum. Nobody knew what forces the Japs had down among the island seas, at what moment dawn or a squall would lift to show along the horizon the fantastic silhouettes of enemy warships, or when a squadron of bombers would come out of the skies as they did on to the poor old *Peary* navigating that same route with all her fire-control equipment smashed.

The ship was on a routine of watch and watch, four hours on and four hours off, with housekeeping details and the living necessities of food and sleep coming out of the four hours off. It was on that trip that everyone really noticed how admirably a Cramp four-piper is designed to hold heat, a commodity only valuable in the North Atlantic above the 35th parallel. There was no ventilation to speak of, the *Ford's* awnings had gone up in flames at Cavite, the temperature was constantly above 100° on deck and (since the portholes were sealed) so much above that in wardroom and cabins that one of the lieu-

tenants threw the thermometer overboard. Nobody knew what the engine-room figures were.

Somehow the custom grew up of keeping a bucket of water with soap in it in one's cabin. When a man came off duty with perspiration splotches mottling his uniform like the outline of some implausible map, he stripped and tossed his clothes in, hanging them up at the beginning of the next watch in place of the semi-dry garments he took down to put on. One day there was a venture into pure fantasy under the bright clear tropic sky. The lookout reported an approaching plane; everyone could see it, and general quarters was called. Soon the report came that it was diving. They waited but nothing happened, and it was several minutes before they realized that it was the planet Venus. They didn't feel better till they learned some of the other ships had actually opened fire.

The convoy was slow. Food ran down to corned beef, canned salmon, and Vienna sausage, a diet not improved by the fact that the *Ford* had run out of bread, which destroyers always have to beg from bigger ships, having no ovens of their own. There were no Japs; and they came to Surabaya on Christmas Day with everyone feeling slightly lower than the hind leg of a worm. The trip had taken them across that equatorial line where pollywogs become shellbacks; but what with the heat, tension, and constant radio reports of new Japanese successes, there was no ceremony, and the subject had hardly been mentioned.

The ship went in there to get at least the most necessary repairs, with everyone aboard pitching in to help out the local dockyard staff. The language difficulty was not too serious, since most of the Dutch spoke at least a kind of English and all were boundlessly polite. That was the trouble—they were too polite, too determined to talk without warmth about the weather and other indifferent subjects when the exigencies of intercourse demanded remark. In the *Ford's* wardroom it was perfectly clear what our new allies were keeping themselves from saying. It was put into words, at first in banter and then seriously, to our enlisted men when

they stepped into the taverns to get some of the excellent Dutch beer. "The Americans have run away and left their people to shift for themselves." There were a few rows and the participants had to be brought to captain's mast in the morning, in itself an embarrassing situation on active service. How can you throw a man in the brig when all hands are needed to handle weapons?

In the background the combined fleets were being organized and everybody aboard was glad when the commodore got orders just after New Year's Day of which he made no secret—orders to put to sea and "prepare for offensive action."

III

THE *John D. Ford's* division was working with one of the light squadrons into which ABDAFLOAT had been split up—a force intended to strike hard and quick at anything Japanese that came down past the barrier of the two big Malay islands, Borneo and Celebes. Admiral Glassford had his flag in the *Boise*, the best ship in those seas with her great speed, stout armor, and fifteen guns. The *Marblehead* was the only other cruiser that could be spared to go with him; all the others at that date were running convoys, mostly to Singapore.

The offensive action remained a dream through three weeks of January. There was nothing but bad news on the radio and trotting back and forth across the Malay barrier, refueling frequently so there would be plenty of fuel aboard in case of action. The food was better, thanks to frequent visits to port, but the heat remained. Lieutenant Mack thought he was seeing spots before the eyes one day and discovered it was the composition visor of his cap melting in the sun to run down in large sable tears. Cribbage set in in the wardroom (there were never four officers off duty at once to play bridge) and lasted till heat stuck the cards together so they came off on one another. Then someone had to borrow an acey-deucey board from the enlisted.

The change came on January 23rd. Two days before (though on the *John D. Ford* they did not know this) one of our

scouting submarines had reported a big enemy convoy bound south for Macassar Strait. That meant a thrust at Borneo and, sure enough, Dutch planes picked up the Japs on the 23rd, heading for the oil port of Balikpapan: 22 transports and cargo carriers, sumptuously escorted by cruisers and destroyers with a balloon barrage overhead. The Dutch bombed them during the day; at the same time orders went out to the *Ford's* division, then patrolling just north of Komodo where the dragon lizards live, that the cruisers would join them for a night surface attack.

Everyone felt better; Engineer Spencer checked his feed lines for speed and a marked note of cheerfulness ran through the ship. It lasted till the *Marblehead* came over the horizon alone and in an exchange of signals reported that bad luck was still with the fleet. The *Boise* had torn her bottom on a reef in Sapeh Strait and would not accompany them. There was some sourish comment on this turn, but not from Lieutenant Slaughter; he was torpedo officer and remarked that with the big gunnery ship out of action it would have to be altogether a torpedo affair and destroyers would have to be the whole show. "That's right," said Mack. "They have so many ships in there that at night they'll never notice us till we hit them."

It worked out as Slaughter had predicted. As the four destroyers slid up Macassar Strait well over to the Celebes side under dark clouds across a rough rolling sea, the *Marblehead* flung out a hoist of signal flags, then turned away from them westward. She was not to be risked in a night torpedo action, but would pick them up in the morning if all went well.

The *John D. Ford* was a flagship now, leading her division into a sea that broke monstrously across the bows as she rounded Cape Laikang into the full fury of a gale sweeping down the straits. The clouds and heavy weather were doubtless a protection against Japanese aircraft but they did not add to the comfort of engineers trying to drive the ancient can at 27 knots, or to that of the gunnery officer, who moaned every time she took it green over number one gun that the piece would

never shoot. Far in the haze and clouds a plane was sighted, whose, nobody knew till radio picked up a broadcast from an American patrol saying that four enemy cruisers had been sighted, headed north, with the position of the *Ford* and her division. "That made us feel good, that we could be mistaken for cruisers even by one of our own planes."

During the afternoon everyone made preparations according to character. One of the ensigns remembers writing a letter. Lieutenant Mack filled a little box with fishhooks, twine, razor blades, quinine pills, and Dutch money and sewed it inside his life jacket, then went to sleep, wedging himself as best he could against the pitching of the ship. The executive and navigator, Lieutenant Norman Smith, did not sleep. He was a thin dark man, niggardly of words, who kept a set of jeweler's tools in his cabin and was in the habit of repairing the ship's precision instruments when he had nothing better to do. Now his job was to find the way for the *Ford* and the other destroyers toward the pinpoint north of Balikpapan where the Jap convoy would be, just avoiding the Dutch mine fields—the whole thing to be done under those black clouds without a chance for a sun sight and with unknown currents shaking her.

General Quarters was sounded at 11:00, and those who had been sleeping came topside to find the gale moderated, the ship running through long after-storm swells. Harmon bounced out with the remark that they were going into the first American naval battle since Santiago, but Smith merely looked up and said quietly, "The average life of a destroyer in action is fifteen minutes."

Now it was "the last-minute wait familiar to any athlete," as Lieutenant Mack has put it. Just before midnight, masthead hailed to say there was a light off the starboard bow, a red flasher. Navigator Smith started for his charts with the feeling something must be wildly wrong, for his reckoning placed them in the middle of Macassar Strait fifty miles from any light, but then masthead hailed again and reported it was a ship burning, one of those hit by the Dutch bombers that morning.

At two o'clock dim light loomed out of the darkness ahead and a moment later everyone aboard caught the smell of burning oil. Smith had hit his pinpoint; that was Balikpapan all right, with the Dutch scorching it as they had promised. It was something over half an hour later when they ran past the first Japanese ship, blacked out, apparently at anchor and so close aboard that there was no chance of swinging a torpedo tube on her. They had to let her go, as Commander Talbot's orders were not to use the guns till all the torpedoes had gone.

A few minutes later a whole division of Jap destroyers burst through the drifting oil smoke across the port bow and swept past at a speed too high for the *Ford* to try a shot. "One to three, four," said Commander Talbot in the voice radio, "destroyers close aboard. They went past us."

"All right," came the voice of the *Parrott's* commander, "We'll get him." But he did not; his tubes also would not train in time, and the next moment half a dozen men aboard the *Ford* shouted together that there were Japanese ships all around them.

"Action port, action port," said Commander Cooper; "let's pitch a few fast ones now." Said Lieutenant Slaughter: "Fire one; fire two."

All of them had had some experience with torpedoes, but none had expected quite so deafening a crash, with the concussion wave following that almost knocked you off the bridge as the Jap ship went up. Then torpedoes began hitting all round and Commander Talbot was ordering course reversed for another run through the convoy. Off on the distant beach a searchlight began to work, pointing upward; off on the other side an anti-aircraft gun let go. The Japs thought they were being bombed!

Four times the *Ford* ran through the convoy. Everyone was so busy that there were only fragments of observation. Lieutenant Mack's is that at one time he saw five Jap ships up-ended and sinking in the light of the flames, with the whole sea dotted by swimming heads and a lifeboat overturning in the destroyer's wash. Ensign Darrah saw a tremendous faraway explosion, heard someone say, "That's on land,"

and someone else correcting that it was a ship blowing up near the beach. Harmon, on lookout, remembers the conning tower of a submarine they almost ran down. (She turned out to be Dutch, in there for a little torpedoing of her own.) Someone else remembers Commander Talbot shouting in wild excitement, "Get that yellow bastard!" as a big Jap ship loomed up ahead.

Then the torpedoes were all gone and word was passed to open up with the guns. Almost at the same time the Japs began to shoot back. From the *Ford* they saw three of their own salvos go right into a big transport and marveled at the accuracy with which gun-pointer McKean was shooting in spite of the flash that was blinding everyone else. (He was the pitcher on the baseball team.) But the transport fired back and hit too, so that a burst of flame spread across the *Ford's* stern. It was Faber, the not-too-bright electrician, who saved the situation, contrary to orders. He had been told at least a thousand times that one uses a CO₂ extinguisher on gasoline fires because water spreads the blaze, but in his excitement he broke out the big hose, washing fire and burning materials all overboard together.

IV

"AFTER that they couldn't do enough for us." On the way down to Surabaya the crew had eaten and slept in shifts, mostly on deck with a pipe union or any other convenient metal object for a pillow, refusing to get far from the guns, for they were pugnacious now and full of spirit after all the misery and disappointment. They counted on getting some rest in port and ultimately they did, but not right away. For the Dutch submarine skipper had radioed ahead of them his own account of the action, with the statement that he had seen nine Jap ships go down, and the *Ford's* men were received as conquering heroes.

Admiral Hart came aboard, followed by a parade of Dutch officers resplendent in fourragères, an unheard-of honor for a four-piper. Everybody was invited to Dutch homes, with dinners that lasted for hours and gin out of stone bottles, while

the good-looking Harmon began to be seen on the street with the prettiest Dutch girls in town. So much free beer was lavished on the enlisted that Commander Cooper had to institute a special beer inspection to extract it from the lockers. He found one locker full of it—bottles of every brand made in Java, with a lot from the Philippines, and a few odd items that had come a long way from Singapore and the China coast. The guilty sailor's excuse was that he had not intended drinking it aboard but only wanted to take it home to his family, who were connoisseurs of rare beer. Also they got coffee, of the concentrated Dutch kind, designed for consumption by the thimbleful. "Our men achieved some peculiar results by drinking it in the same quantities they would the American brew."

But the action in the Macassar Strait did not stop the Japs. They made good their Balikpapan losses, held the place because there was not enough Allied strength in the south to win it back, and came on. The *Ford* was still in Surabaya being repaired when on February 3rd a big force of Jap bombers caught the newly formed American-Dutch striking force at sea, smashed the heavy cruiser *Houston's* after turret, and so crippled the *Marblehead* that only after the most heroic efforts was she got to Tjilitjap, thence to Colombo, and round Good Hope back to America. She was out of the campaign. That same day came the first air raid on Surabaya. The *Ford's* men were unanimous in their contempt of its effect, but it did whittle down the slender defending force of aircraft and drive a good many people, mostly natives, from the city. This was an inconvenience; it stopped normal trade and made it hard to get provisions.

Otherwise the gathering shadows were mostly in the news, something told; not visible in their effect on the minor decencies of life, which continued as before, but working major changes underneath. "There was one Dutch officer I used to know," said one of the *Ford's* lieutenants long later. "He had a wife and daughter. I was invited to their house for dinner one night and he apologized for having the place so torn up. He had drawn his life

savings out of the bank and was sending his family up into the mountains, where all the money had been spent on a bomb-proof shelter. He was going to sea the next day and didn't expect to come back. . . . He was right; I don't know what happened to the family."

That was the background against which the *John D. Ford* put to sea again, now as flagship of a reconstituted destroyer division 58 with Commander Thomas H. Binford moving into the commodore's cabin under the bridge to take the place of Talbot, who had suffered a heart attack and had had to go home. In the foreground was the fact that the Japs were now solidly established on Celebes island and in south Borneo, dominating the whole area of the Java Sea with their land-based aircraft. Admiral Doorman, in command of the combined Allied squadrons, was forced to use the long line clear south of the island when he wanted to send a ship from one end of Java to the other. Surabaya was still technically the main base; but the actual operational center was at Tjilitjap on the south coast, and it was from there that the *John D. Ford* sailed for her next adventure after another routine of exhausting patrols and blistering heat.

That was the night after the enemy hit Bali with a big convoy and were landing there. Singapore had already gone; it was evident that the Japs were closing pincers on Java. But all hope was not dead yet; American fighter planes were coming up from Australia, Flying Fortresses were trickling in. Battle at Bali was therefore worth while.

Admiral Doorman planned to catch the Japs close to the beaches and cut them to pieces as Talbot had done at Balikpapan. They would be in narrow Lombok Strait east of Bali; he would run his ships through in three waves by night, each wave coming on just as things had quieted down after the one before.

The *Ford* was to be part of the first wave. The Dutch light cruisers *Java* and *De Ruyter* were leading, to fire guns and torpedoes. That ought to stir up the enemy, maybe start a few fires on his ships, at any rate get him shooting and so reveal his position to the low-slung destroyers three miles behind, which would then have

good targets for the torpedoes. The Dutch destroyer *Piet Hein* was to lead that part of the wave, with the *Ford* and her sister ship *Pope* following and copying her moves—an arrangement made necessary by the fact that the American ships had no one who could understand Dutch code.

This time there was no before-battle feeling or letter-writing; they were veterans on the *Ford* now, confident of themselves and their instrument. Commander Cooper on the bridge was discussing with the gunnery officer the outrageous brand of baseball played in the Philippines; Slaughter was talking music with Norman Smith. Back round the galley deckhouse a group was laughing over the unorthodox methods of Chief Torpedoman Canaday, who had tried to make an obstinate war head seat itself on a torpedo by banging it with a sledge hammer. "Jeez Christ," someone had said, "that's got TNT in it." "I never thought of that," said Canaday.

Up ahead in the dark the Dutch cruisers were out of sight, the *Piet Hein* visible only by the tiny blue light under her stern. It was calm but a black night with the moon down; and the darkness was suddenly split by level lightning on the horizon ahead. Something was hit and began to burn, but that was all they could tell from the *Ford*. For perhaps five more minutes they drove toward that beacon; then the lookout cried there was something in the darkness ahead. Two ships. They saw the *Piet Hein* veer sharply left across their bows, firing from all her guns.

It was gallant but not war, for the two ships were Japanese cruisers. A long pencil of light caught the Dutch destroyer; there was a shock of salvos, every shell of which seemed to go right into her. For a moment the *Piet Hein* was brilliantly visible as though every plate and stanchion had been coated with a luminous red paint, then she crumpled together like an accordion and disappeared.

"Make smoke," said Commander Cooper. The *Ford* and her companion rushed ahead at thirty knots, firing spreads of torpedoes. As they did so "all hell broke loose" with sharp stabs of flame from every point on the semicircle of the horizon, and a searchlight caught the *Ford* full

on the bridge. The first Jap salvo hit just off her stern and the destroyer pitched sharply under the weight of water thrown aboard. A cruiser on the opposite side fired; the *Ford* rolled as a huge waterspout towered over her, and Lieutenant Mack noted how the tracer shot past overhead "like a flock of wild geese."

The weight of water knocked one end of the motor whaler loose from its falls and the boat dragged alongside slamming the plates. Somebody cut it loose to get rid of the obstruction—an act for which the *Ford* later received undeserved credit; for the survivors of the *Piet Hein* found the craft and reached Java in it to thank their rescuers.

The *Ford* was firing too; the searchlight veered wildly and went out, hit somewhere beneath. Now there were only the flashes, but the waterspouts kept coming up, one of them so close and big that it knocked flat everyone on the control platform as the destroyer spun on her heel and ran back behind the curtain of her own smoke, firing another spread of torpedoes. At least one of them hit; there was the unmistakable heavy boom and the flash of light from an exploding ship. But it was impossible now to run through Lombok Strait with the Japs so thoroughly awake, so Commander Cooper turned back to Tjilitjap.

When he examined the chart on which the ship's course is pricked off he found the quartermaster who kept it had not only recorded every turn with meticulous exactitude, but had also made a neat notation in red ink at the point where the searchlights and salvos caught them—"John D. Ford sunk, 2/19/42; 10:46 P.M." It was written in a steady hand.

V

THE *John D. Ford* was a better ship when she sailed out of Surabaya to the last tragic act of the campaign with Admiral Doorman's fleet—a better ship by two .50 caliber machine guns, salvaged from the wrecked *Stewart* and provided with makeshift mounts botched together out of bits of pipe and metal scrap. A better ship internally, with a crew who nonchalantly got their cups of coffee and came up

on deck to watch the night bombings of Surabaya, commenting feelingly on how poor was the work of the Jap bombardiers.

But it was not a particularly happy crew at this time. Down to the beginning of February all conversation had been colored by the same basic assumption that so long sustained the men of Bataan. They were fighting for time, for just a little time; long enough for the Pacific fleet to gather its strength and come rushing along the island barrier to put the yellow dogs to rout. It is a long voyage from Pearl Harbor to Surabaya, perhaps a month with supply ships in convoy, and time would have to be allowed for loading. Japanese broadcasts about the Pearl Harbor damage, the grapevine, or just rumor and a little thought on the over-all strategic problem by men trained to think in such terms had somehow convinced everyone, as January wore away, that the vision of a rescuing line of American battleships was a pipe dream. But the thought of a cruiser and carrier force that would give them a chance against the enemy persisted. After all, the Japs were using nothing but light forces and land-based air forces among the islands. Their planes went home every afternoon at three o'clock because they lacked the facilities and perhaps the experience for night flying. Their bombing was poor. We could beat them if only the ships were sent.

Scuttlebutt had them being sent half a dozen times, but that was before the first of February with the news it brought of the big raid on the Gilbert and Marshall Islands. It took time for the implications of that raid to sink in—that the cruiser-carrier forces were operating as part of a strategic plan in which the little fleet of the Java Sea had no part. In fact there were even those aboard who saw the raid as a happy augury, a movement into a region from which the Java Sea would be only a step. (Actually it was more than an Atlantic away.)

But after the night in Lombok Strait there could no longer be a question. There had been more carrier raids on Japanese islands, but far to the north and away; here at the edge of Java Sea the enemy were now firmly on Bali and, with the use of its airfield, had choked off even

the thin trickle of planes that were being ferried in. In all Java there were no longer any Allied fighter planes to speak of. All that the fleet could expect was to achieve another Macassar, to delay things long enough for the old carrier *Langley* to arrive at Tjilitjap with a cargo of fighter planes and gain one more slight reprieve.

This was the background against which the *John D. Ford* put to sea under Admiral Doorman's flag on February 24th. She made her departure in an air raid, the last ship away, and the native dockworkers decamped as the bombers came over, so that a seaman named H. G. Fox had to jump overside and run naked down the dock, casting loose lines while buildings were shattering near. She was one of four four-pipers remaining from the Asiatic fleet; all the others had been destroyed or become so broken down they had to go to Australia for major repairs. There were three big new and fast British destroyers and two or three Dutch. There were the two Dutch cruisers, *Java* and *De Ruyter*, the British *Exeter*, the Australian *Perth*, and our own *Houston*, nearly all of them damaged or in need of repair, with their shipboard planes gone—oh, decidedly a fleet of desperation. The situation was desperate too; our submarines and planes were constantly reporting Japanese concentrations moving down Macassar Strait and were reporting Japanese bombers overhead through the daylight hours.

The little fleet did a kind of sentry run to and fro along Java's north coast, mostly at night to prevent surprise attacks, coming in with the dawn to refuel and to make what repairs could be made. Nobody slept at all very much. The night watches had to be on Condition A—all hands at the guns for a contact that might come at any moment, and during the day there was repair work and refueling. Everyone was moving in a fog of exhaustion when the Japs were reported surely at sea, just as Doorman was steaming into Surabaya on the morning of February 27th. They turned round and put to sea again, though many of the fuel bunkers were low and the *Ford* at least had been on short commons for three days, with food now almost unobtainable in the port.

There was no excitement and no thrill in the approach to that battle; only a sort of mild surprised interest at the formation Doorman had adopted—with his heavy destroyers spread far ahead of the cruisers, a light cruiser leading the line, and his two heavies in the center. It was bad, insisted one of the lieutenants, quoting Mahan on the necessity of having strong ships at the ends of your line; bad, said another, because he could not choose the range favorable for 8-inch- or 6-inch-gun ships without breaking formation.

No matter; Doorman was admiral and chose his disposition for reasons of his own, doubtless good ones. At 4:15 they were shooting at the Japs. The enemy had overwhelming superiority: seven light cruisers and at least two heavies. Harmon in the spotter's top insisted there were battleships too, over behind the enemy line; but of that there is no proof. The range was long, but from the *Ford's* station astern and slightly on the off side of the battle-line they could count every salvo. Lieutenant Mack has told how they admired the *Houston's* shooting, getting off two for every one of the other ships, and straddling every time with the electric flashes of hits among the waterspouts.

One of the Japanese heavies began to burn and fell out of line; then *Exeter* was hit in the boiler room and swung away, followed by the rest of the Allied cruisers. In the smoke and gathering dust, the *Ford* and the other American destroyers closed across the retreat and fired all their torpedoes at the onrushing Japs. It was six months later when the men of the *Ford* learned from a Dutch survivor that at least two of those torpedoes had found marks in Japanese destroyers that blew up without any other ships on the horizon.

So Doorman's last try had failed and now the only possibility was to salvage as many ships as might be from the campaign. The rendezvous was Tanjong Priok in western Java, but the four-pipers had not enough fuel to make it, so they requested and received permission to go to Surabaya instead. There the tired men, now three nights without sleep, dragged heavy fuel hoses across the deck. In the midst of it a Dutch government truck drove up on the dock and began to unload

life preservers; then came a Ford sedan, its whole back seat packed with expensive stationery. "For you," said the driver. "No pay; you take it." The world was coming to an end.

But the world was not coming to an end for the *John D. Ford* and her sisters, lucky ships with a lucky commander. They were to have gone out through Sunda Strait to the west, where the *Houston* tried it and went down, but that involved running almost the length of Java, and Binford, the division commander, sought permission to try Bali Strait to the east. They thought he was not going to get it and complained they would be sunk in harbor till the radio shack picked up a message to all American submarines saying that four of our destroyers would be running through Bali Strait and that the submarines were to let them alone.

At dark then on February 28th the four cast loose their lines and sailed, leaving behind the kindly Dutch and their beer. They had no more torpedoes, ammunition was low, the men had only snatched catnaps during the day, but all hands were on watch. A voice drifted up to the bridge: "Jeez, that moon makes you feel naked."

The question was whether the enemy would have the Strait closed, and appar-

ently they intended to, for fifteen minutes after the *Ford* turned south there was a shape along the Bali shore, then a signal light challenging them and the flash of a gun. It was one of the big new Jap destroyers, and presently a second came out of the shadows to join her.

"Get up there to the plate and knock out a few," said Commander Cooper to the gunnery lieutenant, and the *Ford's* guns flashed back reply.

Just as this point in the Strait there is a shoal. The American destroyers turned to avoid it; the move brought them toward the enemy—one, two, three, four ships against two, all shooting and pretty accurately. The Jap leader may have had something heavier in the background he wished to bring into action; he may have been just a little thick about the implications of the situation. For whatever reason he turned away; the *John D. Ford* rushed on into the night toward Australia and the beginnings of victory, the only ship that had seen every action of the campaign.

As Bali faded into the night astern one of her lieutenants remarked musingly: "That's the twelfth time I've passed that island and never been ashore on it. Next time I'm going to find out whether those dollies wear brassières or not."





Westinghouse and your private life...

One of our peacetime goals is to be as big a part of your life as possible. Before we went 100% into war production, there were Westinghouse products which would heat your water, cook your meals, preserve your food, light and clean your house, help keep you warm in winter and cool in summer, wash your clothes, help take you to work and bring you home. Each time you did any one of a hundred simple things such as snapping on the radio or going to a movie—we helped with that, too.

Westinghouse and your home town...

Another of our peacetime aims is to help make your town a better place to live in. Well-lighted streets, plenty of steady power for homes and stores and factories, better transportation—these are a few of the dozens of ways in which electricity and Westinghouse can help a city.



Westinghouse and your Country...

By combining thousands of skills that in the past have let us contribute to your comfort and your town's progress, we have been able to develop many new weapons that are making a major contribution to our country in war. We have increased our production of vital war materials month by month until thousands of Westinghouse products now are fighting in every battle and on every front. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities, offices everywhere.

PERSONAL AND Otherwise



NOW LISTEN!

THE *Canadian Author and Bookman* for September, 1943, under the heading "Wanted, Short Stories!" identifies us in a list of periodicals:

Harper's: 49 East 33rd St., New York City; about 4000; good rates; nothing too commonplace.



THE AIRWAYS CONFLICT

JUST as we go to press with *Blair Bolles'* "The Future of International Airways," in comes the *Congressional Record* for November 24th with some remarks by Congressman Coffee of the State of Washington. Mr. Coffee makes acid comments about the fact that Northwest Airlines can't make arrangements for direct flight between Seattle-Tacoma and New York City because "it has been told that owing to the exigencies of war, facilities are not available." Meanwhile Trans-Canada Air Lines are busily drumming up trade in Seattle, offering local business men direct flights from Vancouver to New York. What you do, apparently, is catch an air local at Seattle for Vancouver, a flight of a little over an hour. At Vancouver you step into a Canadian plane that flies you across the continent and deposits you with efficiency and dispatch in New York City. "How and why Canadian air lines are allotted priorities for such a route and for sufficient planes while an American line is denied the same facilities is beyond my comprehension," says Congressman Coffee.

Mr. Bolles is on the staff of the *Washington Star*. He was born in St. Louis and was

educated at Exeter and Yale. In 1933 he went to work for the now defunct *Washington Sun*, then for the *Washington Herald*. For a year he was with Universal Service, then for another year he was a rewrite man on the *New York American*. After that he went to the *Star*. Last spring Mr. Bolles went to Sweden as one of the four American newspapermen invited by the Swedish government to come and see how the land of the Middle Way operates. He has written articles for us about "The Great Defense Migration" and "The Stew in the Melting Pot." The latter piece was concerned with the activities in this country of various exiled European politicians.



OIL IN THE COLD

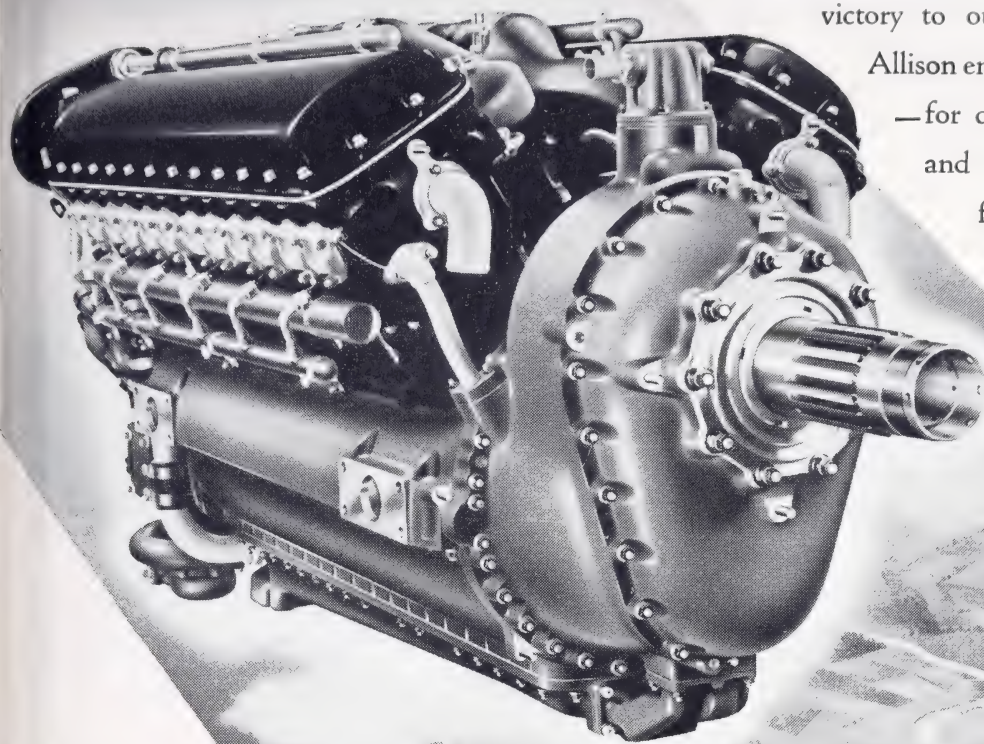
Wallace E. Pratt, the author of "Oil Fields in the Arctic," is a well-known geologist and, in addition, is a director and member of the executive committee of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Born in Kansas and educated at the state university, he practiced his profession in various places in the years from 1908 to 1915. His most active work as an oil geologist dates from 1916. In that year he was employed by the Texas Company. In 1918 he was appointed chief geologist for the Humble Oil & Refining Company; in 1923 he was made a director and in 1933 a vice-president of this corporation. In that same year (1933) he came to the Standard Oil Company.

For many years Mr. Pratt has been concerned with questions of oil geology in various parts of the world. He has dealt with them

THE ENGINE THAT IS ALWAYS THERE

Allison-powered planes have been called upon in every major engagement in which our Army has taken part. ★ They have had a hand in every great land victory to our credit. ★

Allison engines always —for dependability and brilliant performance!



Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY
OF THE AIR—NBC Network

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison
DIVISION OF

POWERED BY ALLISON:

P-38—Lightning • P-39—Airacobra • P-40—Warhawk • A-36 and P-51—Mustang



KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE WAR BONDS



OIL FIELDS IN THE ARCTIC

not only as a matter of business; he has written about them as well. Most of this writing consists of papers about petroleum, volcanism, and geology which have appeared in technical and scientific journals. Many of the earlier papers deal with the Philippines, where Mr. Pratt was in search of gold and iron deposits. This article—Mr. Pratt wishes to acknowledge the help of his associates, Eugene Stebinger and Winthrop P. Haynes, in compiling the data, and the assistance of Vilhjalmur Stefansson for various notes bearing on the occurrence of petroleum in the Far North—will appear sometime during the spring of 1944 in a volume called *Compass of the World*, a symposium of essays on various aspects of political geography, edited by Mr. Stefansson and Professor Hans Weigert of Pittsburgh

University. Mr. Pratt wrote a little volume called *Oil in the Earth*, which appeared last year as the first publication of the University of Kansas Press. The book (it consisted of four lectures given to the geology students of the University of Kansas) attracted wide attention in view of the much-discussed possibility of oil exhaustion in the United States. Mr. Pratt is a hardy individualist and the thesis of his book cheered the hearts of many Americans. The thesis was that oil is to be found almost everywhere and that only Americans have the peculiar psychology that it takes to find lots of it. From one point of view the book was a geologist's hymn to the wildcatter. Mr. Pratt is an amateur pilot and since 1934 has put in some 1,200 hours surveying the United States from coast to

(Continued on second page following)

heir ears have heard

The music of the morrow



DURING this holiday season the high school pupils in a little Illinois city are having an unforgettable experience.

They are hearing the richest voice born of the new science of electronics, singing carols with the age-old promise... "*On earth peace, good will towards men.*"

Only *one* such voice sings today. For, at war's outbreak, research had just been completed on only one Meissner radio-phonograph, designed to revolutionize all standards for reproduction of sound in the home.

That laboratory model is on loan to the high school of Meissner's home town, Mt. Carmel, Ill. There the pupils are enjoying a musical experience you also may share when this instrument

is marketed after victory. When that day comes these are advantages you may expect:

FREQUENCY MODULATION—plus advanced electronic fidelity and tonal range greatly surpassing that found in any home radio-phonographs now in use.

AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER—selects and plays *any* record, *anywhere* in the stack... plays *both* sides in sequence, *one* side only, or *repeats*... avoids record breakage.

A COMPLETE HOME RECORDER...DISTINGUISHED CABINETS... **NEW IDEAS** already being engineered into Meissner electronic equipment for our armed forces around the world.



TO ARMY AND NAVY EXPERTS in electronics, the Meissner name plate is as familiar as it has been for years to advanced amateurs and professional radio engineers. For excellence in the production of electronic equipment, Meissner has been awarded the Army-Navy "E" with additional star.

For tomorrow -

A NEW WORLD OF SOUND
AT YOUR FINGER TIPS



MEISSNER

MANUFACTURING COMPANY • MT. CARMEL, ILL.
ADVANCED ELECTRONIC RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURE

coast from the air. "The face of the earth is the geologist's paramount concern and it is only from an airplane that he gets a really comprehensive display of earth features."

As we go to press Washington is reverberating with the Truman Committee investigation of the so-called Canol project. This project involved the construction of a pipe line from the oil wells at Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River in Canada to White Horse. At White Horse our War Department is setting up a refinery. From White Horse to the Alaskan port of Skagway Mr. Ickes, as Petroleum Administrator for War, built a pipe line. This whole cost is to be met by the United States government and the big argument is whether the job should ever have been done at all. The project was undertaken by the War Department in secrecy (Mr. Ickes claims that he was never given details) for strategic reasons. The Japs were in the Aleutians and who could tell whether the far Northwest and Alaska would be cut off from gasoline? Mr. Stefansson had been advocating development of this oil field all along but wanted the oil delivered to Fairbanks. And so on. But now it appears that this purely war project may be abandoned—the war necessity subsiding—and the Canadian government will be in a position to exercise its option to buy the refinery and the big pipe line at its commercial value. Mr. Ickes believes that the commercial value will be nil. Others describe the project as simply one of the inevitable blunders in the war emergency. The Standard Oil came into the argument through the fact that the Canadian subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey, the Imperial Oil Company, Ltd., had been producing oil at Fort Norman for several years to supply the local demand and was called on to manage the new enterprise. Since the Canadian government is not in the oil business, the abandonment of the project might enable the Standard subsidiary to acquire the line and the refinery with the greatest of ease. In other words, what our government undertook for strategic reasons and at great cost, might turn out to be of great advantage to the Standard. Needless to say, numerous persons speculated on the possibility that Standard had encouraged the project, foreseeing just such an ending to the story. This Standard vehemently denies and calls attention to the fact that they weren't enthusiastic about the scheme from the start.

EPISTLE TO THE CHURCHES

THE author of "Before the Men March Home," **Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell**, is a priest of the Episcopal Church who has devoted most of his ministry of thirty-three years to study of the educational and political implications of Christianity, in terms of the contemporary scene. Before the First World War he was dean and pastor of St. Paul's Cathedral Church, Fond du Lac. During that war he was a chaplain at Great Lakes Naval Station. His service there, he says, "revealed to me how utterly ignorant the ordinary young American is, both of the Christian religion and of its social impacts; and this determined my ministry on other than pastoral lines."

After the war he became President of St. Stephen's College (which later became affiliated with Columbia University) and Professor of Religion in that University, during which time constant research studies in his chosen field went on. In 1933 the college was forced, for lack of funds, to close. He now lives in Providence, Rhode Island. He has written eighteen books, of which the best known are *Beyond Agnosticism*, *Preface to Christianity*, *Religion for Living*, and *The Church in Disrepute*.



ENGLAND IN WARTIME

THE British Ministry of Information recently invited a number of American editors to visit England and see conditions there for themselves. As Editor of this Magazine, **Frederick Lewis Allen** received one of the invitations and accepted it; he went over by plane early in October and returned by ship in November. (He says the Ministry was an impeccable host; it did not lead him round by the nose but left him quite free to go where he pleased and see what he pleased, merely providing guides and hospitality for him on his journeys away from London.) Finding the return voyage not wholly relaxing—all passengers had to carry their life-jackets wherever they went—Mr. Allen busied himself writing a series of impressions of what he had seen: the "Notes on an English Visit" which we publish this month. This is his third contribution to the magazine in the past year; his survey of the first year and a half of American participation in the war, "Up to Now," was printed in the July issue, and the fruit of another expedition, "Bermuda Base," in September.

"Double-heading on old Veta Pass in 1881." Getting a train of four or five cars over this Rocky Mountain pass was work for two of the best locomotives of the time.

THE CURTAIN LIFTS ON TOMORROW'S RAILROADING



Today, long trains carrying thousands of tons of freight are hauled swiftly over the Rockies by the modern GM Diesel Locomotives of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad.

WHEN you think of the Diesel locomotive, don't picture only the sleek, streamlined passenger trains which shorten distance and race the clock. Think too of the mainline Diesel freight locomotives which General Motors builds. These swift, dependable giants of power are contributing heavily to the astonishing war record of the railroads. They are raising the curtain on new standards of transportation keyed to the era which lies ahead.



LOCOMOTIVES ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.

ENGINES 150 to 2000 H.P. CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio

ENGINES 15 to 250 H.P. DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.

YOUR HONOR

THOMAS A. AURELIO, by virtue of the votes of the sovereign people of New York City, was named a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York on November 2, 1943. Never before was a man elected to the bench in such circumstances as he. As *Ferdinand Lundberg* says in "Aurelio: The People's Choice," the people knew the whole score before they went to the polls. They had been shown in a series of remarkable demonstrations how judicial nominations can be made and they had the exhortations—deafening they were, too—of organized virtue ringing in their ears. Nevertheless, *vox populi, vox dei*.

Mr. Lundberg is an old contributor. Readers may recall his articles about various new types of journalism—"News Letters" and "PM—the Wall-Street-Popular-Front Tabloid." He also wrote for us a series of articles about lawyers—"The Legal Profession," "The Priesthood of the Law," and "The Law Factories." For ten years Mr. Lundberg was a newspaperman in Chicago and New York, spending the last seven of those years as Wall Street reporter for the *New York Herald Tribune*. Then he quit to give his time to writing. He is the author of a biography of *Imperial Hearst* and of a book about *America's Sixty Families* which became a national best seller. For the past two years he has been writing for various organizations connected with the war effort.



COLLISION

Thomas Sancton, the author of "Race Clash," is a native of New Orleans and now works in New York where he is managing editor of *The New Republic*. He got his schooling at Tulane and then became a reporter for the *Times-Picayune*. Later he came to the Associated Press in New York. In 1941 he was awarded a Nieman Fellowship and, during his tenure of the Fellowship, lived in Cambridge. He has written articles and stories for various periodicals, *Harper's* included. He edited and contributed to a book of essays on journalism by Nieman Fellows which was published in 1942 under the title of *Newsman's Holiday*. Now he is at work on a book about the South, largely autobiographical. "Race Clash" will probably become a chapter of it; another article intended

for a place in the book will appear shortly in *Harper's*.



THOSE MANDATES

AFTER reading *C. Hartley Grattan's* "Those Japanese Mandates" the reader may speculate on what will happen in the islands after they are taken from the Japanese. In October, 1935, we printed a piece by Willard Price called "Japan's New Outposts." Mr. Price had visited some of the islands and had some figures on population changes. He said: "For a quarter of a century the native population has stood still at about 50,000. But during the past four years the Japanese population has doubled. It has climbed from 19,835 to 40,215. In 1934 alone the increase was 8,000. It seems likely that the total for 1935 will be higher." Mr. Price then did some more investigating.

"Do you like Japanese rule?" I put the question to natives on islands far enough removed from government offices to be fairly sure of getting an unofficial reply.

Not a man would say, "I like it."

Doubtless that is human nature. Who will say that he wishes to be ruled by anyone else?

"Would you prefer to have the Germans back?" I asked.

"No. We prefer the Japanese."

"Why?"

"Because they belong in the Orient. They understand us better. We are not afraid of them. They are more like us."

... An old chief who loved his toddy raised his cocoanut shell to his lips and gave what he considered a conclusive argument:

"The Germans used to fine us twenty-five yen for getting drunk. The Japanese charge us only five yen."

"Then if you don't want the Germans, how about the Spaniards?"

This question was usually met with a horrified silence. The brutalities of Spain in the South Seas will never be forgotten.

"How about American rule?" I would ask, assuming that they would give me the courtesy of a favorable reply. But the Americans they best remembered were whalers who had brought plagues, kidnapped their women, and raised hob generally. No, they would not care to be ruled by Americans.

"Then how would you like to rule yourselves?"

A Ponape chief said: "That would never do. When we ruled ourselves every chief was at war with every other. It is better to have some higher authority."

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

WHY RISK THESE TWO DANGERS *Denture Breath and Loose Plates* by brushing with Makeshift Cleaners?

BRUSHING your plates with tooth pastes, tooth powders or soap, may scratch the denture material which is *60 times softer than natural teeth*. These scratches cause odorous film, food particles, and stains to *collect faster and cling tighter* . . . resulting in Denture Breath. Remember, *you may not know you have it, but others do!* Besides, brushing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens.



PLAY SAFE...SOAK YOUR PLATES IN POLIDENT

A safe, modern way to keep dental plates, partial plates and removable bridges clean is to *soak* them in Polident every day. No brushing, no danger, yet the daily Polident bath works into the corners and crevices no amount of brushing seems to reach; keeps your denture sparkling clean, odor-free.

DO THIS EVERY DAY

Place denture in Polident solution for 15 minutes, or longer if convenient. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

No Brushing



"NOW I'M REALLY LIVING . . . Go everywhere . . . have fun." Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate due to brushing. Polident used daily helps maintain the original, natural appearance of your dental plate for less than a penny a day. Today—get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz. size—60¢. **FREE**—Booklet on Care of Dentures. Write: Hudson Products, Inc., Dept. N-14, 8 High St., Jersey City 6, N. J.

*The Safe, Modern Way to
Clean Plates and Bridges*

POLIDENT

FOOD fights for **FREEDOM**
produce and conserve—
share and play square!



For the Rum Connoisseur

RONRICO
Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (J) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City.

Copyright 1943 *Trademarks

**"Now, if we
were only
staying at
THE ROOSEVELT"**



When you stop at The Roosevelt you don't risk getting marooned like this. For you'll be within walking range of Manhattan's Midtown activities. Direct passageway from Grand Central Terminal to hotel lobby. A reservation at The Roosevelt liquidates a lot of bother. Rooms with bath from \$4.50.

THE ROOSEVELT

Robert P. Williford, General Manager

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

—A Hilton Hotel—

OTHER HILTON HOTELS FROM COAST TO COAST:

TEXAS, Abilene, El Paso, Longview, Lubbock, Plainview; NEW MEXICO, Albuquerque; CALIFORNIA, Long Beach, Los Angeles, The Town House; MEXICO, Chihuahua, The Palacio Hilton.
Hilton Hotels, C. N. Hilton, President.

Well, then, who gets the job?

Mr. Grattan is an old contributor. We published a piece of his last month called "Postwar Migration: A Mirage." Other *Harper* articles by him concerned with problems of the Pacific include "Our Unknown Pacific Islands," "An Australian-American Axis," and "The Future of the British Empire."



PUPIL PORTRAYS PEABODY

George W. Martin, the author of "Preface to a Schoolmaster's Biography," was born on December 17, 1887, the son of the late Edward S. Martin, who conducted "The Easy Chair" in this Magazine for so many years and was for long the Editor of the former *Life* (the weekly humorous magazine). He was formally educated at Groton School (1900-1906), Harvard College (1906-1909), and Harvard Law School (1909-1912). His years at Groton—and his steady interest in the place thereafter—provided him with the material for his present article. In the same class with him at Harvard were such diversities as John Reed, Walter Lippmann, Heywood Broun, Stuart Chase, and S. S. Van Dine.

In the First World War he went to France in the Field Artillery and was cited for gallantry in action. Except for this interlude he has practiced law in New York since 1912. He has five children, three of whom are married to sailors. His wife owns a house at Wilton, Connecticut, and the family occupy it in the summer.

He is afflicted with skepticism—although an Episcopalian in good standing—and regards the efforts to improve the world by spending taxes as doomed to failure. He lends a hand occasionally to try to organize the universe so that thrift shall have special privileges and industry a sure reward. He has long been President of the Brearley School in New York City. He has always been interested in and involved with education, and conducts a continuous difference with those who think it is a road to social position and wealth.

Incidentally, since his article on Dr. Peabody is written entirely in the past tense, as if for a future biography, we hasten to report that as we go to press the former headmaster of Groton is hearty and flourishing like a bay tree.

*New York's First Bank
Established 1784*



*Personal Trusts
Since 1830*

“For Centuries To Come”

“The freedom to achieve is as fundamental as any of the freedoms thus far announced. It is at the base of our independence. It is a quality of character. It is a state of mind. It is a vigorous, virile point of view.

“The extent to which we accept that responsibility and all of its implications may well determine the course of our economic and political future for centuries to come.”

... A. L. M. WIGGINS,
*President of the
American Bankers Association*

BANK OF NEW YORK

48 Wall Street ~ New York

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

Commercial Banking

Executor and Trustee

FREDERICK L. ALLEN, *Editor*; GEORGE R. LEIGHTON, *Associate Editor*;
JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN, MARY BURNET, *Assistant Editors*

Harper's Magazine

THE CONTENTS FOR *February* 1944

Preface to the President's Autobiography	GEORGE W. MARTIN	193
What Business Thinks About Postwar America	C. HARTLEY GRATTAN	199
The Gettysburg Address. <i>A Poem</i>	GILBERT MAXWELL	209
It Was Booth's Body	DALE CLARK	210
The Five Fatal Mistakes of the Axis	ALBERT CARR	219
Our Health in Wartime	LOUIS I. DUBLIN	224
Caribbean Command	FLETCHER PRATT	232
The Easy Chair	BERNARD DEVOTO	242
Preparation for Invasion	C. LESTER WALKER	246
Night Flight. <i>A Story</i>	JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON	253
The Strange Story of Sir Oswald Mosley	WILLIAM ZUKERMAN	257
The Silver Horn	THOMAS SANCTON	264
Save Paper and Grow Thin	270
Tokyo Since Pearl Harbor	JOHN MORRIS	271
Inept — Not Apathetic	JOHN B. MARTIN	283
The Touch of Midas	G. R. WALKER	284
The New Books	JOHN CHAMBERLAIN	

Among Front Advertising Pages

Books in Brief	KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON	
--------------------------	-----------------------------------	--

Among Back Advertising Pages

Schools and Colleges	<i>Among Back Advertising Pages</i>	
--------------------------------	-------------------------------------	--

Personal and Otherwise	<i>Among Back Advertising Pages</i>	
----------------------------------	-------------------------------------	--


Editorial Comment on the Articles and Contributors in This Issue

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

HENRY HOVNS, *Chairman of the Board*
RAYMOND C. HARWOOD, *Treasurer*

CASS CANFIELD, *President*
FRANK S. MACGREGOR, *Executive Vice President*
EDWARD J. CULLEN, *Chairman Finance Committee*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Published Monthly: 40 cents a copy; \$4.00 a year; two years, \$7.00; three years, \$10.00. Canada and Foreign \$1.00 a year additional. Volume 188. Serial No. 1125. Issue for February, 1944. Composed and printed in the U.S.A. by union labor at the Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16. Copyrighted 1943 in United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Address all communications to 49 East 33rd St., New York City 16.

 Four weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as the new, are necessary for change of subscriber's address.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"Honest-to-gosh American food!"

Put yourself behind German barbed wire—a prisoner of war. You're hungry and homesick. Into your hands comes a heavy carton.

It's all yours. Raisins, sugar, coffee, oleo, corned beef, biscuits, ham, salmon, orange concentrate, milk chocolate, cheese, powdered milk, soap and cigarettes! Familiar cans and packages. Labels that look like old friends.

Can you imagine your *gratitude*?

The Army arranges for a carton of this kind to be sent to every American soldier in every German prison camp *every week*. The food is really needed to help keep American boys healthy and hopeful until V-day dawns.

To that end, the *kinds* of food in the carton are carefully selected to provide the most nutritious diet possible under prison conditions. Dairy products are well represented because milk is nature's most nearly perfect food.

National Dairy regularly supplies products for the prisoners' packages. National Dairy Laboratories helped develop cheese and milk which can safely be shipped anywhere.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
 AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

LISTEN:

FEBRUARY 1, 1944

A substantial cross-section of the American public was accosted in a civil manner by one of our foremost researchers a couple of years ago and was asked a human question: *which recreation do you enjoy most?*

The answers, in the rank of his finding, said:

1. Listening to radio
2. Going to the movies
3. Reading magazines and books
4. Hunting and fishing
5. Watching sports
6. Playing games outdoors
7. Playing games indoors
8. Reading the paper
9. Going to a show

That may or may not point a moral in a nation in which Freedom of Choice is paramount, but if there is a moral, it is probably this: *If you insist on swinging a niblick in the living-room, mind you don't crack the radio or there will be hell to pay from the folks.* ★

Up to December 1, 1943, CBS has been directly instrumental in turning \$136,030,000 into War Bonds, or about the cost of two major aircraft carriers. Kate Smith's triumphant day alone (Sept. 21) on the network raised some \$38,000,000.

★
Walter Pidgeon, one of the foremost actors in America, makes his debut on CBS as star, narrator and m.c. February 6 in a national half-hour from the Coast which promises to be the most brilliant new program on any air. Notable guest stars will act, with him, the plays which represent the peak-performance of their several careers. Junior, please go get mother's lipstick and write "8:00 p.m. EWT Feb. 6, CBS" on the mirror. Big letters.

★
Young Dr. Malone is a CBS daytime serial. On a recent Thursday broadcast, a Mrs. Penny, (one of the characters in the play) said she had just returned from the Chinese blood bank at 154 Nassau Street, New York City, where she had donated a pint of blood for plasma. Said Mrs. Penny (still in the story): "They're closing the blood bank the middle of next month — going to move it to China . . ."

At this point in the broadcast the director, Theodora Yates, stopped the story dead and put Miss Adet Lin on the air; Adet is the eldest daughter of Lin Yutang, the Chinese philosopher. Miss Lin said: "You are listening to a story, but

it is not just a story of the imagination. The actress who just spoke to you the words of Mrs. Penny *really* gave her blood. She feels that the cause of China is her cause and yours — our cause . . . The Chinese blood bank at 154 Nassau Street in New York will close in a week, to leave for China to continue its work . . . Will you give blood?"

In 9 previous months the Chinese blood bank had received 970 pints of blood. In the 7 working days following the broadcast, 217 blood donors reported there. The blood bank closed its doors as scheduled with a total of 1,157 pints of blood . . . It makes you realize again the simple power of radio to get results — and about what swell people *people* are.

★
"Trans-Atlantic broadcasting, if properly used, is capable of bringing about a real cross-fertilization of the culture of two countries," says Edward R. Murrow in a special article for the BBC year-book of 1943, which has landed here. "I believe that the common man on both sides of the Atlantic shares the same hopes and fears, and wants to live in the same kind of world . . . Trans-Atlantic broadcasting is becoming more and more a job of transportation. Transporting the individual listener from his home in Maine or Idaho by saying to him: 'Look, if you were over here this is what you would find. This is the sort of thing you would hear, see and smell. The kind of food you would eat; the people you would meet; the books you would read, and all the rest.' I for one do not believe that a people who have the world brought into their homes by a radio receiving set can remain indifferent to what happens in that world."

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM





Official U. S. Army Air Forces photograph of the second Schweinfurt raid. Dotted rules and letters indicate heavily bombed target areas.

Schweinfurt Story

Both sides knew it was a major engagement — that second bombing mission against Schweinfurt. It was a battle between large armies, for a crucial objective. The Nazis massed 60% of their total fighter strength in a vain effort to prevent the Boeing Flying Fortresses from getting through.

In a period of a few hours the Forts invaded German-held Europe to a depth of 500 miles, sacked and crippled one of her most vital industries. They did it in daylight and they did it with precision.

This is the task for which the Boeing Flying Fortress was designed: *precision destruction by daylight, in areas where the going is toughest.*

It is not an easy task. The Germans tried it in the Battle of Britain, and gave it up as too costly when 185 of their own planes were shot down in a single day.

The Fortress is engineered to perform superbly at altitudes of more than 7½ miles; it bristles with effective firepower; and it can absorb terrific punishment and still keep flying.

Fortresses are lost, of course . . . sometimes many of them on a single mission. But a recent check shows that over a 12-month period, an average of more than 95% of them have returned from each attack. Their stout-hearted and superbly trained crews have never yet been turned back from their objectives by enemy opposition!

To produce a plane like the Fortress requires unusual qualities of research, design, engineering and manufacture. You can expect these same qualities in the peacetime tomorrow, knowing that any product "Built by Boeing" is bound to be good.

What's your coal question?

That's what we asked you.
Here are our answers to
typical questions.

An accountant in Boston asks:

Are miners paid all they deserve considering the hazards of their work?

American coal mines are the safest in the world, and American coal miners are the best paid in the world. Moreover, coal miners' hourly earnings are higher than the average for all manufacturing industries. Fatal accidents in the mines have been reduced by approximately 40% in the past fifteen years, while the pay of miners has more than doubled. Progress in the development and installation of new mechanical safeguards never stops. Teaching miners themselves to be careful is part of a consistent, well organized safety program. Federal and state inspection is constantly going on. In the event of accident, miners and their families receive definite, specified compensation.

A garage mechanic in Nashville asks:

What kind of homes do miners live in today?

For the most part, miners live in homes as attractive and comfortable as those of any other well-paid workers. Washing machines, radios, refrigerators and other home appliances are commonly found in miners' homes. A miner is just as free to choose where or how he will live as anyone else. The automobile makes it possible for him to ride or drive to and from his place of employment like a worker in any other industry. When a miner lives in a company home, it is because he wants to. Today company homes on company property are usually better than the average home in the sections where they are located. Rents average around \$15 a month.

IN war and in peace America depends on bituminous coal for most of its warmth, most of its electricity, most of its industrial power.

That makes it important for the public to know the real facts about this fuel, and about the people who mine it.

So we take this method of reporting to you.

And to make sure that we cover the subjects of greatest interest we have asked thousands of people what they most want to know about the coal industry and the way it is run.

On this page we present two questions

asked over and over again. Next month we will present further questions and answers.

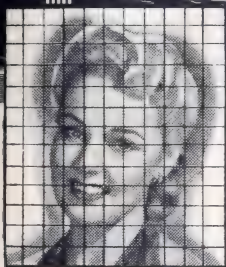
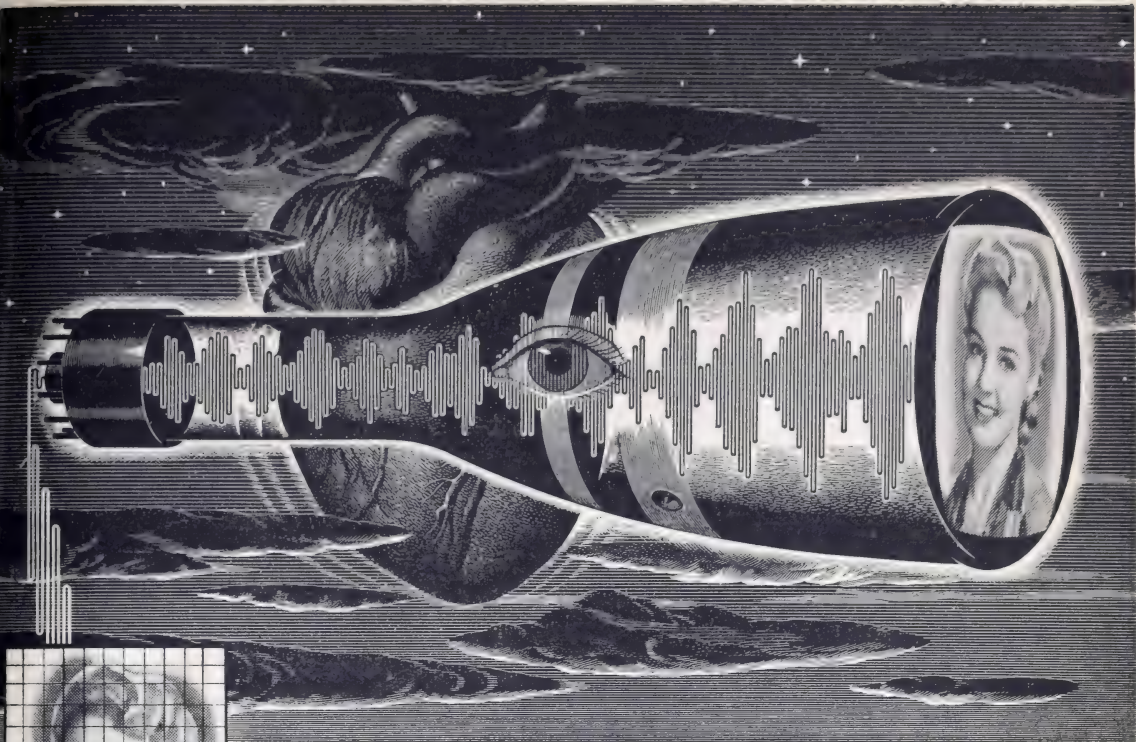
We are fully conscious of our responsibility as good citizens and good employers in the course of supplying America with its No. 1 fuel—and we consider answering your questions a part of that responsibility.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

BITUMINOUS COAL

Institute

60 East 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.



Don't Look Now— But Television Has Grown Up!

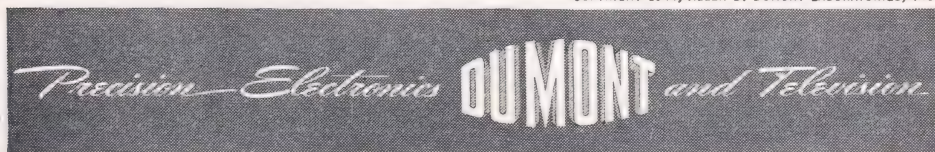
War overtook Television at the awkward age. Like many another green recruit, its heart—the Cathode Ray Tube—was appraised and indexed. It proved a heart of magnificent promise in the nation's need. This heart was assigned strange, important duties. It is serving wherever men are fighting, wherever production lines are hustling, wherever the stamina of metals must be certified.

Out of war's crucible, this fighting heart—the Cathode Ray Tube—is emerging with vastly increased stature, range and power! When materials are again available, a newer, greater Television will make your easy chair at home the choicest seat wherever exciting news is breaking . . . fifth row center on the aisle wherever the "stars" are scintillating!

Television has grown up! The most-prized possession in your postwar home

will be your DuMont Television-Radio Receiver. Why DuMont? Because DuMont is *the first name in Television!* The scientific achievement that makes *clear* Television reception possible is its amazing heart . . . the work of Allen B. DuMont, who transformed it from a laboratory curiosity to a commercially practical product and a vital new tool in many industries.

Today, DuMont is pioneering in the great new field of electronic weapons. Tomorrow, DuMont leadership will assure your enjoyment of peacetime Television . . . through the manufacture of precision electronic equipment for Television pick-up and transmission . . . through distinctive operation of our own commercial Television Stations . . . and through the manufacture of the finest Television-Radio Receivers.

COPYRIGHT 1944, ALLEN B. DUMONT LABORATORIES, INC.


ALLEN B. DUMONT LABORATORIES, INC., GENERAL OFFICES AND MAIN PLANT, 2 MAIN AVENUE, PASSAIC, N. J.
TELEVISION BROADCASTING STUDIOS AND STATION W2XWV, 515 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Pin-up picture for the man who "can't afford" to buy an extra War Bond!

YOU'VE HEARD PEOPLE SAY: "I can't afford to buy an extra War Bond." Perhaps you've said it yourself . . . without realizing what a ridiculous thing it is to say to men who are dying.

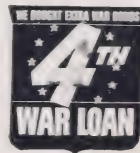
Yet it *is* ridiculous, when you think about it. Because today, with national income at an all-time record high . . . with people making more money than ever before . . . with less and less of things to spend money for . . . practically every one of us has extra dollars in his pocket.

The very *least* that *you* can do is to buy an

extra \$100 War Bond . . . above and beyond the Bonds you are now buying or had planned to buy. In fact, if you take stock of your resources, you will probably find that you can buy an *extra* \$200 . . . or \$300 . . . or even \$500 worth of War Bonds.

Sounds like more than you "can afford?" Well, young soldiers can't afford to die, either . . . yet they do it when called upon. So is it too much to ask of us that we invest more of our money in War Bonds . . . the best investment in the world today? Is that too much to ask?

Let's all **BACK THE ATTACK**



*This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of
Treasury Department and War Advertising Council*

us life and times
n Barrymore—by

GENE FOWLER

From the gas-lit Drews to the Kleig-lit Barrymores, Jack Barrymore's best friend records the amazing history of the theater's royal family and its most famous and least understood member. A great book, filled with the magic spell of the theater, brimming with one of the greatest personalities of our time. By the author of *The Great Mouthpiece*. Illustrated with 16 photographs. \$3.50



Good Night, Sweet Prince

GREAT WINTER NIGHTS' READING FROM VIKING

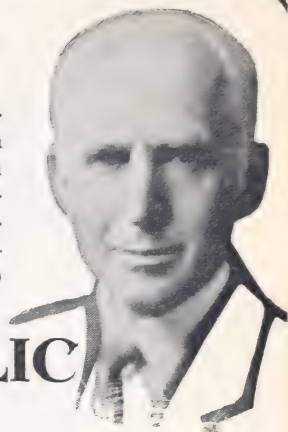
MAURICIO MAGDALENO

Nothing like this violent and significant story has ever appeared before in English. Diego Rivera has called it "the best Mexican novel"; others are saying that it is the Mexican *Grapes of Wrath*. \$2.50

SUNBURST

CHARLES A. BEARD

In these informal "conversations," the dean of American historians leads you through America's exciting political history. "Every last word is stimulating, vibrant, energetic."—*Time*. \$3.00



The REPUBLIC

RICHARD ALDINGTON

In this great biography, the reader is transported to the days when one Englishman stood between Napoleon and total conquest. "... Admirable ... a masterly accomplishment." —*Saturday Review*. \$3.75

The DUKE A Life of Wellington

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Stories, sketches, anecdotes, personalities from the decade of the Town Crier's greatest popularity. In this first book of his own writing since *While Rome Burns*, Woolcott is at his incomparable best. \$2.75



LONG, LONG AGO

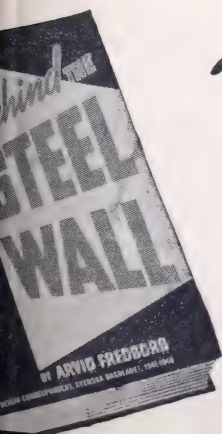
VIKING PRESS

18 East 48th Street

New York 17, N. Y.

A publishing scoop—the story we thought we'd have to wait for history to tell us!

The crack Berlin correspondent of a great Stockholm newspaper has written the full account of what went on inside Germany from early in 1941 almost up to the present moment. Here's the best estimate of how we are doing against Germany. \$3.00 BY ARVID FREDBERG



Behind THE STEEL WALL

George Santayana

Persons *and* Places

The Background of My Life

GEORGE SANTAYANA, author of "The Last Puritan" and world-renowned philosopher, here tells the fascinating story of his boyhood, youth, and college years in America and Spain.

His autobiography has such different and contrasting backgrounds as Boston and the little Spanish town of Avila. His story of the years spent in both places, of his family, associates and friends, has all the wisdom and magic that characterize Santayana's writing at its best. His recreation of the Harvard he knew is vividly realized and exquisitely nostalgic, without a hint of sentimentality.

Here is a book of truly rare charm—one that will give the delighted reader the soul of a great philosopher, poet and man of the world. Its unclouded clarity, its style, barbed irony, incisive humor and melodic rhythm will place it with the great autobiographical works of the century.

"This exquisitely wise and humorous and moving book is as close to a veracious and universal biography of youth as this generation is likely to enjoy. Night after night, to be longer and longer in the next ten years of life; try reading this book slowly, and if you are a right listener, aloud."—Christopher Morley
One of a Dual Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

at all bookstores — Charles Scribner's Sons, New York — at all bookstores

THE New Books *John Chamberlain*

WHEN Rome faced Carthage across the narrow waist of the Mediterranean, the issue was settled on the "total" basis of complete destruction of a city and a people. Arguing from analogy, there are many who read "Britain" for "Rome" and "Germany" for "Carthage." But can the analogy be pressed? Is Germany a victim of total depravity? Is there something in the Teuton genes that necessarily puts the issue between England and Germany beyond compromise?

The books of this wartime period do not help us much in trying to make up our minds. There is the Right Honorable Lord Vansittart's *Lessons of My Life* (Knopf, \$3) for example. "Vansittartism" has become a synonym for the complete pulverization of a people. Between the actual ideas of Lord Vansittart and the vulgarization of his doctrine there is, indeed, a wide gulf. Vansittart does not advocate the obliteration of the Germans or of Germany; he merely advocates putting the nation in a reform school for a necessary period. What Vansittart says, then, is positively humane in comparison to the popular notion of "Vansittartism." Nevertheless, Vansittart is a Cato in his analysis of the menace of the modern Carthage. He tends to push his indictment of the Germans back to the time of Tacitus; or at least to the rise of Brandenburg. And the question naturally poses itself: "Can a people that has been bad for generations and even centuries be made good by a period of detention in the reform school?" If Vansittart is right in his analysis, his prescription for a cure would seem to be a weak reed: reform schools notoriously do not reform, for they do not allow for moral growth by free exercise of the will. On the other hand, if his analysis is wrong, there is some hope that the issue between England and Germany, "Rome" and "Carthage," can be settled on non-Carthaginian terms.

Is the analysis wrong? Reading Leland DeWitt Baldwin's *God's Englishman: The Evolution of the Anglo-Saxon Spirit* (Little, Brown, \$3) one is moved to reflect that the "German disease" is not so much

German as continental European. The notion of the Leviathan State, the mystical deification of "society" as something greater than the sum of its individual components, the worship of "system" and "logic" at the expense of variation and natural growth, are, as Mr. Baldwin never tires of pointing out, characteristics of European thought on both sides of the Rhine. The French, in making a fetish of Rousseau's "general will," pushed their revolution to totalitarian ends, and the French "nation in arms" drenched all Europe in blood before the disease had run its course. If Vansittart had lived in the time of Edmund Burke, he would almost certainly have pronounced the French a naturally depraved people. The case against the "totalitarian" French of 1801 could have been made extremely impressive: hadn't they put up with the Bourbon totalitarian State for generations, hadn't they subjected shopkeepers to capital punishment for the "crime" of selling textiles that didn't conform to the laws of a mercantilist government? Yet the French nation was enabled to come back into the comity of Europe precisely because the peacemakers at the Congress of Vienna did not try to put all Frenchmen into a reform school. After a settlement of border questions, France was allowed to work out the future according to her own lights. She has never been a menace to the world since that day.

God's Englishman does not attempt to settle the future of Europe, but it implies a settlement in its definition of the Anglo-Saxon spirit. The English are willing to accept "what is over and done." This does not mean that Hitler and Company can escape the consequences of their folly. But if past history is any key to the future, it does mean that "Vansittartism" will vanish as an important English mood once the victory is won and the chief Nazis are liquidated.

The writing of *God's Englishman* was stimulated by the behavior of the British after Dunkirk. It is an amusing book that carries its vast freight of erudition lightly. Mr. Baldwin thinks it was lucky that England was cut off from the continent during the so-called



HEALTHFUL ENVIRONMENT

Fortunate in its physical environment, Hiram College has succeeded in keeping the mental and spiritual climate equally wholesome.

Its location is in the maple sugar region of northeastern Ohio, at the highest inhabited point of the state. Recreation includes camping and overnight hikes.

The college aims to inspire its students to make democracy a way of Christian life. Scholastically, its standards are high and its credits recognized everywhere. It has been successful in preparing its alumni for important graduate schools. Its library and laboratory facilities are unusually good.

The Hiram College Intensive Study Plan

The College has been operating for ten years under the Intensive Study Plan, under which the student concentrates on one major subject until it is finished. Attendance at Summer School makes it possible to earn 40-44 credits in a calendar year.

The advantages of the Hiram plan are especially appreciated just now, as it is possible for the student with limited time to specialize in certain types of work, such as mathematics and science. It also eliminates the risk of leaving several partially completed courses dangling in case of withdrawal. The intensive study plan is being used for the instruction of the Army Air Corps unit at the college.

For detailed information about courses of study, write the Director of Admissions, Hiram College, Hiram, Ohio.

HIRAM COLLEGE

A SMALL, COEDUCATIONAL LIBERAL
ARTS COLLEGE OF HIGH STANDING

"Dark Ages." The English Common Law and the English theory of government (if you can call it a theory) grew up in relative isolation. "Roman law and its derivatives," says Mr. Baldwin in a somewhat surprising passage, "are not always or necessarily oppressive, but they lend themselves to the development of totalitarianism and the submergence of the individual." On the other hand, "the English Common Law, harsh and uneven as it may be in practice, staunchly upholds the dignity of the individual and defends him against undue encroachments of society."

Most of Mr. Baldwin's conclusions will be familiar enough to the average browser in the literature of British traits. But now that "basic English" is being suggested as a world language, it may be interesting to note that Mr. Baldwin thinks the virtue of the English tongue derives from its complexity, not its simplicity. Being a "polygamous marriage" of Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and Norman-French, English can assume the attributes of several tongues. It can echo "the urbanity and sophistication of French, the rolling grandeur of Latin, or the staccato vigor of the Teuton conquerors."

Mr. Baldwin, who is of Anglo-Saxon stock himself, doesn't make the mistake of assuming that the United States is a reflection of England. The U.S.A., he says, is the first purely "European" nation, inasmuch as it is a blend of Anglo-Saxon, Teuton, Irish, Scotch, and Slavic strains. Nevertheless, the United States is what Mr. Baldwin calls a "neo-Anglo-Saxon" country, for our basic political assumptions are English, not European-continental. Mr. Baldwin goes so far as to suggest that we are "a forecast of the European future," for if Europe is to have a future this side of suicide it must rid itself of "Leviathan worship" and the theory that individuals can have no protection against the overriding mandate of the "general will."

If the British can't be counted on to sustain the mood of Vansittartism, what actually is to be done with Germany? In *Behind the Steel Wall* (Viking, \$3) Arvid Fredborg, a Swedish journalist who managed to stick on in Germany long after men like William Shirer and Howard Smith had departed, suggests that limited monarchy is the only free way for Europe. "The monarchical idea," he argues, "could serve as a framework for the restoration of Europe, or at least for the reconstruction of those countries that still possess monarchical traditions." This includes both Germany and the Danubian states. Anticipating a howl, Fredborg denies that monarchism is necessarily reactionary or anti-democratic. He points to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Britain to bolster his view.

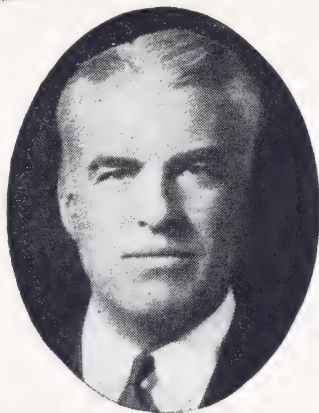
No doubt if a nation has the right kind of monarchical tradition it can maintain a stability that is beyond the reach of republics. But a monarchy that is beyond the reach of parliamentarism can be almost as vicious as outright dictatorship.

A REPORT TO
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Lend-Lease

WEAPON FOR VICTORY

By **Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.**
UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE
*written while Administrator
of Lend-Lease*

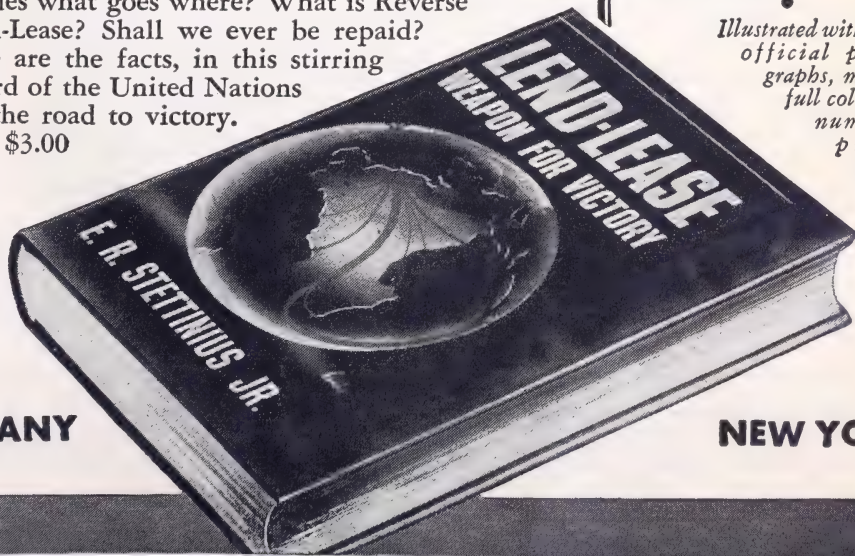


Here is the complete and authentic story of Lend-Lease. It explains to the American people how Lend-Lease stopped the aggressors and makes possible their ultimate defeat. This is an exciting book; one that brings its readers close to history, close to some of the most dramatically executed incidents of the war.

HERE ARE THE FACTS:

LEND-LEASE: *Weapon for Victory* answers the thousands of questions in the minds of Americans today. On what are our billions of dollars being spent? Why ship arms to other countries? Who decides what goes where? What is Reverse Lend-Lease? Shall we ever be repaid? Here are the facts, in this stirring record of the United Nations on the road to victory.

\$3.00



A STORY OF Cooperation!

As you read it, you will feel the drive of this powerful weapon of war in action.

You will watch the coordination of the work of every branch of our Government; of American industry, labor, and agriculture, and of men and women in uniform, speeding the execution of this stupendous task.

Here, in truth, is the story of a mighty weapon for victory, one which is being wielded by all the United Nations against our common enemy.

*Illustrated with many
official photographs,
maps in full color, and
numerous
pictograms.*

MACMILLAN COMPANY

NEW YORK

"The Supreme Authority"

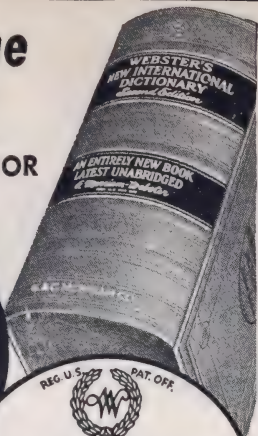
IS WORTH WAITING FOR

Be Sure
You Get the
MERRIAM-Webster

DEMAND is heavy and paper rationed but better to wait for your copy of the MERRIAM-Webster than accept a substitute. Ask for the *genuine* Webster—the MERRIAM-Webster—identified by the circular trade-mark. Contains 3,350 pages, illustrations for 12,000 terms, and a total of 600,000 entries—122,000 more than any other dictionary. Order now from your bookseller or stationer. He will get your copy as soon as he can.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., SPRINGFIELD 2, MASS.

WEBSTER'S
NEW INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY
Second Edition
UNABRIDGED



Fredborg hasn't pushed his argument far enough. His book is chiefly valuable as a reporting job. Fredborg thinks the German war machine is still formidable enough to command respect, even though the superiority of Russian manpower imposes a drain that will prove fatal if Hitler can somehow wangle a separate peace with Stalin which isn't at all likely at this point. As for the precise mechanics of German surrender and the reconstitution of some kind of civil order in Europe, Fredborg hasn't much to tell us. He thinks Bruening, the last democratic chancellor of Germany, is the main hope for those who are looking for a 1944 version of Talleyrand.

Putting Vansittart, Baldwin, and Fredborg together, what becomes of the theory that the struggle between England and Germany is something directly comparable to the old war-to-the-death between Rome and Carthage? Baldwin's analysis of English traits tends to cut the ground from under the theory that Britain would stick by a Draconian peace. And Vansittart himself is forced to hope that Germans can become good "Europeans." But the real reason why the Rome-Carthage analogy doesn't hold water is to be found in Fredborg's book. Behind Carthage there was nothing much besides desert; Rome could blot out the Carthaginian culture without creating an area of dangerous suction, for there was nothing on the other side of Carthage to flow into an empty space. Such is not the case with Germany. If the Germans can't somehow be returned to the comity of Europe as a free nation, the German space might become a battleground between eastern and western ideas. A hopelessly weak Germany is necessarily a biddable Germany. Our problem is to get rid of the Nazis and German "Leviathan worship" without creating a dangerous suction area in the middle of Europe. I don't know how that is to be done, unless Germany is to be quarantined and allowed to work out its own solution. But I do know that Vansittart hasn't got the answer in his "reform school" proposition.

* * * *

The most amazing publishing phenomenon of 1943 was a book called *Plowman's Folly*, by Edward H. Faulkner (University of Oklahoma Press, \$2). Primarily an attack on the use of the moldboard plow, which Mr. Faulkner insists is a soil-ruining implement, this little book had sold 30,000 copies up to December, and on Christmas Day there were 13,000 unfilled orders waiting on the desk of the Oklahoma Press shipping room. The only theory that can account for such a sale is that people expect a bad recession after the war, and are planning to get out from under by going back to the land. A good deal of factory-earned money is now going into country real estate, and into the liquidation of mortgages. But how much? It would be interesting to know.

MUSIC LOVERS

Fine records at bargain prices. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Wagner, etc., playable on any phonograph. Original imports cost \$1.50 to \$2.50 each—American duplicates only 50c and 75c. Send for FREE catalogue containing hundreds of selections.

The Gramophone Shop, Dept. H, 18 E. 48th St., New York, 17

Learn to
Speak

SPANISH

FRENCH, GERMAN OR ITALIAN

This Quick, Easy Way



ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY. Know a second language for better business or social position; read foreign books; really enjoy travel. Speak like a native just "by listening" to CORTINA RECORDS. Learn quickly, easily at home as thousands have! Cortina Method famous for 60 years. Write today for FREE book "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in.

CORTINA ACADEMY, Suite 42A, 105 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

JOIN THE MARCH OF DIMES

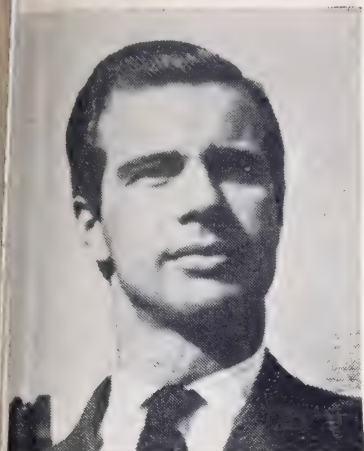
FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

JANUARY 14-31

Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas

JOHN HERSEY

whose *INTO THE VALLEY* is one of the great American war books



has matched that triumph with a brilliant novel of an American officer trying to rebuild the life and spirit of a war-torn Italian village

A BELL FOR ADANO

At All Bookstores • \$2.50

THEY SHALL NOT SLEEP

by Leland Stowe

Author of
No Other Road to Freedom

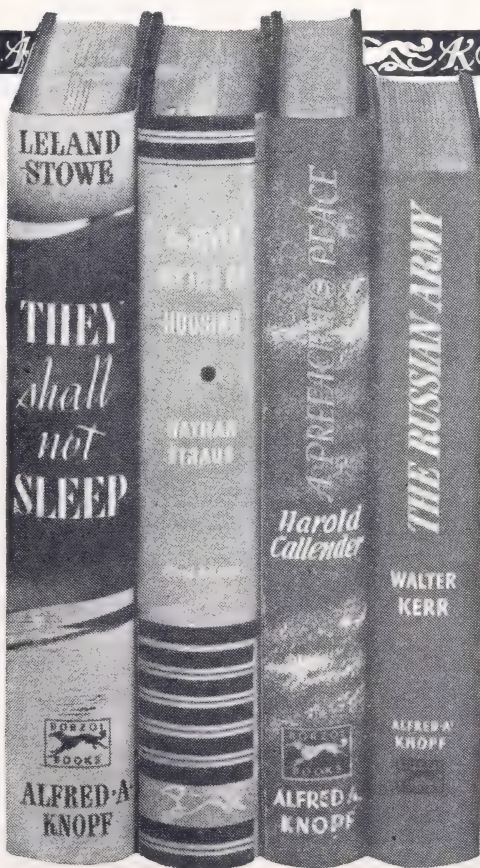
A great war book that is also a passionate discussion of the peace that may or may not come—based on what Stowe saw and learned in Burma, India, China, and Russia, and written, at last, without fear of foreign censorship. \$3.00

A PREFACE TO PEACE

by Harold Callender

New York Times
Washington correspondent

A critical analysis of American foreign policy, as it was shaped, unshaped and mis-shaped in the prewar years, and as it is now being revised to meet our changing needs and the requirements of a durable peace. \$3.00



THE SEVEN MYTHS OF HOUSING

by Nathan Straus

A definitive survey of low-cost public housing, which dispels many popular misconceptions on the subject. By the first Administrator of the United States Housing Authority. \$2.75

THE RUSSIAN ARMY

Its Men, Its Leaders, Its Battles

by Walter Kerr

The former Moscow correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune* presents the facts-and-figures story of the fabulous Red Army: its personnel, organization, training and equipment. 8 battlefront maps illustrate brilliant analytical descriptions of the battles for Moscow and Stalingrad. \$3.00

ALFRED • A • KNOFF • 501 Madison Avenue • New York 22

The Best Way to Get Started

WRITING FOR MAGAZINES

Develop the writing habit under the personal direction of an experienced writer or editor.

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, a private school completely owned and operated by successful editors and writers, offers a series of fascinating assignments designed to get you started and keep you writing. They are sent regularly to your home, where you work on them in spare time. They give you a chance to polish your style the way professional writers polished theirs — by writing continually.

You may concentrate on either short story or article work, advancing as rapidly as your ability warrants.

Every assignment you submit is returned with detailed criticism.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG TODAY—The free catalog, offering a detailed description of the Magazine Institute plan of *modern* help to writers, telling about opportunities for writers, and identifying the writers and editors who serve as instructors, will be sent on request. Inquirers will also receive leaflet "The Best Job in the World" listing unsolicited testimonials from successful graduates. (The Magazine Institute does not use paid testimonials.) Fill in the coupon below and mail it today.

Read Editor-in-Chief Robert Smith's best-selling "HOTEL ON THE LAKE." At all bookstores

The Magazine Institute, Inc., Dept. 22B
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.
Please send your booklet, without obligation, to:

Name.....

Address.....

(Inquiries confidential. No salesman will call)

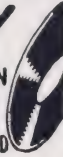
SPEAK SPANISH

LEARN THIS
EASY WAY

ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY.
Cash in on tremendous expansion of our So. American trade.

Big jobs NOW opening up everywhere to Spanish-speaking Americans! Cortina Method, famous for 60 YEARS, teaches you to speak like a native. Learn quickly, easily, at home, just "by listening" to CORTINA RECORDS as thousands have. PROVE it to yourself — you take no risk. French, German, Italian also taught by this amazing method. Send for FREE BOOK, "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in. WRITE NOW. Cortina Academy, Suite 42, 105 W. 40 St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

JUST
LISTEN
TO
THIS
RECORD



UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE
Literary Agent, established 25 years.
Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE,
Dept. B,

FRANKLIN, O.

DICTIONARIES

FOR 56 LANGUAGES, CATALOG FREE.

SCHOENHOF BOOK Co. (Established 1856)

Harvard Square, CAMBRIDGE, Mass.



The School — the College — the Junior College —

or the Vocational School you seek will probably be found in the "Schools and Colleges" Section of this issue. If the one you want is not listed our School Bureau will be glad to help you. Address

SCHOOL BUREAU, *Harper's Magazine*
49 E. 33rd Street, New York

IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Winter Wheat, by Mildred Walker.

The author of *Dr. Norton's Wife* and *The Brewers Big Horses* writes a story of lost faith regained through the healing influence of growing things. Mrs. Walker tells of Ellen Webb's life on a Montana farm; the growing of the wheat; the pride in its beauty; the affection of the family life; and then the sudden change of values that comes into her life when she falls in love. Most of the book deals with her gradual fight back to renewed perception of the things she really loves. An important story ably told. Harcourt, \$2.50

The Two Mrs. Abbotts, by D. E. Stevenson.

Another of those indescribable Buncle books which have made their author famous. Miss Stevenson, like Angela Thirkell, takes life in a little English village and each time makes it over into a story with its own peculiar charm and quality. To a reader who knows her work, opening a new Buncle book is like walking into a familiar and pleasant room. One recognizes all the landmarks and is all the happier for being there.

Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50

The Golden Fleece, by Norah Loftis.

Norah Loftis is a facile teller of exciting tales about other eras than our own. There is always romance and adventure going at express speed, and excellent characterization. This story centering in an old English inn in the early nineteenth century is another absorbing journey into the past.

Knopf, \$2.50

The Shadow and the Glory, by John Jennings.

Young men under twenty going off to fight for a "cause" and falling in love along the way are always faced with mental and moral problems which do not change much through the centuries. This vital, lively story of the American Revolution treats those important problems with dignity and understanding.

Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.75

Avalanche, by Kay Boyle.

Forsaking none of her fine writing, Kay Boyle writes a spy and love thriller which can hold its own in the best tradition of *Escape* and *Above Suspicion*.

Simon & Schuster, \$2

Non-Fiction

A Pictorial History of the Movies, edited by Deems Taylor.

One of those wonderfully nostalgic books which reviews not only the movie industry but every reader's past as well. Where were you and what were your preoccupations when Mary Pickford was playing *Poor Little Rich Girl*, when Lillian Gish was in *The Birth of a Nation*, when Charlie Chaplin was doing Mack Sennett comedies and Rudolf Valentino was everybody's sheik? An interesting record and good fun too.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.95

Five days out
of one man's
life — one of
the strangest,
most remarkable
narratives
ever written

The Lost Weekend

By **CHARLES
JACKSON**

"AN extraordinary piece of work . . . it's brilliant," says an editor. A distinguished physician says: "The author of this extraordinary novel on the secret passageways of the alcoholic mentality has taken clinical experience and raised it to the level of high poetry. From the opening lines the reader is caught up in the power and sweep of the prose, which flows along relentlessly to high doom with the surge of the French Revolution. As in a detective story, one reads breathlessly to find how it is all going to turn out." \$2.50

**Is it true that
"the only good German
is a dead German"?**

Who is right — VANSITTART and others who believe that Germany is incurable and should be smashed forever; or HAGEN, who believes the peace of Europe depends on a democratic, self-supporting Germany after the War?

**THIS BOOK MUST BE READ NOW —
BEFORE GERMANY IS BEATEN . . .**

AFTERWARDS MAY BE TOO LATE!

GERMANY AFTER HITLER

By **PAUL HAGEN**

THIS book answers the questions that *only a man who has himself been part of the German revolutionary movement could answer*: Is there a real German underground? How strong is it? Is the German labor movement completely broken up? When Allied soldiers enter Berlin, with whom will they deal? Is a thoroughgoing democratic revolution in Germany possible? Who will be its leaders? Has the church kept the traditions of democracy alive? Have the Nazis failed to indoctrinate German youth? Is Moscow's "Free Germany" movement a threat to Britain and America?

These are questions that must be faced by everyone who considers the various plans for "dealing with" Germany after victory. *Hagen's answers to Vansittart are complete, specific and wholly devastating.* \$2.00

FARRAR & RINEHART • NEW YORK

"I'm Hotel Hostess Now—and earning a splendid salary"



Bernardine Bishop, Former Music Teacher, Secures Position, Though Without Previous Hotel Experience

of this beautiful hotel. I am happy and fully appreciate all Lewis Leisure-Time, Home Study Training has done for me."

Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position

Good positions from coast to coast for trained women and men in the hotel, club and institutional field. Thousands of our graduates making good as managers, assistant managers, stewards, executive housekeepers, hostesses and in 55 other types of well-paid positions, living often included. Today, our Government's Wartime Housing, Food and Recreation Program means greater opportunities than ever. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Good grade school education, plus Lewis training, qualifies you at home, in leisure time. FREE book gives full details; explains how you are registered, FREE of extra cost, in the Lewis National Placement Service. Mail coupon NOW!

Lewis Hotel Training School
Sta. CB-11763, Washington 7, D. C.

28th SUCCESSFUL
YEAR

Send me the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," without obligation. I wish to know how to qualify for a well-paid position, at home in leisure time.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Edna St. Vincent MILLAY Collected Lyrics

MORE than two hundred lyrics collected for the first time, are here arranged chronologically, in order of their original publication, from *Re-nascence* to *Huntsman, What Quarry?* To own a copy is to have always within reach the loveliest songs of our most melodious singer.

The volume is uniform in typography and binding with *Collected Sonnets*.

\$5.00

HARPER

Good Night Sweet Prince, by Gene Fowler.

Another book about an actor who was so well known to the American public that reading about his life is a remembrance of things past for the reader too. But the emphasis in the book is more on Barrymore the man than on Barrymore the artist, since Mr. Fowler was a personal friend and cares more about the story of his life than the story of his art, if the two can be separated so definitely.

Viking, \$3.50

Persons and Places: The Background of My Life, by George Santayana.

The first volume of the distinguished philosopher's autobiography in which he tells of his early life in Spain, in Boston, as a young man and a student. It ends just after his graduation from Harvard and the second volume will go on from there.

Scribners, \$2.50

They Sent Me to Iceland, by Jane Goodell.

A cheerful story by one of the courageous and uncomplaining entertainers whose job it is to help men fight the hardest battle of the war, the battle of nerves. And Iceland is one of the places where it is being fought hard.

Washburn, \$2.75

Rise To Follow, by Albert Spalding.

A charming life story by a man who is an able writer as well as a talented musician. Part of the book appeared in this magazine.

Holt, \$3.50

Germany After the War, by Paul Hagen.

What we shall do with Germany after the war is one of the largest questions we have to face today. Thousands of words have been written and spoken about it, and now two books have been published which state two opposing philosophies fairly clearly. Vansittart's book, *Lessons of My Life*, reviewed above by John Chamberlain, suggests the reform school method of dealing with the Germans. This book, by a German who fought Hitler from the very beginning, insists that the only way out for Germany as well as for us is a democratic revolution there, supported by the Allies. It deals with a subject we are all going to have to make up our minds about.

Farrar & Rinehart, \$2

Tales of the Tatra, by Kazimierz Przerwa Tetmajer. Foreword by Carl Carmer.

A Polish poet starved and froze to death in Warsaw under the Germans. But before he died he had written down such beautiful, simple, ageless stories of the people who live in the Carpathians that now, gathered in one book, they are a weapon in the hands of those who will ultimately destroy Hitler. They say plainly, as Mr. Carmer has pointed out in his foreword, that wherever men live close to nature and to beauty, there are the same life-giving things of the spirit binding them together with bonds that are stronger than war or terror or devastation or death. Beautifully illustrated.

Roy, \$2.50

Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas

Top HONORS FOR A Top BOOK

- Awarded the Thomas Jefferson Southern Award.
- Selected by Book-of-the-Month Club.
- Beginning with feature front-page reviews in the *N. Y. Times* and *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Reviews*, it was hailed by critics from coast to coast.
- Digest rights sold to *Ladies' Home Journal* for one of the highest amounts ever paid.

- Pictorial digest rights to King Features (featured in over 400 papers all over the country).
- Book and author featured in 3 pages of *LIFE Magazine*.
- Jesse Stuart featured guest of honor on "Information Please"
- Motion picture rights sold to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for very high price.

TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSIE

by JESSE STUART

"In the enchanting story, Jesse Stuart shows himself a master workman—it may well be one of our American classics. Never was there a book the pages of which the reader turned more eagerly."—Dorothy Canfield

Illustrated by
MAS BENTON
11-page illustrations in
\$2.75
OO,000 INCLUDING THE
OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

P.S. Watch for
JESSE STUART'S
New Book
MONGREL METTLE
*The Autobiography
of a Dog*
Illustrated by
Woodi Ishmael
\$2.50

THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD

by Boris Skomorovsky
and E. G. Morris

The magnificently stirring story of the greatest siege in history—a story of ordinary men and women who transformed themselves into heroes. Photographs and a unique map. \$2.50

INDIA AGAINST THE STORM

By Post Wheeler

Written by an authority who knows intimately India and India's leaders. Here is a fair consideration of a complex problem—a book which guides the intelligent reader to make up his own mind. \$3.50

RUSSIA and the UNITED STATES

By Pitirim A. Sorokin

Author of "The Crisis of Our Age"

The Chairman of the Department of Sociology at Harvard University, a Russian by birth, contributes a profoundly thoughtful book on one of the crucial problems of our era. \$3.00

THE VATICAN and the WAR

By Camille M. Cianfarra

Catholics and Protestants alike have been puzzled as to the stand of the Church on the political problems of our time. Here is a brilliant appraisal by the man who was the *N. Y. Times* correspondent in Italy from 1935 to 1942. \$3.00

THE MOUNTAIN

By Alice Beal Parsons

Author of "The Trial of Helen McLeod"

A beautiful book, spiced with informality, wit, and charm, about a Hudson River community which will remind readers of Marjorie Kinnan Rawling's *Cross Creek*. \$2.50

WINNING the BIG- EYED RABBIT

By John Pleasant McCoy

Lewis Gannett says of this first work by a new talent in American letters: "A first novel with a sense of intimate authenticity. It's sensitive; it's seen fresh; you know it's true." \$2.50

GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN

An imaginative novel in the Robert Nathan vein, this work won an Avery Hopwood Fiction Award and is a Catholic Book Club Selection. \$2.50

**SELLING
FASTER
THAN EVER**
*America's
Leading Best-
Seller*

"An eye popping adventure yarn that puts to shame the most flamboyant spy tale. **UNDER COVER** is an important—a very important—book."

—Chicago Daily News

UNDER COVER

by JOHN ROY CARLSON

643,000 Copies

This figure includes no book club distribution. There are no lower priced or reprint editions. At all bookstores. \$3.50

**E. P.
DUTTON
& COMPANY**
300 - 4th AVE.
NEW YORK

Harper's

EDWARD HAVILL THE LOW ROAD

A moving story of a young couple seeking to find themselves in a confused world. \$2.50

MARTIN FLAVIN JOURNEY IN THE DARK

The Harper Prize Novel. The story of a "successful" man. "As genuine and moving as life itself . . . Nine readers out of ten will find themselves saying, 'Yes, I recognize this. I know this place. I know what he means. I know Sam Braden.' In bringing about this recognition . . . Mr. Flavin has performed an extraordinary feat." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$2.75



A Literary Guild Selection

I. V. MORRIS LIBERTY STREET

Here is a spirited and moving romance, peopled with individuals from the far corners of the earth, written against a gorgeous and primitive setting. Charming Marie-Te, Uncle Konrad and young Bubi and the Americans, Harrington and Camberly, are among the real and human characters in a world of amusing and tragic events. \$2.50

*How a Hollander Became
an American*

DAVID CORNEL DeJONG

WITH A DUTCH ACCENT

The author of *Old Haven* describes his Dutch home and his plunge into the American melting pot. The beauty and sincerity of the writing make this a classic among the many autobiographies by our immigrants. \$2.75



MONICA DICKENS EDWARD'S FANCY

This story by the author of *One Pair of Hands* and *One Pair of Feet* is populated by some of the most novel and entertaining characters in wartime fiction: among them, gentle, hen-pecked Edward, aircraft workers and rabbit fanciers. There is easy humor here, plus the urgency of the war background and the charm of complete escape. \$2.50

BETTY SMITH A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

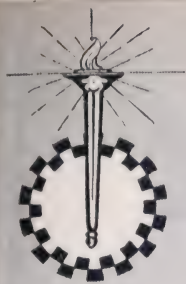
"Still the finest novel of the year, in my enthusiastic opinion, is *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, the heart-warming story of Francie Nolan and the Brooklyn slums which has won such fabulous success." — Orville Prescott, *N. Y. Times*. "Crammed with universal experience and its characters encompass humanity." — Olga Owens, *Boston Post*. \$2.75

SUSAN ERTZ ANGER IN THE SKY

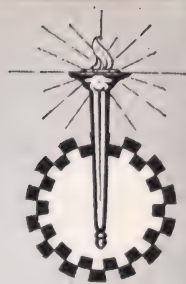
This brilliant chronicle of changing England under the impact of total war tells of many lives bound together by the turn of circumstance. "It is a book full of encouragement and goodwill and good feeling, and full, too, of acute observation and understanding of common human emotions." — *Saturday Review of Literature*. \$2.75

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND HEART ON HER SLEEVE

A hilarious romance, charged with excitement, by the author of *Scattergood Bains*, *Archibald the Great*, etc. \$2.50



SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



NEW YORK

ESSENTIALLY MILITARY SCHOOLS

Boys can learn promptness, obedience, good manners.
The Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States.
Ask for free booklet listing these schools.

Room 719, 210 So. 7th St., PHILADELPHIA 6, Pa.

EDGEWOOD PARK

Recognized by leading colleges and universities. Accredited college preparatory. Advanced courses in cultural and fine arts, secretarial sc., medical ass't, home ec., dramatics, photography, costume design, int. decoration, merchandising, kindergarten. All sports—riding. Pool, lake, golf. Moderate rates. Catalog.
Box H, BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT

SAINT MARGARET'S SCHOOL

A New England School for Girls, emphasizing preparation for the leading colleges. Also general course with music, dramatics, art, secretarial work, homemaking courses. Hockey, riding, tennis, other sports. Country estate, modern fireproof building. Established 1865.
ALBERTA C. EDELL, A.M., Box H, WATERBURY, Conn.

A CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL

If you have difficulty in making a suitable selection from among the large number of schools advertised in this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, giving full particulars.
School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

EDGEWOOD

A boarding and day school for boys and girls from Nursery School to College. Excellent college record. Carefully selected faculty. Complete workshops for Arts and Crafts. Country life. Year-round sports. Training School for teachers. Twenty-acre campus thirty miles from New York. Write for catalogue. Address
THE REGISTRAR, GREENWICH, Conn.

THE FIRESIDE

Boys from 7 years to college preparatory. The individualized life and activities of home, farm, classroom, studio, laboratory and shop are planned to build health, scholarship, character. Have your boy learn to live wholesomely, thoughtfully and happily while preparing for the future.
LEONID V. TULPA, Ed.M. and Mrs. TULPA, PLAINFIELD, Conn.

MASSACHUSETTS

BERKSHIRE SCHOOL

Enroll now for term beginning Feb. 28. Four-term year helps boys obtain diploma before draft age. College prep. Also 8th grade. Navigation, meteorology, radio and communications, military science. Aviation ground course, actual flight training under C.A.A. 9 planes, 3 licensed instructors. 38th year. Write for information.
DELANO DE WINDT, Headmaster, Box A, SHEFFIELD, Mass.

THE DANA HALL SCHOOLS

TENACRE—DANA HALL—PINE MANOR JR. COLLEGE. Tenacre and Dana Hall offer girls a continuous education from Primary through High School. College Preparatory and General Courses. Pine Manor Junior College fully accredited: Liberal and Fine Arts, Homemaking.
HELEN TEMPLE COOKE, Head, Box P, WELLESLEY, Mass.

A JUNIOR COLLEGE

The facilities of our School Information Bureau are at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the school best suited to your demands. Address
School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

NORTHAMPTON SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Years of experience in college preparation. School life in tune with times. War work program, physical fitness, high academic standards emphasized. For Catalogue and Booklet, *Entrance Requirements of the Major Colleges for Women*, address either
DOROTHY M. BEMENT, SARAH B. WHITAKER, Principals,
Box H, NORTHAMPTON, Mass.

MARY A. BURNHAM SCHOOL

Facing Smith College campus. Accredited college preparation and general course. Exceptional work in music, art. Advanced courses, drama, secretarial. Riding, all sports. Also Junior School. Train service. 65th yr. Catalogue on request.
Mrs. GEO. W. EMERSON, Box 43,
NORTHAMPTON, Mass.

ABBOT ACADEMY

1829-1944. For girls. College Preparatory: Fine and Practical Arts Courses. For the Duration: Continued emphasis on Fundamentals, with Special Training for Physical Fitness and for War Service Activities. Spacious campus in beautiful New England town. All sports. Convenient railroad facilities. Catalogue.
MARGUERITE H. HEARSEY, Principal, ANDOVER, Mass.

MAINE

WASSOOKEAG SCHOOL

A year-round school since 1928. Boys 13 to 18. Three academic years beginning July, October, and February. Accredited summer school established 1926. The summer setting for summer study at the School-Camp on Lake Wassookeag is two miles from the winter campus.
LLOYD HARVEY HATCH, Headmaster, DEXTER, Maine.

RHODE ISLAND

MOSES BROWN SCHOOL

Help and inspiration for each boy, a century-old tradition. Known for successful college preparation. Arts and crafts hobbies. Secluded 30-acre campus. Moderate tuition. BELMONT, separate residence for younger boys. Home care. Sanely progressive methods of instruction.
L. RALSTON THOMAS, Headmaster,
261 Hope Street, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

OAK GROVE

A Friends School for Girls. Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Expression. Upper and Lower Schools. Junior College Secretarial Science. Joyous outdoor recreation. Winter Sports featured. Riding included. Beautiful new fireproof Dormitories and Recitation Buildings.
Mr. and Mrs. ROBERT OWEN, Box 120, VASSALBORO, Maine.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HIGH MOWING SCHOOL

Purposeful school life directed by qualified and experienced faculty. College preparatory and general courses; fifth through eighth grades. Country and farm activities, winter sports, outdoor swimming pool. Coeducational.
Mrs. BEULAH H. EMMET, Principal, WILTON, N. H.

When writing to schools please mention Harper's Magazine

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

PENNSYLVANIA

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

In present emergency your boy trained for Civil and Military leadership. Ages 12 to 18. All modern fireproof buildings. Small individualized classes. All sports. Motorized Field Artillery. Infantry, Cavalry, Sr. ROTC. Band. Highest Government rating. Catalog.

Box L, WAYNE, Pa.

MARYLAND

MARYLAND COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

A.B., B.S., Degrees and Certificates. Liberal Arts, Merchandising, Home Economics, Music, Secretarial, Kindergarten Training, War Courses, Riding, Sports. Rural seclusion 10 miles from Baltimore. Non-sectarian. Established 1853. Catalog.

Box H-2, LUTHERVILLE, Md.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

LANDON SCHOOL

For boys. Strict college preparation. Small study groups. Experienced masters. Limited enrolment. Student government and honor system develop initiative, self-reliance. Country day plan and boarding. Separate buildings and grounds for lower school. Sports for all. Riding. Catalog.

ALBERT E. ROGERS, A.M.,

Box H, Edgemoor, WASHINGTON 14, D. C.

WELL-ROUNDED EDUCATION

NEEDED FOR POST-WAR LEADERSHIP

NOT YOU, but your sons and daughters must build the world of tomorrow and preserve its peace and prosperity. Their leadership, their resourcefulness, their mental and spiritual stability depends upon the kind of education you give them today.

Our young men and women are fighting today's battles — your boys and girls must preserve what their sacrifices have won. The complete, well-rounded education provided by the independent schools and colleges does more than train for today's emergency — it develops the leaders for tomorrow!

THIS STATEMENT IS SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF
50 SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

*Educational Guide will be mailed free if you address
Harper's School Bureau, 49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. 16*

A SCHOOL AT THE CAPITAL

If you have difficulty in making a suitable selection from among the large number of schools advertised in this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, giving full particulars.

School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

VIRGINIA

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

Distinguished for excellent academic, military and athletic training. Beautiful location in historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. High altitude, unexcelled health record. Liberal course for cadets not entering college. Modern, fireproof buildings, two gymnasiums and modern swimming pool. R.O.T.C. Unit has highest War Dept. rating. Separate Junior School. Visitors cordially welcomed. For illustrated catalogue address:

SUPERINTENDENT,

Box H-2, STAUNTON, Va.



FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Highest rating. Small classes. Accredited. R.O.T.C. Supervised study. Prepares for college or business. Highest standards Junior school for small boys. Housemother. All athletics. Swimming. Twenty-seven states represented. Catalog.

Dr. J. J. WICKER,

Box 8, FORK UNION, Va.

A SCHOOL OF MUSIC

The facilities of our School Information Bureau are at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the school best suited to your demands. Address

School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

GEORGIA

GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY

Located 8 miles from Atlanta. Many cultural advantages. Winter and Summer School. Prep School — Junior College — Separate Junior School — R. O. T. C. — War Courses. Accredited. Moderate rates. Write for catalog to

Col. W. C. BREWSTER, Pres.,

COLLEGE PARK, Ga.

RIVERSIDE MILITARY ACADEMY

Distinguished preparatory school. Highest official R.O.T.C. rating. Optional accelerated program. Junior College. All athletics. Separate school for younger boys. Total expense \$1094. Catalog:

Gen. SANDY BEAVER, Pres.,

Box H-2, GAINESVILLE, Ga.

MISSISSIPPI

WHITWORTH COLLEGE

Preparatory and Junior College, Liberal and Fine Arts, Dramatic Art, Music, Secretarial Science, Home Economics, Color and Design. An exceptional two year course in Journalism, Physical Education, Sports, Golf, Riding, Camping, Swimming.

Attractive well located campus.

Educational tours and field trips included in rate of \$650.

For catalogue address

SINCLAIR DANIEL, Pres.,

Box 229, BROOKHAVEN, Miss.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

will find by comparison that HARPER'S MAGAZINE, because of its high character and universal circulation among people of refinement, intelligence, and wealth, is the avenue of surest appeal to a most desirable clientele. Since the beginning, private schools have sought the columns of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. No other periodical has been used so extensively and probably no one factor has been so helpful in furthering the interests of the private schools. For advertising rates and further information, address

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,

49 E. 33rd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

FLORIDA

THE CASEMENTS

Junior College or Preparatory Courses, credits transferable. Girls may spend fall and spring in Washington, D. C., at Fairmont. Liberal and fine arts, domestic arts, social service, radio, dramatics, music, merchandising, secretarial. Private beach, golf, riding. Catalog.

MAUD VAN WOY, A.B., President, Box H, ORMOND BEACH, Fla.

THE BOLLES SCHOOL

On St. Johns River. Accredited. Prepares for college and Government Academies. 5th-12th grades. Fireproof dormitory. Gymnasium. Military training. Honor Naval School. Fall term begins September 11. Summer term begins June 12. For catalog, address:

Col. ROGER H. PAINTER, Pres.,

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.

FLORIDA MILITARY ACADEMY

R.O.T.C. Fully accredited. Separate Junior School. Recreation center on Gulf of Mexico. Limited enrollment.

Col. WALTER B. MENDELS, Pres.,

Box 7, ST. PETERSBURG, Fla.

FLORIDA SOUTHERN



Accredited liberal arts college. Co-educational. Located in healthful ridge section. Frank Lloyd Wright buildings. Excellent facilities. Distinguished faculty. Personal guidance. Quarter system. A.B., B.S. degrees. Art, Music, Business. Write

Dr. L. M. SPIVEY, President,

LAKELAND, Fla.

ST. JOSEPH ACADEMY

Florida's School for Girls. Located in the Ancient City of Saint Augustine. Resident school pre-primer through 12th grade. Special Commercial—Music—Art and Home Economics Courses. Spacious grounds—outdoor pool—tennis—basketball and badminton courts. Fully accredited. Address

The DIRECTRESS,

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.

BARRY COLLEGE

A Catholic College for Women, conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic—Bachelor degrees in the Arts, Science, Philosophy, Music, Teacher Training, Commercial Education, Home Economics. Two-year Terminal Course in Secretarial Work. Spacious campus—outdoor swimming pool—tennis. Moderate marine climate. Ideal location.

MIAMI, Fla.

When writing to schools please mention Harper's Magazine

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

INDIANA



MILITARY ACADEMY

On Lake Maxinkuckee. Prepares for leading colleges and responsible citizenship. High scholastic standards. Senior R.O.T.C. units—Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry, Band. Motorized equipment. Exceptional facilities. Catalog.
26 Pershing Place, CULVER, Ind.

HOWE MILITARY SCHOOL

Training young Americans for leadership in war and peace. R.O.T.C. Accredited college preparatory, business courses. Junior school—separate faculty. Small classes—sound instruction. Supervised extra-curricular activities, sports, hobbies. Episcopal. Est. 1884. New term begins Jan. 31. Write for catalog.
BURRETT B. BOUTON, M.A., 824 Academy Pl., Howe, Ind.

ILLINOIS

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

Four-year U. S. Army Reserve Officer training program. Superior preparatory course. Fully accredited. Small classes. Strong faculty. Usually 85% of graduates go to leading colleges. All sports. Gym. Near Chicago's cultural advantages.
71st year. Lower, Junior Schools also. Catalog.
Box H-24, MORGAN PARK, Ill.

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

Distinguished military records of alumni in service prove value of training at Western. Daily routine develops initiative and strong purpose. Prepares boys successfully for meeting responsibilities. Government-approved officers' military training. Fireproof barracks. Complete athletic, social program. 66th year. Catalog.
Col. R. L. JACKSON, Pres., Box H-2, ALTON, Ill. (near St. Louis)

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

For almost 60 years St. John's has been training boys to make wise choices in life. Thorough instruction, plenty of good times. Accredited preparation for college. Inspiring military discipline develops self-confidence, leadership. All sports, rowing, riding. Golf course. Beautiful lakeside location. Catalog.
1224 De Koven Hall, DELAFIELD, Wis.

MICHIGAN

CRANBROOK SCHOOL

Boys' preparatory school distinguished for scholastic standards, outstanding campus, buildings, facilities. Excellent faculty, small classes. Prepares for all colleges. Exceptional work in fine and industrial arts, music, sciences. Broad athletic program. Fire-resisting dormitories. Grades 7 thru 12. Summer session.
THE REGISTRAR, 5191 Lone Pine Road, BLOOMFIELD HILLS, Mich.

OHIO

A JUNIOR COLLEGE

The facilities of our School Information Bureau are at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the school best suited to your demands. Address
School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

LAUREL SCHOOL

Thorough College Preparation and General Courses for girls. Separate unit for Juniors. Emphasis on Art, Music, Dramatics and Athletics. In the residential section of Cleveland with modern buildings and fifteen acres for all sports. Homelike atmosphere in a small group. Catalogue.
EDNA F. LAKE, Headmistress, Lyman Circle, CLEVELAND, O.

MISSOURI

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

For women. Confers A.B., B.S., B.M. degrees. Accredited. Also 2-year Junior College (A.A. degree). Modernized curriculum prepares students for successful home-making, and for leadership in civic and social life. Physical Education, Secretarial, Teacher Training. Music. Art. Sports. Near St. Louis. 118th year. Catalog.
HARRY MOREHOUSE GAGE, Pres., Box 644, St. CHARLES, Mo.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

One of America's Most Distinguished Military Schools. High School and Junior College. 100th Year. Write for Catalog and View Book.
Col. A. M. HITCH,

424 Third St., BOONVILLE, Mo.

CALIFORNIA

A MILITARY ACADEMY

If you have difficulty in making a suitable selection from among the large number of schools advertised in this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, giving full particulars.
School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

ANNA HEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Est. 1887. College Preparatory. General Post Graduate Courses. Accredited—East and West. Lower School. Outdoor life the year round. Tennis. Swimming. Hockey. Riding. A homelike school in a college town. Week-end camping on 25 acre ranch in Santa Cruz Mts. Write for Catalogue.
T. R. HYDE, M.A. and LEA G. HYDE, B.A.,
2526 Channing Way, BERKELEY, Calif.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

A SPECIAL SCHOOL

The facilities of our School Information Bureau are at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the school best suited to your demands. Address
School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

PERKINS SCHOOL

A year round special school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five homelike, attractive buildings. 80 acres of campus and gardens.
FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M.D., Dir., Box 11, LANCASTER, Mass.

CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS



MOSS LAKE CAMP

Daily Riding. Excellent Sailing. All land and water sports. Staff of nationally known experts. All-inclusive fee. Adirondack lake and preserve devoted exclusively to our conception of an ideal girls' camp. Affiliated camp for brothers 3 miles. Six hours to New York or Buffalo.
Dr. G. S. LONGSTAFF, 8932 Clinton Ave., JAMAICA, L. I.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMP

Boys 10-17. July 5 to August 25 on Toms River. Naval training, land and water sports. Academic programs available. 64 boats, 2 gyms, 2 athletic fields. Utilizes winter school facilities. Limited enrolment—early application very advisable. Catalog.
Admiral S. S. ROBISON, U.S.N. (Ret.), Supt.,
Box M, PINE BEACH, N. J.

A SUMMER CAMP

For your boy or girl? If you are planning to send your boy or girl to a camp this summer, we would commend for your consideration the announcements that appear in the Summer Camp Section of this issue. The facilities of our School Information Bureau are also at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the summer camp best suited to your demands.
Address School Information Bureau,
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 E. 33rd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.



SUMMER SCHOOLS

On Lake Maxinkuckee. A boy's ideal vacation at moderate cost. Emphasis on correct posture, courtesy, initiative, character. Three camps: Naval or Cavalry (boys 14-17); Woodcraft (boys 9-14). 1000-acre campus, all land and water sports. Specify catalog desired.
26 Lake Shore Place, CULVER, Ind.

A NEW RESOURCE HAS BEEN DEVELOPED

THE wealth of America has been wrought from her natural resources of fertile lands, wide forests and rich mineral deposits by the brains and muscles of her people.

But another resource is now available. A new source of wealth and well-being has been developing gradually and almost unnoticed which is tremendously important today and of still greater importance for tomorrow.

This new resource is the research laboratory.

Today, in hundreds of industrial and college laboratories, trained minds are expanding the world's knowledge, and applying the results of research to industry and to war.

In the Bell System, research has always been a fundamental activity. The telephone was in-

vented in a research laboratory. And for years Bell Telephone Laboratories has been the largest industrial laboratory in the world.

Underlying modern research is the realization of vast latent values in nature. Although the lone genius does from time to time bring to light some part of these hidden values, only organized scientific research can assure the thorough exploration that will render the full measure of use for human welfare.

Research means imagining and experimenting. It means the searching out and bringing together of facts. It means clear statements of problems, precise measurements and keen analysis. It means tenacious following along unexpected paths.

These are the procedures of research. Its consummation is the



grasping by subtle minds of relationships in nature no one has previously known. And on the basis of the broader knowledge so established are built new materials, new methods and new structures to serve the people of America.

The Bell Telephone Laboratories has now concentrated its efforts on communication systems and equipment for the armed forces. When the war is over its researches in communication will again be applied to an ever-improving telephone service in America.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Harper's Magazine

VOL 188 No 1125 February 1944



PREFACE TO THE PRESIDENT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

GEORGE W. MARTIN

WHAT everyone wants to know about the President is how he got this way. For there are no stories of infant prowess or early promise that indicated he was going to be extra special. He spent six years at Groton; and one of the older masters artlessly remarked, "We didn't think he was so much."

He went to Harvard without attracting any particular notice, and was exceedingly obscure in the Columbia Law School and later in the law offices of Carter, Ledyard and Milburn. From 1882 to 1910 anyone who knew him well would have said that he was an endowed and protected young man, incapable of hard work, and unlikely to amount to anything. And about 1910 he must have come to the same conclusion, for he quit further pretense of diligence: he resigned from Car-

ter, Ledyard and Milburn, went back to Hyde Park, and got himself elected to the State Senate. Thus he got the door shut on this part of his existence; but he bore scars of his experiences for many years.

He was an only child, which is a large misfortune right at the outset. He was a delicate boy, which is a tragedy at boarding school. Boys are important among themselves almost in direct ratio to their athletic ability, and Mr. Roosevelt was never an athlete. Nor was he a scholar. He had the soul and instincts of a journalist; but he was in a social stratum where one must be ordinary, industrious, unread, and inarticulate or else be branded as a smarty or a show-off. He attempted to conform to these requirements, but the product was obviously synthetic. Cousin Theodore regarded him as a Miss Nancy,

and the Milburn boys didn't even know he was alive. Everybody called him "Franklin" and regarded him as a harmless bust.

Now that was what he was up against. He had spent twenty-eight years trying to be an Upper-class Product, and he was a failure. Furthermore, he was aware that he never was going to be able to do it. The industry which masters infinite details by exceeding diligence was the method of the downtown lawyers; but it was not for him. He simply could not do it. He didn't want to do it, and he didn't have to do it. The whole business was fantastic. The pontifical vaporings of the very great were insufferable. The conversation of the idiot stockbrokers, the insensate interest in money, the deliberately cultivated illiteracy of the Long Island set, and the complacency of the rich made no sense. These things might be amusing for a pachyderm like Cousin Theodore, who had a special license as an *enfant terrible*; but they were so much dust in the mouth for anyone that could get off and look at them. "Give me a place to stand . . ." said Archimedes.

By accident, or through cussedness, or by inheritance, there was supplied a place to stand and observe. Mr. Roosevelt was a Democrat: an attribute exceedingly peculiar and important. For there were almost no Democrats in those days. Mark Hanna and Cousin Theodore had practically exterminated them. When Mr. Roosevelt was at Groton he was the only Democrat among one hundred and fifty boys. A gentleman just could not be a Democrat. A lot of them were; but not in the Union Club; not on Long Island. There was a popular impression that the Democrats were all Irish or Southerners; and so long as the G.A.R. pensions held out and the tariff racket continued to bleed the consumers, Republicanism looked like Gibraltar. Their sufferings however produced a camaraderie among the Democrats which was pleasant and refreshing to the spirit, and undoubtedly furnished to Mr. Roosevelt the strength to break his bonds and start in 1910 to be himself.

The Wall Street lawyers note that the President made a failure of being a lawyer; they assume that this embittered him toward the profession and made him hate

all lawyers. He certainly is no lawyer, and never was. Whether this is a sign of intelligence or not, whether he is free from an incubus or really is envious, is something each can decide for himself. Everyone has not the same admiration for lawyers that they harbor for themselves.

II

IN 1910 he was elected to the State Senate and gave up trying to be a lawyer. He was not under the necessity of earning a living, he had no important message for the world, and he rapidly became popular. When Wilson was President he was made Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and he gave entire satisfaction to those with whom he had dealings. He was fortunate in having Josephus Daniels as Secretary. Almost anyone would have looked good beside Josephus.

The war came and went; and in 1920 he was nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with Cox. People called him "Frank." Everybody did—except those who had known him before 1910, and they still called him "Franklin." The campaigning was lots of fun, and he was good at it; but after the election he was off the public payroll for the first time in ten years. And after this he lost the use of his legs.

This is something to think about. He was not forty, and it looked as though he were through. He went to Hyde Park and considered how he could organize his life so as to make it worth going on with. If he was discouraged his wife was not. She decided they were not to make an end or rust unburnished in disuse; and she persuaded Al Smith and the Democratic politicians to come, and keep coming, to the house under pretense of consulting the sage and getting his support. And gradually he came to the conclusion that he was a power in the State. In 1928 he ran for Governor, at Al Smith's insistence, in order to help the latter's Presidential chances; and the same anti-Catholic, anti-immigrant prejudices that beat Al Smith elected Mr. Roosevelt Governor.

For this comeback Mrs. Roosevelt is more responsible than anyone else. She not only did not oppose it; she actually

brought it about. No estimate of the character of the President would be worth anything which did not take her influence into consideration. The outstanding fact about her is that she is a lady, a swell. What she does may be exasperating, but it is never cheap or shrill. For this we cannot be too thankful. In foreign countries she has done us credit, astonished high and low alike, and generally contributed to some desirable end.

Her column, "My Day," is just plain balderdash. She knows this, but she observes the people like it, and she considers it is part of a legitimate democratic process. It is certainly no worse than what Uncle Theodore used to get off. Her speeches are usually delivered in behalf of some deserving cause. At first she spoke badly; then she took lessons, and became first-class; of late years she has been lazy about preparation—and a little vain perhaps—and speaks rather poorly. But she is wonderfully amiable about saying what the particular committee wants to have her say, and modestly indifferent about pushing her own greatness to the fore.

She suffers with the curse of all endowed and protected ladies: complacency. All dowagers are complacent and are condemned to spend much of their time talking to vice-presidents of trust companies about their money; but Mrs. Roosevelt exhibits a case of it that eclipses all previous clinical records. It exceeds even the interesting condition of Astarte, Queen of Babylon, described by Voltaire, when she was taken prisoner by the Prince of Hyrcania.

She takes herself seriously, and, like all sincere, humorless people, when she gets going wrong she is a menace. She was cruelly exploited by the National Youth Administration before it was finally abolished by Congress, and she loyally stood by it after it was a dead albatross. It is the general opinion that she has done harm to the cause of the Negroes by ill-considered suggestions and misstatements of facts: mostly the result of her yearnings for the millennium. But on the whole she spreads the passion for sweetness and light around, and the only people who have to listen willy-nilly are the troops in formation.

III

MR. ROOSEVELT came to the Presidency exceedingly well prepared. He had had uninterrupted leisure at Hyde Park to read and think, and he had had the practical experience of being Governor of New York. President Wilson had a similar preparation, but he lacked one great asset possessed by Mr. Roosevelt: he had not spent twenty-eight years associating with the Long Island set before being emancipated. Mr. Wilson thought that the rich were villains; Mr. Roosevelt knew they were foolish and ignorant. When Cousin Theodore called them "malefactors of great wealth" he was making stern threats; when Mr. Roosevelt called them "economic royalists" he merely classified them as pelicans in the wilderness.

He had great endurance. He could talk with Huey Long drunk or Senator Borah sober—feats requiring about equal stores of patience. While he talked or listened his smile constantly came and went, and his eyes twinkled, and his expression betokened understanding and sympathy. If, afterward, it appeared that he just could not have heard a word of what was said to him, nevertheless the pleasant impression remained in the memory. Thus he differed from President Wilson.

John Wesley complains that he could make no impression on the rich or the educated. It may be that riches or education set a man apart from his fellows so that he becomes impatient of the autobiographical monologues, the illogical extravagances, and the atmosphere of wishful thinking in which most men live. Doubtless the desirability of riches or education is open to question, and certainly indigent philosophers have occasionally condemned them as distractions from leading the Good Life; but in this land they are the twin goals of one-hundred-per-cent Americans everywhere, and the only questioning about them is in connection with *who* is to be in the class.

The record is clear that when Mr. Roosevelt became President he intended and attempted to reduce taxes and government expenditures. In this he was thwarted by Congress; and when, with

Republican votes, they passed a law over his veto restoring a part of the cuts made in veterans' expenditures and restoring all the reduction in the civil service pay, he evidently reconsidered the whole problem in the light of the political factors involved. This is essentially what President Hoover thought he too was doing when he refused to halt the speculation by raising the rediscount rate, and refused to ridicule the "noble experiment." The difference between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt is that the latter knows all the strata of the ape-stuff. Mr. Roosevelt knows that men are naturally lazy and drunken and timid and somewhat dishonest; and that there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. Everything in government is ultimately a political question, whether it involves bread-and-circuses or bond issues. It is fatuous to say that we have a government of laws and not of men. There is just no such thing. All that can be done is to protect the minority from arbitrary and capricious acts so far as possible. When the President talks about the Four Freedoms being guaranteed to the people of the world he is simply doing a mystical whirling-dervish dance. A government can guarantee freedom of speech and freedom of worship because those freedoms are restraints on government, which can be enforced by independent courts. But freedom from want and freedom from fear do not involve restraints on governments. They involve the individual putting forth effort and exercising self-control, and neither statutes nor edicts nor pontifical pronouncements avail to make men over—although religion does so sometimes. When, therefore, the President promises the more abundant life he is thinking of himself as the Great White Father.

It is when he gets off on an emotional jag and mistakes himself for the high priest of liberty that he throws the rich into paroxysms of rage. For they suppose he is scheming to ruin them, whereas he thinks he is merely giving hope to the downtrodden. But sometimes he has made mistakes, as in 1937 when he undertook to pack the Federal Courts. The approach was suave and specious and the provocation had been very great. The

President was under no misapprehension as to what was involved. Apparently he did not realize that the Supreme Court is a kind of sacred cow with the citizenry. At all events he was met not only by the chronic cries of the rich, but by a powerful and astute opposition supported both by politicians and by disinterested persons of prominence who carried on as though they thought the Day of Doom had come.

He was determined however not to be bothered further by the courts, and he proceeded with a series of discreditable appointments to the Federal Bench. The worst of this is that these judges are appointed for life, and so the defeat of the Administration will not avail to get rid of any of them. What the members of the Supreme Court will do with matters that are laid before them is as predictable, these days, as what a cage of chimps would do with a bunch of bananas. Inasmuch as the principal function of courts is to enunciate principles so that all men may be treated alike, to-day and to-morrow, and be able to conduct their affairs accordingly, the simian gymnastics of the judges are not so terribly amusing. The President is apparently quite serene, and continues to make wholly unsuitable appointments in emulation of Madame de Pompadour.

It is in the selection of men that Mr. Roosevelt exhibits his greatest weakness. The same technique of friendly cheerfulness which makes him easy to get on with cripples him when it comes to firing incompetents. Washington seethes with jealousies, recriminations, and deliberate sabotage. The favorites fight for the President's smile like the Caliph's courtiers. The suggestion made to King Canute is no more foolish than many of those submitted to Mr. Roosevelt; and, though he tries some pretty wild schemes he discards even crazier ones. In the men around him he is very different from Cousin Theodore, whose feet were always on the ground (and usually his ear was too). The President however seems not aware that many intelligent and original thinkers cannot be administrators. He has put men in office because they have written books, or taught in colleges, or been recommended by Felix Frankfurter,

without any consideration of their executive ability. If he had let Jim Farley make the appointments, there would have been much less straining for the millennium and much more plain hard work done.

This weakness of Mr. Roosevelt's for preferring thinkers to doers is something quite definite. Psychologists may have a name for it, but common people see that it is a reflection of his own nature in some way. It enrages the rich, who have to do business with the Government; and the appointees talk in a silly way about what they are going to do in the future with the propertied class. Since the war it has got better: the President is too busy to listen to moans and yearnings, and the necessities of the situation have tightened everything up. The rich, and particularly the lawyers, have been sure that Mr. Roosevelt has deliberately subjected them to this hazing in revenge for being cast out of Wall Street and the Long Island set. This is pretty funny.

It is true however that a lot of the up-lifters seem to care a great deal about what the rich think: that is, they tell one another over and over that the rich are afraid of them and that they are bad, bold boys. This is pretty funny too.

Heywood Broun used to repeat that the rich accused Mr. Roosevelt of being "a traitor to his class." Broun thought this was just like the rich—just what one would expect. But Broun was not rich enough to know. The rich were astonished at Mr. Roosevelt, but never regarded him as a traitor. They thought he was a crook—or a pansy: they were not sure which. He was making a speech one night at the Harvard Club, and one of the audience came out of the dining room:

"What's he talking about?" asked a member.

"Love."

"Love!"

"Oh no; not what you think. Brotherly love. Golden Rule. Sermon on the Mount. He's just found out about it. Little Rollo turns to Literature. Takes himself for Jeremiah. Sharing the light with those who sit in darkness. I need air."

Now Mr. Roosevelt was really interested in love. He was calm about it be-

cause for twenty-eight years he had been subjected to the boarding-school convention which forbids any mention of such things—otherwise he might have become an itinerant preacher; but when he began to talk about it in public the Long Island set just thought he was fearfully and wonderfully queer. There was an immodesty about the performance which embarrassed them.

IV

WHEN the war came a lot of people forgave their enemies and got down to work. However soft in the heads the Long Island set might be, their hearts were in the right place. They hated McCormick and Wheeler second only to Hitler; and they had no intention of living in a world where promises were made to be broken, and where someone else had been elected the Master Race. The rich went off to this war promptly and without haggling for special berths. And the President got busy. Things just had to get done, and if the rich could do them, then they were to be fed into the mill as well as the moral yearners. The Vice-President does not believe this, even yet—so we can all be thankful for one thing, and pray for the President's health.

The pressures traceable to the war printed a new chiaroscuro of Mr. Roosevelt. Where formerly the emphasis had been on the manipulation of the ape-stuff and the popular kaleidoscope of reform, now it became essential to find administrators. The time for commissions, surveys, statistical curves, and charts was past. Something more was needed as a recommendation than faithfulness to the New Deal. All this the President knew, and he was aware that his own deficiencies must be supplemented by the capacities of men different from himself. What was required was set forth by Thiers a hundred years ago:

I used constantly to find my orders forgotten, or neglected, or misinterpreted. As I have often said to you, men are naturally idle, false, and timid; *menteurs, lâches, paresseux*. Whenever I found that an employee supposed that because an order had been given, it had been executed, or that because he had been told a thing it was true, I gave him up as an imbecile. Bonaparte nearly lost the battle of Marengo by supposing that the

Austrians had no bridge over the Bormida. Three generals assured him that they had carefully examined the river, and that there was none. It turned out that there were two, and our army was surprised. When I was preparing for war in 1840 I sat every day for eight hours with the Ministers of War, of Marine, and of the Interior. I always began by ascertaining the state of execution of our previous determinations. I never trusted to any assurances, if better evidence could be produced. If I was told that letters had been despatched, I required a certificate from the clerk who had posted them or delivered them to the courier. If answers had been received, I required their production. I punished inexorably every negligence, and even every delay. I kept my colleagues and my bureaux at work all day, and almost all night. We were all of us half killed. Such a tension of mind wearies more than the hardest bodily work. At night my servants undressed me, took me by the feet and shoulders, and placed me in my bed, and I lay there like a corpse till morning. Even my dreams, when I dreamt, were administrative.

Under-Secretary of War Patterson works this way, but not many others in Washington.

The greatest virtue a politician can possess is patriotism, and of this one must judge of the President not on scattered episodes but on his whole performance. It is not without significance that he should have made enemies like John L. Lewis and McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*; and many good citizens are only afraid he does not hate them enough in return. Only foolish people will accuse him of lack of patriotism. What could or could not be done at any particular time can be estimated properly only in the light of circumstances then existing. As late as the summer of 1941 the Republicans in Congress voted to disband our Army and send it home. The lack of understanding which prompted this is to be attributed to something other than willingness to sacrifice their country in order to discredit their political opponents.

The President, likewise, has done some unwise things, and is generally considered to have been particularly misguided in his dealings with organized Labor. The full circumstances which confronted him however are unknown to his critics and likely to remain so. If the results of the Government's labor policy have been unfortunate it is not clear that a different approach would not have induced a situation

such as caused the downfall of France. There is a maturity about Mr. Roosevelt which distinguishes him sharply from most other politicians—not merely jokes like Alf Landon, but able men like Mr. Willkie. Mr. Willkie is probably a better administrator than Mr. Roosevelt, and he is certainly a more vigorous crusader; but his travel book is curiously sophomoric in its artless advocacy of freedom from care and care in a world where everyone is going to govern himself.

It is easy, as we read the newspapers at home, to conclude that all politics is a cheat and that politicians are welshers; but when we find ourselves in the presence of a high officer of the Government we treat him with instinctive deference and listen to what he says. We seem to lose energy of judgment and become hesitant and modest. The matters that were so evident to us that morning at breakfast now appear complicated and uncertain. Our suspicions of his good faith seem pretty cheap, and perhaps we ask ourselves how often we too bow in the House of Rimmon.

The jealousies and envy innate in each of us are apt to direct our attention to the clay feet rather than to the head of gold; and perhaps the reason why no man is a hero to his valet is because a valet is incapable of recognizing heroism when he sees it. Certainly the carping belittlements of those who can see no good in Mr. Roosevelt are not only tiresome, but a reflection on themselves. For he is not confronted with problems bounded by the Isles of Greece or limited by the frontiers of the Roman Empire or generated in the horse-and-buggy era. He governs 130,000,000 people as diverse in racial strains and interests as the world produces; he commands and holds the respect and co-operation of 180,000,000 Russians, whose political concepts are totally at variance with his own; 300,000,000 Chinese look to him with trust and confidence. After Dunkirk, make no mistake, he saved England—and America—despite the isolationists.

Come, Brothers: this is a great man, a gallant, understanding man: worthy to stand beside Pericles, or Marcus Aurelius, or Sir Robert Walpole.

WHAT BUSINESS THINKS ABOUT POSTWAR AMERICA

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN



AFTER having been engaged in deep thought and wrestling of the spirit for a considerable time, the American business community is beginning to utter. The utterances bear small resemblance to the statements that Charles Schwab and Henry Ford used to make in the days when prosperity was just around the corner. There is evidence that our business men have been trying to grapple with the facts of life. The old and time-worn texts from the Business Book of Arguments that have been preached so often in the past are still heard—but not all the time. Yeast of some sort has been at work. The War Congress of the National Association of Manufacturers, held at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York in December, 1943, was strikingly different from recent sessions. Every incoming train was crowded with guests and members; there was an atmosphere of a gathering of the clans, of preparation for some sort of Armageddon.

The reason for the change noticeable in many business groups is not mysterious. Something tells them that they have got to stand and deliver. That something doesn't come from the office of the *Daily Worker*; it is not a challenge from John L. Lewis or the United Automobile Workers; it isn't a threat from the New Dealers in Washington nor from That Man. The

war prosperity has given the boys some new heart and, when they think about what is to come after the war, some of them at least realize that they are confronted with a condition and not a theory. The condition, the state of affairs, is this: For fourteen years the American economy has been running on a sort of conditional basis, tinkered and patched with various expedients. The underlying problems have not been met and the war has intensified their pressures. Somehow or other, something has got to be done. The more alert business men now see that unless they and business can deliver they are through.

They don't believe they are through however. With more confidence than they have shown in a long while, they demand that they be given another chance. Something like a crusade for "free enterprise" has now begun.

The first ringing calls of this crusade have already reached the general public in the shape of display advertising. The hand of the copywriter is still unsure and some of the specimens are such as to provoke sour remarks. Here is a railway advertisement with a picture of a little boy climbing the stairs to bed. The text tells us how cut up the little fellow is by the news that his father is "missing in action," and then, with a horrible lurch, intimates

that the boy's father died to keep the United States "a land in which government is the servant, not the master of the people." In the first place, who knows whether he did or not? And in the second place, what right has a railroad to exploit human sympathy for a small boy's grief? Again, a chain of popular magazines addresses company executives with a picture of jobless men selling apples and beneath it the slogan: "Your advertising can prevent this!" One wonders how many business men are prepared to let it go at that, without inquiring why the magic didn't work in 1929.

But no doubt these bulls and howlers will be elided in due course as the free-enterprise crusade gets under way. Enough exhibits of a more serious character are available to show something of what business thinks of the problems which it faces.

The chief long-term problems are: unemployment, monopoly, distribution, foreign trade. The immediate problems are focused in (1) the termination of war contracts; (2) reconversion to civilian production; and (3) the disposition of government-owned plants. In this article I propose to give specimens of current business thinking on these subjects and to test their validity.

II

THE first item on the docket is the question of unemployment. A consideration of this leads at once to an analysis of what business prospects after the war are supposed to be. Let us piece together elements from the forecasts of R. H. Wells, president of Corrigan, Osburne and Wells, Inc., management consultants; Professor Sumner Slichter of Harvard, a favored economist among sophisticated business leaders; Leon Henderson, speaking as chairman of the Board of Editors of the Research Institute of America; and a number of others. This is what we get:

1. The period of demobilization of the armed forces and reconversion of industry to peacetime uses will last from one to three years, accompanied by considerable unemployment.
2. Then will come a sharp boom, based chiefly on wartime savings and a "catching-up" demand for automobiles, houses, plant and equipment, and the like, lasting three to five years, with high but perhaps not full employment.

3. A deep depression may follow when the effects of Period 2 are exhausted, lasting two or more years, with heavy, widespread unemployment.
4. A sustained boom may then be expected, lasting perhaps for ten years (though on this there is sharp disagreement). This will be the real testing time of private enterprise's ability to provide something like full employment.

Some business writers appear to discount the difficulties which will be encountered in Period 1, or cover them with the proviso that adjustments will not be difficult if government policies are favorable, and some appear to omit Period 4 from their calculations altogether. Some pessimists hold that Period 4 may never be reached with private enterprise still free, for the relapse of Period 3 will have brought the much-feared government into the field of employment-providing, if it hasn't crowded in during Period 1. It is the profound suspicion that large-scale unemployment will not be tolerated, except perhaps during Period 1, that leads spokesmen like Paul G. Hoffman, chairman of the Committee for Economic Development (an outfit set up by private industry, but under the patronage of Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce), and Eric A. Johnston, president of the Chamber of Commerce, to emphasize that the workers must be employed quickly and *permanently* right after the war. Otherwise, says Johnston, the government will take over and private enterprise will be doomed. Alfred Sloan, at the recent NAM War Congress, warned industry that it must make good by providing plenty of jobs to people who have seen what industry could do in the way of employment, payrolls, and other benefits during the war. Failing this, said Mr. Sloan, the private-enterprise system will be supplanted by some form of socialism.

It is unnecessary for me to labor the point. There is hardly a business spokesman still flourishing who does not insist that private enterprise cannot hope to survive unless it delivers the jobs. The profitability of business is of course the ratification of its existence, but the emphasis on profit softens when the question of survival is to the fore. Business men know that if they supply some jobs, but not enough, government will step in to care for

the unemployed by providing work of its own devising; and business men don't want that to happen.

Right here, I judge, is where a bitter argument is sure to develop sooner or later between business representatives and men in government. Long before the depression it was known that there were "always" some unemployed. How many workers must be unemployed before business will concede its inability to employ all those able to work? How many unemployed should the government silently carry on unemployment insurance before it launches a public works program to absorb them in "useful" work? I don't believe that a clear answer can be found, and so we can reasonably expect unemployment figures to be a football full of dynamite after this war.

Business leaders calculate that 56,000,000 jobs will have to be provided, or about 10,000,000 more than in 1940 (with about 700,000 jobs added each year to take care of the natural increase of the working population), but they admit there will be considerable unemployment directly after the end of hostilities. The Post-War Division of the Bureau of Labor Statistics is convinced that if conditions are bad 12,000,000 will be out of work six months after the war; if conditions are favorable, probably 7,000,000. The Research Institute of America favors the 12,000,000 figure. Charles E. Wilson of the WPB and General Electric is more modest. He told Fred C. Kelly recently that the peak will be between 3,000,000 and 6,000,000.

The fitting of these people into permanent jobs is the crux of the problem as business sees it, relating the unemployment figures to the period of transition between the war and the postwar boom. Leon Henderson warns that the three years from 1944 through 1946 will be tough for all of us. He and others who are like-minded appear to see the situation this way: war production schedules will be dislocated, causing much unemployment, when Germany is defeated, probably late in 1944; this dislocation may be followed by a partial and spotty resumption of civilian production for a market which is relatively inactive in some parts of the country owing to unemployment;

and another period like it will occur two years later when Japan goes down.

Pushing their way through this period, business men will want to hold the workers on unemployment insurance until reconversion is accomplished and we have arrived in the boom of Period 2. Right here, I expect, is where the government may want to launch a public works program to absorb these unemployed. And hard words are bound to be exchanged between business and government over the issue.

III

A GAINST this background business faces the immediate and closely related problems of

1. The termination of war contracts
2. Reconversion to civilian production
3. The disposition of government-owned plants

The first two items involve the amount of surplus materials which will be on hand in the various plants and the best way to dispose of them; the extent of the unemployment which the ending of the contract will bring; the length of time it will take to reconvert the plant to peacetime production; and the availability of funds to carry out the reconversion. This last problem is divisible into two phases: first, the amount of money which will be due to the contractor from the government when the contract is canceled and the availability of all or a portion of it to him; and second, the size of the funds which the business has accumulated during the war to finance its reconversion.

Most spokesmen—from both business and government—think that reconversion will be facilitated if the government will establish a central bureau to handle the cancellation of war contracts which will operate according to publicly announced rules. The Senate Committee on Post-War Planning, headed by Senator Walter F. George, recommends such a scheme, to operate under policies laid down by Congress. What business wants is quick settlement in cash. Suggestions include substantial immediate payments on claims (up to 75 per cent of total claims) and fairly immediate arbitration of balances. Where the rest of the money for reconversion is to come from is something on which

business men hold varying opinions; the issue is often obscured by the lumping together of reconversion costs, rehabilitation costs, and even expansion costs.

Still, in spite of the loud noises in certain quarters, most companies expect no trouble in financing reconversion, given a co-operative government policy. A study made by the National Industrial Conference Board showed that only 3 per cent of the firms reporting felt that they would need outside financial help. An SEC report issued in November showed that at the end of 1942 the five largest companies of fifty basic industrial groups had post-war reserves totaling \$514,593,000. Some concerns, probably mostly small ones, will either have failed to build up such special reserves or will not have sufficient money in them to do the job. On the available evidence, the problem of financing reconversion seems to have been exaggerated by some business groups, chiefly in order to attack the government's taxation program.

As for the task of reconversion itself, its magnitude is fairly obvious. The Conference Board figures show that between two and three companies out of every ten it surveyed will have no reconversion problem at all, because the goods produced to meet war contracts are identical with peacetime products. But at the other end of the scale four of the ten firms face one hundred per cent reconversion. The rest fall in between. If I read the figures rightly, many firms don't intend to convert all their war-born facilities, either because they don't see how to use them in peacetime or because they can be used, if needed, as they stand. Some cannot be converted at all.

While the Conference Board report is not a comprehensive survey, it does show that the reconversion problem is extremely complicated and varies in importance from company to company and as between lines of production. The implication is that businesses will come back into the peacetime market very unevenly. According to the report, steel, shoe and leather, chemical, and foundry companies will require least time, while the automobile, electrical equipment, paper, petroleum, and food industries expect to take

from four to six months. A few concerns expect to need from a year to eighteen months.

Thus it would appear that heavy unemployment lasting from three to eighteen months can be expected as a phase of reconversion—regardless of when it takes place—and since unemployment will vary both between industries and industrial areas, it is easy to understand why 1944-1946 will be difficult years. The situation will be even worse if the government fails to market its fifty billion dollars' worth of salable war goods in an orderly fashion after the fighting ceases. The political significance of the period will be immense, for advocates of government spending to provide jobs will certainly seize their chance to call for action, while the spokesmen of private enterprise will be counseling patience until the expected boom gets under way, haunted by the fear that their chance to do their stuff may be lost forever.

There are a number of incidental factors favorable to business. In the first place, business expects unemployment insurance to play an important role. That business should feel this way clearly proves that this particular social service is now firmly established in this country. The Chamber of Commerce not only looks upon unemployment allowances as the salvation of the displaced workers (while frankly describing the allowances as "half rations") but also feels that the money will help business directly by providing funds for a basic minimum of purchasing power. A similar role may be played by the allowances granted to service people on demobilization in addition to what they may be allowed to claim as unemployment insurance if they fail to find work.

Business feels also that the suggestion for a gradual demobilization of the armed forces is sound, for it would ease the pressure on jobs. Closely related to this is the prospect for the continued manufacture of armament—though on a diminished scale—for national defense. "Production will probably be much greater," says Charles E. Wilson, "than it was before 1939." This armament-making will help the other efforts to keep the economy on an even keel. But at the best, these favorable

factors will not alter the essential character of the 1944-1946 period.

The total size of the plant built with government funds for war use and now destined to be turned to peace use is staggering. Not all of it can be used. Some of it will be junked. Already a chrome mine at Mouat, Montana, has been abandoned because Turkish chrome can now be readily obtained and at a cheaper rate. But even with all the junking and abandonment, capacity will be far greater than ever before; and it will be needed if 56,000,000 persons are to find jobs.

Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones recently outlined the character of the government holdings thus:

534	plants for production of airplanes, engines, and parts
84	" " " " " aluminum
35	" " " " " aviation gasoline and related products
116	" " " " " machine tools
40	" " " " " magnesium
60	" " " " " minerals and metal products
78	" " " " " ordnance equipment
98	" " " " " radio and other scientific equipment
65	" " " " " ships, ship engines, and parts
164	" " " " " iron, steel, and related products
60	" " " " " synthetic rubber and materials necessary for its manufacture
14	" " " " " jewel bearings and diamond dies
43	" " " " " hemp and rope fiber
6	pipe lines for transport of petroleum products

These are included in the 1,753 plants built through the authorization of the Defense Plant Corporation, a subsidiary of the RFC, at a cost of more than 9 billion dollars. The plants and money are in addition to other billions spent by the War and Navy Departments and the Maritime Commission in building facilities and equipment.

The total investment in the government holdings, built under the high-cost conditions of wartime, is not so important as the use to which they may be put after the war. The suspicion which many business men feel as to the government's intentions was well stated by Clyde G. Conley, president of the American Institute of Steel Construction, when he asked assurance that the plants be not used to "compete with and ultimately destroy" private industry. Many of the new plants are in precisely those industries which promise to be of key significance in the postwar economy. Business men foresee that Left-wing New Dealers, if any survive, and socialists will see them as an opening wedge for getting the government permanently into business, and that military-minded persons will want to use them to give a defense emphasis to industries so closely tied up with warmaking.

However that may be, it is clear that business men will fight tooth and nail to force the government to relax its grip on the plants. Their allies within the government will assist in the fight.

Who should be encouraged to buy the plants, if and when they are offered for sale? Senator George's Post-War Committee has suggested that they go to private enterprise, but be so distributed among purchasers as to encourage small enterprise. This brings us to the question of monopoly and the structure of private industry, about which business men are not in agreement at all. Here the solid front against government is broken and the ranks of business men are split wide open.

IV

THE problem of monopoly has been subjected to increasing scrutiny in the past few years. Senator O'Mahoney, who investigated the matter for a Senate committee, has stated:

The investigation of the Truman committee and the activities of the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice all tell the same story—that huge enterprise, in strange disregard of its own ultimate interests as well as the interest of the system of free enterprise, has been consistently endeavoring to destroy the profit-making opportunities of its competitors. Whether it be in the production of aluminum or rubber or steel or oil, many of the giant corporations which participate in holding the bulk of war contracts have done everything in their power to prevent the establishment of competitive enterprises that might possibly compete with them after the war is over.

All this is fairly well known, but the fact has not sunk home that much of the new

capacity has passed to the management of the established companies and that they might well seek to buy it up at a discount after the war, to govern it permanently for their own purposes. How far the war effort has helped monopoly is well illustrated from a speech by Tom C. Clark of the Justice Department's Anti-Trust Division:

At the start of the war program in this country 175,000 companies provided 70 per cent of the nation's manufacturing output, while to-day, two and a half years later, the ratio has been reversed to the point where 100 corporations hold 70 per cent of the war and essential contracts. This group . . . has obtained the bulk of the . . . new plants built at government expense. . . . The danger is that these plants will not be in competition [after the war but] will be controlled by a small group which will set up its own trade barriers by private agreement—commonly known as cartels.

Monopoly reaches its goal by restrictions on production and jobs. Hence it is a menace to any program for providing 56,000,000 jobs. That is why the leading business spokesmen of the job-supplying persuasion are angrily against monopoly. Eric A. Johnston has called it "a sissy way of doing business." William Benton, vice-president of the University of Chicago, who accompanied Johnston on a recent trip to England and discovered how monopoly-minded some English business leaders are—even to the point of wanting statutory authority for their organizations—is equally convinced upon the point. James H. McGraw, Jr., takes a full page in the *New York Times* to demand competition and to denounce monopoly and to list all the McGraw-Hill business papers which now maintain a similar attitude. The diligent processors in Henry Luce's Opinion Works, in their pamphlet, "America and the Future," announce dogmatically, "Monopolies must be prosecuted."

There is thus a good-sized, highly vocal group within business which would go along with Tom Clark in any systematic assault on monopoly he might organize, and which would also support a government policy of selling its plants with an eye to frustrating monopolies, actual or potential, in aluminum, magnesium, aircraft, and so on. So the question is, if business is to get the government plants, what business? I would judge that if this

controversy is hushed up it will mean that the monopolists have retained their position and that the shouts of the competition boys are mere eyewash. Since it is argued by them that only competitive business can find those 56,000,000 jobs, it would seem logical to suppose that if the monopolists defeat the competitionists, business will have set the stage for its own eventual defeat in its campaign to be the nation's sole job provider.

Closely tied to the question of monopoly *vs.* competition is the matter of industrial expansion—of new industries making new products or new companies operating in old fields, supported by "venture" or speculative capital. The idea that new products are going to dazzle the world after the war is being violently exploited by business, both in advertising and in its more formal statements. Lamont duPont, chairman of the board of E. I. duPont de Nemours & Company, has said:

Wood that won't burn, glass that won't break, window screens that contain no wire, and machine bearings that contain no metal are just a few of the things in the offing.

Better and yet cheaper homes, finer and less costly automobiles, radios and refrigerators, more nourishing food, superior medicines—a greater abundance of almost everything that adds to the comfort and satisfaction of living—all of these will be awaiting the homecoming soldier when the war is won.

Spurred to extraordinary efforts by the extraordinary needs of the past two years, we have gone ahead thirty or fifty years as measured by the old rate of development in many fields.

There is not complete agreement in business about the extent to which new products will revolutionize daily living. Alfred Sloan does not foresee any greatly increased use of light metals in automobile manufacture. Grover Loening, chairman of the Helicopter Committee of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, has heatedly denounced "all this talk that the helicopter is to be flown by everyone from grandma to the tired business man right after the war."

Yet the question at issue here is not so much the effects on living of the new products—for it's a certainty that many new products are coming—as their probable effect on employment and the structure of business. It is said that numerous small businesses have been able to pay off their

debts and get themselves into the clear through war contracts and are busily looking for something new to manufacture. However that may be, it is noticeable that most of the new products are being developed by large, well-established concerns, with whose names we are entirely familiar, or by their subsidiaries—whose names may not always betray the direct relation. The most attractive booklet on electronics I have received came from the General Electric Company. A booklet on plastics and artificial fibers came from the Celanese Corporation of America. The duPont Company is certain to continue its pioneering in new materials. Unless action is taken to prevent it, a few big corporations may keep a stranglehold on most new products, just as they did on aluminum, electric lamps, glass bottles, spectacle glass, synthetic rubber, vitamin tablets, and other products when war broke out.

The key to this situation is the monopoly possibilities in patents which can be licensed sparingly, or held out of use, by their owners. The problem will have to be dealt with by those groups which have declared for competition. Only if new products are freed, to a reasonable degree, from patent restriction can their full use be realized and their full effects as expanders of employment be secured. It will not be enough if, for instance, the basic production of the new materials is monopolized and only the processing of them farmed out. We know from experience that that leads to exploitation of the material by limiting the supply at the source.

The other aspect of this question of expansion as it affects the monopoly *vs.* competition argument involves venture capital. Business spokesmen are putting much emphasis on new and small business, which they regard as indispensable to business progress. But the emphasis is usually accompanied by attacks upon the government's taxation policy, which they say discourages venture capital. I cannot find the evidence which would show that venture capital has dried up primarily for this reason. (Monopoly may be ironically defined as the effort of business to attain security. It certainly has the effect of giving security of a kind to the monop-

olists and their allies—a security from competition—but monopoly cuts production and jobs.) Edward Everett Chase, president of the New England Council, touched upon this question when he recently called attention to

... the great inconsistencies between what is being said about free enterprise and what is being done by owners of the capital that is essential to free enterprise. . . . Everywhere we encounter a reluctance to take risks. Everywhere we find a strong belief in private ownership, and everywhere we see a scarcity of persons willing to become owners when risk is apparent. The demand for security is not confined to the disinherited.

Will capital take the venture if monopoly is broken? It is not clear. "Let us co-operate," says Mr. McGraw, "in sincere efforts to modernize these [anti-trust] laws and extend them by specific legislation to monopolistic practices they cannot now reach. I do not have a simple formula for this, but I believe we must try to find one." Certainly the supporters of competition have their work cut out for them.

V

THE problems of distribution and foreign trade have received less careful examination from business men recently, although both have been much talked about. There are exceptions among the spokesmen however. The current harping on jobs and production has deflected attention from the question of distribution and some business men are getting worried about it. The wartime production record of private enterprise is no guarantee at all that it can do as well in peacetime. Probably the credit for war production goes more to the technicians than to the business men; at any rate, war production is utterly different from peacetime production. Here is the opinion of C. F. Hughes, who writes "The Merchant's Point of View" for the *New York Times*:

What the main peacetime problem of American industry will be is not oversimplified when it is put down as producing for many customers of uncertain purchasing power and uncertain moods, as against a war problem of producing for one customer with ample funds and one purpose, namely to get as much as possible in the shortest space of time; . . . Distribution is where we fall down, authorities agree. . . .

And so they do. Harking back to the outline of the economic future presented earlier, business is giving tremendous emphasis to the effects of the banked-up savings of wartime in creating a boom. These savings are the basis of Period 2 in the outline. According to *Fortune*, the first five choices for spending will be automobiles, homes, mechanical refrigerators, house repairs, and washing machines.

In my estimation this prospective boom is probably less significant for the future of private enterprise than is sometimes implied. It cannot keep going long on the basis of people's savings; it must find a way to distribute purchasing power to the greatest possible number on a continuing basis. Some wise business men are saying that the important factors here will be low prices for commodities at retail, combined with high *real* wages and high average *annual* incomes for workers. Savings can never be a substitute for current income, for when a man's current income stops he doles out his savings for minimum necessities only. It is because some business men know these things that they think the real testing time will be Period 4, when war-created savings will have disappeared and the replacement demand will be satisfied, for then the shift will have to be made, in Professor Slichter's words, from a "catching-up" economy to a "self-sustaining" economy. If business can make that shift successfully its economic problem will be greatly simplified. But my guess is that it will never get a chance to make it if the distribution problem is not solved.

The solution can't be found in foreign trade either, though if foreign trade expands it will be a major boon to the economy, since it will provide that 10 per cent of our total trade which the Chamber of Commerce calls "velvet." In making a peaceful world a high volume of foreign trade is regarded as essential by both business leaders and non-business theorists. On the business side Thomas W. Lamont, chairman of the board of J. P. Morgan & Company; Thomas J. Watson, president of the International Business Machines Company; and Eric A. Johnston of the Chamber of Commerce all combined in a single broadcast to preach this doctrine.

Where and what we are going to sell is something else again. The Export Managers Club, looking for our principal competitor after the war, placed Great Britain first, Germany a poor second, Europe in general third, Russia fourth, Sweden and Canada fifth place jointly, with the rest, including Japan, far down the list. As for trade outlets, the same group named Latin America as a "good" prospect, followed by South Africa, China and the East Indies, Scandinavia, Australasia, India, and Great Britain.

The concentration of attention on export prospects is shown by the proposals to keep a high percentage of the new shipping tonnage on the seas and oceans, to get a proper share of international air traffic, to build up a worldwide American-owned cable and wireless service, and to work out a method of stabilizing the currencies of the world—all of which proposals have ardent supporters among business men.

But I have discovered no concrete discussion of *import* prospects. Alfred Sloan insists that our trade will have to travel on a "two-way street," but this opinion seems to be a reflex of his dread of "a world WPA." Of course there is the widely endorsed reciprocal-trade program of Secretary Hull, and since this involves lowering American tariffs as well as those of other countries, the presumption is that heavy imports are looked for. Well, maybe. But the anti-import groups, the boys who want to sell but not to buy, have yet to concede their defeat. On the evidence, I should say that American business in general is but little clearer about foreign trade, its principles and practice, than it was in 1918. And in any event, foreign trade can't solve the inner contradictions in the American economy. This brings us, at the last, to the business demand for "a favorable climate" and the nature of the contrast between business and government as systems of power.

VI

PRACTICALLY all business spokesmen to-day employ the phrase "a favorable climate"—or some equivalent expression—to cover something which they regard as indispensable to their success in the post-

war world. What they mean is not always clear in positive terms, but it is obvious that the *unfavorable* climate that they fear originates with government. There is thus a strong flavor of anti-government propaganda in most pro-business writing and it carries over into proposals for action. Consciously or unconsciously, business argues for the idea that the government should do little more than provide the ring within which business will battle out the economic problem—perhaps occasionally calling fouls and preventing the combatants from eating one another alive.

Business wants the task of stabilizing the economy left exclusively in its hands. This means that business has a deep hostility to government spending of the sort advocated by Professor Alvin H. Hansen, and is dead set against the idea of a "compensating economy" in which the government would provide the compensation as Stuart Chase suggests. It is this attitude which underlies the effort of the private builders, supported by Eric A. Johnston, to force the government out of housing, either entirely or in large measure. (Some business men have even asked that the government sell its existing holdings to private landlords.) It is this attitude which is reflected also in the demand of A. L. M. Wiggins, president of the American Bankers Association, that the government dissolve its moneylending agencies; and in the suggestion of Samuel W. Murphy, president of Electric Bond & Share, that the government sell all its power plants, including the TVA, to private enterprise.

However, not all business men take such extreme views of the desirable limits of government activity. Some of them, like Beardsley Ruml, treasurer of R. H. Macy & Company, admit that government should play a major role if economic stability is to be won, including within the range of its activities planned public works, on a limited scale if business is booming, on an extended scale if it is slack.

These men recognize how long and how variously government has assisted business to get along in the world. These men would modernize that assistance, substituting "public works" for Henry Clay's "internal improvements," for example.

But here is the real core of deep concern about the future: *As a rule business spokesmen fail to take a rational view of the scope of government activities. This inspires disquiet in many quarters not necessarily hostile to business. Business is, in this country, a system of power of major importance, but by its very nature it is incapable of meeting the needs of the American people as the sole system of power. Government is also a system of power, but there are very good reasons for opposing any movement to make it solely responsible for all the needs of the people. If either of these two major powers on the American scene appears to want to destroy the other by plan, then the neutral citizen has genuine cause for alarm.*

I do not think that business men generally want to knock the government down and out, but many of them appear to want the government to serve their purposes only. They are keen to use the government, but not to grant it joint and equal status in the national community. (Many business men always have felt that way, so it isn't exactly unexpected that the idea should arise now when private enterprise feels itself resurgent after a decade in the doghouse.)

There are three major fields of government policy about which business is worried. One has been emphasized throughout this article—the policy of providing a considerable proportion of the jobs needed after the war; another is the taxation policy; a third is the labor policy. Here is the way the Chamber of Commerce argues the case against government spending for jobs:

A solution . . . that is advocated by a number is (1) high taxes on the upper income brackets; (2) planned public works; (3) deficit spending; (4) expanded social security payments; those together draining off excessive savings and thereby automatically converting them into incomes of the people who will be occupied in the construction of public works or merely consume the income in some form of "social security." . . . The problem is to make [the] depressed one-third of our population more productive so that they can produce for themselves, rather than become wards of the state. A system of super public works merely to create purchasing power smacks of made-work and constitutes a species of escapism. . . . Our problem is to put . . . surplus man power and capital to work by creating the necessary mobility and flexibility which will absorb the surpluses into production. However, this capital will go to work only if there is reason-

able prospect of the security of the investment and a fair return. In short, human wants can be satisfied by labor and management only if such a process yields a fair wage to both worker and investor . . . it would be a grave mistake to base national policy [on the theory that requires heavy government spending] so long as there is substantial suspicion that cause and effect have been inverted by its spokesmen . . . the problem is to create such a business climate that investments and new commitments will be forthcoming at a steady rate.

The Chamber doesn't say that the spending theory is mere bunk; it is simply highly skeptical. It asks that an alternative interpretation of the data—its own theory—be given a chance. In fact its whole program for the survival of private enterprise is based on getting that chance, and it is the resulting difficulty of compromising with the alternative theory that promises to make arguments over government spending so violent.

And so it is that people to-day are not being asked to choose between a theoretical program and a practical one, though that impression is abroad. They are being asked to select between two theories of what is needed to make the economy work. Out of depression and war, business is emerging to try to sell a *theoretical program* of which the results can no more be guaranteed than could the results of New Deal theory in the prewar years.

Business isn't abandoning the professors and the government economists in favor of "practical" men and their political counterparts. The reverse is true. Business is employing professors and ex-government economists to furbish up its case. Among them—in the case of the Committee for Economic Development—are such men as Gardiner C. Means (of the abolished National Resources Planning Board), Howard Myers (of the defunct Works Progress Administration), Robert R. Nathan (fugitive from the War Production Board), Calvin B. Hoover of Duke University, Harold Groves of Wisconsin, and many others. It is on the basis of an alternative theory, tricked out like the opposite theory with appeals to freedom, high living standards, and progress, that business now advances to the fray.

In taxation what business chiefly wants is greater control over its own earnings, through lower taxation and relief from

taxation under certain circumstances, so that it may test out its theory that, if this boon is granted, private enterprise will undertake the risks of speculative investment and keep the economy expanding. A natural corollary of this is the insistent demand for strict governmental economy after the war. But business cannot guarantee that the hoped-for result will follow. It makes this particular demand simply to round out its general theory of how the economy can be run by private enterprise acting on its own.

So it is with labor. It's not news that many business men are definitely anti-labor union. But the broader idea seems to be a desire to break up the current alliance between government and labor with the objective of cementing one between business and labor. The *quid pro quo* for labor is to be jobs and higher real wages, but not higher money wages, against which the Chamber of Commerce, for example, argues vehemently.

Thus the "more favorable climate" idea includes many things, among them much anarchistic anti-government sentiment. But on the higher levels it appears to be a quick way of expressing the wish and hope of getting government to modify its theory and practice. Since this involves changing laws, the clash will work itself out in politics—and business is not without powerful political friends. It will have even more friends *if government can find no better way to translate its theory into practice than through bigger and better WPA's, which the people very clearly do not want.*

The situation to-day is roughly as though business had foreseen the Great Depression in 1926 and had begun to plan for the continuance of a high level of business activity, thus arriving at 1929 with some ideas in hand instead of a mess of optimistic ignorance about what was around the corner. The notion that we live in a self-adjusting economy has vanished from the minds of most business leaders. They admit that another depression is not only possible; it is highly likely unless plans are laid beforehand to prevent it. And most important of all, most business leaders recognize the fact that the inevitable consequence of the failure of business plans will

be the permanent entry of the government into the task of providing jobs.

That government *can* take over is admitted; as the Chamber of Commerce says, that "the state can operate industry is not denied generally by economists. . . ." But business is willing, so its spokesmen say, to risk all on its theory to win all if it succeeds. Its spokesmen realize that none of the maladjustments that have plagued the economy since 1929 has really been righted. Nevertheless they believe that business can right them and go forward to brilliant achievements if given a chance.

Faced with the alternatives, both of which are politically feasible in the United States to-day, the wise citizen will not

shackle himself to either party to the argument nor bind himself to either private or government enterprise. He will try, as best he can, to tip the balance now on one side, now on the other, in accordance with his understanding of how the general welfare can best be served. That's a tough job all by itself. While dogmatists flourish on both sides of the fence, the truth is not in them. We are in an age of exploration. All allegations to the contrary, *we don't know where we are going*, though we certainly are on our way. Explorers who know exactly where they are going should be regarded with extreme suspicion. True explorers are, by nature and cultivation, curious, adventurous, and skeptical.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

GILBERT MAXWELL

SILLY and dull and commonplace, the voice
Of that misguided day
Said of your speech, old hero.
Not having come to the Skull,
Not having knelt to pray while the heedless slept,
Nobody wept
At what you had to say;
Nobody heard by choice.
I hope you did not grieve. I hope you knew
(With your speech as wind, except to the ears of a few)
That the brave thought born in pain
Had then, as now, no need
Of brief applause.
I hope you knew that the words which now stand plain,
Give pause
And dazzle the eyes of fools like sun,
Though buried centuries deep as the words of One
No less misheard and murdered without cause,
Would rise, arrayed in light, to live again.

IT WAS BOOTH'S BODY

A Mystery Writer's Solution to a Civil War Mystery

DALE CLARK



THE most horrifying and baffling crime in American history occurred on the night of Good Friday, April 14, 1865. Its victim was Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. The plot also involved a planned murder of the Vice-President and an attempt to cut the throat of the Secretary of State. The outcome was a mystery which has intrigued historians, biographers, and experts on legal evidence for nearly four-fifths of a century.

The enigma is: did the Federal detectives bring back to Washington the body of John Wilkes Booth, or was the corpse that of another and innocent man? Actually it was the body of Booth, but it does not appear that the Federal authorities were ever entirely sure. Their uncertainty was due, it is now clear, to a stratagem of Booth's. Booth hoped at the last to escape, and if it had not been for the trooper who shot him—against orders—he might have attempted to put his stratagem into effect.

The evidence about the body points both ways. The experts who say it *was* Booth's body have got round the contrary testimony by ignoring it, or by dismissing it as "mistaken." Those who say it *was not* Booth's body have been forced to ignore and dismiss the statements of every single person who ever looked at the corpse.

The most recent biographer, after studying the seventy-nine-year accumulation of evidence, decided that "the question of whether or not the man who died at Garrett's farm was John Wilkes Booth is one that doubtless will never be settled."

Yet, as a matter of fact, there is a solution, an extraordinarily simple one too; it is based on the presumption that *both sides are right*, that *all* the witnesses told the truth to the best of their ability, and that no one lied about any important question—except the murderer himself, who had the most to gain by the deception.

The solution which follows fits every principal statement, explains every major disagreement, and accords with every act of every participant in the case. If the old mystery can be solved by presuming that John Wilkes Booth coupled deceit with murder, should not the presumption be raised for study?

THE commonly accepted story is that in the closing years of the great war of 1861-65 a band of conspirators in Washington plotted to kidnap Lincoln and exchange him for the Confederate prisoners held by the North. A young actor, John Wilkes Booth, in 1864 left for safe-keeping with John S. Clarke a letter revealing himself as the author and ring-leader of the conspiracy. Among those

about him were Mrs. Mary Surratt, who kept a boarding house in the city, and her son John; David Herold, a simple and half-witted youth; a young Confederate veteran, Lewis Payne; and others, with whom Dr. Samuel A. Mudd of Bryantown, south of the city, had perhaps been associated.

The kidnapping never came off, and after Lee's surrender Booth decided to avenge the South by murdering Lincoln.

On Good Friday, April 14th, Booth gave Mrs. Surratt a pair of opera glasses to be left for him at a tavern on the route of his subsequent flight. To his friend and fellow-actor, John Matthews, he entrusted a sealed envelope to be delivered to the *National Intelligencer* neither before nor later than the next morning.

That night, the story continues, Booth entered the President's box at Ford's Theater during the performance of "Our American Cousin" and shot Lincoln in the head; dropped the gun and knifed Major Rathbone; leaped from the box to the stage, but caught his spur on a draped flag, and so fell and broke his left leg above the ankle; but nevertheless, rushed from a rear door to mount a horse waiting in the alley. He talked his way past the sentry at the Anacostia bridge, as did David Herold, his confederate, a few minutes later. The two rode through Surrattsville together, and on to the home of Dr. Mudd, where Booth appeared wearing a false beard as disguise. Dr. Mudd slashed the left boot to remove it from the swollen ankle and splinted the broken leg. Booth stayed in the Mudd home until late Saturday, and then went off wearing a shoe instead of the slashed boot. This left boot, with "J. Wilkes" written in it, was surrendered on the following Friday to Federal officers; it is preserved in the War Department archives.

Thereafter, as the story goes, Booth and Herold made their way southward to the farm of another Southern sympathizer, Colonel Samuel Cox; they lay hidden in a thicket for some days before crossing the Potomac in a small boat; on Monday, the 24th, they reached Port Conway on the Rappahannock and crossed by ferry to Port Royal. Three men helped them to the Garrett farm nearby and got per-

mission for Booth to stop there under the name of Boyd, in the role of a wounded Confederate soldier. Herold went on with these men to Bowling Green; one biographer says, to buy a pair of shoes. The next day, after Herold's return, the two fugitives were frightened into the woods by a passing troop of Federal cavalry.

The Garretts took alarm; they would permit Booth and Herold to spend the night only in a tobacco barn—and they locked the barn door on them. That night the cavalry troop, commanded by a Lieutenant Doherty, and escorting two Secret Service operatives—Lieutenant Colonel Conger and Lieutenant L. B. Baker—returned and surrounded the barn, and Baker called upon the fugitives to come out. Herold surrendered. His companion would not. The barn was fired, and the man inside either committed suicide or was shot—against orders—by a semicrazed trooper. The dying man was carried to the Garrett porch, where he expired at about seven o'clock in the morning, having murmured only a few intelligible words: "Tell Mother I die for my country."

Conger hurried on ahead to Washington, taking with him a diary found in this man's pocket (with pictures of Booth's actress friends tucked in it), a pocket compass, a knife, a note of exchange in Booth's name, a diamond pin, a manicure file, and a pipe. He delivered these articles to La Fayette Baker, chief of the Secret Service, who hurried with them to Secretary of War Stanton. Later in the day the body reached Washington and was taken aboard the warship *Montauk*; the next day it was taken from the ship by La Fayette Baker and Lieutenant Baker (they were cousins) and secretly buried in the old Penitentiary adjoining the Federal Arsenal. The Bakers let it be understood that the corpse had been weighted down in the river or swamps, or in some way so disposed of that mortal eye might never look on it again.

The story began to spread that there had been a mistake; that the dead man had not been John Wilkes Booth at all; that the living Booth had been seen here, there, and the other place. In 1867, when La

Fayette Baker published his *History of the Secret Service*, he tried, as he said, to "forever put at rest the many absurd and foolish rumors in circulation."

Booth [he wrote] had had a tumor or carbuncle cut from his neck. . . . Dr. May, a well-known and very skillful surgeon, of twenty-five years' practice in Washington, had performed the operation. . . . I called on Dr. May, who, before seeing the body, minutely described the exact locality of the tumor, the nature and date of the operation, etc. After being sworn, he pointed to the scar on the neck, which was then plainly visible. Five other witnesses were examined, all of whom had known the assassin intimately for years. . . . General Barnes cut from Booth's neck about two inches of the *spinal* column, through which the ball had passed. . . . Immediately . . . the Secretary of War gave orders as to the disposition of the body, which had become very offensive . . . the leg, broken in jumping from the box to the stage, was much discolored and swollen, the blood from the wound having saturated his underclothing.

Read carefully, this statement by La Fayette Baker does not say that the other five witnesses examined were themselves permitted to view or examine the body. He rested his case on the one witness, and this witness had another story to tell. Dr. John Frederick May in his version of the incident said:

"The body was on the deck, completely concealed by a tarpaulin cover, and Surgeon-General Barnes and his assistants standing near it. By his order the cover was removed, and to my great astonishment revealed a body in whose lineaments there was to me no resemblance to the man I had known in life! My surprise was so great that I at once said to General Barnes, 'There is no resemblance in that corpse to Booth, nor can I believe it to be that of him.'

"After looking at it for a few moments, I asked, 'Is there a scar upon the back of its neck?' He replied, 'There is.' I then said, 'If that is the body of Booth let me describe the scar before it is seen by me'; and did so . . . so accurately as to cause him to say, 'You have described the scar as well as if you were looking at it. . . .'

"The body being turned, the back of the neck was examined and my mark was unmistakably found by me upon it. And it being afterward, by my request, placed in a sitting position, I was finally enabled to imperfectly recognize the features of

Booth. But never in a human being had a greater change taken place. . . .

"The right lower limb was greatly contused, and perfectly black from a fracture of one of the long bones of the leg. . . ."

II

HERE is the very kernel of the seventy-nine-year-old riddle:

How could John Wilkes Booth, who broke his *left* leg on the stage at Ford's Theater, and had his *left* boot cut away by Dr. Mudd, turn up as a corpse with a broken *right* leg? Was Dr. May mistaken?

The body of the supposed John Wilkes Booth was returned to the Booth family by order of President Johnson, February 15, 1869. In an undertaking establishment in Washington, and again in Baltimore, the remains were inspected by members of the family, friends, and stage folk; and all agreed that it was, indeed, John Wilkes Booth.

Conclusive? Unfortunately not. Three different times Edwin Booth had to implore the government to surrender these remains for family burial "to lessen the crushing weight of grief that is hurrying my mother to her grave," before the authorities agreed to do so. It would have needed a stony soul to tell the suffering mother after all that time that the government had released the wrong body, even if that had been true. For emotional reasons the family and friends looked primarily for proof that the body *was* Booth's rather than for discrepancies indicating it might not be.

Anyway, what happened on these occasions? One account says the body was identified on the basis of *one* filled tooth, and another of *two*; in one account it is in a "box" and in another in a "casket"; the head is severed and passed from hand to hand in one report, but in another the leg is severed; the same foot wears a "shoe" and a cut-down boot in different accounts. It is no wonder that there has since been speculation as to whether or not the body was really that of Booth.

But from our point of view the most important feature of these reports is that only two of them state specifically *which* leg was broken. A Baltimore reporter

said the *right* leg. Colonel W. M. Pegram and Mr. H. C. Wagner, on the other hand, said in a statement made by Pegram and sworn to by Wagner:

The body : : : lay dressed in the suit of clothes in which he had been shot. On the right leg was a long cavalry boot, coming up to the knee. The left leg was disjoined at knee and ankle, the latter having been broken when he jumped from the box to the stage of the theater after shooting Lincoln.

It will be remembered that Dr. Mudd : : : cut the boot from the left leg and manufactured a shoe from the boot's foot, in which we saw the remains of the actual foot lying in the casket. . . . The coal-black hair which rolled back from the forehead had grown probably nearly a foot in length.

The scientific fact of course is that hair does not grow after death, except as it is apparently lengthened by the drying and contraction of the skin. Booth's hair could not have been so long unless he wore it so in life; and his photographs show that he wore it trimmed short and parted to the side. If hair grew after death the upper lip, cheeks, and chin would have been covered with it. No one else noted these circumstances. Nor did these two men. They had the common belief that hair does grow in the grave; the belief colored their memories when they came to make their statement. It was not really a lie, but a misconception. And could they not be equally wrong with respect to which leg was fully booted?

Among all the witnesses who testify to having looked on the corpse, Dr. John Frederick May is clearly the best. He was a surgeon and not a layman; he viewed the body officially and for the specific purpose of the record; by describing the neck scar before he saw it, he demonstrated the excellence of his memory for detail; he was not easily satisfied and (even after the scar was found) studied the corpse long and intently. He alone among the witnesses confesses to a reasonable doubt in his own mind; he alone was a skeptic who had first to convince himself. Yet he *was* finally convinced that the corpse he saw was clearly that of the actor upon whom he had operated.

Historians have weighed the circumstances of the chase and capture, the personal possessions of Booth found on the

dead man, the teeth in his head, and the testimony of friends and relatives; they added these up—and decided that May was mistaken about the injured limb.

But Dr. May was not mistaken. He deceived no one. John Wilkes Booth deceived everyone.

III

EVERY schoolchild knows nowadays that Lincoln's assassin caught his spur on the flag, fell, and broke his left leg on the stage. But at the time the persons in Ford's Theater were singularly unaware of it. Booth jumped up, says W. J. Ferguson, a callboy in the theater, "almost without pause. . . . Apparently unhurt, three feet to a stride, he rushed across the stage." La Fayette Baker, coming to Washington from New York on the Sunday after the tragedy, found that "No direct clue . . . had been obtained, beyond the conceded fact that J. Wilkes Booth was the assassin."

No one knew that the murderer was fleeing in a lamed condition. The posters offering rewards for his capture said nothing of a limp or leg injury. All over the country police were arresting false Booths, none of whom had legs broken.

So far as anyone knew who witnessed the assassin's flight from the theater, he might have hurt his *left* leg, or his *right* leg, or no leg at all. He was able to swing into the saddle of his horse without any assistance—which means that he inserted his left foot into the stirrup, grasped the saddle with his hand, and so hoisted his whole weight on that leg.

All the histories and biographies which have Booth landing on his left foot, or have his left leg doubling under him, or have him dragging that leg as he fled, are based on impressions and recollections colored by subsequent events. The "fact" that Booth had hurt his *left* leg was not known to anyone in Washington that night—or to the grim horseman himself as he journeyed the moonlit roads of Maryland.

The false whiskers behind which the assassin presented himself to Dr. Samuel Mudd are a clue to the whole mystery. Booth's biographers suppose that he put the stage beard on to deceive Dr. Mudd as

to his identity; he distrusted Mudd; that high-minded gentleman was not the man to connive with murder. Granted, but does that fully explain the beard?

It does not, for the reason that no stage whiskers available to Booth in 1865 could possibly, for a moment, deceive the doctor. The whiskers might pass in the open, by moonlight, and possibly Booth had thought to bring them on that account. But Mudd, at the close range from which he must examine the injured leg, and by the light he would need to do it, must at least see the beard was false. He could not help seeing it, and Booth knew he must see it.

The murderer who halted in Mudd's yard at 4 A.M. did not arrive without having done some thinking along the way. He was not any casual and ordinary criminal; he was John Wilkes Booth, a flamboyant actor, a great Don Juan, a conspirator, a maker of plots, and a murderer. He was not the helpless pawn of events; he who had schemed the death of the President, the Vice-President, and the Secretary of State could still scheme and improvise and intrigue to alter his own private destiny. Booth must be understood for what he was; his behavior must be reckoned according to the whole mad trajectory of his life. Would he gamble that life now on the feeble device of a stage beard—a trick which could not fool a child?

No. The deception was deeper and more devious. Mudd could not be trusted; it would not do to accost him with, "Hello, I'm Booth. I've just killed Lincoln." That disclosure would only drive the ethical Dr. Mudd straight to the authorities. "I fell from my horse and hurt my leg" would not do either, because Mudd if not warned might mention Booth's name to his neighbors before hearing of the assassination. This doctor must be approached from another tangent—the only way in which such a man, personally honorable, but nevertheless a sympathizer with the Lost Rebellion, *could* be approached. John Wilkes Booth understood Samuel Mudd very well; he had encountered the mingled sympathies and reluctances of the "fellow-traveler" often enough in his career. Such an honorable gentleman will never wink at crime, but

he will close his eyes to it. He cannot come into the open, but, given a loophole, will slip through that.

John Wilkes Booth put on the stage beard precisely because the doctor *must* see that it was false. The object was to frighten Mudd, and yet not give him direct and positive information.

Afterward the saddened Mudd pleaded, "He was in disguise. I did not know Booth whilst in my house." Of course he did not. He did not wish the knowledge, and so averted his eyes. "*That beard is false,*" must have flashed through his mind. He tore his gaze away; the disguise hinted of something grim, dark, and hidden. In those desperate years there were a good many things a sympathizer, a fellow-traveler inside the Union lines, had best not look into too deeply. The troubled Mudd busied himself with a knife, incised the *right* boot, and splinted the *right* leg.

Booth was helped upstairs to bed; he passed the greater part of the day in the Mudd home. Now he knew the seriousness of his injury. Now his flight must be both painful and slow. Is it too much to suppose John Wilkes Booth did a little thinking on his problem?

The great danger was that Dr. Mudd could not be counted on not to break under questioning as determined man-hunters closed upon the countryside. Dr. Mudd must be persuaded to give misleading information, if he talked at all. He must say it had been the *left* leg.

This was simple enough; it needs no intellectual giant to see the advantage of a false description to a fugitive. Simply too, Booth knew the boot could not be drawn onto his splinted limb. But if a boot were left behind it must be a left one. . . . Could Mudd, finding a left boot in the house, swear positively he had set a right leg? Perhaps he could not. He had given the leg only his mechanical and professional attention; his personal thoughts and anxieties were elsewhere.

(It may seem to the reader incredible that the doctor should not remember. But does the reader know that, as a matter of court record, one autopsy surgeon testified that the fatal ball lodged behind Lincoln's left eye, and another that it lodged behind his right?)

If Mudd swore to the right leg could he make anyone believe him—against the physical fact of a left boot? Perhaps he would destroy the boot though. No! He dared not. He must reflect that Booth might be caught, he might tell all—and then to have burned the boot would have put a rope round Mudd's neck.

Off came Booth's left boot—with Herold's help—to be slashed by a knife as the right one had been.

Mrs. Mudd saw the visitor's beard slip as he hobbled downstairs. Did Booth, the actor, blunder so clumsily and fatally? It is out of character. It is only in character if it was done deliberately in order that she should stare at his face—and not see that he had on his right foot a left shoe of Mudd's and on his left foot (and inside his trouser leg) the right boot Mudd had slashed.

Once away from Mudd's house Booth had to trade his uncomfortable footgear with Herold—who could wear the boot and the shoe on the appropriate feet. (Later, at the conspirators' trial, the government put into the evidence a boot of Payne's with Booth's name in it. Booth, who claimed a professional income of over twenty thousand dollars a year, may well have provided his followers with discarded articles of dress. Possibly Herold's boots, like Payne's, were Booth's old ones.) Booth put on Herold's left boot whole, and cut off the upper of the right one.

If our theory is correct, he did so because he expected the Union patrols to be seeking a man with a broken left leg, wearing one boot and one shoe. At all events proof that he *did* do so is suggested by the following facts: (1) that this is the only possible explanation for the cut-down boot Pegram and Wagner claim to have seen in the casket; (2) that this explains why Herold went to Bowling Green to buy himself shoes; and (3) that it suggests why the government which put the slashed *left* boot into the trial evidence did not also put in the right one and Mudd's shoe, instead of presumably burying these in the secret grave. The shoe and the mate to that left boot would have been valuable evidence if found on Booth's body.

This, then, is the solution to the mystery: John Wilkes Booth never had a broken

left leg; the deceit originated with him. If the assassin of Lincoln was reported to have a broken left leg was it not possible that he, with a broken right leg, might dodge the gallows?

IV

THERE is no eyewitness to swear which leg Booth limped on. No one noticed that. Why should they? They did not know the assassin had a broken leg. By the time the point came to be argued it could not have been very clear in anyone's recollection which had been the lamed limb.

We must look for internal evidence, and we find it in the behavior of La Fayette Baker when the body was returned to Washington. Baker was guided by three purposes. He desired to apprehend Lincoln's murderer; he wanted to collect the reward money; and he wished to convict every person involved in the conspiracy—and that last was Stanton's ardent wish too.

So far as the first two motives go, the fact that the corpse had a broken right leg made no difference at all. But the evidence against Dr. Samuel Mudd was that he had set a *left* leg; it was a *left* boot found in his home. Now if the body of Booth were publicly displayed with a broken right leg, and wearing a different pair of boots altogether, Mudd might go free. And if Mudd went free, then the whole tenuous chain of inferences stretching from the utterly innocent Jefferson Davis to the questionably guilty Mary Surratt to the guilty Payne began to fall apart.

Historians have had to accept the lame excuse that Stanton feared some lock of hair of Booth's might fall into Southern hands to be preserved as a holy relic. But, guarded by troops, the body might have been submitted to an open autopsy before its secret burial. It has never been explained why this was not done.

Did Baker and Stanton rush the corpse from the sight of man in order to convict Mudd?

We must judge these men on their records. What was La Fayette Baker's claim upon the reward? He said in his *History of the Secret Service* that he sent Conger, L. B. Baker, and Doherty's cav-

alry troop to Port Royal because one of his men, Theodore Woodall, brought in a Negro whom Baker himself questioned. He says also that Woodall left Washington on *Sunday, April 23*, in the afternoon or evening, traveling by steamboat to Port Tobacco, not arriving there until nearly *Monday morning*. He further says that on "*Sunday morning, the 23rd of April*" he sent Major General Hancock a written request for the cavalry troop. He publishes a copy of this note—dated *April 24*. He says the cavalry troop came, under command of Lieutenant "Dougherty," and that he told him: "You are going in pursuit of the assassins." And that he "*then*" dispatched a messenger to the quartermaster of the Sixth Street Wharf" requesting a steamboat to take the troop down the river. "The messenger returned"—bearing the quartermaster's reply, dated *April 22*.

All this is from Baker's report to Stanton, as reprinted in Baker's own book. These inconsistencies in dates show La Fayette Baker's lack of concern for accurate statements of fact when advancing his claim for the seventy-five-thousand-dollar reward.

In another chapter of his *History* he declares that the diary taken from Booth's body recorded "the adventures of the fugitive: one of these was the killing of his horse in the tangled forest to avoid detection, and then sleeping between the animal's legs to get the warmth while it remained in the dead body, during the long hours of the horrible night."

But the diary, containing Booth's assertion that there had been no intention of assassination before the day of the murder, was not produced along with Booth's other possessions at the conspirators' trial; Stanton kept this item of evidence and forgot about it, and La Fayette Baker never recalled it to mind during the trial. When it was later produced eighteen pages were missing; only two entries remained in it—and neither of them mentions the dead horse incident.

Either the account in Baker's *History* is untrue or else pages were removed from the diary after it came into the possession of Baker and Stanton—neither possibility reflecting any credit on the man who

managed the identification and secret burial of John Wilkes Booth.

Judging La Fayette Baker by his own book, it is easy to believe that the reason for the secrecy was Booth's broken *right* leg and changed boots.

The second item of proof may be read between the lines in two letters written—a year and five months apart—by Edwin Booth, the great actor whose misfortune it was to be John Wilkes' brother.

Baltimore, Sept. 11, 1867

General U. S. Grant:

Sir:

Having once received a promise from Mr. Stanton that the family of John Wilkes Booth should be permitted to obtain the body when sufficient time had elapsed, I yielded to the entreaties of my mother and applied for it to the "Secretary of War"—I fear too soon, for the letter was unheeded—if, indeed, it ever reached him.

I now appeal to you on behalf of my heart-broken mother—that she may receive the body of her son.

You, Sir, can understand what a consolation it would be to an aged parent to have the privilege of visiting the grave of her child, and I feel assured that you will, even in the midst of your most pressing duties, feel a touch of sympathy for her—one of the greatest sufferers living.

May I not hope that you will listen to our entreaties and send me some encouragement—some information how and where the remains may be obtained?

By so doing you will receive the gratitude of a most unhappy family, and will—I am sure—be justified by all right-thinking minds should the matter ever become known to others than ourselves.

I shall remain in Baltimore two weeks, during which time I could send a trustworthy person to bring hither and privately bury the remains in the family grounds, thus relieving my poor mother of much misery.

Apologizing for my intrusion, and anxiously awaiting a reply to this—

I am, Sir, with great respect

Yr obt servant

Note the pathetic tone of this letter, with its suggestion that the transaction might not ever become known to others, and the suggested private burial in the family grounds.

On February 8, 1869, President Andrew Johnson pardoned Dr. Mudd, who had been imprisoned for life on the Dry Tortugas.

Two days later, Edwin Booth addressed the President in the following confident terms:

Dear Sir:

May I not now ask your kind consideration of my poor mother's request in relation to her son's remains?

The bearer of this is a sexton of Christ's Church, Baltimore, who will observe the strictest secrecy in this matter—and you may rest assured that none of my family desires its publicity.

Unable to visit Washington, I have deputed Mr. Weaver—in whom I have the fullest confidence—and I beg that you will not delay in ordering the body to be given to his care. He will retain it (placing it in his vault) until such time as we can remove the other members of our family to the Baltimore Cemetery, and thus prevent any special notice of it.

There is also (I am told) a trunk of his at the National Hotel—which I once applied for, but was refused—it being under seal by the War Department—it may contain relics of the poor misguided boy, which would be dear to his sorrowing mother, and of no use to anyone. Your Excellency would greatly lessen the crushing weight of grief that is hurrying my poor mother to her grave by giving immediate orders for the safe delivery of the remains of John Wilkes Booth to Mr. Weaver, and gain the lasting gratitude of

Yr. obt. Servt.

Did the great tragedian know, or surmise, that the body of the assassin was in some not-to-be-whispered way linked with the fate of Dr. Mudd?

Did he understand that, with Dr. Mudd set free, John Wilkes Booth with his broken *right* leg might safely repose in the Baltimore Cemetery? Or is the tone of his last letter influenced by his having been told that the request would now be honored—during the interval between the signing of the pardon and Mudd's actual release, in early March of that year?

The third—and by far the most compelling—bit of internal evidence is found in Wilkes Booth's own diary, written during his flight. Dated Friday, April 21 (but not necessarily written on that calendar date of course), there occurs the sentence which has perplexed historians for four-fifths of a century: "To-night I will once more try the river, with the intention to cross; though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do."

What did he mean?

The puzzled historians take it as a vague hint that higher-ups were involved, more responsible than he. But this explanation explains nothing. How would it clear

his name to profess himself the tool or hiring of others? Could such a disclosure lift the "curse of Cain" from him, or save him from a hangman's noose?

No. The meaning of the passage is this: as he thought of what he had got himself into, it occurred to his feverish mind to claim that not John Wilkes Booth, but a double, an impostor, had killed the President. His proof? A simple one. The man for whom they were looking had fallen and broken his *left* leg. It was now Friday; Dr. Mudd, a dozen-odd miles away, had been questioned on Tuesday (David Herold, or Cox, or Jones, could have brought Booth word of the activities in Bryantown). Booth supposed the Union officers *must* be seeking a fugitive with a broken left leg. And behold, he had a broken right one!

True, he had left a letter of confession, or self-justification, with John Matthews. *Why with Matthews?* Because he was in the cast of "Our American Cousin," playing in Ford's Theater. In what position had Booth placed him? If poor Matthews surrendered the letter at once it would be at the price of breaking his pledged word, betraying his friend, and (he might suppose) inflicting injury upon the great and beloved stage family; personal honor and personal loyalties forbade. But if he kept the letter until morning he thereby made himself an accessory by suppressing evidence while the assassin made good his escape. The fact is that Matthews burned the letter. *He could not do what Booth asked of him*, and Booth knew he could not; had known all along that that letter would not be made public unless he were slain by Lincoln's guards. When Booth complained in his diary that the government would not permit publication of what he had left behind he meant another letter, the one which he had left with John S. Clarke in 1864. (It was because of the Clarke letter that he could clear himself only "in a measure.")

Huddled over his diary, the murderer let his ever-vaulting imagination spin some fanciful dream of disclaiming his crime. (The on-the-spot identification of the assassin had been uncertain; his name was not in the first alarms. "For days," says a biographer, "the Govern-

ment did not know, but merely suspected, that Booth was the man. . . .") But no. He could not risk it, or he could not resign the imagined "glory" of his deed.

He resumed writing: "I do not repent the blow I struck To-night I try once more to escape these bloodhounds." And at the very end: "I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me."

This quotation from "Macbeth" is idle, unless for a moment John Wilkes Booth had imagined he need *not* fight the course. He used it as the final, fine flourish because he persuaded himself that he had made a choice (of course, a noble one). He was not a poor, hunted felon, but—in his own fancy—a great Player striding grandly off Life's Boards. (Exit, limping on a broken *right* leg.)

V

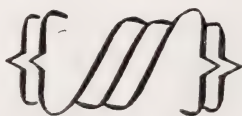
DID Booth die a suicide? The answer is NO. It is time for history to judge Booth by his acts and not his words. The man in Garrett's barn was not a figure in a Greek tragedy, but a fugitive trying to palm himself off as a Confederate straggler. "Mad, bad Booth" crying defiance to his captors was the actor's last impersonation, the plotter's last stratagem. He stalled, hoping they would fire the

barn; indeed, he probably insinuated the suggestion into Lieutenant Baker's mind. If they would build the fire, he would leave in its ashes his incriminating diary and letter of credit before submitting to being searched and questioned.

The simple fact is that the diary was not a source of peril to Booth when he wrote in it. He was not then in immediate danger of capture; he was not being "hunted like a dog in swamps, woods" as he theatrically wrote; he conceived himself free to return to Washington if he wished. The diary became perilous only when he was caught. It could then be destroyed only by fire.

But he never got a chance to try his scheme of evading the hangman's noose on the grounds that Lincoln's murderer had a broken left leg while he had a broken right one. The "half-crazed" soldier shot him, and the authorities found themselves in possession of a corpse which didn't seem to fill the bill. Hence the secrecy and mystification which have surrounded his death for well-nigh eighty years.

At the time of the assassination John Wilkes Booth was painted in the blackest colors; later, by an opposite tendency, as a mere mistaken boy. He was a murderer and, except for his overmastering ego and exhibitionism, a very clever one.



THE FIVE FATAL MISTAKES OF THE AXIS

ALBERT CARR



IN September, 1940, the Axis had won the war. Such, at least, was the judgment of many if not most military observers. Middle and western Europe had been overrun by German arms, economics, and propaganda. Russia was non-belligerent. England was being smashed from the air by the full might of the earth-shaking Luftwaffe. Italian troops had pushed into Egypt. In Asia, China was slowly weakening under the steady hammering of Japan's armies, while India and the Arab states threatened to blaze into revolt against British rule. The sentiments of the American people and Congress were painfully mixed; industry was understandably reluctant to convert its plants; and our war production was in consequence a puny thing, representing less than a billion dollars in 1940, against Germany's nine billion. Of the neutral press only a small, prayerful fraction professed hope for the Allied cause.

The trend toward an Axis victory in that desolate autumn was so overwhelming that its reversal must stand as one of the great prodigies of history. To Hitler even now that reversal must seem unbelievable. What happened? Where did the all-embracing Nazi blueprint of world conquest go awry?

Military leaders and production experts in England and America have probed the

mystery, and have come up with evidence that the Axis made five major, catastrophic mistakes in strategy; and that it was these mistakes, rather than action originating with the Allies, which wiped out the advantage of the Fascist powers and made possible the vast offensive of the United Nations.

The first mistake was completely unspectacular. It was an error in the grand strategy of war production, committed in Berlin in 1939. When the Nazis planned their 1940 war-production schedules they failed to provide enough landing craft to permit a cross-Channel invasion of England. In other respects, as matters stood after the fall of France, the invasion was considered feasible both by Nazi and British tacticians. The then undamaged German air force was capable of providing powerful protection against the guns of England—if the large-scale transport of ground personnel and motorized equipment could have been carried out quickly. That "if" stood between Hitler's panzer army and English soil like a steel wall. The means of swift sea transport were lacking. In the summer of 1940, while a million Nazi fighting men lined the French, Belgian, and Dutch coasts, singing, "To-day we march on England—to-morrow the whole world," British air reconnaissance

discovered that there were fewer than fifty troopships—and these small—in the mouth of the Scheldt River, then one of the few big Low Country harbors not clogged with war debris.

For the failure to foresee the landing-craft problem the German General Staff, inexperienced in amphibious warfare, shares responsibility with Marshal Goering, in his role as head of war production. Goering gave four other major production programs priority over landing craft in 1939 and 1940. Himself the chief proponent of the theory that England could be conquered from the air, he allowed nothing to interfere with plane output. Hitler and the General Staff, already deep in plans for the attack on Russia, called for tanks and guns—always tanks and guns. Meanwhile Admiral Raeder, who had promised Hitler to starve Britain into submission by submarine blockade, persuaded Goering to feed the submarine-production program with materials, facilities, and manpower at the expense of all other types of naval construction, including invasion craft.

Enabled by the collapse of France to turn his attention to England weeks ahead of schedule, Hitler made a desperate attempt to remedy the landing-craft situation. Freighters and fishing boats were seized in the ports of the conquered nations; and from the Danube, eight hundred miles away, commandeered river barges were transported overland and made ready for service. But rehearsals showed that ordinary shipping was hopelessly unsuited to the crash landings essential in assaults on defended coastal positions. And the river barges were too slow; most of them, it was discovered, would have required from fifteen to twenty hours to make the crossing, thus eliminating any chance of night surprise and creating an impossible task of air cover, even for the swarming Luftwaffe.

Specially constructed craft were indispensable; and steel mills, shipyards, and machine shops throughout Germany were for a time diverted to their construction. But as our own authorities know, the production of landing craft is a formidable undertaking. The United States Navy has found it necessary to develop eleven

specialized types of ships and amphibious vehicles to carry invasion personnel, tanks, trucks, supplies, and equipment. Moreover, awesome quantities of landing craft are required by a big modern amphibious army. At Dunkirk, with only air attack to contend against, the British had to employ over 900 miscellaneous vessels of all sizes to embark 335,000 men without equipment, cramming them on board without regard to plan or organization. Even with troop-carrying gliders at his command, Hitler needed several thousand good-sized landing craft in order to send enough mechanized divisions across the Channel to gain and expand important bridgeheads. Long before German industry could meet the Führer's demand, the shifting pattern of the war had destroyed Nazi hopes of a successful invasion.

II

EVEN after this lost opportunity Germany still might have beaten England to her knees had not a second serious error in strategy been perpetrated—again with Goering as chief bungler. In 1940 his Luftwaffe almost incredibly failed to concentrate its attacks on British war industries, then the most vulnerable element in England's air defense.

Attacking with 9,000 planes, against fewer than 3,000 British fighters, Goering unimaginatively insisted on following the blitz pattern which had succeeded in Poland, France, and the Low Countries. This pattern called for the elimination of resistance by the RAF, followed by systematic and unopposed bombings of cities and military establishments, until British morale should have broken. But the first step was never carried through. The British hinged their defensive strategy on the conservation and replacement of planes and crews. Dispersal of planes prevented major losses when airfields were attacked, while in combat British daring, skill, and superiority in quality of planes and in tactics enabled RAF pilots to bring down some 3,000 German planes between September, 1940, and May, 1941, at the cost of about 900 British planes. Everything depended on the ability of the RAF to maintain a high rate of attrition of the

Luftwaffe, to the point where German mass raids would no longer be feasible. Since hundreds of England's fighters were always out of service owing to battle damage or the need for overhaul, the loss in combat of even 900 planes might have been disastrous to the RAF had not a steady trickle of replacements kept coming out of British factories. Again and again RAF groups which were down to their last few Spitfires were enabled to get back into the fight by the frenzied arrival of a few ships hardly off the assembly line. For months during England's crisis, plane factories barely managed to maintain a survival rate of production.

In August of 1940 half a dozen plants held the key to Britain's Spitfire output. A single Yorkshire engineering works was turning out virtually all the heavy gears for the British plane industry. Another, not far from London, made a large share of the roller bearings.

The location of these factories was unquestionably known to the German military intelligence. Had they been systematically bombed British fighter-plane production could have been brought almost to a standstill. But the Yorkshire plant was never raided, and the roller-bearing works did not suffer attack until five months after the Battle of Britain had begun. Stubbornly the Nazis held to their set plan, the plan of the Polish blitz. Even in the attack on Coventry in November, 1940, the focal area of the bombings was the city's commercial center. Of the great industrial works which dot the outskirts of Coventry only one suffered damage of consequence, and that was in operation again within a few weeks.

Not until 1941 did the Germans modify their air strategy and attempt to strike the British war effort at its industrial roots. Then it was too late. The destructive power of the Luftwaffe had been sharply reduced; new camouflaged plants had been completed, and production of critical parts widely decentralized; and American Lend-Lease was functioning, with hundreds of our planes supplementing British output. The lack of imagination for which Goering is notorious even in Germany had cost Hitler his chance to knock England out of the air.

III

BUT FOR the third major mistake of the Axis Hitler himself is directly responsible, with his partner Mussolini. At the very time that the Battle of Britain was beginning, the envious and impatient Duce wanted to win glory for Italian arms by invading Greece at once, and unsupported. Marshal Badoglio was openly against the venture, and the German General Staff was skeptical. But Hitler, who could not yet guess what was to happen to the Luftwaffe over England, was jubilant over the tripartite pact of Germany, Italy, and Japan, which had just been signed. He felt a melting benevolence for his erstwhile mentor, the father of Fascism. Information from both Italian and Swiss sources leaves little doubt that at the Brenner Pass meeting of October 4th Mussolini broached his proposal to invade Greece, and Hitler agreed to it.

At the twelfth hour, harking at last to the forebodings of his General Staff, the Führer is said to have attempted to postpone the invasion—without avail, for by then the Italian ultimatum to Greece had gone forth. On October 28th, the day of the ill-prepared Italian attack, Hitler and Ribbentrop, conferring in Florence with Mussolini and Ciano, offered congratulations with such enthusiasm as they could muster, and proceeded to lay plans for military and political moves against Egypt and the Near East. Later of course, when the folly of the Grecian campaign had been exposed by events, the Nazis attempted to sustain the legend of Hitler's infallibility by spreading the rumor that Mussolini had acted without consulting him.

Had Mussolini's Grecian adventure resulted in nothing more than the rout of the Italian armies, the loss of important quantities of equipment, and the crumbling of Italian prestige, the disaster would have been painful enough. But the effects of the defeat reached to the heart of Axis strategy. For it upset the Axis timetable in the Balkans and Egypt by crucial months, and cost Hitler his only chance to drive the British out of North Africa.

From the point of view of the German General Staff, there was no hurry about

invading Greece. So long as the little country was neutral, and within the Nazi sphere of economic control, she was certain to be easy prey whenever Germany chose to strike. Far more critical in strategic importance was Egypt, where the British were weak in mechanized power. It was a military truism in Berlin that should Egypt fall England would lose her only card of re-entry to Europe, and could be out-trumped everywhere in the Near and Middle East.

As early as the autumn of 1940, when hopes of an invasion of England were fading fast, large numbers of German mechanized troops were earmarked for an early assault on the British defensive positions in Egypt. But few Nazis arrived in North Africa until the spring of 1941. During the intervening months the Italian collapse in Greece forced a change in the German plan. With the Greeks in the war and fighting valiantly, Hitler knew that British manpower and American matériel were certain to be sent to their support in 1941. At any cost, Hitler felt it necessary to prevent England from gaining a Continental foothold in the Balkans; while for his own prestige, and to bolster Italian morale, he must go to Mussolini's aid. As soon as the Italian defeat in Greece was evident, powerful Nazi forces had to be assigned to the Balkans at the expense of the Egyptian campaign.

The British in Egypt, hardly better equipped than the Italians, saw an opportunity and took the offensive; and there began the seesaw battle of North Africa which enabled England to keep the Axis forces in play until the weight of American tanks could make itself felt at El Alamein. In effect, Hitler's light-hearted gesture to Mussolini at the Brenner Pass shattered the German dream of taking Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez, of gaining access to the Indian Ocean and breaking the British hold on Mohammedan Asia.

IV

EVEN worse was to come to the Axis when in 1941 the famed German military intelligence proved itself unable to penetrate the secrets of Russian war industry. In June of that year, when the

invasion of Russia began, the German High Command, according to statements in the Reich's military press, knew to the last bolt the productive capacity of the Soviet war factories, so well-informed were the Nazi agents there. The truth was that the core of the German intelligence system in Russia had been shattered in the great Soviet purge of the middle 1930's. Such spies as Germany still had in Russia after 1939 were few in number and without access to real war secrets. Anxious to make agreeable reports to headquarters, these men sought desperately for crumbs of information. Certain Russian figures, it now appears, were permitted "to leak out" and were seized upon by Nazi agents for the edification of the Wilhelmstrasse.

According to statements by captured Nazi officers, the German General Staff was guilty of grotesque underestimates of Russian tank, plane, and gun production. In the first three months of the war Russia, by her own admission, lost 7,000 tanks, 8,900 large-caliber cannon, and 5,300 planes. German experts calculated that Soviet reserves of matériel were diminishing so rapidly that no effective defense against the panzer armies and the Luftwaffe would be possible after six more months of fighting.

Actually, Russian factories—especially the factories east of the Urals, some of them so huge that they startle even American eyes—were able to send an ever-swelling stream of fighting machines to the front, where they were reinforced by American Lend-Lease tanks and trucks. Added to great Soviet strategy, and to the raw courage of the Red armies and civilians, these machines brought about the débâcle of the Nazi forces in Russia. The Germans were unprepared for the fierce Russian resistance before Moscow in the autumn of 1941—a resistance built largely upon unsuspected reserves of newly manufactured equipment; and they were shocked by the resurgence of Russian offensive strength at Stalingrad and thereafter. Hitler's reliance on the Nazi Intelligence to provide the factual basis for his famous "intuitive" strategy in Russia led Germany into the most ruinous campaign in military history.

V

TO THESE four terrific blunders the Japanese added the fifth and most disastrous of all on December 7, 1941, by overestimating the importance of dreadnought superiority in modern naval warfare.

Traditional Japanese naval strategy regards battleship supremacy as indispensable to long-range naval offensives. It values cruisers and planes primarily for sudden striking power, as a means of inflicting sufficient damage to keep an enemy from interfering by sea with Japan's land actions. The planners at Tokyo did not anticipate that American cruisers and carriers could provide task forces sufficient to hold a base like Midway against a superior fleet, or to cover invasion of a defended position like Guadalcanal. They believed that a successful surprise blow at Pearl Harbor would put the United States on the defensive, confine our fleet to waters this side of Hawaii, and permit them to cut the south Pacific shipping lanes at will, thus preventing strong American support of the approaches to Australia.

Conceivably Hawaii might have been taken immediately after Pearl Harbor by a full-strength naval attack; but the outcome of such a venture was dubious, and the Japanese saw no need to risk their own capital ships. The Emperor's strategists believed that Japan's naval position had been secured and that her land expansion southward and in China could not be challenged by a major power; and they were satisfied.

The Nazis, on their part, went along readily with the Pearl Harbor plan. At the end of 1941 the positions both of England and of Russia were increasingly dependent on American shipments of food and weapons. In German eyes the Battle of the Atlantic would be decisive, and they seemed to be within measurable distance of winning it. Any action that diverted American shipping, supplies, naval strength, and above all, public opinion, to the other side of the world was felt to be of such value as to justify other risks.

It did not particularly alarm the Nazis

that America would be brought into the war. They considered that by the time we were prepared for action in Europe their position would be impregnable. As they saw the future, we were bound to be drawn into the conflict sooner or later, and it was held in Berlin that the danger to Hawaii and the West Coast would dominate American war planning. Hitler is said to have told the leaders of the Nazi party, immediately after Pearl Harbor, that public opinion in the United States would shift away from the European theater and force a curtailment of aid to England and Russia; and that while German U-boats smashed Atlantic traffic to England and Murmansk, Japanese submarines would harry the Indian Ocean routes to India and the Persian Gulf, reducing Lend-Lease to triviality.

Hitler's expectation, in fact, came nearer to fulfillment than many Americans even now realize. Powerful elements in the public, press, Congress, the Army and Navy, and the civil government felt that we had no choice but to concentrate our full effort on preparations for a defensive war in the Pacific, and all the personal force of the leaders of the American global strategy had to be exercised to prevent us from falling into the Nazi trap.

Once this danger had passed, Japan's error in naval planning was swiftly exposed. At Midway, in the Coral Sea, and at the Solomons they learned that battleship superiority was not enough. For the sponsors of the Pearl Harbor attack that was a terrible revelation. One of them, Admiral Yamamoto, who the Japanese claim was struck down in action, according to some reports actually committed hara-kiri.

Pearl Harbor hurt and shocked us but it neither forced a cessation of large-scale aid to our allies, as Germany hoped, nor prevented us from waging offensive war in the Pacific, as Japan hoped; while its impact, as the world has learned, released our vast power for total war in all theaters.

On the day of Pearl Harbor—fifth great strategic error of the Axis—Germany, Italy, and Japan were already doomed, but did not know it.

Now they know it.

OUR HEALTH IN WARTIME

LOUIS I. DUBLIN



As statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Dr. Dublin has at his disposal the mortality data on thirty million Americans and Canadians and this enables him to estimate the national health record with some precision long before the national statistics are compiled. His statements covering 1943 are therefore not only authoritative but, in a sense, a news-beat. His analysis of foreign health conditions is based on the best available sources of information, carefully weighed for their credibility.—The Editors

OUR civilian health is a fighting weapon, just as surely as are tanks and planes. In this our third year of war the nation is highly dependent upon that weapon. Conditions have arisen which might menace our American health seriously. Millions of our people have moved to war-production centers and are living under crowded and difficult conditions. Homes have been broken up as their members have left to join the armed forces. Thousands of women and older persons not used to production pressure have for the first time entered industry and are working in high gear, many in night shifts and with long overtime hours. Homes and factories have suffered from fuel shortages. Doctors, nurses, and hospital attendants in large numbers have been called to the colors, leaving often only a skeleton group to carry on local medical services which the war has made more exacting than ever. Under such difficult circumstances, how well has our national health been maintained? And how have war conditions affected the health of our allies, and of our enemies,

most of whom have been under intense pressure much longer than we?

So far as the United States is concerned the picture is extraordinarily good. The sum total of our vital statistics, of medical reports, and of factory records shows that the health of our civilian population is continuing month after month at a highly satisfactory level. The death rate in 1942 (10.4 per thousand) was the lowest in our history. In 1943 the rate was a little higher, but the rise was not serious; we have achieved a mortality rate as good as that in some of the best years before the war. With men and women working harder and longer, and with all types of medical facilities reduced, there could be no better indication of the continued vigor of our people.

It might be supposed that the unaccustomed war strains on the population would bring increased illness in their wake. It is in wartime that some of the world's most devastating epidemics have taken place. Twenty-five years ago, in the closing months of the First World War, the worst influenza pandemic of all time

added its toll of death to that of the battlefields. Its ravages proved much more serious than the battle casualties. In our own country it caused well over 500,000 deaths, in contrast to our loss of 53,000 men from enemy action. I was in Rome in October, 1918, in connection with a Red Cross mission, and can well remember how each day so many died from influenza that it was impossible to recruit enough able-bodied men to bury the dead individually. War has rightly been called the best friend of disease.

It is gratifying therefore to record that, although we have been in active combat for a longer time than in the First World War, we have as yet experienced no severe epidemic, although as these lines are being written the spread of colds and grippe is causing some concern. Last year, it is true, we did have a minor flurry of cerebrospinal meningitis. This is a disease which flares up in wartime in army camps and navy training stations and then spreads widely to the civilian population. Nowhere are the extraordinary advances which medicine has made in the past generation better exemplified than in the control of this infection. During the First World War it killed 35 to 40 out of every 100 American soldiers and sailors who were stricken. To-day, thanks to the sulfa drugs, less than 4 out of 100 soldiers who acquire the disease succumb to it. Our whole civilian population has also been greatly benefited by the drugs. Sulfa therapy has revolutionized the treatment of meningitis and reduced the frequency of its complications.

These miracle-working sulfa drugs have opened up new vistas of life conservation in other fields as well. They have been particularly effective in the treatment of many of the streptococcal infections and of the pneumonias due to bacteria. Only ten years ago one out of every four people who contracted pneumonia died of it; within the past five years the introduction of the sulfa drugs has cut its death rate by half. The sulfa drugs are to be credited also in some degree with the present all-time low death rate from appendicitis. This disease formerly took a high toll among young people—the very group upon whom falls the chief burden of fighting to-day.

War conditions have always provided fertile soil for the spread of tuberculosis. During the four years of the First World War, for example, the remarkable gains of the previous decades were wiped out in many of the warring countries. We too suffered a setback in our control of tuberculosis. In this war the figures present a heartening contrast, for we have so far come through virtually unscathed. In 1943—our second war year—the death rate from tuberculosis scored a new low, about 42 per 100,000 of population, which was about three per cent below the previous minimum. Only in areas such as the Pacific Coast, where shortages in housing and medical facilities are most critical, has the death rate from tuberculosis risen perceptibly. We have therefore more than held our hard-won gains thus far. The continuing downward trend of the disease is now bringing it to the point where one can foresee its virtual elimination from the life of our people.

Meanwhile the birth rate of the country has increased, temporarily at least. Over three million babies were born in 1943, more than in any previous year of our history. And this new generation of Americans is getting off to a good start in life: in spite of the addition of millions of mothers to our work forces, the low infant mortality rates which have prevailed in recent years are being generally maintained. Our young people have also been extraordinarily safeguarded, so that American children still remain about the healthiest in the world. The control which has been gained over the communicable diseases of childhood has continued unabated. Diphtheria has been virtually eliminated as a public health problem. Measles, whooping cough, and scarlet fever are no longer serious causes of child mortality. Modern health departments have apparently been able to continue successfully their work of checking these childhood diseases as well as those due to defective sanitation, such as typhoid fever, streptococcal throat infections, etc. In addition they have conducted effective personal hygiene and nutrition campaigns which have helped to build up child health to a high level.

One of the surprises of the war years has

been the continued improvement in the saving of mothers in childbirth. In spite of the increased birth rate and the crowding of hospitals and diminution of other medical and nursing facilities, the movement to safeguard expectant mothers has continued to grow. In fact it has functioned even more effectively. The maternal death rate is now at its minimum, being only about two deaths in each thousand births, a figure about one-third what it was only ten years ago. Here too the sulfa drugs have proved wonderfully potent by their control of infections in childbirth. In addition, our medical and nursing professions, to their great credit, have carried on their prenatal and obstetrical work effectively in the face of many obstacles.

Another satisfactory feature of the home front in these war years has been the marked reduction in the number of fatal accidents. With so many green workers engaged in war work, with blackouts and other unaccustomed strains, the accident mortality might well have risen appreciably. When, in 1941 and 1942, the figures for occupational deaths showed an increase, medical authorities seemed to be confirmed in their fear that the trend would parallel that of the First World War and that still higher mortalities might be expected as war production increased. Fortunately this has not happened. Industry launched an effective safety campaign on a national scale. As a result the 1943 rate for occupational deaths was virtually at prewar levels. It is rather in our own homes that deaths from accidents now constitute the most formidable problem—yet a problem which can be met. Wartime restrictions on the use of automobiles have of course cut down motor vehicle fatalities enormously. I estimate that only 23,000 such deaths occurred in 1943, as against 40,000 in 1941.

These are some of the favorable elements in the health picture of the country at war. In contrast, there have been some unfavorable ones. Early last year there was a serious outbreak of virus pneumonia, a form which does not respond to sulfa drug treatment. This had the effect of perceptibly raising the total mortality from pneumonia. It was a source

of serious concern for a while to see this death rate, which had been declining for years, reverse its trend and return to the prewar level. Some authorities were afraid that this rise in pneumonia might be a precursor of a serious epidemic of influenza. Subsequently, the situation with reference to respiratory disease improved; but again late in the year, as mentioned earlier, it has taken a disquieting turn.

In addition there appears to be an increase in the mortality from the diseases of middle life and of old age. The medical and public health professions have not as yet proved as successful in meeting the serious disease problems of old age as in meeting those of youth. The diseases of the heart and arteries and other so-called degenerative diseases are recording higher death rates than ever before. But this bald statement calls for interpretation. To a large extent the upward trend in these diseases, which has continued for a good many years, merely reflects the increasing average age of the population. Moreover, doctors with their better diagnostic tools are now more likely to discover the true nature of obscure ailments and are more often recording these diseases correctly on their medical records and death certificates. But there also remains the fact that our present scarcity of medical and nursing personnel and the overcrowding of our hospitals under the stress of war have contributed to some of this increased mortality. In wartime these conditions of middle life cannot claim first attention. Here then is a medical situation for which we may require a more satisfactory program as the war proceeds. After peace is attained this field must receive the attention which its great importance deserves.

II

WE MAY then say that, all in all, the wartime health picture in our country looks very satisfactory. The outlook immediately ahead is good, and while prediction is always hazardous, there appears to be nothing in the disease situation within the country at this time which would lead us to expect any serious setback in the nation's health. This is no

mere accident or stroke of good luck. It is rather the fruit of our prewar efforts.

Over a long period we have enjoyed extraordinarily high standards of living. Happily these have been little affected during the war years. Our medical profession moreover has made consistent progress and our medical facilities—hospitals, clinics, and laboratories—have been brought to high levels, perhaps the highest in the world. They are serving us well in the war years. Our health departments have likewise grown to maturity. The strength of the public health movement in America is, to be sure, largely concentrated in our cities, but more recently our rural health organization has undergone a rapid development also. Nearly 2,000 of our 3,000 counties now have health units manned by full-time public health officers. What is most encouraging is the fact that the personnel of these local units are technically trained people who follow exacting standards. The public health profession has found its place in American life.

All of these services, whether medical, sanitary, or welfare, have continued to function efficiently in the face of restrictions imposed by the war. They have safeguarded the people under stress and strain. They have shown great resourcefulness in marshaling our social forces toward co-operative action. All over the country we find intensive efforts to make more effective use of the professional services which have not been channeled into the war effort. The day nurseries, the schools, the hospitals, and the medical facilities in industry have worked more closely together for the benefit of civilians. Certainly the average housewife has had her part in the health picture brought home to her as never before through her local defense organization, the Red Cross training units, and the home nursing classes. The war has brought us together and has integrated the varied and powerful voluntary services for which we in America have been famous.

Some of the very restrictions imposed upon us have heightened our interest in sound living. Although food rationing has restricted our diets it has also balanced them much better. Each vitamin has be-

come as familiar to the American newspaper reader as the map of Italy. The popular interest in nutrition is now expressed on billboards, over the air, and at well-nigh any family dinner table throughout the country. As a result of rationing, the nation is developing careful habits of food planning and enjoying a fairer distribution of the available food supply. Overeating, which so often accompanies diabetes and other physical breakdowns, is becoming less prevalent, with concurrent benefit to the national health. There are thus definite compensations in terms of the public welfare for the very deprivations which the war has put upon us.

With peace in the offing, we can look forward to an enrichment of our health program. Our country has been fortunate above all others in remaining physically untouched. Institutions will not need to be rebuilt as those in Europe must be. Our medical men will come back from the war—many of them with added skills—anxious and ready to go back to their accustomed tasks. In many cases they will find their practice gone and their communities greatly changed. Economic necessity and their experience with military medicine will lead them to ask many questions, among others: "What kind of medical service shall we render and how shall it be paid for?" Many of them will for the first time have seen the medical setup in England and on the Continent, where social forms of medicine have been in operation for many years. The success of such co-operative efforts as Blue Cross hospital plans and the prepayment group medical services in industry, which have been stimulated greatly by the war, will bring home to many physicians the desirability of expanding group services wherever that is possible. And the millions of returned soldiers and sailors who have seen how good medical care can be on a group basis will not be content with less when they return to their homes. In the meantime the active movement in Canada toward the establishment of a national health service and the discussions here of the Beveridge Plan will have left their mark on our medical thinking. It is inevitable that more attention will be

paid to expanding our social security laws and to providing medical service on prepayment plans for the great mass of our people.

The physicians who return from war duty will likewise be familiar with new techniques and remedies. They will have at their disposal powerful curative drugs which will be made increasingly available for public use. Thus penicillin, which for certain conditions has proved even more efficacious than the sulfa drugs, will come into daily medical use. It is safe to say that when this and other new substances are produced in quantity and their qualities are recognized some of the more serious diseases of to-day will be relegated to the limbo now occupied by such former scourges of the Western world as smallpox, typhoid fever, cholera, and yellow fever. Postwar medical care will be better also because of wartime developments in the use of blood plasma, and in surgery and anesthesia. On the public health front, moreover, there will be an equal readiness to go forward, with the United States Public Health Service keen to take leadership in guiding the national movement.

But before we can afford to be complacent about our national health there will be many problems to be solved. For one thing, there will be hundreds of thousands of men returning from the tropics bringing back with them a Pandora's box of diseases which at present are either nonexistent or of minor consequence in our country. Malaria will again become a disease of national importance. We shall be compelled to carry out an extensive program of curing the veterans and preventing the spread of their tropical infections to the civilian population. The campaign against tuberculosis will undoubtedly be intensified to bring that problem to a successful close; we must concentrate on our Negro, Indian, and Mexican populations, where the disease is still rampant. We shall have learned enough about the control of the venereal diseases to continue the excellent work launched by the military agencies. The national nutrition campaign should continue in full swing.

Our postwar health program will be vitally concerned with the large measure

of disability from the diseases of middle life and old age. These present extraordinary opportunities for research as well as for improved therapeutic measures. We have scarcely touched this field. Cancer presents an enormous challenge. In the field of heart disease and the degenerative conditions there is likewise much to be done. Already basic research has shown some of the causes involved in the premature breakdown of the physical system. Isolated experiments are showing us how to treat some of these diseases to prevent deterioration and to restore individuals to working condition. All of this is in the offing and gives promise of health achievement for the nation not dreamed of by those who conceived the public health program a generation ago.

III

IT is heartening to note that the British, who are so close to the actual theater of war, are also enjoying good health conditions. Not long ago England's mortality trends gave cause for alarm. Now, after four years of fighting, her death rate is back to prewar levels, while her birth rate has increased to the highest point since 1928. Child health has shown great improvement over the dark days of 1940-1941, and both infant and child mortality figures are now at the lowest levels in the country's history. All this is in striking contrast with conditions in the First World War, when the health situation in England showed gradual and serious deterioration.

The recent trend of tuberculosis is another indication of Britain's sound status. In the first and second years of the conflict, food restrictions, longer hours of work, evacuations, crowding in bomb shelters, severe winter weather, and the return to their homes of many tuberculous patients under sanatorium treatment, all contributed to a substantial increase in the number of tuberculosis deaths in England. In 1942 however there was a sharp reversal in this trend, and by last year mortality from the disease had dropped to the prewar level. Women and children, among whom the rise in tuberculosis early in the war was greatest, have now shown definite improvement in this regard.

The tough-fibered British have apparently benefited from their strict system of food control. Wartime rationing and the planned feeding of large numbers of children in schools and of workers in factories have produced a people better nourished than ever before. It is a striking fact that English children are showing a better rate of growth than those of the past generation. The average English twelve-year-old today is more than two inches taller and about a dozen pounds heavier than his parents were at the same age. Thus England, though in her fifth year of fighting, has like us a major asset in the state of her national health. In England too the prospect for the months ahead is good, especially since her problem of food supply has been largely solved through the breaking of the submarine blockade. The only cloud on the horizon is an influenza outbreak which began in early November and still continues at the time of this writing.

In contrast with the favorable conditions here and in Great Britain, the civilian health picture in the belligerent and occupied countries on the European continent is dark indeed. No one knows just how bad the situation is, because the collection of vital statistics has been sharply curtailed, along with the breakdown of health services generally. In some cases all we can go on are the reports of more or less competent observers. Germany has suffered less than her satellites and the countries she has occupied. The Nazis have made good their threat that the Germans would be the last to go hungry; they have seized food, medical supplies, clothing, and fuel from all over the Continent. Even so, there is evidence of serious deterioration in the health of German civilians, at least of those residing in cities. A marked rise in urban death rates occurred in 1942, particularly among infants, young children, and adolescents. Infant mortality has increased significantly in the past year or two. This contrasts with the decline to a record low for England and Wales in the same period. The German birth rate has fallen sharply and may in fact now be approaching the lowest levels recorded in the First World War.

The recent intensive bombings of Ger-

man cities have probably greatly accelerated the unfavorable trends in the German health situation, and have served also to undermine the morale of the people, itself a factor in health. Not only have unknown thousands been killed outright, but the number of injured has added greatly to the burden on the already overtaxed medical facilities. In addition, municipal health and sanitary services have, in part at least, been disrupted, while the large-scale destruction of houses has caused increased overcrowding with its attendant dangers. It is significant that cases of typhus, which were extremely rare in pre-war Germany, were by 1943 numbered in the thousands. Present conditions in German cities render their inhabitants more susceptible than ever to the spread of this and other epidemic diseases as the war proceeds. Competent medical observers who have recently returned from Germany report that the civilian food ration is now far below subsistence level and is progressively getting worse.

In France general health conditions have been much worse than in Germany. The vitality of the French people has undoubtedly been seriously undermined through semi-famine conditions, aggravated by the lack of clothing, shelter, and fuel. The fact that soap is almost impossible to secure makes sanitation more difficult and accelerates the spread of disease. Even in 1940, food rations in Paris were well below the amount needed for maintenance of health and strength, and the food situation has certainly not improved. The diet of Marseilles children in 1942 contained only 1,500 calories a day, and that of children in refugee camps only 900, instead of the minimum daily requirement of over 2,000. It is not surprising then that French mortality is considerably higher than before the war, especially from tuberculosis. In Paris alone, tuberculosis deaths increased by 40 per cent in the two years of German occupation from 1940 to 1942. Infant mortality has risen, while the birth rate has fallen so low that deaths exceed births by a large margin. The birth rate must continue at low levels as long as the Germans continue to strangle France by keeping millions of young Frenchmen in prison camps.

The full toll of famine and disease in the rest of Europe is not known. Yet such fragmentary reports as come through neutral Sweden or Switzerland indicate disastrous conditions and the number of births has fallen so sharply that in many countries besides France the birth rate is now lower than the death rate. In the long run this would mean serious depopulation.

Even in the satellite countries of eastern Europe civilian health conditions have changed markedly for the worse. These countries have been exploited almost as much as the occupied ones. Thus it is notable that partly because of German "purchases" and partly because facilities for transportation and distribution were diverted to military uses, there have been actual bread shortages in Rumania, one of the rich granaries of Europe. The official figures show no increase in death rates up to 1941, but their accuracy is open to question. To some extent the country may of course have benefited from the German military health regime, designed primarily for the protection of Axis troops. A distinct sign of deterioration in the sanitary conditions however is seen in the rise in the number of typhus cases to the highest levels in years. The birth rate in Rumania, one of the most prolific countries of Europe, has fallen sharply.

By far the worst sufferers of the war have been Polish and Greek civilians and those in the Nazi-occupied Russian provinces. Large sections of the populations of these areas, especially city dwellers, have suffered from actual famine, and food shortages little less stringent have existed in other regions. Millions have been deprived of their homes and forced into hard manual labor, while insufficiently fed, clothed, and sheltered. Conditions have been further aggravated by the disorganizing effects of mass migrations. An example of the frightful impact of war and famine is the estimate that fewer than one in twenty of Greek infants and children born since 1940 survive to-day. Again, in Polish ghettos civilian death rates after two years of German occupation rose tenfold. Unquestionably those remaining are dying off even more rapidly to-day.

It is hardly necessary to elaborate on the plight of the Jews under Nazi domination. To the millions of these people bare survival is a bitter struggle. Health, as we speak of it, is to-day utterly beyond their reach.

A redeeming feature in devastated Europe is the reported achievement of Russia's public health organization. In the unoccupied sections of that country surprisingly high standards have been maintained. Public health precautions have been regarded as a military measure and serious sanitary violations have been punishable by death. In the factories the sickness rate rose in the first year of the war; but the next year the number of industrial clinics was increased and daily health inspection was installed, and the sickness rate dropped. In the occupied areas, as we have noted, conditions were extremely bad, but in spite of insuperable difficulties the health organization has speedily restored sanitary services in the areas which have been wrested back from the Nazi armies. In an unbelievably short time Russian health workers repaired a great part of the damage done by the Germans to health facilities—hospitals, clinics, baths, and laundries—and gave treatment to the large number of the sick and injured civilians left in these areas. Vigorous measures have succeeded in stamping out epidemic diseases which came with the German occupation.

IV

THE frightful increases in civilian mortality in Europe have occurred despite the fact that so far there have been no widespread epidemics. It is true that the general incidence of typhus fever has grown in eastern Europe and that there have been localized outbreaks of the disease in the Balkans, in Spain, and in North Africa. Moreover, there is a constant source of danger in people weakened by famine, who would be easy prey for any of a number of infectious diseases. If a major epidemic got a start it would be difficult, if not impossible, to control it. It is highly probable that it would sweep through these populations, building up virulence, and that it might then extend

its ravages through the rest of the world.

It is clear therefore that in the postwar period all nations must stand together for the preservation of global health. We in America have a permanent stake in it. We cannot isolate our own well-being. Epidemics have a way of crossing boundaries and disregarding national borders. When we consider that after the war no place on earth will be more than sixty hours of air travel from New York it is plain that we cannot expect to remain well if sickness rages in other lands. With men and women arriving by plane from the tropics or arctic lands, we shall have to deal with strange diseases, perhaps unknown in our own population.

We are thus dependent upon the sound health of other nations, and its maintenance will be a postwar necessity. To right the present disastrous conditions will undoubtedly take at least a generation. In fact a large proportion of the surviving peoples of the occupied countries, especially the children, will bear permanently the effects of the overwhelming hardships

they have experienced. If marching armies left their mark on civilian life in the last war, the story is being repeated with far greater intensity in this one. There is before us an immense job of rehabilitation which will require the co-ordinated action of all of the powers of the world. This is the justification and this the program of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. We are fortunate that this organization has already begun to prepare a complete plan and to assign a quota of responsibility to each country that can help in postwar relief work. An integral part of the scheme is an international medical commission with facilities to serve all nations and with a carefully planned campaign to reach the war-torn peoples most effectively. Only through such joint action can the spread of disease be checked and the health of all nations restored. We have been so fortunate in our own wartime experience that we can well afford to lend our skills and our resources toward the success of this vital effort.



CARIBBEAN COMMAND

Americans in Battle—No. 9

FLETCHER PRATT



SHE was a seventy-foot cabin cruiser, intended for polite parties down the bay with cocktails and light laughter under the awning on the fantail. The Philadelphia Navy Yard, to which she was turned over for conversion, was smothered in big jobs on battleships and cruisers damaged in the war on the Atlantic or fitting new for the struggle in the Pacific. They gave her to the second-string mechanics, who somewhat insecurely attached a .50-caliber machine gun forward, installed two depth charges (all she could carry) aft, and slapped a coat of warpaint on her. In April, 1942, when submarines were sinking ships all down the coast against the loom of the city lights and were beginning to sift through the passes into the Caribbean, she was commissioned a warship of the U. S. Navy and turned over to a very junior lieutenant with bright new insignia of rank.

His name was Cliff Collins and hers YP219, from which she was called a "Yippee." Her crew consisted of ten boys fresh from boot camp who had never seen water in anything bigger than a bathtub, a fat veteran chief bosun's mate, and a good machinist. With this equipment she started down the inside route, engines wheezing. At Charleston they broke down; the dockyard people hauled her out on a marine railway and clucked

apprehensively as they did what they could for her. They told her skipper that she might do for one-day coastal patrols but she had better not go more than five miles out as she was totally unseaworthy.

Collins did not inform his crew of this warning till they were at sea. They had already learned through scuttlebutt, which is the Navy grapevine, that YP219 was to be part of a convoy taking a big floating repair shop eleven hundred miles directly across an ocean full of submarines to San Juan, Puerto Rico, and none of them wished to miss the chance of really getting into the war. That is, none but a somewhat rococo youth who had somehow slipped through the enlistment net and who, after remarking that he could not make any money aboard this hooker, went over the hill never to be seen again by Yippee 219, leaving behind him twenty decks of skillfully marked cards. These introduced an interesting variation into the games that kept them all from going crazy during the next days.

They had hardly left Charleston before the convoy was struck by a typical Hatteras gale. The convoy consisted of the repair ship, a tug for it, a big converted yacht, and another Yippee of slightly more ample proportions than 219. On the second day of the storm the other Yippee

could take it no longer and turned back. She radioed that night that her rudder cable had snapped and both her propellers had been broken by the pounding seas. The yacht left the convoy to get her to safety.

Everybody aboard 279 was violently seasick; they could keep no fire and cook no food. The ship pounded so that on one occasion Collins was pitched through the upper half of the bridge door and saved only because the lower half held. Anyone who could, slept on deck, lashed down. Nobody dared create an opening for water to enter the hull by lifting a hatch long enough to go below, but everyone could hear the fragments of their crockery and glassware grinding themselves to powder against the silver down there. The ship did not carry enough water to drink for such a voyage, to say nothing of washing. She had four days' less fuel than would be sufficient for the journey, and by night had to hitch to the repair ship for a tow, casting loose to patrol round her during the day. Her forecastle planking was weak; the winches tore out at the first tow, leaving jagged holes.

Off San Juan the weather somewhat abated and the converted yacht caught up with this singular convoy. That day they sighted a sub on the surface some distance away, but she ducked down when the escorts ran toward her and they pushed on. They found themselves in the base port of Caribbean Command. There the exhausted crew of *YP219* slept the clock round while Collins went to report to Comcarib, Vice-Admiral John Hoover.

II

HE WAS a big man with a long straight nose and a sharp jaw, known as "Genial John," which is a descriptive name only by synecdoche. Those who have seen him with his son or at parties before the war say he can be genial enough; in the office of the Caribbean Command he was volcanic, both as to energy and ejected sulphuric matter. Officers keeping the dead watch from four to eight in the morning or the dog watch before it tell of the telephone ringing and a voice, "This is the Commandant. Get me—" His abil-

ity to absorb facts was legendary, his memory prodigious. His favorite remark was, "What makes it do?" and twenty minutes after asking the question he would be telling (correctly) how the arrangement could be improved. It is said that one of our greatest leaders looked at the dispatch announcing Pearl Harbor with the remark, "If John Hoover had been there this never would have happened."

There was enough to make him volcanic at this time, June, 1942. San Juan had been a naval district command, the tenth, embracing the Caribbean shores west to Curaçao, east to the Guianas, north to Cuba—a district command, which is a kind of housekeeping assignment, its principal job being to look after yards, docks, and the provisioning of ships bound through toward more important tasks. It has few ships of its own except tugs and water barges, no planes unless the district includes also a training command. In February the district had become a naval frontier, that is, a combat area, by official fiat; but in February also the submarines announced their presence by sinking the *Lady Hawkins* with all those women and children, and John Hoover still had the equipment of a district rather than of a frontier.

What could they give him? Far in the Pacific Singapore had fallen, *ABDAFLOAT* was fighting with hopeless gallantry in the Java Sea, at any moment Australia might be invaded, Pearl Harbor itself was hardly safe with the wrecked battleships rising from the mud. The German submarines were concentrating their attack on tankers; they clearly would not neglect the concentration that had to form round the oil fields of Maracaibo and the refineries at Curaçao; but the best that could be spared for the Caribbean Command were Yippees, a handful of planes, and such help as the Army could render. This was not inconsiderable since the Army, with its narrower responsibilities, had from the days of the destroyer-base deal regarded the islands as the outguard of the Canal and had been working enthusiastically on its landing strips and hangars.

But in those darkest months of the war the big fast Army planes, Flying Fortresses and B24s, were also needed to halt the

Japanese rush. All the Antilles Air Command (the Army unit) could bring to bear were groups of old B18s—respectable machines but slow, of short range, not well armed. The command was not even co-ordinated with that of the Navy until the establishment of the sea frontier. Working out methods of operation was not the least task Genial John Hoover had to face.

Nor the greatest. The two services, so different in their equipment, organization, and method, were at least manned by Americans with a common military heritage and a common ability to understand such phrases as "clean up hitter" or "raise the ante," which are of more military utility than one might think. The newly formed Caribbean Command contained a handful of British corvettes that had no such associations. It included one or two vessels of the Dutch Navy, operating under a strange language and customs. It was presently joined by ships from a Brazilian Navy which up to this time had been chiefly remarkable for the brilliant papers written by officers who seldom got out of sight of shore.

All these ships had to operate not only from Puerto Rico, the least Americanized of the islands, but also from a series of harbors and airports under foreign flags, where they came in contact with colonials fiercely jealous of their small sovereignties, determined to impress their little identities on the Colossus of the North.

Add that neutral shipping constantly sifted through the area with its latent possibilities of espionage and sabotage. Add that the command included Martinique, with the problems presented by its dubious allegiance, the cruisers and the carrier that lay there, and the American-built fighters aboard the latter.

Merely setting up the command in fact required a whole series of diplomatic agreements that would have taken years in peace, and now to be made under the pressure of war, with the sinkings mounting as the Germans followed the logical strategy of running from the completer Atlantic coast patrols to an area where there was practically no defense. When Yippee 219 arrived they were already not far short of a ship-a-day average. The

orders were to patch up the holes in 219's deck, fit her with new winches, and send her down to Trinidad.

III

IT WAS one of the three sector bases under which Admiral Hoover had organized his sea frontier. Each had its headquarters at a focal point with a rear admiral in charge—one for the northern passes around the foot of Cuba, under Rear Admiral Weyler at Guantanamo; one for the refineries themselves at Curaçao, with Rear Admiral Robinson, who brought the *Marblehead* home from Java when nobody thought it could be done; one for Trinidad, under Rear Admiral Ollendorf, to cover the southern issues from the Caribbean.

When YP219 arrived the place held a typical island port that had gone to sleep since the close of the great boom in cocoa; a landing strip from which the Army planes took off; a maze of bulldozers and contractors' lumber round a new base just building; a cove with a new dock to which the little Yippee tied up while her skipper went ashore to report to the escort vessel administrator; and an office which called itself headquarters for the sector.

The office was being organized from the top down and it furnished an example of unified command—the first of its kind in the war. Admiral Ollendorf was the head; all orders were issued in his name. The heart was the "crystal-gazer's board," a big map on the wall of a room like the one in Eastern Sea Frontier Headquarters in New York (which was described by Lieutenant Thompson in *Harper's* for October, 1942), on which were pinned little symbols for ships moving through the area, for planes available or in movement, and for submarines. All day long officers watched these symbols as reports of sinkings and contacts and radio intercepts came to them, studying each individual U-boat till they learned its skipper's habits and mental patterns.

"Some of them were awful good, one in particular. We could predict two months ahead when he'd come around again and we knew some convoy would lose three or four ships. We've missed him since De-

ember, and as we had a definite sinking in the area where he then was, we think he's gone now. There was another though who pulled right out of the area if a plane sighted him, and one who would surface every night to have a long conversation with home."

(It is characteristic of Admiral Hoover that when his staff wanted to set up a similar board at general headquarters he replied, nonsense; he could keep track of every ship in the Caribbean in his head and make the necessary deductions—proved he could do it too. The staff won in the end by pointing out that he was the only magician in San Juan and in war there is always a chance that any one man may become a casualty.)

From this board information passed through a control officer, an Army man, who assigned units to give air cover and surface cover to ships moving through the area. Most of these ships in those days had sailing orders to Trinidad only; even their captains were ignorant of their ultimate destination. There they stated their needs in food, fuel, repairs, and waited to be made up into convoys.

The officer in charge of supplies and repairs was British Navy. He not only had to meet outrageous requests like that for five thousand galvanized buckets before to-morrow morning, but also during most of 1942 to repair a long succession of vessels hit by torpedoes or driven beyond the capacity of old engines and hulls. There was little shop equipment and no labor but natives, who formed the interesting habit of breaking tools so they could be paid without having to work for it. Nobody knows how he did the job.

The officer directing the making up of convoys and the hours of their sailing was American Navy; escorts were furnished by another American Navy officer, who took anything available down to such fantastic combinations as a U. S. destroyer, a Dutch gunboat, and a couple of British motor-torpedo boats.

In the air the convoys were covered by equally strange mixtures, Army, Navy, and Marine Corps planes, sometimes all at once working under the orders of a coordinating officer who might belong to any of the three.

IV

THIS was the administrative setup in which *YP219* was one of the units on the firing line. Her twelve-man crew was profoundly unconscious of this background.

The island of Trinidad is shaped like a capital U lying on its side, with two long arms reaching toward it from Venezuela to enclose the Gulf of Paria, large as a Great Lake. The issues north and south from that gulf are called bocas. By July the Germans were so well aware of the slight protection we had that they were bringing their submarines right into the bocas. There would be a pillar of flame in the night, visible even from shore, and a shock like the sudden tropic thunder; *YP219* would be ordered out to pick up survivors.

There were thirty-five from the first ship, almost as soon as she arrived on the station; fifty-five from the second, including an indestructible Army colonel who had been brought back from the East because a doctor said his heart could not stand the shock of war. Some of these survivors were burned, some were injured, some were women, and room for all had to be found on the deck of the craft that was already crowded by her normal crew.

There was the sailor of an armed guard who had been trapped under a gun mount when a torpedo explosion threw it across his leg and had been carried actually under the surface before the explosion of a second torpedo threw it off again. There were men who had been picked up by ships which themselves had been torpedoed before they could reach shore with the survivors. In those early days all the winning was on the German side; they did not even have to use the wolf-pack technique of the north Atlantic.

One submarine would lie outside the bocas and warn whatever other lay nearest the route of a convoy—which was almost certain to lose some ships.

All over the Caribbean there were similar scenes during that disastrous season, at the passages round Cuba and Santa Domingo and off Curaçao itself, where one U-boat shelled the oil refineries and

another torpedoed the big gunboat *Erie*,* one of the best vessels in the little defensive fleet.

There was trouble even in the harbors, many of which among the islands are not proper harbors at all, but open roadsteads; submarines slipped up at night to fire torpedoes at ships as they lay along the docks. It is always hard for Americans to believe that they have insufficient means to solve any given problem, but as this year of decision slid downhill toward fall, with the sinkings continually rising, Genial John Hoover was refusing all invitations and working far into the night, and the Caribbean was becoming the most dangerous of all seas.

It is impossible to assign a definite moment at which the upturn began. There are too many elements concerned. Was it July? A squadron of PBYs, the giant seaplanes, arrived that month, their pilots just out of training school and green as grass. "Send them down to Trinidad," said John Hoover and had to be argued with by his air officer, who pointed out that these lads had not even had their gunnery practice yet. (Hoover gave him just eight days to get them ready.) With the arrival of these big bombers that could stay out all night, sinkings in the bocas ceased; *YP219* could be an escort craft again—at least to some distance out, where the old grim business of picking up survivors recommenced.

In July also a more northerly flight recorded the first submarine kill accepted as definite under the hard rules of the Navy, where the saying goes that "you must bring back the captain's hat and his left arm to prove it." The plane picked up a sub by night and dropped a flare. The sub submerged so quickly that by the time she turned it was gone, but the light showed a second black silhouette on the water, her bombs damaged it, and the Canadian corvette *Oakville* came up to cut the U-boat in two.

Yet July showed the sinkings rising in an unbroken curve. Would August be the key date? In August the PBYs were joined by new squadrons. The net-layers began to come, those craft with the double

projecting bows that caused them to be called "praying mantises." They protected the anchorages. A squadron of Lockheed Hudsons arrived from the British Coastal Command, with pilots who had three years of war and submarine hunting under their belts and who could add to the Carib Command that element of old experience it had been lacking.

But they were pilots from the north, used to long runways in flat country and to cool temperatures. They had accidents in the short mountain-island landing strips; they burned out harnesses by not opening their ventilators widely enough; and throughout August the sinkings rose.

Perhaps September? More depth-charge-type bombs became available in September; up to then many had been merely land-type bombs with the sharp nose set in an improvised concrete base to make it sink faster. Now there began to be incidents like that of the submarine caught on the surface north of the islands. One depth charge lit under her tail and hoisted it. Whether it damaged her will never be known, for the second struck on her deck just forward of the conning tower and lodged there, not going off. The U-boat dived; when she reached the depth for which the charge had been set it did go off and blew her all to pieces.

V

SEPTEMBER saw also the swarmings of the SCs. There had been some before but now they came in quantity, the wooden 110-footers, outgrowths of the famous little ships that Loring Swasey of Boston designed for the Allied governments in the last war. The new SCs had numbers running up into four figures; they were manned by college boys and soda jerkers and plow hands, who led a life quite as rugged as that aboard *Yippee 219* and loved every minute of it. On an SC the crew's compartment is in the forepeak, marvelously crowded, with bunks in tiers of three, and only one washbasin for twenty-four men—a sensible economy since the ship cannot in any case carry enough water for washing. Officers and crew eat together, the same meals, the heads waiting till their men have fin-

* But the *Erie* did not go down; they got her on the beach and saved her.

ished and using the same tables; for although there is a wardroom on an SC, food can be brought to it only by a mess attendant who performs a miracle of balance as he carries a tray with one hand while he uses the other to help himself up a vertical 8-foot steel ladder which reels as much as 72 degrees from perpendicular with the movement of the ship.

And they do move; good God how they move! Every SC man has to learn in his first few days the trick of never taking a step, never standing, sitting, or lying without gripping something with one hand to keep from breaking his bones against the opposite bulkhead. It is said that the SC men have developed prehensile toes to hold themselves in bed at night; and the tale is told in the Caribbean of an SC that, having picked up a lone survivor from his life raft, speeded up to join her convoy. "Sir," said the shipwrecked mariner, "would you mind just putting me back on that raft with a few provisions?"

Probably they turned him down because there were no provisions—or water. The SC of the Second World War is Diesel-powered and thus has cruising range sufficient to take her across an ocean; but it is built into a craft that was designed in the First World War to use gasoline engines and so was not meant to go out of sight of land.

The Caribbean SCs were assigned to missions on the basis of their fuel capacity, not their other characteristics. They had to be; the need was for ships that could cover convoys clear across the island sea, from Panama to Guantanamo, from Trinidad to New Orleans. So the SC sailors ate sandwiches instead of meals—when there was any bread, they having no ovens. They washed in teacups when they washed at all, they clung to stanchions till their coracoid processes pulled out, and they sowed the Caribbean with depth charges till the Wood's Hole men recorded with astonishment that the sea life of the ocean was being changed, the whales and blackfish seeking safer waters.

In September the submarines suffered more than they had since the beginning of the war; but so did the shipping they were attacking, and the calendar swung round the corner into October.

The amount of time it takes to "fleet in" a ship as a fully efficient unit of war is directly in proportion to her size, for the obvious reason that size implies a greater complication of equipment and a greater number of men who must learn one another's habits and reactions to the spoken word. (The more important half of any military order is never uttered.) Along with the SCs the PCs began to come to the Caribbean; by October they were in flood. Fundamentally they were SCs grown up to conditions of the ocean and the Second World War.

They were sea-keeping vessels in the true sense, with sound gear and secret gear, an armament that would keep any submarine under, and speed enough to let them patrol the flanks of fast convoys; as heavy and strong as some of the destroyers of the last war. They were not heavy enough to be comfortable ships; even the skipper had a cabin only about six feet square, and the clinging-monkey act of the SCs was still necessary to preserve a whole head.

But they were bigger, more powerful. They could run long convoys, if not with the comfort of a peacetime Caribbean cruise, at least without subjecting the men to the continual struggle for existence imposed by the SCs. They were also numerous; the fate of *YP279* bears testimony to that. In October or November she ceased to be a combat vessel and was relegated to towing targets for battle practice by PCs and planes.

The PCs and their men are worth a glance as they lie in their harbors, waiting for orders at one of their section bases. There is a dock, or maybe two at the shore, with no great depth of water, a number of PCs nesting beside the dock, and off at one flank a bathing beach with a few bright-colored bathhouses. A bulldozer is still improving the background of the beach, a bulldozer borrowed from the Army and never returned. (No PC man has any morals as far as equipment is concerned; the anchor watch is considered to be for the purpose of keeping other PC men from stealing guns for their own ships.) Behind the dock a few low, camouflaged buildings fade off into a high wall of jungle and there are other buildings among the

trees. Aside from the necessary hospital, office, and barracks these buildings are mainly for recreational purposes, since the base is probably miles by a winding and difficult road from the nearest town, and the only amusement to be found there is the attentions of coffee-colored ladies with low morals and a high venereal rate.

There is a beer garden, there are probably slot machines; the movie is surprisingly up to date; the ship's service store sells locally made jewelry and probably silk stockings and perfumes not obtainable in the States, in addition to toothpaste and Coca-Cola, fountain pens and watches. There is sports equipment for the asking and every kind of reading matter but newspapers. In the beer garden, lounging on the beach or at the ship's service store, trying to solve the mystery of opening a coconut, one meets the PC men—a new, insouciant race.

"Well, we were going along as nice as anything when zing, that tanker blew up right in front of our eyes. Thirteen survivors, ha ha."

"If you didn't get any contact it could have been one of those acoustic mines."

"Did you hear about the skipper of that sub we picked up on the last trip down? There isn't much room below on a PC, so the boss used to let him come up half an hour a day for air. The first day we caught up with the convoy and we were right in the middle of about forty ships. He looked around and two big tears came out on his cheeks. 'Ach, I should haf mine boat!' he said." (Laughter.)

"The one we caught was different. He wouldn't speak at all for about four days, and then it came out. It seems he had seen that PBV that was after him and rung his engine room for full speed ahead on both engines. Well, the pilot dropped his bombs a little short, but the Heinie engineer gave his skipper full speed astern on both till he backed right into the bombs. He was the maddest German you ever saw."

Their conversation was shop; they were young, gay, hard to a degree that would dumfound Axis philosophers accustomed to thinking that American civilization had run out into silk sheets and cocktail parties; they were irreverent, intolerant.

"Vic Lazotta lost a man on our last trip. Fell off the fantail and there was a contact reported up ahead so he wouldn't turn back."

"He was right."

"When we get through with these subs we ought to go back to the States and clean up a few civilians. Some of those strikers . . ."

They played peculiar practical jokes, as when a very senior British officer, new to the area, was invited for cocktails at the club on shore. At the door half a dozen young Americans solemnly removed their shoes and left them in line, assuring the Briton that because of our contact with Mohammedans in the Philippines it had become a national habit with us in the tropics.

They were even insubordinate; which is not to justify but to describe the attitude of young men in uproarious physical health, for whom the ordinary compulsions of civilian life had lost their force, who had but a single focus of interest. There had been nothing resembling them since the seamen of Queen Elizabeth, like whom they were ready to sail to the ends of the earth and to fight the devil on the steps of hell. They did fight down the submarines on the doorsills of the Caribbean.

VI

THE story of how they did it will remain an episodic and disconnected series of incidents, appreciable only in the mass. From that standpoint it is clear that October was a month of attack and counterattack, with the advantage as heavily on the side of the offensive as in the land operations of the war. To the cargo carrier assailed by a submarine, to the U-boat surrounded by PCs, only one resource was possible—flight. How long this might have endured we have no means of knowing; but by the end of October, 1942, the great convoy for Casablanca was already on the seas and the strategic offensive had been wrested from the Germans. The subs had to defend the coast of Europe.

Not that they abandoned the Caribbean. There was even some evidence that the biggest U-boats, the boldest cap-

tains, and most experienced crews were assigned to that theater. But by the end of November Genial John Hoover knew that he was winning his war. PCs and destroyers continued to come down from the north, but the big gain was in the air arm.

For instance, there was the day when a squadron of B24 Liberators arrived with their immense range and heavy bomb loads. Farther out at sea than the planes of the Carib Command had ever before ventured they found a group of subs holding a convention on the surface and shot them up so badly that few ever reached the Caribbean and some never went back to Germany. The story of the squadron that we shall here call PBM Squadron 244 sums up this third period of the Caribbean Command, as that of *YP279* does the earlier periods.

The squadron came down from its training base in December, making the flight in easy stages, for the pilots were all new except the squadron commander, a veteran from the carriers who had been at Coral Sea. They were young, energetic, impatient—cut from the same cloth as the PC men. It was hard to keep them from violent effort in the tropical sun; they grumbled about the slowness of beaching crews, the amount of time that had to be spent in censoring mail. (The enlisted men got to saving this trouble by an ingenious device—they would write a letter starting “Dearest Irene: Down here I often think of how much I love you and—” then cut out the sheet down to the signature.)

Their hours were irregular and fantastic. Most often they were on night patrol, since a PBM can take off at twilight and keep the air till dawn, with the crew frying eggs. There was no home leave, no getting away from the station. It was hot. Once in half a dozen patrols this would happen:

There is something dark down in the water. It must be a sub, for the pilot’s briefing, hastily consulted, shows no Allied vessel in the area. “Action stations,” says the pilot over the interphone; all through the plane men move swiftly and their muscles tighten. The big machine swoops. A flare is released like a

blazing star; the plane banks round on one wing in a sharp curve. As the horizon tilts to vertical all hands strain their eyes to see what the flare has thrown up. The chances are it is one of the little schooners in which trade is conducted among the islands, or a steamer so fast that she is allowed to dispense with convoy.

Once and again an indisputable submarine is silhouetted against the glare, already tilting down under the black water as the plane turns back to bomb.

There is only this one chance to hit her, the U-boat will be gone the second time round, the dead black-and-white illumination and the tricky angle have thrown the pilot’s sense of depth perception off. Even if he hits, only the most fantastic luck will enable him to return by daylight and find proof of the enemy’s destruction.

Or this: A plane of 244 ran out to the region where it was to furnish night escort to a big tanker. As she approached something was picked up on the water, broad off the tanker’s bow. A PC giving cover, thought the pilot, and the next moment the matter was confirmed as a searchlight from the unknown caught him in its beam. He turned to run down past the tanker and it occurred to him—why should a PC light up the ocean that way instead of making recognition signals? He swung back . . . just in time to see searchlight and all disappear beneath the surface as the submarine that had been making an approach on the tanker dived for safety.

The war of the PBMs by night was thus carried on in secret and in ignorance of the results except that the statistics showed a steady falling off in sinkings. Then the submarines started to shoot.

VII

THIS may be taken as more a reflection of the wider war than a result of Caribbean operations. Escort carriers were on the Atlantic; the U-boat that followed the classic method of diving at the sight of an Allied plane had to take home a full torpedo locker, and Grossadmiral Dönitz was as capable as anyone of realiz-

ing that a strategy which aims only to evade the enemy's strength must ultimately fail. But the cause did not matter to the pilots of 244 or to any others in the Caribbean Command. All they knew was that by the spring of 1943 a submarine caught on the surface would stay there, fighting back with guns both numerous and well handled.

Tales of these contacts drifted in from the other stations. A B24 came home to its base in the Guianas in such shape that her tail dropped off as she taxied down the field. Then one of 244's own planes, just at dawn, with a heavy haze and rough sea below, picked up a sub. Conditions were ideal for diving escape, but this U-boat did not dive. The pilot ran in on the submarine, firing his guns and dropping bombs; down below the enemy looked like a spouting whale, little white puffs of smoke coming out.

The whole plane shook as though she were coming apart. The turret gunner reported she had been hit, there was a big hole between one engine and the hull that must have been made by cannon shell, and they could not raise the tail gunner on the interphone, so he must have been hit too. (They found later that he was dead.) The pilot circled back, banking steeply to give the turret gunner a shot, then laid the rest of his bombs, but could not see the result in that weather and with the pounding sea. The passage through the middle of the ship was full of blood and two or three men were being given first aid as the plane soared off for home. When they got the ship in, the beaching crew counted two hundred and sixty-four holes in her!

All through the early summer this experience was repeated with variations by every squadron in the Caribbean Command. It was a summer of furious battles, fought at whirlwind speed with losses on both sides, but with the advantage to us; for one submarine against one plane is a ruinous exchange and even one submarine for four or five is a very poor one. In June Allied headquarters announced that daily for two weeks a U-boat had been sent down.

Meanwhile Squadron 244 was gaining cohesion and precision, becoming a Navy fighting unit with that nonchalant per-

formance which belongs to veterans; preparing, though they did not know it, for the big test:

Back at the base a radio flash came in a little after noon—"Submarine sighted on surface; am attacking" with the position some 200 miles out. The ready plane was ordered to the spot, the remainder of the squadron was summoned and prepared, Army control was alerted. The big board showed a blimp near the spot; it was contacted by radio and ordered in. The duty destroyer raised steam and prepared to sail. While these preparations were in train came a second radio—"Submarine damaged. We have no damage nor casualties." A jubilant excitement ran through the control room. Then static; then the radio again, with a jumble of incomprehensible signals ending with "—going down."

The excitement and pleasure died back at the base. There were few words, and those in low tones, till a call came through from the second plane. She had sighted the sub. It was still on the surface with the conning-tower hatch open, apparently too damaged to submerge. The Germans aboard it were solid stuff; they were sticking to their guns with no sign of giving up. Now a third plane was on hand with a young lieutenant named Crockett, who directed the growing attack from the sky by voice radio, as though he were admiral of a fleet. Back at the base they hooked up a loudspeaker on the battle frequency. "It was like listening to the World Series. You could hear him order in one plane after another, sometimes two together, telling them what angle to take and how to watch the glide."

All afternoon the battle went on. The blimp came; she was too vulnerable to make those close-in diving attacks, but Crockett found a use for her by hanging her in the sky as a traffic tower for planes to home on, saving time and valuable gasoline to them. "When you see the blimp turn left and go two miles. There's your submarine." The U-boat had dead men on deck now and in the intervals of the attack they were carrying wounded below. She fought on; a man from a plane that arrived late tells what he saw:

"We went to battle stations just after we

left the base. It was about 18.30; twilight was beginning to fall when we passed the blimp and made the sub. We could see her firing in nice, short bursts as we made our run in. They were good. I was up in the con. All of a sudden the whole plane was full of holes and bullets. I saw the Lieutenant collapse into the controls and he must have squeezed his pickle as he did so, because the depth charges dropped and they were short. Eddie and me, we got him out of there and into an aft compartment where we put tourniquets on both arms and gave him an injection of morphine, but he died on us. I got to hand it to Eddie; he was hit right through the gut but he stayed on the bomb panel and when we made the second run he gave it to them good with those demolition bombs. We never knew he was hurt till he fell down getting out of the plane after we got home and we didn't have any right to get there either with her shot up like that."

That was at twilight. It must have been on the next run that Lieutenant Crockett noted that some of the German

guns were silent and a man on the sub's deck let off at him with a Very pistol. He figured they must be low on ammunition and he sent an Army bomber to join the attack, but the twilight beat him to it; by the time the bomber reached altitude the tropic night had closed in and she could not bomb effectively. Crockett had to return; Lieutenant-Commander Jester relieved him, and with the Army bomber aiding, patrolled the area all night, waiting for light to make a sure attack.

At about eleven o'clock they lost trace of the sub and thought she had submerged on them. She had, all right; when the destroyer came sliding across the red sea of dawn all she found beneath the waiting planes was a handful of wounded Germans on rubber rafts.

That was in August. In September came the Quebec conference, when Roosevelt and Churchill announced that ninety U-boats had been sunk in as many days. The pests vanished from the Caribbean. They may come back; but they had better not.



THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



A VIRTUOUS convention forbids Mr. Chamberlain and me to discuss in *Harper's Magazine* books that are published by Harper & Brothers.* It handicaps me this month, for I want to line up some recent books on American history and two of them bear the imprint of that austere firm. I should like to get out on a limb and predict that one of these is going to get the Pulitzer Prize—and record my opinion that it ought not to. The other one—I won't name it but you might look up Mr. Gerald Johnson's latest book—is delightful from the first page to the last and the convention has got to go hang because I have to make a point. A lot of things are being freely said about the American people these days that would have got their authors lynched in the reviews a few years back, as for instance that our democratic government is not so bad, that our civilization is not altogether degraded, that on the whole we need not hang our heads in shame over what we have done about such matters as freedom, social justice, the individual, and the community. Imbued with this newness Mr. Johnson, who lives in Baltimore but apparently takes no warning from what happened there to the Sixth Massachusetts on April 19, 1861, nonchalantly commits a heresy. He notifies us that he had two grandfathers square in the path of William Tecumseh Sherman. He then remarks

* Mr. DeVoto is in error. Mr. Chamberlain is not so circumscribed. We decided a year or two ago that it was unnecessary for an honest reviewer to handicap his readers by omitting any mention of books published by what is, after all, one of the leading American publishing firms. We evidently forgot to tell Mr. DeVoto that the ban was off.—*The Editors*

that Uncle Billy was "a highly civilized and even considerate conqueror." My point is, 1943 was a lively year in the writing of American history.

Since Mr. Chamberlain has already dealt with it, I am not going to discuss Charles A. Beard's *The Republic*. It is a distinguished book, profound, witty, and very wise. To read it is a heartening experience, an excellent wartime tonic for those who care deeply about the United States. It ought to get the Pulitzer Prize (and the Loubat Prize and any similar ones whose committees may be deliberating) but, perched at the end of my limb, I predict that it will not. I can be persuaded to explain why. Mr. Beard's book is fascinating to the general reader, it freely and repeatedly expresses historical judgments, it has literary form, and it is written with notable grace and charm. Singly none of those attributes would disqualify it, probably, but together they gravely transgress the guild spirit of professional historians.

Nevertheless I am not entering it for the Easy Chair Occasional Award in American History. The principles which determine that award are arbitrary, even capricious, and this year the committee of one has been influenced by the consideration that it might call to your attention some books which you might otherwise have missed. Mr. Arthur M. Schlesinger, the president of the American Historical Association, did his colleagues a service by reviving a question of Hector St. John Crèvecoeur's, "What then is the American, this new man?" and in 1943 a number of writers undertook to answer it. Some excellent books resulted. Mr. Johnson's

book supplies an extremely interesting answer. So do Mr. Hamilton Basso's *Mainstream* and, notably, Mr. James Truslow Adams's *The American*. The committee of one has taken into account the fact that the reviews have directed you to them, however, and, meeting in executive session with professional historians excluded, has decided to split the award. It goes to Joseph Kinsey Howard's *Montana: High, Wide and Handsome* and Logan Esarey's posthumously published *The Indiana Home*. The committee also formally reports that the most stirring bit of historical writing in 1943 was Mr. Roy P. Basler's article in the January issue of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, "Concerning Lincoln and the Declaration of Independence."

WELL over a hundred million Americans need to be told the facts of life about the section of their country called the Intermountain West. Some of those facts are desperately hard and Mr. Howard has chosen to approach them at their most desperate, in Montana. What are they?

Three are more important than all the rest: that the natural resources of the West have been both ruthlessly and stupidly exploited, that they have mostly been exploited for the benefit of other sections, and that in consequence the plundered province has always been constructively bankrupt and sometimes actually bankrupt. Since the phrase "dust bowl" entered the national consciousness there has been some general realization of that last fact; there has even been some understanding that the bankruptcy of any State or section endangers all. Mr. Howard's book is written in the knowledge that the national consciousness has got to move on from the effect to its causes.

He was right to choose Montana. Throughout the West absentee ownership has channeled wealth out of the communities that produced it, but the system has reached its intolerable perfection in Montana. Throughout the West land and power and minerals have been cash crops, and unspeakable stupidity, waste, corruption, and cynicism have sometimes gone into the harvesting of them, but nowhere so intensively as in Montana.

Elsewhere in the West there have been tragically unintelligent land use, destruction of vital wealth, contempt of human rights, purchase of men and obliteration of men who would not sell out, servile acceptance and futile rebellion, but all this has become most critical in Montana. That is Mr. Howard's history: what these things have been, how they came about, what they have done to men and land—and the efforts that have been made to arrest and repair the damage. He tells his story well. It is only lately that books of this kind have been attempted; as a Westerner I try to read them all, and I know of no other that has so much realism as his, so much soundness, so much breadth, or so much understanding.

His principal themes are the range land, mining, water, water power, conservation, and community planning. He is no deadpan historian; he has time and temper not only for the violence of Montana history but for its violent colors as well, the humor, the legends, the fantasia of the last frontier turning into the modern commonwealth. There are plenty of good stories but they never persuade him away from his purpose. He takes us from the Plains Indians (and I think he is a touch romantic about their adaptation to the land) and the buffalo down to the present war. He gives us the cattle kingdom, when first (if we disregard the buffalo hunters) the process of destroying natural resources was set in motion—by overgrazing, sequestration of water rights, forced use of the national domain, and inequitable combination. He gives us the collapse of that gaudy kingdom, the first agonizing dislocation of Montana life. He follows it with the most terrible story of all, the breaking of the arid soil, the conversion of grazing country to farms, the killing of the grass, the down curve of the rainfall cycle, the blowing away of the land, the blasting of human life. And it is good to find him paying tribute to John Wesley Powell, the great prophet of the arid West, who in 1878 foretold most of what has happened since then and much that has probably got to happen still.

He gives us also the mines, the left wing of Price's army in the gold fields, the vigilantes, and especially copper. And

most especially, the wars of the copper kings and the triumphs of "the Company." If you don't know what the Company is, stranger, it is the Amalgamated Copper Company (later the Anaconda), and it has usually maintained a more thoroughgoing ownership of Montana's wealth, government, and inhabitants than any other corporation has ever been able to maintain in any other State. It has gutted an American commonwealth on behalf, if not of its stockholders at least of its manipulators, through many years. Its history is spectacular but not lovely; Mr. Howard tells it, naming names. He then moves on to a more suave and polished monopoly, a combination of power companies which is now arguing in the courts that neither the State nor the Federal government, still less the individual rancher to whom water means survival, has any right to the rivers of Montana which the holder of dam sites need respect.

Finally Mr. Howard describes the slow mastery of lessons taught by decay and failure, and the attempts, slowly gathering momentum, to fulfill John Wesley Powell's vision—to make the land live rather than die, to build a society that may have decent security and dignity in accord with the conditions set by nature, to correct folly and restore social health. It is a moving story, one which involves the future of us all. He ends on two ominous notes: that this war endangers all plans and that, even if they survive it, there are possibilities of conflict between local and Federal plans which could conceivably end in a new frustration or a new kind of absentee exploitation. . . . Whoever you are, wherever you live, even if you believe that the South is our number one economic problem, Mr. Howard's book comes close home to you and you would do well to read it forthwith.

Montana is published on the open market but you will have to scramble to get hold of *The Indiana Home*, since it exists only in a limited private edition made by some pupils of Dr. Logan Esarey in honor of their teacher. It is an unpretentious book, in form little more than the author's notes for some lectures on the history of Indiana. But it is warm

with the humor and understanding of an exceedingly wise man, it has the tang of the individual way of life for which there has never been any descriptive word but "Hoosier," and it is the best account of how life was lived on the frontier of the Old Northwest that I have ever read—and I have, I think, read all the good ones.

The book is the story of the cabin in the clearing, and that cabin is one of the immortal American symbols. It begins with the destitute forest Indians—and remarks that, on the way to exterminating them, the white man incidentally improved their lot. It brings the Americans to Indiana and comes down to the 1850's or thereabout, when the complete farm and farm economy were achieved and obviously, to Dr. Esarey's taste, a high peak of human happiness was achieved with them. Altogether without pedantry but with the mastery of a man who has given a lifetime of love and labor to the subject, he discusses the people, the soils, the trees, the crops, the techniques, the handicrafts, the economy, the sports, the superstitions, and the mores of the pioneer society. He is neither doctrinaire nor controversial, he has no thesis, he is interested solely in describing how the Middle West, and specifically Indiana, established and maintained a way of life in the wilderness. But he can hew his way through a cliché when he meets one. Thus in a sentence or two he demolishes a favorite myth of deplorers, that the ignorant pioneers destroyed the forests. They did not destroy the forests, they merely burned some trees to make fields and cut down other trees for use. The clearing of farms and the establishment of Midwestern agriculture hardly scratched the great forests. Not even the first generation of industry and the building of railroads seriously impaired them. They disappeared only when the rise of the petroleum industry converted oak trees to barrel staves by the billion. Or again, he points out that, however we may enjoy the stories of Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, Lewis Weitzell, George Rogers Clark, and William Henry Harrison, we ought also to bear in mind that not one of them was able to make a home for himself in the forest. The property of all of them, he points out, with that of Lincoln and Wayne added for

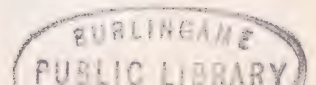
good measure, would not have equaled in value one good quarter-section of Indiana farm. He suggests that the ordinary men and women who gave value to the wilderness are worthy of attention.

Mostly those people came by Cumberland Gap and had themselves ferried across the Ohio. In the main they were English, Dutch, Scotch, Irish, or Scotch-Irish—but all of them were Americans. They had been living in the forest for about a century when they reached Indiana, and they had developed a superb technique. Dr. Esarey thinks that the English tended to be the best clearers of land and founders of business, that the Dutch were by far the best farmers, and that the Scotch and Irish probably had the best time. They came on foot, or with a horse or two, or with at most a wagon and a few tools. They were poor. Their only wealth was their labor. They built a commonwealth and remade the nation.

A large part of those achievements is implicit in the homely, concrete details of Dr. Esarey's book. Methods of clearing land, methods of breaking and cultivating soil, the calendar of wild and cultivated crops, the building of cabins, the enlargement and enrichment of fields, the management of farm animals, the routine of log-rollings and corn-shuckings, such handicrafts as tanning and carding and spinning—this is the page-by-page stuff of his georgic. What tree was most useful to the pioneers? (The tulip. Our Hoosier democrat remarks that the sycamore was the aristocrat of the forest and like all

aristocrats, he says, it was useless.) How did you make an ash hopper, what was it used for, why was it indispensable? If you were a mite sensitive about sassafras tea, what did you use to thin your blood after a winter of living on biled beans and salt pork? What were the trials and utilities of geese? What did you use for dyes, medicines, or weather signs? How many hoop poles could a skilled woodsman cut per day, how many rails could he split? You probably don't know—do you even know what rails were used for? You ought to know and you can find out in *The Indiana Home*.

It is a small book but I hope I suggest that it is rich and delightful. It is more than that. For Dr. Esarey also answers the question which so many of his colleagues undertook to answer in 1943. He also has said something important about the American, this new man. This new man had been changed on his way to the Old Northwest, and the conquest of the forest, the bringing in of the Indiana home, changed him further. He was altered, increased, set in a new form, and the effects of those changes are with us still. It would be sagacious of you to get hold of Dr. Esarey's book, by theft if necessary, for it will deepen your understanding of the American inheritance. Furthermore, like Mr. Beard's book, it is heartening and reassuring in these dark days. Finally, it is fascinating reading, the most fascinating comment on America that I found in 1943, a year that was unusually rich in books that undertook to explain us to ourselves.



PREPARATION FOR INVASION

C. LESTER WALKER



THE logistics of a large modern invasion—by which is meant the art of getting several hundred thousand men with several hundred thousand different items of equipment to a particular spot on the earth's surface with split-second accuracy at a particular time—approach the unbelievable. The immensity and complexity of the job to be done in advance of the expedition are staggering. And, incidentally, a careful study of the preparations which have had to be made for our campaigns in North Africa and elsewhere helps to explain the requirements for an invasion of western Europe.

The logistics for any campaign start at the top, and such was the case for North Africa. You must decide first where to attack, and in this instance the United Nations Joint Staffs made the decision. The conferences were held early in the summer of 1942 and the date for simultaneous invasion at three (later increased to twelve) different places on the North African coast was fixed. Our first troops would sail in October. In the interim, roughly sixteen weeks, here was the job that had to be done:

First, the General Staff must formulate the plan of operation—the *how* of doing the job. In dozens of War Department offices dozens of majors and colonels and generals must confer and reconfer, discuss and rediscuss, day after day and night

after night. In the second place, the General Staff must decide on the forces: their numbers and what kind. It must fix the proportion of ground troops, of air troops, and of service forces, and it must determine the intricate and vitally important breakdown of each. Of the ground forces, for instance, how many must be anti-aircraft, how many of the armored force? The proportions must be nicely calculated to fit the type of country invaded and the kind of fighting planned.

Then there is the question of what service troops should be taken to maintain the combat battalions. This, in the North African planning, meant estimating just how many railway units would be necessary to operate Moroccan railroads, how many engineer units would be necessary to bridge the rivers, how many medical units to see to the wounded. The War Department General Staff must then pick the exact units which will go, and must note where in this country they are to be taken from.

All this, however, is merely part of the job. The problem of getting equipment and supplies has had to be considered in every stage of the planning. For the North African landings every soldier took with him over fifty items of personal equipment, from his bayonet to his burlap innersoles. There were 390 different kinds of clothing. The Signal Corps alone re-

quired 10,000 separate items—radios, telephones, wire. The Medical Corps had 68,000 items; the Engineers had 100,000—everything from bridges to well-diggers and locomotives. And for Ordnance—tanks, guns, ammunition, spare parts—it was necessary to provide 250,000 different types of articles or matériel. The gasoline required was eighty times that for a like number of troops of the last war: for the divisions that were landed in Africa the amount was 4,200,000 gallons a week! The food for the expedition weighed 20,000,000 pounds; the clothing and equipment, 37,000,000 pounds. Each soldier required five times as much equipment as in the First World War; and the total number of separate kinds of items for this one invasion ran to over 700,000!

WHILE hundreds of officers and their assistants at thousands of desks all over the country are setting to work at the stupendous task of procuring all these things, another section of the Army is working on the transportation problem. When the time comes there must be plenty of trucks, trains, and ships. Roughly six cubic (ship's) tons of equipment must be delivered for every soldier sent overseas in this invasion, and another ton of food, clothing, and ammunition must follow each month. There will come nights when tens of thousands of soldiers must be shifted great distances. "On these same nights," in the words of General Somervell, "heavy freight trains laden with raw materials must rush toward industrial plants, while others loaded with finished tanks and guns and planes must hurry to ports of embarkation." Tens of thousands of freight cars and motor trucks will be needed for this movement, but the numbers are, within limits, a predictable requirement, with a predictable available supply. The problem is relatively simple compared with the question of ships. It is the ships which raise a particular nightmare. Vessels of sufficient tonnage must be assembled at the right port at the right time.

To do the job the officers in charge of transportation must build up what they call a "bank account of ships." So for weeks they will eagerly check shipyard

production and scan their convoy schedules. They are aware that this will be the largest transoceanic invasion in history, requiring more than twice as much shipping per man as was required in the last war. They must get together hundreds of ocean-going ships, by a specific date. And they all know that any one of five dozen contingencies can prevent their being there.

II

IN THE logistics of this invasion, or any invasion, the work of the Army Service Forces bulks large. It is the Army Service Forces which get the stuff for invasion and get it there, whether the place be Attu, or New Guinea, or the coasts of Germany.

Look, for a moment, at just one of the jobs that must be done by the Quartermaster Corps (which in turn is just one branch of Army Service Forces): research. For North Africa its test-and-experiment services enabled American soldiers to be provided with equipment such as was never seen in an invasion before. There were waterproof rifle covers of plastic—transparent, and pliable, so a man could get at the trigger without taking the cover off. There were anti-bacterial water-purifying pills, and follow-up pills to correct the taste; goggles with one set of glasses for sun and one for sand; sulfa-drug powders in a shaker-top box; polaroid-coated light bulbs to cut down the glare in our Sherman tanks; bricks of food—twenty dozen eggs in a bar the size of a cigarette carton, mashed potatoes for a hundred men in a block no bigger than a portable typewriter. Soldiers carried unsmashable plastic water canteens. The lifeboats had Bibles in waterproof vinyl covers (the same used for pistols!) which would float them in the sea.

The clothes-delousing bags, with the ampoules of methyl bromide gas to do the job inside them in thirty seconds flat, were a story of laborious research in themselves. Methyl bromide boils at 40 degrees Fahrenheit, and therefore would burst an ordinary container. QMC developed a small toughened glass ampoule large enough to take care of the expansion, and set most of the biggest drug manufacturers

in the country to work on it. Seventy-five per cent of the capacity of the ampoule was left for expansion, and most of the manufacturing operations had to be performed in dry ice.

For invasion forces in the South Pacific, Quartermaster Corps researchers provided non-melting butter, mosquito gloves, hunting knives that double as hammers, ponchos of rosin-waterproofed nylon, insect-repellent salves, unrottable nylon bootlaces, and jungle hammocks which were chemically treated against mildew and water and had a false bottom to fend off insects and cold.

Ground troops in the Arctic go equipped with folding skis with rustless hinges. For fliers there is a cold-weather coverall which zips from head to foot so that the pilot can shed it in a hurry. A specially medicated "chapstick" prevents lip-cracking snowburn. A "mountain ration" that can spend the day under water, or a month at a temperature of 60° below, feeds four men three meals (of soup, meat, cereal, vegetables, fruit, dessert, and coffee) and weighs only twelve pounds.

None of these invasion items just happened, and none of them was developed over a week-end. All of them are the result of the work of hundreds of technicians preparing for invasion—in scores of experiment and testing laboratories, over no one will ever know how many months and days.

OR TAKE the amount of work and ingenuity involved in getting "un-gettable" materials. At one time mica was scarce. It goes into radio equipment, and radio equipment aplenty goes with invasion. Special planes were sent by the Air Transport Command to India with Ames dials, the gages that measure the thinness of mica slivers, and routine flights were established. On one flight when General Styer, Chief of Staff, Army Service Forces, flew back from India, his plane was loaded with all the mica it could hold.

Similarly, if a manufacturer in Middletown or Emporia or Keokuk is stuck for critical materials, ASF has to move mountains and comb the forty-eight States. "I can't meet the deadline on those metal tent poles," one manufacturer wailed one day.

"I've made eighty-seven long distance calls [he had!] and I can't get suitable steel tubing. Nowhere!" In such a case the ASF trouble-shooters have to go right back to the factory and the boss's elbow. The fishing-rod manufacturers, it was suggested, might have some frozen *brass* tubing. Telephone calls were put through at once, although it was an hour when the manufacturers would undoubtedly be snoring in their beds. But brass tubing was found—if the WPB would release it. The Army arranged that; but then special stamping dies were necessary. These would take four weeks to make, and the finished tent poles must be shipped in three weeks. It was decided that old dies remade might do, and men from the nearest Quartermaster depot scoured the second-hand die markets and found them. Then—out of the blue—the manufacturer's supply of aluminum, which was also part of the tent poles, ran out. And there was *no aluminum*. It was tied up tight because of thirty- to sixty-day advance allotments. A QMC man then strolled into a factory where an aluminum-working job was going on. Chips and peelings were flying off the cutters like snow. "Mr. Jones," remarked the Quartermaster's man to the plant owner, "just have your boys sweep up this scrap for me, will you?" Melted down, it was just enough for the tent poles—and they were shipped on time.

EVEN the problems of invasion packaging have taken months of planning and the work of thousands of hands and minds. Combat maintenance equipment for the men of the North African campaign had to be packaged in individual seventy-pound, one-man loads. Each package then had to be waterproofed. Gasoline, usually supplied by the tankerload, had to be put into cans and drums. In the invasion some of the gasoline was delivered by throwing five-gallon cans into the water and floating them ashore, air space being of course left for buoyancy.

To save precious shipping space the Quartermaster packaging experts devised a way of baling clothes, instead of boxing them, which takes 40 per cent less room. Toilet paper no longer invades enemy

country in rolls, but is compressed flat into 60 per cent of former space. By dehydrating and compressing, beef, milk, eggs, vegetables, and fruit are packaged so as to occupy 52 to 85 per cent less room. In twelve months our troops will use 400,000,000 pounds of this "repackaged" food, from which enough water has been extracted to represent a saving in cargo space equivalent to two hundred 5,000-ton invasion ships.

When the Marines first landed on Guadalcanal they found many of their telephone, flashlight, and searchlight batteries dead. Moisture had ruined them. The Signal Corps then laid down new and unheard-of packaging specifications for thirty-six different kinds of dry batteries, and the Quartermaster Corps had to work and deliver. Each battery must come in a sealed bag. The bag must be laminated: a layer each of kraft paper, of lead foil, of cellophane, of bond paper. The four must be bonded together with thermoplastic adhesives and asphaltic sealers. The bags must be deterioration-proof through 40 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit, must be heat-sealed, and must not leak after twenty-four hours' submersion. Each must stand a severe drop test—eight times on the corners, on concrete. Further, each battery, in each sealed bag, must be packaged in a standard carton inside a wooden shipping case inside which, in turn, there must be a waterproof liner. All a little complicated, perhaps, and a lot of things for a lot of people to plan and check and remember—but typical of the procurement role in any preparation for invasion.

HOWEVER, it is the process of procurement which seems to carry off the prize for complexity. To get some idea, suppose we look at a part of the operation of procurement in one Quartermaster depot. Take the case of the tentage for an invasion:

The Quartermaster Corps depot at Jeffersonville, Indiana, procures all duck and webbing for the entire Army. Under this heading it must supply for Sicily or Norway or the South Seas these items: large wall tents, post command tents, assembly tents, pyramidal tents, small wall tents,

hospital ward tents, shelter half-tents, storage tents; as well as pistol belts, canteen covers, magazine belts, cartridge belts, and haversacks. To do the job the Jeffersonville Quartermaster Corps organization has set up within itself a sub-organization known as the Duck and Webbing Pool. D&WP has learned that, for sweet expedition's sake, it must supply its canvas-goods fabricators not only with duck and webbing but also with very nearly every necessary raw material. Another sub-organization at the depot administers this phase: the Material Control Section. It handles over 475 different raw materials, a shortage of any one of which could stop tentage production in a dozen plants overnight. Further, the requirements of an invasion schedule prevent any backlogging of raw materials. So they have to be ordered shipped direct from hundreds of producers to hundreds of manufacturers, and kept track of day by day, with the inevitable extra complications that are bound to arise. When, finally, the various agencies of the Army want the tentage for their invasion forces (and likely as not in a devil of a hurry) they forward a requisition to the Pool. Jeffersonville will then ship from inventory at the depot. Or, just to complicate things a little more, it may also have to order direct from the mills or the finishers.

This depot stores 27,000 separate items, and fabricates an additional 500. There are 25 Quartermaster Corps depots in the continental United States. Not all perform the same number and kind of activities as Jeffersonville, but they do most of them. Multiply the Jeffersonville figures by 25 and you get a rough idea of the logistics of invasion in terms of procurement alone.

BUT the complexity of everything doesn't do us in much," a QMC colonel said to me, "it's the rush orders and the emergencies that make us hop." And then he told me of some. How an order came through for 10,000 delousing bags ten days before the North African invasion. How the Quartermaster Corps telephoned and telephoned, and delivered the 10,000 in the ten days. How—again for Africa—they were asked to produce

special sacks of waterproof sateen, bonded with rubber and vulcanized at the seams, for landing sensitive equipment in rough seas. All rush! Invasion date round the corner! The Quartermasters designed five sizes of sacks, invented the bonding cement, manufactured, and delivered—in two weeks.

Another occasion when the Quartermaster men were working madly against time was that of a job for South Pacific invasion forces. Several small manufacturers had orders for jungle packs and canvas machete sheaths, with delivery date the most important requirement. As the deadline date drew near QMC maintained daily contact with each manufacturer. Deliveries of the packs and sheaths to port of embarkation began, but on the day before deadline it was patent that, barring magic, there would be a shortage. The Quartermasters telephoned every manufacturer and said, "Orders absolutely *must* be shipped by midnight-to-night." They were. But one maker had a narrow squeak. He could not convince the railroad that his shipment had higher priorities than food. This was a stopper, since a refrigerator car was the only one available. The manufacturer insisted the car be put on his siding. At 11:58 that night he was treated to a telephone call from the local railway agent. "They're on their way, Larry," the agent reported triumphantly, "packed in ice."

III

ONCE invasion supplies *are* on the way—iced or not—the chief responsibility passes to the men of the Army Transportation Corps. On their work the fate of the invasion timetable hangs. They must have ships at the port, and keep loaded trucks and freight trains moving in, all on time-clock scheduling, and empty trucks and cars moving out, with shuttlelike perfection. For heaven help an invasion plan if traffic clogs as it did in our last war.

Then the port of New York was so congested that freight cars were backed up solid to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Some cars stood loaded, on track, for nine months; ships for France had to take the stuff any way, just as it came.

Now it is different. By painstaking planning and administration the men of the Army's Transportation Corps have worked out a system which can handle any invasion demands. Not a single embarkation port has been congested. "Sicily," one officer remarked to me, "just took the normal flow of traffic to handle—no special pickup." Credit for this goes, if anywhere especially, to the section known as Holding and Reconsignment, which has a system of strategically placed storage depots, each within easy rail distance from a port of embarkation.

These depots possess every facility for the rapid receiving and dispatching of freight. For instance, they have a special frog truck which puts carload lots into a warehouse as a unit. Suppose certain ships are scheduled to load for invasion at Hampton Roads. Rail traffic begins to converge on the port. Then something happens. Ships due to arrive are delayed by storm. The incoming freight trains have got to be stopped or the port will be hopelessly jammed. In the Pentagon Building, in Washington, officers of the Transportation Corps and their assistants get to work. "Diversion notices" go out to the railroads. Every freight car, the continent across, which is headed for Hampton Roads may be diverted to a Holding and Reconsignment depot.

Sometimes these rerouters will divert as many as 300 cars into H&R without a ripple. Sometimes they will screen out hundreds of particular cars on hundreds of tracks all over the Union. Probably the most famous instance was the way they got the tanks that stopped Rommel. One ship of a convoy of six to Egypt, loaded with the latest Shermans, was lost. This was a crippling blow, and another vessel was called in to take on duplicate tanks. The tanks were scattered in 290 freight cars all round the country. They were located and given a "red ball freight" clear track right into the port of embarkation. The substitute vessel, a fast ship, arrived in Egypt with the original convoy, and the tanks were dispatched to the desert. "They were responsible," General Montgomery has said, "for the defeat of Rommel, and their arrival two hours later would have been too late."

EVEN preparation for railroading in a country to be invaded takes an unsuspected amount of elaborate and long-range planning. For months before our troops sailed our Army railroad men were designing special locomotives for North Africa and Sicily (blueprinting at the same time new models for Brazil, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, and Russia). One engine was made especially for Dakar—for hauling peanuts. The railway engineers designed and built special cars. For the stretch from Casablanca to Tunisia a "well car" was created, a sort of kangaroo affair to carry a different-gauge engine in it to the Moroccan border. An "autorailer" was made which changed flanged wheels for pneumatic tires and ran on the desert.

The engineers wrestled for months with the problem of how they would ship freight cars and locomotives in large quantities. The former were finally put aboard ship knocked down. Locomotives were at first carried on deck and only four to a ship. Then ways were devised of sending them on top of oil tankers, by using a new type of superstructure called a "mechano deck." On the regular cargo boats specialists struggled with the complications of enlarging the hatches. A ship to Africa could then take in and nest away as many as thirty locomotives in its hold. Special rails had to be ordered to go with the invasion ships, and hundreds of bridge sections of bolted-together girders. For weeks ahead, railway battalions were being trained in how to run the native engines on the other side.

Intelligence officers spent months just collecting information. A myriad of minute details about roads and railroading in the country to be invaded had to be got together. Bridge capacities had to be known. The percentage of all grades. The condition of track. The number of native freight cars available. The track gages. Even the fuels that could be got hold of and used in emergencies—like cork, which *was* used once. The clearance of every tunnel in Sicily was known to the inch before our troops landed.

WHILE all this fact-gathering went on, Army Service Forces agencies were arranging to assemble and load the

ships. All must be got to the right port at the right time and loaded in the right way. For the initial North African landings, ships were "assault loaded," so that first things came out first with the infantry, and tanks and guns often rode on deck. But loadings for Sicily, and for our first landings in the Southwest Pacific, were *not* assault loadings, but were either "unit loadings" (the men going with all their equipment on one ship), or "convoy loadings" (distribution being made throughout the convoy), or "commercial loadings" (permitting every nook and cranny to be crammed).

"Always," remarked a Transportation officer to me, "the loading and the nature of invasion cargo increases the amount of work to be done. So many trucks, for instance—which are terrible to stow. And it kills us to send a ship semi-filled. In the Sicily invasion we loaded trucks into the hold and then built false decks over them and loaded another layer of trucks on top."

You can add to all these pre-invasion tasks the upsetting, unexpected emergency. Imagine that right in the middle of things a *special* convoy is wanted right away! Then many an Army Service Forces section has to handle its logistics at top speed. As an actual instance, here is a paraphrased version of a cable sent one day from General Somervell, in Algiers with General Eisenhower, to General Styer in Washington:

Dispatch on special convoy : : : the following. . . This shipment is of special urgency and represents a vastly increased chance of victory in the desperate battle that is expected to come. No obstacle will be permitted to interfere with the shipment as directed. Notify War Shipping Administration of the urgency of the matter and obtain their co-operation in spotting ships at earliest practical date. Notify Navy that Admiral King has agreed to furnish the necessary escort ships for this move. . . . Filler cargo will be selected from existing priorities. . . . In addition to existing priorities the items listed below are of outstanding importance and are to be given overriding priorities over anything indicated to you up to the present.

The requisitions listed among other things such heavy matériel as freight cars, locomotives, Ordnance and Signal Corps items, dump trucks, heavy tractors, trailers, and thousands of trucks.

Within twenty-four hours, when Army Service Forces was furiously at work on the job, this reply went to Africa:

Concerning your important communications . . . progress is being made on arrangements for special convoy. Navy will provide escorts. WSA has nominated vessels. It is expected that all equipment listed or suitable substitutes for a few items will be available. . . . The ball is rolling and time is tight, but we expect to meet date and will not let you down. However, if you want Pentagon Building shipped, please allow more time. Above has been repeated to Ike.—Styer

IV

AND then, finally, one day the troops must move. The job has all been planned weeks ahead, and the Army's Chief of Traffic Control, in his office in the Pentagon Building, is ready for it. He advises the Association of American Railroads, whose special Army offices are just down the corridor. There, massed batteries of teletype machines begin to tap out orders routing the trains and scheduling their arrival times.

The trains must not arrive too late nor too soon. As they roll, from every State in the nation, the Chief keeps close track of them. Every morning at seven o'clock an officer lays on his desk a Daily Car Situation Report, which tells him the whereabouts of every troop train on every railroad line in the country. There are now hundreds of them, all converging on the port of embarkation for sailing day.

The reception and handling of the

troops has all been planned by ASF long ago. The men are assigned to barracks. Inspectors go over their equipment with them, issue new equipment where necessary, and special items for invasion. The doctors of the Medical Corps put them through a final physical checkover. At last they are marched to the waiting ships and go aboard. As each soldier steps on deck logistics supplies a finishing touch of detail. A card with the soldier's name on it is handed to him. It instructs: "You will go to Deck Four, Compartment D, Berth One."

When the ship is filled and the last soldier on, she casts off, swings into the stream, and proceeds to her allotted place beside other ships, each at its own pre-designated anchorage, to wait for the escorts.

PREPARATION for invasion is now complete. If anyone has bungled, if anything of the hundreds of thousands of items has been forgotten, it is too late now.

All these details—these complexities, these intricate schedulings, these timings, these infinite attentions to a million minutiae—are the logistics of invasion. They indicate why military men rate Napoleon as a gross bungler on the road to Moscow, and Cæsar as a master of his art in the conquest of Gaul. They also indicate in a small way, for all of us arm-chair strategists, why the mounting of an invasion like the second front in Europe cannot be accomplished on short notice.

NIGHT FLIGHT

A Story

JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON



BEATING slowly, a little wearily back across the long Kansas pastures, Joe thought it all over and decided it was good. Almost the real thing. He thought of her face when she had finally seen him sitting there on the bed, and forgot the creeping ache in his arms as he shot on forward. Only five hundred miles to go, but the air had the warning cold of dawn.

He smiled a little to himself. God, the things that a woman thought of to do before she let herself go to bed! And the nightgowns she wore when he wasn't there!—long-sleeved cotton, with buttons down the front. She'd looked like a cute little shoebox in it. And the ironing, ironing, while he'd paced up and down half-wild, and she'd stood there mashing down a tablecloth, pleating up a skirt, looking straight at him and not knowing he was there. Then she'd just sighed and folded up in a chair and taken off her shoes. He'd noticed how little her feet looked in the damp stockings with three runs up the side.

Then she'd got up and gone to the ice-box and made herself a little sandwich of bread and butter and a slice of cold sweet potato, and drunk some milk straight out of the bottle, and wiped her mouth on her sleeve. It had made him hungry and he'd almost reached over her shoulder and

grabbed a cold slice of ham, but remembered Polocheck's warning just in time: "Don't eat, Joe. Don't drink. You might ground yourself coming back. It has happened." He had shaken his head in an ominous and warning way, and in his silence Joe read some unspeakable fate.

Then Charlotte had pattered and pattered and pattered. Washing her stockings and hanging them first in one place and then in another, and brushing her lovely, thick black hair and looking at herself in the mirror to see how much bigger she'd got round the waist, and then just standing there like a kid making faces at herself and whispering.

He loved her so much he thought his heart would crack, and then he thought he would let loose and crack her too if she didn't quit dawdling.

Then, finally, she'd turned out the lights and sat down on the bed facing west, and looked out at the moon and spoken his name once or twice, and that was all the praying she seemed to do; and then she'd gone to sleep and found him there.

"Jesus!" Joe said quietly to the Kansas prairies, "she was sure surprised!"

It hadn't taken as much explaining though as he'd expected. Apparently she had thought of it too and wanted him to teach her how. But he'd said no, he wasn't going to have her flying around at

night, and besides, his bunk wasn't very big, and for God's sake suppose they had a night alarm and inspection. "This isn't like the Mexican army, baby," he'd said. "It's for adults only, and all of those adults male."

She had thought him wonderful to have learned so quickly, and since she pointed it out he realized it *was* pretty wonderful, come to think of it. This was only Monday, and Sunday morning Polocheck had told him of his dream. ". . . And in the dream I ran from these dogs—but I see no reason why I ran. I could have flown." He looked at Joe and slowly lifted his glass of beer. "I often fly."

"Home?"

"Home to Czechoslovakia." He looked calmly into Joe's grinning eyes. "Tonight when it is dark I will teach you how." He raised a round, warning hand above his glass: "Hush." His blue eyes glittered behind his glasses: "We want no *more* fliers. The nights are wide and peaceful now."

Joe had leaned forward and whispered behind his hand: "When?"

"Eight o'clock."

"Do many know?"

"Some."

"Who?"

Josef's eyes had twinkled. "You would be surprised."

"Okay," Joe said.

It had been a bad morning. He wanted to forget it. Even acting like nuts out in the middle of the desert in a madman's prank was preferable to remembering. "It wasn't so much that it happened to me," he growled into her warm and patient ear, "but that it could happen at all! The fool—the damn young fool!" He re-enacted the scene. The Major's office, young pudgy Major Lewis whose wife once offered Joe a bag of peanuts and who summered in New England and early-autumned in New York. It had all been trivial and nasty. The matter of a desk. The desk drawer stuck, and the Major wanted another desk and he knew where another was. He wanted it moved in, and his own desk moved out, and he needed a truck and about five men, and he started writing out communications all over the place. Joe had been standing

there and listening and finally he said: "Why don't you just have the desk drawer fixed?" Somewhere along the line he had put in a "sir."

And the Major had turned with his vapid young face suddenly interesting with hate, and shouted: "Who spoke to you? Wait till you're spoken to, soldier!"

Well, that was that. But it was there like a ten-word brand.

". . . And then I just went out with Josef, and he showed me how . . ."

"You learned so quickly, darling!" She had looked at him with love and adoration. Sometimes Charlotte got God and Joe confused.

He laughed and hugged her and muttered that it was something that any fool could do. He told her how it had felt, his spirit slipping quietly between the beds, shuffling out into the moonlight desert. . . . He had paused and taken in the incomparable beauty of this early autumn night. South the wide snow-streaked peaks, beautiful and barren in the white moonlight. The clean icy air poured down his lungs. All round him the silent tarboard barracks and the sand, sleeping in the great white flooded light. The army trucks huddled row on row like shrouded beasts.

Quietly Joe had lifted one long arm and then the other. He whirled them round like a ship's propeller, and felt the blood race through his veins. "Contact," he whispered, grinning.

Then, warmed up, he had started taxiing across the sand, his long mountain legs casting wild shadows from the moon. He aimed for the eastern fence and planned to take off and soar above the spiked wire in a gesture of derision. But halfway down the road he slowed down suddenly and crouched. By shadowy sound his spirit's sensitive ears detected another traveler, and he whirled and flattened against a barracks building. From a door of the officers' quarters a short and heavy form came striding, and paused in the open moonlight. Major Lewis hesitated, reconnoitered, and seeing only the dry, unpeaking sand, the bright expressionless autumn moon, seemed satisfied. Over his face came a silly, expectant look, and his mouth opened and shut like a toad devouring flies. After a few minutes Joe

realized that the Major was singing as he flailed his arms and warmed up for the flight: "*From the desert I come to thee,*" he was singing, "*On a stallion shod with fire . . .*"

"Oh, my God," Joe muttered. "Oh, my God."

Then the Major was running, beating his arms in perfect form, and heading for the gate with terrific speed. Breathless, Joe watched him and saw him suddenly leap, click his heels together and soar upward with a roar like a little four-engine bomber. The perfect take-off of long practice.

Joe sighed with envy and slid out from the shadow. "Bastard," he murmured. "Bastard!"

Then his eyes filled with a deep and cynical scorn. The Major had shot like a bullet westward and not toward the high towers of Manhattan, which seemed an odd thing for a man whose wife never went farther westward than Hot Springs, Virginia.

"*From the desert I come to thee,*" Joe whinnied derisively, "*On a stallion shod with fire . . .*" He stamped his big feet in the sand. "Did I speak to you?" he muttered fiercely. "Wait till you're spoken to, soldier!"

A flame of intolerable hate flared up in him and then he remembered it was growing late, and started to run, forgetting the Major and concentrating with all his might on Polock's lesson and his warnings:

"*Flail those arms. Pick up the feet. Then jump—so—leap. Beat. Beat. Right, left, together: beat.*" He felt himself soaring upward in a wild rush, clearing the barrack fence and heading like a comet for the sky.

"Watch you level off!" Polock had warned him. "Once I forgot. My God, the stars!"

He had leveled off then and flown eastward in the moonlight. Brownsville, Indiana, here I come! Below him the dry autumn fields of Colorado, the bony creek beds twisting whitely, the forms of sleeping cattle soaked in moonlight. The cold pure air whistled by his ears. It was an extraordinary and exhilarating experience. He felt as though he had been doing it all his life, and wanted to try a nose dive just for the hell of it.

Josef was too cautious. "Keep level," he'd said. "Don't fuss round. You got to go fast." But Indiana wasn't Europe, and Joe turned down his right hand, raised his left, and bore down with a mighty rush. The cattle lifted up stricken faces and poured over the pastures, their wet hooves glittering. Joe grinned and swept on eastward.

Above the Solomon River he had hit an air pocket and dropped downward with a sickening rush, but recovered himself and pulled up again, beating his way above the cold, scaly water, the river smell chilling his throat.

Sometimes he thought he saw other forms far off, dim wing-shapes of soldiers passing, but was not sure. Not till he pulled past Topeka, lights burning like a handful of embers on a plain, did he meet another nocturnal flier close enough to speak. Here he was overtaken by a young Negro sergeant bound for Carolina and traveling fast. Joe acknowledged his coming with a right-arm sweep and motioned as though to shake his hand. "Cold, Sergeant?"

"Cold!"

"Been at this flying long?"

"Learned last week. Been home every night since." He laughed as at something secret and very pleasant.

"First flight for me," Joe said. "I don't know how it'll be. Not sure of all the rules."

The sergeant laughed. "Me neither." He winged in closer. "You learn something new every time. Last night I landed late and I walked up the backyard after my wife was asleep—she can't see you till she sleeps—and the lights were all out, only a bright moon so you could see everything white, and the moonflowers hanging on the fence. Well, I walk up and past that old broken swing the kids still use, and suddenly I stop. I'm not kidding you: I stopped like a man shot dead. And there, sitting down on the swing, scuffing his boots and looking all out of joints, was the mortal soul of my First Lieutenant!"

He laughed very loudly, and after a moment of uncertainty Joe laughed too.

"He couldn't get in!" the sergeant gloated. "That's one of the things you

learn. She never thought about *him*. She didn't never know he was there!"

Joe took an exulting leap. "What'd you do?"

The sergeant shrugged. "Jus' let him swing. A man's got a right to dream, I guess. He was gone when I come out again. Only a scuff place under the swing." He laughed again.

They flew on for a minute in silence, and then they saw the lights of St. Louis and the sluggish silvery mud of the Mississippi. "Here's where I leave you, brother," the sergeant said. "Take it slow and easy. Don't eat. Don't drink. And a long night to you!" He was gone, winging darkly southward, and soon lost in the shadows.

Not long now for Joe. Fly east, young man. Familiar hills and farmlands going under, but he could not see them well in the night. "I was sure afraid," he told Charlotte. "I thought I'd pass over and land in Brooklyn! 'You'll know,' Josef kept telling me, but I got the jitters. No map, no compass—how'd I know Browns-ville from Ashtabula?"

"How did you know?" Charlotte whispered.

He held her and laughed. There had been no question about his finding her. He had flown lower and lower, peering at highways and little billboards and the silent, impassive roofs of towns.

Suddenly he realized that he was gliding slowly downward as in the grip of a thick, receding tide. "I just knew," he said.

Now, crossing the Kansas border and beating on, he knew he would find the camp all right, not by any love-gravity of the heart, but because it was so damn big that he could not miss it.

He felt calm and happy. To-morrow was to-morrow, and to hell with yesterday. He saw the white, shining, snow-cold peaks and the canyoned towns. And then the camp stretched out far below him. There wasn't much time, but he circled slowly above it, hunting hawklike for signs of some living thing on the outskirts of the plain. Then he saw what he was seeking.

A mile westward from the camp, a small fat form, like a two-legged dusty beetle, scurried across the sand.

Leisurely, heartlessly, like a falcon over a wounded hare, Joe circled nearer and lower. He knew the Major's odd hummocky run. "He ate too much, and he drank too much, and a lot of other things too much, and he foundered all right," he thought. "*On the wings of the desert, I come to thee!*" Joe sang in a loud, sweet voice. He swooped low, and the wind of his swooping swept the Major's hat from his round, blond head. It gleamed like a moonflower opening wide in the pale gray desert air. "Get a horse, Bud!" Joe shouted coarsely. "Get a horse!"

Then happily Joe soared upward with firm, triumphant strokes and plummeted swiftly toward the barracks, taking care to avoid the soul of Josef, returning in haste from Europe, the dawn like a white Gestapo at his heels.

THE STRANGE STORY OF SIR OSWALD MOSLEY

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN



THE release of Sir Oswald Mosley from detention has received much less attention outside Great Britain than it deserves, for it is an international event of significance to the entire democratic world. If the somber background of the decade which gave rise to Mosley and to the forces which he symbolizes were fully understood everywhere, the incident would have evoked the same painful reaction here as it did in England. For Sir Oswald Mosley is not a private individual fascist; he is no less a symbol than is Hitler, the incarnation of a period and of a social and psychological trend which almost brought Britain to its greatest disaster. Of all the Quislings whom Nazism has produced in Europe, Mosley was the most significant and dangerous because the most able and brilliant. He had powerful forces behind him in England—forces which have not altogether abandoned him even now. To treat him as if he were an ordinary individual transgressor or crank is to make the same error in the internal affairs of Britain that the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain made in foreign affairs by treating Hitler as an individual human being, not as the symbol that he was of vicious impersonal forces.

Only those who lived in England during the drab thirties, when the soil of every country in Europe was being prepared for

fascism, can see the event in its true proportions. And only those who followed the British people's bitter struggle of nearly a decade against Mosley and his efforts to transplant the seeds of fascism and anti-Semitism into Britain will appreciate the vehemence of the protest which his release has now called forth in England. For Mosley must be seen as a product of the period which created him and other Quislings. Detached by himself he is of little importance, but viewed against the background of the unrolling fascist panorama in Europe he is one of the balefully significant figures of our time.

One remembers vividly Sir Oswald Mosley in the heyday of his tempestuous career in 1929-31. He was then the rising star of the Labor Party, the personal protégé of Ramsay MacDonald, the hope of the Left-wing laborites and liberals in England, and the platform darling of radical crowds both in Great Britain and in the United States. Young, handsome, and colorful, brilliant and highly intellectual, he stood out vividly against the Parliamentary scene. There was something un-English about his appearance and manners, in spite of his old English ancestry, something foreign—French or Italian?—which, one suspects, added to his popularity with the English. Dark, lithe, with flashing eyes, restless and morbidly

ambitious even in those days, he was as different from the average Front Bencher of the time of Ramsay MacDonald and Stanley Baldwin as anyone could be.

It is difficult to tell what had made the genuinely kind and sentimental Mr. MacDonald so fond of Mosley. Perhaps it was the ingrained respect of a poor Scotsman brought up in poverty for the old English nobility. Perhaps it was the dearth of political talent and leadership that the Labor Party then experienced, or perhaps the attraction of a fundamentally good-hearted man for his opposite. Whatever the reason, Mr. MacDonald doted on Mosley. He created for him a special post in his cabinet (the Duchy of Lancaster) and groomed him for the leadership of the Labor Party. But it was generally known that Mosley despised the Labor Party and his chief even then. Born and bred an aristocrat, he looked down on labor and its leaders. By temperament he was also fundamentally opposed to the humanitarianism and pacifism of the British liberalism which Mr. MacDonald typified. It is characteristic of the man that, in spite of all this, he did not hesitate to use the Labor Party and its chief so long as he thought that they could advance his ambition. It was only when he left the Party in 1930 that everyone realized how alien and even hostile he had always been to its ideals and aspirations.

It is generally admitted that in the early part of Mosley's political career he was strongly influenced by his first wife, Lady Cynthia Curzon. She was in many respects the exact opposite of her husband. Charming, gentle, idealistic, she was one of the many talented young people of the British upper middle class and aristocracy who in the early decades of this century suddenly awoke to a strong feeling of duty to and responsibility for the common people, and became fired with a desire to serve them and to lighten the burden of poverty and suffering which a century of industrialism had imposed on England. Most of these people flocked to the Fabian Society and to the Labor Party, and their work laid the foundation of the present political and spiritual power of the British labor movement. Lady Cynthia was one

of the gifted young women of that interesting army. She had rare beauty and was an eloquent speaker. She and Mosley cut a handsome figure on labor platforms; her charm and loveliness counterbalanced the sharp, incisive, domineering, and somewhat raucous notes which were heard in his speeches even then. No other public couple in England in those days supplemented each other as these two young people did. Together they represented the dignity and nobility, as well as the snobbery and selfish ruthlessness, of the British aristocracy.

Those who knew the Mosleys intimately claimed that the untimely death of his first wife was chiefly responsible for the subsequent remarkable change in him. Certain facts throw some doubts on this theory, for Mosley began to change even during the lifetime of Lady Cynthia; as a matter of fact he was already hatching his fascist plans and ambitions even in 1931, two years before she died. But there can be no doubt that the passing of his wife marked a sharp turn in his life and character. He became more imperious, domineering, impatient; freed of her restraining, gentle influence, he soon appeared in public in his true light: a spoiled, frustrated, arrogant man, sure of his superiority and devoured by an overweening ambition to rule and wield power, cruelly and brutally if need be—a man with the makings of a fascist.

II

MOSLEY made his first real bid for fascism in 1931 with the formation of his New Party. Characteristically, he at first veiled his creation in such a way as to appeal to dissatisfied radicals and laborites. Ramsay MacDonald's government had already revealed all the impotence and spiritual weakness which was soon to lead to its tragic collapse. There was sharp disappointment in the air, and Mosley's move was at first taken as a revolt of progressive youth away from Mr. MacDonald. Many young British radicals of the Left wing, such as Mr. John Strachey, joined the New Party, having been led by Mosley to believe that he was forming a more radical and active group to energize

the old Labor Party. But the truth came out almost at the first meeting of the New Party: Mosley was planning, not a new labor group, but the most reactionary political experiment ever undertaken in England—the formation of a fascist movement. His last act as a laborite was to betray his Left colleagues and drag them into fascism under the guise of more advanced radicalism.

The experiment failed dismally. British radicals and liberals, no matter how displeased they were with the official Labor Party, had never taken to fascism in any of its forms. Mosley did not succeed with his ruse in deceiving a single decent intellectual, even among the Conservatives. The New Party was a complete political flop. Thereupon Mosley took the next, inevitable step. He threw away all disguises, cut all his previous ties with labor and liberals, and came out frankly and openly for extreme, undisguised reaction of a type England had never known before. Parliament was to be done away with; democracy was to be abolished; Britain needed a Leader and a new strong party to rule it with an iron hand in order to exterminate the "menace of socialism and Bolshevism." The new Leader was Mosley and the new party was the Union of British Fascists, or the "Blackshirts" as he preferred to call it.

The Union began by adopting all the paraphernalia, trimmings, and ritual of fascism. Its followers were dressed in black military uniforms and armed with bludgeons; they marched in goosestep and lived in military barracks. The Leader had a private political army, in imitation of the Nazi Storm Troopers; it served chiefly as his bodyguard. The meetings of the new Union were elaborate ritual affairs with huge banners, fanfares, and martial music. The marching song of the Blackshirts was the tune of the German Horst Wessel song. The headquarters of the new movement was in an old abandoned military barrack in London, a sort of fortified castle to which no outsider was admitted. Soon stories of beatings, floggings, and brutal coercion began to filter into the columns of British newspapers.

The British public was amazed and at

first somewhat bewildered. The entire thing looked so fantastic and un-English that people refused to take it seriously. Mosley was looked upon as a mountebank or as an actor who had descended to cheap sensationalism for political purposes. His open and unashamed imitation of Italian and German fascists alienated the British public still more. That Great Britain with its long tradition of world political leadership should slavishly imitate Mussolini and Hitler was more than the pride of the average British intellectual could stand. As for British labor, it had already known enough of fascism to acquire a healthy distaste for the Blackshirts, for Mosley, and everything he stood for. This period lasted until June, 1934, when the famous Olympia meeting took place in London, and Mosley's fascist movement entered still another phase.

III

MEANWHILE things had changed sharply in Europe. Hitler had come to power and begun his feverish campaign of armament, persecution, bluster, and terror. Britain, in the depths of economic and political decline, was embarking upon the policy which was later to be known as appeasement. In big-business circles Hitler was officially condemned but secretly admired as an example of successful go-getting. Labor was in the doldrums, first because of the terrible unemployment which had settled down upon England, apparently permanently, and second because of the obvious failure of the Labor Party in Parliamentary politics.

Progressive British intellectuals never wavered in their opposition to fascism, but in certain influential Conservative circles something akin to a flirtation made its appearance. In 1934 Lord Rothermere, the powerful press lord of England, came out for fascism. According to the wording of his declaration, Mosley was the only political leader who could save England from the "menace of socialism" and the "hidden hand of Bolshevism." The Rothermere press in England is the strongest chain of newspapers in the English-speaking world, and its open conversion to

fascism was the first serious sign that Mosley's political activity, bizarre and exotic as it had appeared to the average Britisher, was not wholly insignificant. During the two years since the formation of the Blackshirts the movement had succeeded in consolidating around itself certain social elements in England which were rich and powerful and determined to beat down labor from the high position which it had occupied politically. Thus reinforced, the Union of British Fascists had built a strong, well-disciplined organization. It had managed to enlist big financial support from among brewery owners and other vested British interests. At least a section of the British ruling class was ready for fascism, and it had chosen Mosley and his movement as the instrument with which to make a bid for power.

The first step in that direction was taken on June 7th, 1934, at the Olympia in London. One clearly remembers the garish scene of the meeting, but still more the shock which that public manifestation of fascism in England produced. The huge hall, a sort of magnified Madison Square Garden, was gaily decorated with bunting and flags; several bands played martial music; the aisles were guarded by husky men in black uniforms without tunics. In the middle of the hall stood a huge platform decked with red flowers and long banners. To anybody who had seen a Nazi meeting in Germany the stage effect and the accentuation of physical prowess were familiar; but to most of the huge crowd in the densely packed hall the scene was new, strange, and a little disturbing. There was something ominous in the air.

Suddenly the richly decorated platform was lit with a number of powerful searchlights from the ceiling and to the fanfare of trumpets the Leader appeared, surrounded by a bodyguard of bulky men in black uniforms. He stood still for an instant, like an actor at the moment of his greatest triumph—debonair, athletic, in Blackshirt uniform—and raised his hand in a Hitler salute. The hearts of those who had seen scenes like this before sank with dismay.

Mosley began to speak and before he had spoken fifteen minutes the usual English heckling began. The huge audience

consisted mostly of workingmen who had come down from the East End and were openly hostile, and of British middle-class intellectuals who had come with the usual British open mind to give Mosley another chance. At first they had been a little overawed by the splendor and theatricality of the occasion, but soon they began to act as at other political meetings; questions and interruptions began to pour in from all parts of the hall. In England such heckling is not only common, it is a feature of every big meeting. The trained British speaker knows how to mount this wave of interruptions and, by mastering it, to master the crowd. It is part of the game which both speaker and audience expect. But on this occasion something extraordinary happened. No sooner did a man or woman rise to ask a question or make a remark than he or she was jumped upon by the husky men in black, dragged into the aisle, and then and there beaten up so brutally that for a time the audience was dumfounded. No distinction was made between men and women, old and young, well-dressed people in silk and men in working clothes. All were seized, lifted bodily from their seats, and hammered with merciless blows. People were trampled upon, kicked in the face and in the stomach, beaten over the head with blackjacks. No one had ever seen such beastly organized thuggery at a political meeting before, and the shock of it was terrific.

Soon the festive hall was the scene of one of the bloodiest scimmages London had ever seen. Shouts and screams mingled with cries of pain; Blackshirts and workmen in blouses rolled in the dust with bleeding faces and broken jaws. And above all that pandemonium, on the high platform piled with red flowers and ablaze with light, stood Mosley with his hand raised in a Hitler salute and a smile on his lips, like a satisfied general surveying a successful battle.

The result of the battle was, however, disastrous for Mosley. Englishmen had heard of fascist brutality but had been unable to visualize it. Now that they had been treated to such a scene in public, they were appalled. There was no doubt that Mosley, in his usual impatience, had overplayed his hand at Olympia. He

had deliberately prepared and elaborately staged the scene in order to frighten England, but England was only shocked. Lord Rothermere withdrew his open support from Mosley soon after the meeting; other respectable English conservatives, like those later called the "Cliveden set," who had been quite ready to embark on the "wave of the future," found that they could not stomach the sight of fascism in action. Mosley was left alone with his brewers and with his battered "army," not only a discredited man, but a man hated as the symbol of the cruelty and brutality of fascism in England.

Such he has remained to the present day. The British, as a rule, do not hate their public men, no matter how bitterly they oppose them. Mosley was the first political figure to introduce real hatred into British politics. His mere appearance in public after that meeting was enough to throw labor audiences into paroxysms of rage unknown in England.

But he did not give up his political activity; he continued his meetings mostly in the provinces, in the depth of the countryside where people had not yet heard of him nor seen his Blackshirts in action. In a sense his movement went underground and worked there very diligently and energetically, even gaining some adherents, particularly among the land laborers. It is estimated that he held three hundred meetings during the two years following the Olympia meeting, probably the most active years in his political career. But for Mosley, not to be in the limelight of London meant not to exist at all, and he began to prepare for another thrust into the open when the opportunity should arise.

That opportunity, he thought, came two years later, in the summer of 1936, when he made his biggest and last effort to come to power by staging his march upon Whitechapel, the center of the Jewish and labor population in London. That was the climax of fascism in England, and no future historian of our period will be able to overlook it.

IV

THE march on Whitechapel was planned by Mosley first of all as a comeback after his failure at Olympia two years

earlier. But whereas the Olympia meeting had been designed as an appeal to the British middle class, the march on Whitechapel was to be fascism's bid to labor.

One other reason why Mosley chose Whitechapel was that fifty years earlier it had been the Jewish quarter of London, and although since, then the Jews had spread all over the city, it still had a considerable Jewish population and was spoken of as the heart of British Jewry. The march on Whitechapel was therefore to be a sort of challenge to the Jews, as well as to labor; it was to dramatize anti-Semitism and introduce it as a political issue in England.

Now anti-Semitism had been an awkward issue for Mosley at first for a number of reasons. In the early years of his fascist career, Mosley had not cared to break entirely with his socialist background. He had thought of himself as the rising intellectual leader not only of British but of European fascism. In those years, when even Mussolini eschewed anti-Semitism, he had not been willing to descend to the cheap demagoguery of the anti-Semites. Besides, he knew that the British people, with their long tradition of liberalism and tolerance, would not lend themselves easily to any such movement.

But Mosley had another reason for shunning the Jewish issue. Lady Cynthia, his first wife, was the granddaughter of Levi Z. Leiter, a Chicago merchant who was generally believed in England to have been Jewish. From him she had inherited a big fortune which had supported Mosley and laid the financial foundation of his movement. According to Hitler's racial theory, if Leiter had been a Jew, Lady Cynthia and their two children would be Jews and the Leader of the British fascists would be a defiler of the Aryan race. Whether or not there was such a Jewish strain in his wife's family, all London believed there was. Mosley and his speakers were often heckled about it. He had therefore found it embarrassing to feature anti-Semitism in the early years of his career.

Even in the year of the Olympia meeting Mosley had hedged on the question. To a semiofficial inquiry from the British Jewish community, he had replied that he was not opposed to "good" Jews who were

born in Britain, though he was against the "plutocratic and Bolshevik" alien Jews.

But by 1936 Mosley had abandoned the role of fascist intellectual with a socialist past; he had turned for inspiration from Mussolini to Hitler. Hitler had made anti-Semitism the central feature of his movement, and Mosley could no longer ignore it. Jew-baiting served as a means of expressing a spiritual and political alliance with Hitler. Besides, it was also a cheap and easy brand of propaganda which had proved of great value to fascism in many countries. So now he launched upon anti-Semitism with all his fiery impatience. The Union of British Fascists became a party for the propagation of anti-Semitism and nothing else. All earlier attempts to state a political, economic, or social program were abandoned. Mosley's meetings consisted of nothing but attacks on the Jews; his party newspapers were full of translations from *Der Stürmer* and reproductions of the filthy Streicher cartoons and photographs. Mosley had cast his lot with the Nazis on anti-Semitism and the march on Whitechapel was to make a dramatic and sensational announcement of it to the world.

It was typical of the British government of that time that in spite of the open, double provocation which that march offered to labor and the Jews, it refused to ban the procession. Probably the greatest storm of protest of the decade raged against the demonstration. The press, the churches, all political parties appealed to the government to avoid what seemed to be certain bloodshed and a British "Red Sunday"; but the Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, a Liberal of the old school, adamantly refused to prohibit the march. Old British Liberalism made what was probably to be its last big stand for nineteenth-century freedom of speech and permitted the fascists to deliver their challenge.

But the challenge was never delivered. The people of the East End took the matter into their own hands. On the day of the march over half a million people came out into the streets, blocked all entrances to Whitechapel, and stopped Mosley's army from passing. The sight was memorable to those who witnessed it. Mosley at the head of a uniformed black column of about

two thousand men, surrounded by six thousand stalwart British bobbies, marched proudly with music and banners down the Embankment; but when they reached Aldgate, the entrance to Whitechapel, they were stopped by a wall of human bodies stronger than any wall of stone. Fortunately the bobbies and their chief had a different notion of liberalism from Sir John's; they did not regard it as their duty to hew a road for the Blackshirts through the human fortress. They gave the army full protection, but nothing else, and Mosley's challenge fizzled out even more miserably than at the Olympia meeting. There were no dramatic clashes and no blood was shed. A small body of uniformed men came up to a solid wall of human flesh and will determined not to let fascism pass, and it did not pass. The army waited for three hours under a hail of boos and good-natured jokes, and then turned back without accomplishing its purpose.

Mosley had failed again and more thoroughly than ever before. The contrast between his puny "army" and the sea of humanity that came out to meet it revealed, as nothing else could have done, how signally fascism had failed to strike roots in British soil in spite of five years of elaborate and energetic preparations. The event doomed fascism in England, at least for many years. And it did something even worse to Mosley's fortunes: it made him ridiculous. The British sense of humor was aroused; it pounced upon his pretensions, his theatricality, his love of the limelight, his inflated ego, and destroyed him. Olympia had evoked the anger of Britain against fascism; the march on Whitechapel evoked its contempt.

After that Mosley never even attempted to come back. The Union of Fascists did not give up business; it kept up its virulent Jew-baiting and the dissemination of Nazi literature in England; but no one took it seriously any more as a political force. It was regarded merely as the paid agent of the Nazi party in England, and Mosley as its errand boy; he declined with his party. He married into the family of the brewers who had financed his movement. His second wife, the former Mrs. Diana Guinness, is a sister of Unity Mitford, re-

puted to be Hitler's intimate friend. Hitler was the best man at the wedding, and that was Mosley's last stroke of publicity. When the war broke out Mosley did not interrupt his Nazi activities, and the Chamberlain government did not interfere with him. It was only in June, 1940, after Dunkirk, when Mr. Churchill had assumed office, that Mosley, his wife, and his leading lieutenants were interned as potential enemies. They were kept in detention until November of last year.

V

Now this man has been released. The official reason given in Parliament at first was that Mosley was ill; he suffers from a club foot and there was danger that he might die in prison and become a fascist martyr. This excuse for the release was so obviously insincere that it was quickly withdrawn. For it was apparent that Mosley's club foot would not improve any more outside the comfortable flat where he had been kept than it would inside. Besides, the same British government had not released Gandhi, a much older and sicker man than Mosley, when he had declared a fast of twenty-one days last February and prominent physicians had warned the government that he was very likely to die. If the British government was willing to take a chance on raising Gandhi to martyrdom, why this fear of Mosley's martyrdom? And why should Mosley's wife and lieutenants, avowed fascists, have been released with him?

The second and more substantial reason given by the government was that the "improvement of the fortunes of Britain" in the war had made the danger of fascism in England negligible. But the storm of protests which the release of Mosley has called forth in England showed that millions of people whose instinct has always

been right about fascism did not share the government's complacency. The fortunes of Britain had indeed improved on the battlefield against fascism; but millions of British men and women felt that the enemy in this war was to be found not only on the battlefield, but also within every democratic country. And they wondered whether Britain was entirely free now from that enemy within. True, there had been a great change in the mood of the ruling class of Britain; but was it certain that reaction was spent? Had not Mr. Morrison made a serious blunder, of the kind that goes back to Sir John Simon and Neville Chamberlain?

Many true friends and admirers of England outside the British Isles share these misgivings. For some time they have been disturbed and uneasy over the gradual waning of the spirit of Dunkirk and of the great moral revival which in 1940 raised Britain to the unquestioned spiritual leadership of the democratic world. New strident notes have been heard lately in the speeches of some of the official leaders and certain government acts hark back to the days before Dunkirk. The release of Mosley does not tend to assuage these people's uneasiness. England is too precious to the democratic world to allow any such doubts and fears about her. If the present holocaust has produced any bright hope for the future of humanity, it was the revelation of the great spiritual forces working within the people of Great Britain and Russia. To the Western world Britain's moral leadership is even more important than Russia's. To liberal-minded humanity, the England of Dunkirk and of the blitz was the greatest spiritual revelation of the war; it is jealous of this precious possession and is afraid to lose it. Great Britain has become the salt of the earth; if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?

THE SILVER HORN

THOMAS SANCTON



THE scene is a Boy Scout summer camp, thickly grown with pines and cypress. There is a row of green clapboard cabins, with clean floors and neat double-decker bunks; there is an open field and a flag hanging still in the heavy air; and at the field's edge the land drops down a little to the dark water of a bayou. I spent five summers here, from the time I was twelve until I entered college. I did my first real living and my first real thinking in this camp.

And I think of it now. Like some reader of a long novel who turns back through the pages to find a forgotten part of the plot, and who comes with a flash of recognition across old scenes and dialogues, and characters who have gone out of the narrative but whose personalities and substance once filled pages and pages, I have gone turning back through the pages of my life. When was it and where was it—I have been asking—that I first began to believe what I now believe about the Southern world I left not many years ago, about Negroes, about democracy, about America, about life and death, about men and all their curious fates? This search has been long and turning. Often it has led me back to the years of my early teens and to the summers I spent in the camp.

I was born to the sidewalks and asphalt of the largest city and the widest street in the South. In New Orleans, broad Canal

Street was never empty of speeding automobiles and streetcars, even late at night, and of people walking by, their footsteps echoing on the sidewalk. But here on the bayou another world existed. In the morning it was the strange, thin call of a bugle that broke into our sleep. Almost before we were awake we could smell the wet exercise field and the forest. Birds popped from tree to tree, plump and colorful, bluejays, mockingbirds, cardinals, flickers—Audubon had painted in these woods. Rabbits ran into the bushes. Snakes we had no fear of, long thick blue racers and speckled king snakes, slid through the weeds at our approach.

Standing in the wet grass, still yawning and sleepy, we took the morning exercises. Night chill was in the air, but behind our backs the sun was rising, and its warmth crept onto our shoulders. After the exercises we raced along a wagon road to the swimming pool, and as we ran up, shouting and excited, two or three startled frogs made tremendous leaps and plumped beneath the glassy surface of the water. After the swim we dried our skinny sunburned bodies and ran to the mess hall.

Most of us in the camp were poor boys, or boys who were almost poor. It was not a welfare camp, but the fees were low, less than a dollar a day for a camper. As a consequence it was filled with boys from modest New Orleans neighborhoods

and also from the tough ones. There was always a smattering of the democratic rich: the son of the traction company president came every summer. So did his cousin from Texas, a wild, hard tow-head with plenty of money and the soul of a true picaroon. He fascinated and dominated the rest of us. He was the first colorful outlaw I ever knew. But most of the well-to-do families sent their boys to camps in the Maine woods or the North Carolina mountains. Our camp was only forty miles from the city. Department store clerks, streetcar motormen, little grocers could afford the fees.

We had no saddle horses, no golf course, and only a weed-grown tennis court which no one used. For diversion we fell back on nature. In the morning we performed a work detail, cutting a patch of weeds or hauling dirt in wheelbarrows to mend a road. After this we were free to swim, to paddle on the bayou in slender little Louisiana boats called pirogues, to fish for the boisterous black bass and yellow perch and fat blue catfish, and to work for our Boy Scout medals and merit badges, tracking through the grassy cut-over pine lands, cooking dough and bacon on sweet-gum spits, bandaging one another with first-aid splints.

These little medals and bits of colored ribbon meant a great deal to us. We wrote home enthusiastic letters about our progress, describing in detail how we had passed the tests, forwarding the comments of some eighteen-year-old camp officer as though it really mattered. Our parents, most of whom did not have very big events happening in their own lives, were just as eager and simple-hearted about these things, and one or two of the fathers were foolishly ambitious to have their sons win the highest number of merit badges in the area.

Little things that happened during these years seemed of great importance. I remember that in my first year at camp I wore an ill-fitting Boy Scout hat. One of the councillors, a boy five years my senior who seemed to me to belong already to the grown-up world of brilliance and authority, began, in a pleasant way, to tease me about the hat. Every morning for a week he led us to the abandoned logging

road and clocked us as we walked and trotted a measured mile. My hat was anchored down by a heavy chin strap; it flopped and sailed about my head as I ran to the finish line. The boy began to laugh at me. He waved his arms and called out, "Come on, you rookie!" The other kids took it up and Rookie became my first nickname. I loved it. I tingled when someone called it out. I painted it on my belt, carved it in my packing case, inked it into my hatband, and began to sign it to my letters home. Years later when we were grown I knew this camp officer again. The gap between our ages had vanished and in real life now he seemed to me a rather colorless young lawyer. He did not remember about the hat.

At mealtime we ate ravenously in the mess hall. There were steaming platters of pork and beans and cabbage and stew. As we walked to the long clapboard building with our hair freshly combed and water glistening on our faces, which we washed at the flowing pipe of a big artesian well, we existed in a transport of driving hunger. In the steamy fragrance of the mess hall we set up a clatter of knives and forks and china, and afterward we went to our cabins and flopped on the bunks in a state of drowsy satisfaction. Somehow, fat never formed on our skinny frames. We ran too much. We paddled in the boats. We swam. We cut firewood and played softball after supper. When there was nothing else to do we climbed in the rafters of our cabins, trying to invent complicated monkey swings that no one else could do. Every year some campers broke their arms.

II

A GIANT Negro named Joe did the camp's heavy work. He cut and trimmed the big trees, dug the deep post holes, mixed the cement, cleaned out the underbrush. His strength was a never-ending fascination for the rest of us. Joe was a light-eyed Negro, with a tan cast of skin and a huge bald dome of a head. One of his grandparents must certainly have been a white man. He lived half a mile down the bayou with his large and hazily defined family, in an old "plantation house."

Actually it was not, and never had been, a pretentious place, and I do not know what kind of plantation could have been there. The ground round it was alternately sandy and swampy and there are no plantations where pine trees grow. Pines mean sandy land. In slave days the Negroes had boiled Southern history down to a couplet:

Cain't make a living on sandy lan'—
Ruther be a nigger den a po' white man.

Joe's place stood on a cleared bend in the bayou. The weatherboards and shingles were green with age. The house rested on high slender pillars and there were patches of bright red brick where the covering mortar had fallen away. The yard was shaded by two enormous water oaks, hung with gray Spanish moss, and an iron kettle stood beneath the trees where women did the washing. At the bank of the bayou five or six towering cypress trees leaned heavily toward the water, for the slow currents of a century had washed their roots completely bare of soil. To get a new anchorage on the land the trees had sent out a forest of gnarled roots and stubby knees along the shoreline. The house seemed beautiful and somber in these surroundings as we paddled past it on our expeditions down the bayou to the lake.

Obviously a white man had built this place long ago, and if he had not been a plantation owner, he had at least been a man of substance. Perhaps this had been the summer home for some wealthy old New Orleans Frenchman in years gone by. Sometimes the camp officers spoke of Joe as "caretaker" on the place. But that was hardly possible. He and his family inhabited every room; chickens roamed freely, and washing hung on lines stretched across the wide porch. It was clear to us that the Negro giant was no caretaker here. He possessed this place, to have and to hold. How he got it and why we never asked him; and his presence there did not seem a very curious thing to us. Already a dark, subjective understanding of Louisiana's history was in our blood and bones.

Joe smoked strong cigarettes and chewed tobacco. His teeth were rotted stumps.

We delighted in bringing him supplies of smokes from the nearby town on Saturdays to win his quick and genuine appreciation. There were two or three measures of a Cajun French ditty he used to sing, dancing and stomping the ground, waving his hat and swaying his heavy shoulders with real grace. The words and the stomping finished together, with two hard accents. He would do this every time in exchange for a gift. Yet he did it in such a way that we knew always that this was nothing more than a grown-up man doing monkey-shines for children. He enjoyed making us laugh. There was nothing servile about it.

He got to be one of the people I liked best of all—not only in the camp but in my whole circumscribed world. I liked Joe very simply because he was a nice man. He recognized me every year when I returned to the camp, and after the second or third year I could tell that he considered me a real friend and was glad to have me back. We talked together often, equally and easily, and when I was sixteen and seventeen and by then a councillor in the camp, Joe would do me the honor of becoming quite serious with me and of placing our whole friendship on a mature plane. I do not remember many of the things we talked about, but I do remember that a conversation with him was a reassurance and a satisfaction; that it was always good to find him walking on the road and to fall in with him.

I saw a brief notice in the paper, some years after I had stopped going to the camp, that Joe had died of blood poisoning in the New Orleans Charity Hospital. I thought of those stumps of teeth, and of the many years they had been seeping infection into his system. I thought also of the tall trees I had seen him fell, and that now Joe too had come toppling to the earth. And, though I felt a quiet sorrow, I felt no anguish. Life grew rank and lush along the bayou. His old house was teeming with the spawn of his years. The sun would beat upon the water forever, the trout would break the surface, the rushes would grow thick and green. Joe had done his share of hauling and of digging. Now he could lie down in the warm and sun-drenched earth and sleep.

III

DURING those summers in camp a love grew up in me for the rhythms of nature, for tropical rains that came sweeping through the pines and oaks, for the fiery midday sun, for long evenings, and the deep black nights. Great campfires were lit beside the bayou and a rushing column of luminous smoke and sparks ascended to the cypress trees. Fire gleamed in the water where bass were sleeping in the stumps. Campers wandered toward the meeting place, their flashlights swinging in the woods. We sat about the fire, singing, beating deep rumbling tomtoms made of hollowed oak logs, performing an ageless repertoire of skits and mimicry. And after these sessions one leader took the Protestant boys and another the Catholics and, standing in the open fields, in our separate groups, we prayed aloud.

My heart had strayed already from the formal, repetitious praying. A towering pine tree at the field's edge made a silhouette in the starry sky. I knew the constellations, the Giant, the Dipper, the Bear. I looked for the two inseparable stars, Misar and Alcar, horse and rider, and sensed the fact that Arabs named these stars a thousand years before me, and even in my boy's ignorance I felt aware of man's long and varied time upon the earth. I knew this night-filled wilderness had stretched beneath these stars for endless ages before Frenchmen had come in boats to build New Orleans. I thought of the Indians who had fished and hunted here, whose bones and broken pottery we sometimes found in grassy mounds. I felt worshipful of the earth, the pine tree, the night itself.

Sometimes we packed provisions and tents and mosquito bars and paddled down the bayou to the lake, ten miles away. The lake was a great inland finger of the Gulf of Mexico, twenty miles long, ten wide. Twenty miles below us, in prehistoric times, the mouth of the Mississippi river had built up new land, and these watery prairies had pinched off the small inland gulf and made a lake of it, but it connected still through a series of passes with the Mexican Gulf. The lake teemed with croakers, catfish, shrimp, and

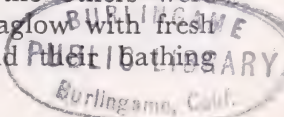
big blue-clawed crabs. At the northern end, where we camped, a network of tributary bayous emptied into the lake. For the last mile or so of their crooked lengths, where the brackish water of the lake crept into the slow-moving bayous, fish and small life were abundant, bass fed in the rushes, and muskrats built their cities of the plains.

There was a relatively high, sandy point near the mouth of the bayou, where we camped. The sun went down red into the lake and left a long, clear twilight. A few stars came out. A salty wind blew in from the Mexican Gulf; it came out of the south every night. The breeze swept over the rushes and made small waves break on the sandy, grassy shore. There was a red beacon light on weather-beaten piles out in the lake and its long reflection shimmered in the water. We sprayed our mosquito netting with citronella and built up a driftwood fire and lay down on canvas bedrolls spread upon the thin, tough grass and sand. The trade wind blew through our tents throughout the night. We listened to the waves. We could smell the vast salt marshes far below us. A yellow moon came out of the gulf. Far down the lake we could see the lights of a railroad bridge. We felt the beauty of this wilderness like a hunger.

After two days of fishing and swimming in the lake, our shoulders and faces darker from the sun, we paddled back up the winding bayou.

IV

ONE summer when I was sixteen a party of us, paddling upstream to buy some candy at a crossroads store, came upon three young girls who were bathing in a sandy cove. There were four of us in the long pirogue, all of an age. For a long moment we were speechless. At last we said hello, and they answered in warm gay voices. We drifted the boat into the cove and began to speak to them. Two of the girls were sisters. The three of them had come to visit a relative who kept a fine summer lodge in the woods across the bayou from the camp. One of the sisters was fifteen and the others were seventeen. They were aglow with fresh and slender beauty, and



suits were bright flags of color. Their impact upon us was overwhelming. We grew silly, tongue-tied, said foolish things we did not mean to say, shoved one another about in the boat, and finally overturned it. The loreleis laughed musical little laughs. They seemed unbearably beautiful. We had no idea what to do about it.

The girls had been at the lodge for a week. They missed their beaux in New Orleans, they missed the dating and the dancing and the music. It was a gay town in the summertime. The older girls looked upon us as children; but still—they must have reflected—we were not such children at that. The younger sister, a slender child with thick brown hair and heavily crimsoned lips, sat on the bank and regarded us with a happy open face.

At last we took courage and asked if we could call on them that night.

"Oh, yes!" they cried eagerly. Life at that moment was dazzling.

Making this rendezvous was an impulsive thing to do, for it was midweek and we should have to steal away after taps and walk down a path without flashlights through a snake-infested lowland and—because the boats were counted and chained at nightfall—swim across the bayou, holding our clothes above our heads.

We crept from our cabins at ten o'clock that night and met in the pine woods. One of us intoned a counting-out rhyme; the loser had to walk first down the path through the snake hole. He cut a long gum sapling and rattled it down the path ahead of us. We walked bunched tightly together, tense with fear, giggling at our own unbelievable audacity, trembling in our eagerness. At the bayou's edge we slipped out of our shorts and shirts and sneakers and, holding them above our heads with one hand, we felt our way round the knees and along the sunken roots of a cypress tree, and pushed off into the bayou and began to swim.

The moon had not yet risen. We had only the silhouettes of trees to guide us. We swam closely together, cautioning one another to silence, bursting into convulsive squeals as water lilies brushed against our bodies or when a fish broke the surface

near us. We swam upstream from the camp, past two bends, and waded from the water in the cove where we had met the girls. Now we were laughing with relief and excitement, and popping one another on the backsides. We scraped the glistening water from our bodies, dressed, and combed our wet hair and hurried off down the wagon path into the woods. Long ago the cove had been a landing stage for small schooners which came to load pine firewood for New Orleans.

The girls were waiting for us, dressed in bright print cotton dresses and wearing hair ribbons. The soft light gave age and mystery to their youthful shoulders, to their slender bodies; and, like nameless night-blooming vines in the woods about us, they bore a splendid fragrance all their own, a fragrance of youth and cleanliness and fresh cosmetics. They were playing a phonograph on the wide porch of the lodge. This was the summer of Maurice Chevalier's great success in American movies. The little sister sang his song, rolling her eyes, turning out her soft pink lip:

If ze night-ting gail
Cood zing lak you . . .

And she sang another:

. . . you make me feel so grand
I want to hand the world to you.
You seem to understand
Each foolish little dream I'm dreaming, scheme
I'm scheming . . .

I was so in love with her I could hardly catch my breath. I was in love with the other sister too, and with their friend. All of the boys were in love with all of the girls; the girls—so they said—had crushes on each of us. Our hearts were afire.

We walked hand in hand down the wagon trail to the cove and built a bonfire. We stretched out on blankets, laughing, singing. We sang the songs that people always sing by rivers and campfires, "There's a Long, Long Trail A-winding," "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi", all the rest. We kissed the girls and they held fast to us. Before this night we had been only boys, holding hands with girls in movies, not quite sure why we pursued them and acted silly. Now, lying beneath the open sky, for the first

time we understood the poignance and the beauty of the human heritage.

Every night for two weeks we came to see them. And when they told us goodbye the last kiss was as much a discovery as the first, and we knew that love was a thing that could never grow old. After they had gone we would steal from our cabins to sit on the back porch of the camp hospital, on a hill, where we could see the bayou and the cove and the woods where we had found them; and we sat there talking late into the night, like daemon lovers in the ballads of old. I never passed the cove again, even years later when I would paddle down the bayou fishing, without remembering our meetings with a suddenly racing heart. First love is unforgettable.

V

I HAD no lessons to do in those summer months of camp life. There was plenty of time to think. I was living a communal life with other boys. Among us were embryonic bullies, scoundrels, cheats, promoters, Babbitts, Christers, and stuffed shirts; and there were also the boys of good heart, the unselfish, the humorous, the courageous, boys who were the salt of the earth, but who, often in their later lives, would be misled and preyed upon and set against one another by the sharp ones. One and all we lived together, ate together, slept together. Our personalities clashed, fermented, or formed amalgams. Sitting together at night in the lamplit cabins, with darkness and towering woods closing in upon us, we had our first grave talks about religion, about death, about sex. The future stretching before us was wide and fathomless. And all about us, in the grass, in the underbrush, in towering summer skies, we beheld the face of nature and the earth's wide harmonies as they had never been revealed in our city lives. At night we could stretch out upon the field, observe the stars, and grasp the first time the fact that some were vastly deeper in space than others. In our star-study courses we heard phrases like "light years." It began to seep into the consciousness of many of us that a hundred years or the life of an individual had little meaning in the total

universe; and from this point some of us began our first gropings after moral philosophy, gropings for a belief that could give the total universe a meaning in our own lives.

There was a bugler in our camp who was the first consummate expert, in any field, that I had known. He had no other talent but his music. He was a good-natured, chubby, curly-headed Italian boy, rather lazy, and when he was not back in the woods practicing his cornet he walked round with a dreamy look, as though our own handicrafts could not possibly be of interest to him.

Paolo had a silver trumpet and he preferred it to the bugle. He wanted to be a great musician. He would take his horn and music back into a pine clearing a quarter of a mile from the camp and all day long we could hear him practicing the runs. He blew the trumpet with a clear, sweet tone. We had supreme confidence as we stood at attention on the parade grounds and the flag came down the creaking flagpole pulley in the late afternoon sunlight, and Paolo stood alone, with everyone watching, and bugled. We were proud of him when visitors came. He had that ability of experts to create a sense of possessiveness in others.

It was at bedtime that Paolo gathered up into his clear, thin music all the ineffable hungering of our awakening lives. At ten o'clock he climbed a high ladder to a life-guard platform we had nailed into the branches of a tall cypress tree beside the bayou. Paolo lived for this moment and, with the whole camp silent and listening below him in the darkness, he blew taps with a soft and ghostly beauty all his own. Somehow the music spoke for us, uttered the thing we knew but had no words for, set up a wailing in the pine trees of the brevity and splendor of human life. Lying in our bunks in the darkness of the cabin, some of us fell into sleep; but some lay in silence thinking longer, alive to the night, and I was of these.

One night some ten years later I entered a smoke-filled tavern in another city where Paolo was playing in a band. By this time he had made a small reputation as a boy with a hot trumpet. I

watched his now older face as he tore through the hot routines. He was tired. The silver horn made noise but, though I knew little about it, I could see that he was not a great jazz musician.

I did not go to see him any more. I wanted to remember Paolo before he had

lost something, before any of us had lost it, a kind of innocence. I wanted to remember him in the land of our first discoveries, when he had climbed into a cypress tree to blow his horn, and there was a kind of Gothic night-drench in our lives.

Save Paper and Grow Thin

YOU may notice that this issue of *Harper's Magazine* is somewhat thinner, more flexible, and lighter than those for previous months. This is the result of a government order to all magazines to reduce their consumption of paper by another fifteen per cent during 1944 (in comparison with our 1942 consumption).

This is the second cut in consumption of paper that we have made at government order since the war began. A year ago we were called on for a ten-per-cent cut. We did this by reducing the number of text pages to 96 (meanwhile increasing the amount of text on each page). The present further fifteen-per-cent cut we are accomplishing almost wholly by lightening our paper, leaving only a small further saving to be made by a slight reduction in the number of copies printed.

We trust that our decision to do the saving this way will meet with your approval. We do not intend to reduce the amount of reading matter below 96 pages (plus the departments which are printed on advertising stock) even if still another cut should be ordered at some future time. For the present we prefer not to make any material reduction in the circulation of the Magazine if any other method of meeting the government requirements can be found. We hope and believe that there will be no great loss—if any—in the opacity of our paper and the clarity of our printing by reason of this change in the weight of our paper.

Incidentally, we cheerfully pass along an appeal from the government to our readers, as individuals, to aid the conservation and salvage program in order to make more paper available for the armed forces. Here are their specific requests: (1) Make each piece, say, of writing paper do its full duty—stretch every inch of wrapping paper. (2) Help your local stores save paper by discouraging double and extra wrapping of your purchases, and carry your own market basket or bag to save paper bags. (3) Cheerfully accept the manufacturer's war packaging, as he simplifies his boxes and cartons to save paper (we might add that this includes our own program of rolling the Magazine instead of sending it flat to subscribers). (4) Pass this copy of *Harper's Magazine* along, make it do extra work. (5) Save every bit of used paper for your local salvage drive.

We are ordered to save paper. You can contribute to the same effort by saving it voluntarily. — The Editors

TOKYO SINCE PEARL HARBOR

JOHN MORRIS



SUNDAY, the 7th of December, 1941, was much the same as any other Sunday in Tokyo. I had got up rather late, played over a few records before lunch, and spent the afternoon writing an article on Virginia Woolf. It was never published and is now, I believe, in the archives of the Japanese police.

My article was for *Japan News Week*, the American paper that had somehow managed to keep its independence right up to the outbreak of war.

For some months before the outbreak of war three or four of us who were working for the paper had been accustomed to meet every Sunday night at the house of Paul Rusch, an educational missionary who, in the course of years, had brought into being, almost entirely through his own efforts, what was probably one of the finest social service camps for boys in the world. This camp was well on the way toward completion when the war put an end to Paul's activities.

On the night of the 7th of December the group at Paul's home included W. R. Wills, the editor of *Japan News Week*; Phyllis Argall, the managing editor of the paper; Air-Commodore Bryant, the British air attaché; and myself. It was not often that we had a member of the diplomatic corps to give tone to our Sunday night parties. Besides, he brought other advantages. The petrol restriction, which had now made it almost impossible to get

a taxi late at night, did not apply to members of the Embassy; when they went out to dinner they traveled in their own private cars, and it had become more or less understood that before returning to their own houses they should first see home any fellow guests who did not share their privileges. As this happened to be an unusually wet night we were delighted to see Bryant's car standing in front of Paul's door. But of course we were glad to see Bryant for his own sake, and to hear the latest news from home. It was only when we happened to meet someone from the Embassy that we had a chance of hearing what was really happening; for, although it was in theory possible for Englishmen in Tokyo to go to the Embassy and collect a copy of the daily bulletin, in actual practice this was seldom done, as regular visits to the British Embassy placed even British subjects under grave police suspicion. In fact, after Japan entered the war a number of our nationals were arrested for the "offense" of having paid regular visits to their own embassy.

After dinner we all sat talking round the fire. Most of us had realized for some time that Japan's entry into the war was now inevitable, but no one thought the moment was yet at hand. I think if anyone had told us that, as we sat there enjoying our quiet chat, the Japanese fleet was already in position in front of Pearl Harbor, we should have laughed at the

idea. No one had received any hint that the crisis had been reached. We left Paul's house at about eleven o'clock, and Bryant, after seeing Wills and Phyllis Argall home, took me on in the direction of my house, which was not very far from his. As it was getting late and he had to be up early in the morning, I asked him to drop me at the crossroads near his own house. There, accordingly, he stopped the car and we sat in it, smoking a last cigarette, before I got out and walked home.

The streets were deserted; I cannot remember seeing a single soul on my way. And yet it later turned out that not only had the police known exactly who was dining at Paul's house that night, but that they had also kept an eye on Bryant and me talking in his car at the crossroads. No doubt I was shadowed all the way to my house, but such is the efficiency of the Japanese police that I was totally unaware of it. During the whole of my four years' stay in Japan I cannot recall a single occasion when I so much as suspected that I was being watched, and yet reports which I subsequently received made it clear that the police had kept an eye on me the whole time.

On the following morning I came down to breakfast as usual at about half-past eight. At this hour there was a daily broadcast of gramophone records, and I generally listened to it as I ate my breakfast. I switched on the radio, but instead of hearing a symphony I heard an announcer talking rapidly in Japanese. He seemed to be saying the same thing over and over again, so I thought I had better try to make out what it was all about. As far as I could understand, the announcer was saying that a state of war now existed between Japan and the United States. (The news of the actual attack on Pearl Harbor was not made public until about an hour later.) As I was not quite certain whether I had understood correctly I called in my cook and asked her if the news was true. "Yes," she said, "but go on with your breakfast or you'll be late for your work." I was uncertain what to do, so I thought first of all I would go and talk things over with Reuter's correspondent, Richard Tenelly,

who was my next-door neighbor. As soon as I had stepped out of my door, however, I noticed four or five policemen on guard outside Tenelly's. They told me their chief was inside and that I had better see him. He came down almost at once and I asked what I should do. "We have no orders to arrest you," he said, "so you had better carry on with your work as usual." I told him that I was due to give a lecture at ten, and he advised me to go away and deliver it. He refused to let me see Tenelly.

On arriving at the University I went straight to my classroom and set about delivering my lecture. There was nothing abnormal in the behavior of the students and we carried on as though nothing had happened. At the end of the lecture, however, I was told that I had better do no further teaching pending the receipt of instructions from the Department of Education.

In the meanwhile it occurred to me that I would do well to visit the Japanese Foreign Office in order to find out exactly what my position now was. I had originally gone to Japan under the aegis of the Foreign Office, and although the matter was never committed to writing it was understood that in the event of war I should be afforded what practically amounted to diplomatic immunity.

I found the office in a turmoil; indeed, the officials with whom I spoke seemed just as much surprised and stunned by the news as the ordinary man in the street. To-day it is widely believed that the sending of Mr. Kurusu to Washington with the ostensible purpose of making a last-minute attempt to prevent war was one of the most underhanded diplomatic actions ever committed, since the plans for attacking Pearl Harbor had already been made and the Japanese navy was actually moving into position while Mr. Kurusu's negotiations were still in progress. It is doubtful if the whole truth will ever be known, but when I call to memory my conversations with members of the Japanese Foreign Office on the morning of the 8th of December I am inclined to believe that the Japanese *Government* acted in good faith. I think it is not unlikely that the attack on Pearl Harbor was launched by

the armed forces without the previous sanction of the Government in Tokyo.*

II

WHEN I went back to my own house I found about eight policemen there. Everything was in disorder; my books were lying all over the floor, my clothes had been pulled out of the cupboards, the bedding was heaped in the middle of the room. And then they questioned me. "Had I a shortwave transmitter concealed in the house? Had I perhaps a machine gun, or at any rate a rifle?" No; I had none of these things; but not until they had made a thorough search of every nook and corner were they satisfied. They went through all my letters, examined my photographs, and took away with them a series of large X-ray negatives of my lungs. These I had kept by me for many years for the purpose of periodical comparisons. I never got them back. I was quite unable to convince the inspector that they were not in reality photographs of fortifications. They removed also some half-dozen of my books, all of them with red bindings, since in the minds of the Japanese police books in red covers are connected in some way with communism. To these were added a very large pile of newspapers, some a year old. Fortunately for me these papers were not consecutive, for, although I did not then know it, it had recently become a penal offense to possess a consecutive file of newspapers. Soon after the police departed, one of my students dropped in. "I've just seen a most extraordinary sight," he said. He then went on to describe how, as he was walking up to my house, he had passed a squad of policemen, each one staggering along under a weight of English newspapers.

* Since writing the above I have discovered that I am not alone in this belief. Otto D. Tolischus, former *New York Times* correspondent in Japan, writes as follows in *Tokyo Record* of the events of December 7, 1941: "I didn't then know that President Roosevelt had sent a personal message to the Emperor with a last appeal for peace. It had been delayed in transmission, presumably purposely, and it was not till midnight that Grew [Mr. Joseph C. Grew, American Ambassador to Japan] was able to present it to Togo [Mr. Shiginori Togo, Japanese Foreign Minister]. As Grew later told me, he was convinced that Togo himself did not know then that war was at hand."

After this preliminary investigation I was left more or less alone for a few days. Then the police again visited me. It appeared that they were not completely satisfied that the contents of my library were harmless and wanted to examine my books in greater detail. I wondered how they were going to do this, because it soon became apparent that none of them knew any English. They were expecting me to explain the contents of each one of my books to them. But when my patience (to say nothing of my Japanese) proved unequal to this task, they contented themselves with looking at the pictures in such books as were illustrated.

For the first few days there was an air of bewilderment about the people; nobody seemed quite to believe that Japan had actually entered the war. This feeling was heightened by the fact that, except for the blackout, conditions remained much the same as they had been, and after the first week even the blackout was reduced to no more than a partial dimming of lights.

Petrol for civilian purposes had been getting short for some time past; now it was practically unobtainable. Taxis almost disappeared from the streets for a while. They were being converted to run on charcoal. The busses too were given similar treatment, with the result that the service, which hitherto had been fairly efficient, rapidly deteriorated. Even high Japanese officials were forced to use charcoal-burning cars, the only petrol-driven ones now on the streets being those belonging to the various embassies and legations.

A system of rationing was introduced immediately. Ration books were issued to every householder, but the actual distribution of food was made by the "Neighborhood Association" of the street in which one lived. These Neighborhood Associations, which had been started a few years ago, had come to play an important part in Japanese social life. Their organization was based on the old village associations, to which the Japanese had long been accustomed. With the growth of modern cities they had tended to disappear, but the Japanese, who have a strongly developed sense of community

life, had revived them in a modern form. The associations provided a practical way of dealing with some of the unusual conditions produced by the war with China. And now they were given the responsibility of administering the rationing system and the local A.R.P. organization. As a householder I was of course a member of my local association, but I never attended any of its meetings, and had I done so it would, I imagine, have caused considerable embarrassment. My cook, however, used sometimes to attend on my behalf. She was, in fact, called to attend a special meeting very soon after the outbreak of war, the purpose of which was to discuss what precautions should be taken to deal with any foreign spies who might happen to be living in our street. Being at that time the only foreigner still at large, I took a personal interest in the outcome of these deliberations.

Not all rationed articles were distributed; some things, such as meat, fish, vegetables, and fruit, had to be fetched direct from the shops. This usually entailed waiting many hours in a queue, and if one was at the end of the line one often found nothing left to buy. Everybody was in theory entitled to a certain amount of meat and fish every week, but quite often none at all was on sale in the shops. This led to the report that even at the start of the war Japan was short of food. Actually there was no real food shortage; Japan grows sufficient rice to meet all her needs, and has an abundant supply of fish in home waters. Nobody likes living on an unchanging diet of fish and rice, but it should be realized that the Japanese have something of a genius for austerity.

That there appeared to be a shortage of food in Japan was due to various causes. In the first place, the extremely rigid price control which was imposed immediately upon the outbreak of war made farmers unwilling to send their produce into the cities. Lack of road transport, the result of petrol restrictions, was another important factor. Lack of petrol also accounted for the shortage of fish, for most of the fishing boats were petrol-driven. Certain imported foodstuffs of course disappeared completely from the

market. Chief among these was coffee, of which the Japanese are extremely fond. Its place was taken by a revolting ersatz liquid, made, I believe, from soya beans. Foreign wines and spirits also were difficult to obtain, although at the time I left Japan it was still possible to get hold of an occasional bottle of imported whisky. The price had risen to thirty dollars or more; such luxuries were obtainable only on the black market. There seemed, however, to be plenty of Japanese who were willing and able to pay this exorbitant price.

One of the effects of the rationing system was to cause those who could afford it to make an even more frequent use of restaurants. In these the price was controlled, the maximum price for luncheon being fixed at three yen (about ninety cents), and for dinner, at four yen; a cup of substitute coffee was included at both meals. No attempt was made to limit the number of dishes; in fact the number of courses remained much the same as it had been before the war. But the quality rapidly deteriorated. Beef, which in normal times is both plentiful and excellent in Japan, practically disappeared, its place on the menu being taken more often than not by whale meat, an edible but, to me at least, unpalatable substitute. But quite often there would be no meat of any sort available, even in the better restaurants, for days at a time. Many of these places had made extensive use of the black market at the beginning of the war and this had been discovered by the police, who, in revenge, now made it difficult for them to obtain even the supplies to which they were legally entitled.

One curious result of the run on the restaurants was that their patrons took their meals earlier and earlier, for unless one arrived at a restaurant betimes one found nothing left to eat. In ordinary times no eating-house ever closed before midnight; now they were shutting down by nine at the very latest. In order to make sure of obtaining a meal, people would arrive for lunch at eleven in the morning, and during my last few weeks in Japan I found it was necessary to arrive not later than five-thirty in the evening if I wanted to be sure of getting dinner. In

act, there would often be very little left to eat even at this hour. It was becoming quite usual for people to dine at three o'clock in the afternoon.

There are in Tokyo large numbers of beer halls, which are much frequented by young men of the student class. In normal times these are open at all hours of the day and do not close before midnight. Japanese beer, for the manufacture of which hops used to be imported, is a very pleasant light drink of the lager variety, and one could spend a pleasantly idle evening chatting in one of these places, particularly in the summer, when the city is less crowded. Very shortly after Japan entered the war the supplies of beer became so restricted that the beer halls were forced by the government to remain closed during the day. They opened only at five o'clock, by which hour there would be a queue (often a couple of hundred yards long) in front of each. Many of them were completely sold out by seven, and the majority closed their doors, for lack of supplies, at nine.

During the first few months following the outbreak of the war there was very much more drunkenness than before, so much of it in fact that I had to give up visiting beer halls. In such places I was of course assumed to be a German, and it was embarrassing to be talked to by drunken strangers who took it for granted that one was rejoicing at the British reverses in the Far East.

In addition to the beer halls, there are literally thousands of small dives in Tokyo where drinks of various kinds can be obtained. Even in peacetime the quality of the liquor supplied in the more disreputable of these places was extremely suspect; but the wartime stuff sold in most of these smaller drinking dens was nothing less than methyl-alcohol. One of my own students drank a couple of glasses of this poison and then was seriously ill for several days and did not recover the full use of his mind for several weeks. This sort of thing, which is likely to increase as the war goes on, to say nothing of the bad, unnourishing food on which most Japanese are now forced to live, is bound in course of time to undermine the health of the rising generation.

III

EVEN before the war some attempts had been made to organize air raid precautions in Japan. Elaborate displays had been held about twice a year in order to give those taking part a chance of demonstrating their efficiency; but no one took these affairs very seriously.

While the Neighborhood Association had the duty of organizing A.R.P. locally, there was a central bureau which issued general instructions. The way in which these were interpreted often varied from street to street, depending upon the fancy of the president of the Neighborhood Association concerned. Up to the time I left there was not any full-time civil defense organization.

Every householder was required to keep a bucket of water on his doorstep, together with three or four small sacks filled with sand. These were intended for use in putting out fires, but actually they would have been quite ineffectual. The provision of ladders for each individual house was optional so long as a certain number were available in every street. The women of every household were required to equip themselves with the Japanese equivalent of slacks, loose baggy trousers worn over the ordinary kimono, and to don them immediately the alert was sounded. At this time too one member of the household, preferably the master himself, was supposed to stand on duty at the front door, there to await further instructions.

It might have been expected that in a city like Tokyo, where the majority of the houses are built of wood, a more efficient system of air raid precautions would have been instituted. That no serious effort has been made is, I believe, due to the fact that the greater part of the city is so inflammable that it is not humanly possible to protect it. The authorities are doubtless well aware that the present system has but a psychological value. They count on its reassuring the populace and mitigating the panic which any large-scale raid is bound to cause.

To the best of my belief there are no air raid shelters in Tokyo, except in the Emperor's Palace and the German Embassy. An underground railway does in-

deed exist, but it runs too near the surface for the stations to afford protection against even moderately heavy bombs. Its stations, moreover, would afford protection for only a few thousand people. It seems doubtful if any attempt will be made to remedy this state of affairs. Tokyo is not like London, where there are many solid buildings which afford reasonable protection against all but a direct hit. To protect the people of Tokyo adequately would mean providing shelters for the entire population of the city, that is to say for between six and seven million people, and this is not practicable.

Until quite recently it was thought unlikely that Japan's enemies could ever secure bases near enough to permit of the bombing of Tokyo or any other large cities in Japan. Or, at the worst, it was supposed that aerial attacks would be on so small a scale that they could be adequately dealt with by fighters. This was the view constantly put forward by the Japanese press, which quoted the military authorities as saying that Tokyo was unassailable from the air. The Army came in for a good deal of criticism, in consequence, when the Doolittle raid actually took place.

I happened to be in the Ginza, the main thoroughfare of Tokyo, at the time. The warning was sounded at about five minutes past twelve on Saturday, April 18, 1942. At first no one paid very much attention, most of us thinking that the siren was the ordinary midday signal which is sounded in the city every day. This signal had been discontinued on the outbreak of war, but I suppose we had only half-consciously realized that. Almost immediately afterward, American bombers appeared over the city, flying so low that their distinguishing marks were clearly visible. They appeared to be unopposed, although gunfire now became audible from the distant suburbs. This increased in intensity, particularly from the direction of Yokohama, and continued for several hours; nor was it until about half-past four in the afternoon that the "All Clear" was sounded. There was not the slightest sign of panic. The police halted the traffic, but nobody made any attempt to take shelter; the general sentiment was

one of bewildered interest, everybody wondering what was going to happen next. Pedestrians just stood about in groups; and then, as a realization of what was happening gradually dawned upon them, one heard people starting to criticize the army for having misled them.

That night there was a complete blackout, and we were ordered to keep our radios permanently switched on in case special instructions should be issued. Later on there was an order that in the event of the warning being sounded in the future, radios were to be immediately switched on and not turned off until the raid was over.

The evening papers gave only the bare news that a raid had taken place, but details were given in the late news broadcast. We were told that no damage had been done and that seven, possibly eight, of the American planes had been brought down. Although it was claimed that no casualties had occurred, there was a notice in the papers about one week later to the effect that the government intended to grant full compensation to all those who had suffered loss or injury in the raid.

By piecing together odd scraps of information it gradually became possible to find out what had really happened in Tokyo. It appears that several hundred people who were working in a factory were wounded. The petrol storage tank at Haneda airdrome, Tokyo's civil airport, was set on fire and continued to burn for several days following the raid. There was considerable damage to the military airdrome a short distance outside Tokyo, and several streets of houses in the vicinity of Waseda University were demolished. All this was reported to me personally by friends who actually witnessed it. The total damage done was doubtless much greater.

At about four o'clock in the morning on the day following the raid there was a further alarm in Tokyo, but nothing happened, and the "All Clear" was sounded about one hour later. Then on Sunday there was another alarm at eleven o'clock in the morning. Large numbers of Japanese fighters were visible in the sky, and some distant gunfire was to be heard; but again there were no incidents. The "All Clear" was sounded at about one-thirty,

and at two o'clock it was announced by radio that a large enemy force had attempted to approach the capital, but had been driven off before it was able to penetrate even the outer defenses. I believe that no attempt was made to raid Tokyo a second time, and that the whole affair was an imposture devised by the authorities to win back the confidence of the people. If so, it had some success, for I noticed that in my own street many of the older people seemed to gain courage on hearing that the raiders had been thwarted in an attempt to reach the city.

I believe that before this raid there was no defense against low-flying aircraft, but shortly afterward machine-gun posts were visible on many of the buildings in the central part of Tokyo. Barrage balloons also made their first appearance over the city, but I never saw more than six in the air at the same time. One of these was moored in the center of Hibiya Park. It was surrounded by a double fence of barbed wire and guarded by sentries with rifles and fixed bayonets who warned off anyone who attempted to approach the enclosure.

IV

IN ALL these months I had no means of finding out what had happened to my friends. During the first few days I had visited several of their houses, only to find the police in charge. They refused to give me any information and told me to keep away.

It appeared that all the British and American journalists were in jail, but that the majority of the teachers, missionaries, and business men had been interned either in Tokyo or Yokohama.

Strange though it may seem, I would myself much have preferred to be interned. Although no restrictions were placed upon my movements, and I was even permitted after a time to continue my lectures, I suffered from severe mental strain, as I felt sure it was merely a matter of time before I too should be arrested. Not that I was suffering from a guilty conscience; but so many people whom I knew to be perfectly harmless had been arrested that there seemed to be no reason why I should be left at liberty. Eventually I

reached the stage when I experienced a pang of dread every time my front door bell rang. "At last," I thought, "my moment has come!"

I must here say something of the attitude of my Japanese friends during this period. Not one ceased to visit me, and I even made a few new friends. Some of them went to great personal trouble to keep me supplied with food, and others denied themselves such luxuries as eggs in order that I should not go short. I shall never forget their kindness nor the risks they took; for in a country like Japan, with its vicious system of police spying, it requires considerable courage to pay regular visits to an enemy alien in wartime. Some of my friends would attempt to discuss events and did not disguise their dislike of the Japanese military party. I refused, however, to discuss this subject. Cynical though it may seem, I had always to consider the possibility that some among my friends were agents of the police, and that they had perhaps been ordered to keep up their intercourse with me on the chance that I might make some indiscreet remark which would serve as an excuse for my arrest. I did not of course really think that any friend of mine would so demean himself; but after even a short time in Japan one becomes suspicious; and I felt that I dare not take the slightest risk. I only hope that since my departure none of my friends has suffered for his constancy.

It is the custom in Japan to display the national flag on all occasions of public rejoicing. In peacetime it was no embarrassment to me to conform. After the declaration of war, however, the position was different; I did not feel that the fall of Hong Kong and Singapore, for instance, called for a display of rejoicing on my part, and my undecorated house brought upon me a certain amount of adverse criticism from my neighbors. Eventually, however, a compromise was reached; my cook agreed on my behalf that I should hoist the flag on occasions such as the Emperor's birthday, provided that I should not be expected to celebrate the Allied reverses, which at that time were occurring with depressing frequency. As for the pound of sugar and two bottles of beer which everyone was allowed to purchase in order

to mark the surrender of Singapore, I must confess that I gratefully accepted them.

I have said that for some little time after the outbreak of war there was little outward change in the life of the Japanese people. An accumulation of small changes, however, was taking place, and these gradually made the people conscious of the war. Most of these changes were concerned with amusement.

After the first week, for instance, a ban was placed upon American and English music, and more particularly upon all forms of jazz. This even extended to the withdrawal from the shops of all foreign gramophone records, not excluding German classical music if the conductor of the orchestra concerned happened not to be a citizen of one or other of the Axis countries. This ban fell heavily upon recordings made by Stokowski and Sir Thomas Beecham, but Toscanini and the many famous German conductors who had long since severed their connection with their own country escaped, their political views being apparently unknown to the Japanese police.

The ban on jazz music affected particularly the numerous little tea and coffee shops dotted about all over the city. When it was first enforced the gramophones in these places were silent, but only for a week or so. Thereafter the records were played, very softly at first; but the volume was soon increased, for the people began to realize that the police could not distinguish between, say, Duke Ellington and Mozart. Before I left Japan jazz had come back into its own and the gramophones were again going full blast.

As for films, all the American and English ones were immediately withdrawn from circulation, their place being taken by French and German films. Among the latter were many of the excellent pre-Hitler Ufa productions which (their directors being Jewish) are no longer shown in Germany itself. To me personally it was a great joy to see once again the early films made by René Clair, but by the time I left Japan most of these old films, which were not very numerous, were being shown for the third or fourth time. There were of course plenty of Japanese films, but the

urban audiences, having been brought up on foreign films, did not take to them very kindly. They were more popular, I believe, with less sophisticated people in the country districts.

The theater too received the attentions of the police. There were in Tokyo a number of small theaters which specialized in the production of Western plays in the Japanese language. And as English has always been the most widely known of foreign tongues, most of the plays produced were translations from the English. These theatrical companies were not actually disbanded, but conditions were now made so difficult for them that the players were forced to appear in plays of purely Japanese origin.

The Kabuki theater, presenting as it does traditional Japanese drama, suffered less change. The police were content with the elimination of all plays of a purely comic character and the complete suppression of those in which amorous adventures were represented. The menu now was one of unrelieved blood and thunder. Moreover, most of the plays were so edited as to be little more than exhortations to patriotism. The virtue of dying for one's betters, that is to say for one's country, was instilled to the exclusion of any other theme. All the ordinary aims, aspirations, and loves of human beings were excluded.

V

AFTER December 8th I had very little to do. I have already explained that as soon as things began to settle down I was permitted to continue with my lectures, but these occupied only a few hours every week. The Foreign Office continued to pay my salary but relieved me of all duties, so I had a great deal of time on my hands. It might have been an excellent opportunity to set down my ideas on paper, or at least to keep a diary. This, however, was impossible. It is not advisable, while actually in the country, to commit one's thoughts on Japan to paper, unless they happen to be entirely flattering; even in normal times the Japanese police surreptitiously make periodical examinations of the contents of all foreigners' houses.

And when the time came to leave it was forbidden to take any letters, manuscripts, or even a book out of the country, irrespective of the contents.

I used at first to spend many hours a day listening to records on my gramophone and reading. After a while I ceased to play the gramophone. I am affected more by music than by any other form of art, and during these months I reached a stage when the emotional effect of hearing great music was so overpowering that I could no longer bear it.

Nearly every afternoon I used to go to the Imperial Hotel, which still retained its vogue in spite of the fact that the food it now provided was about the worst in Tokyo. At teatime the place was usually crowded with Nazis, and it used to give me a peculiar pleasure to sit there and be glared at. For they knew of course exactly who I was, and it doubtless infuriated them to see me still at large. Incidentally, although Tokyo contained a considerable Italian colony, I never once saw Italians mixing with Germans except on public platforms, where they had of necessity to make a show of friendliness.

As for the relations between the Germans and the Japanese, the attitude of the ordinary people toward their German allies is well illustrated by an incident that occurred shortly before I left Tokyo. It was a pouring wet night and I was in the street looking for a taxi to take me home. I eventually found one, but the driver eyed me askance as a foreigner. After a little talk he seemed more friendly, but as I was about to open the door he demurred again. "Are you a German?" he asked. "No, certainly not," I replied. "An Italian, then, perhaps?" For a moment I considered passing myself off as an Italian in order to get a lift, and he, noticing my hesitation, inquired bluntly what my nationality was. "As a matter of fact," I said, "I'm English," to which he replied with a cheerful grin, "Oh, all right, hop in!"

It is not difficult to account for the dislike in which the Germans are held. Most of them are very arrogant and make no attempt to disguise their contempt for the Japanese. Moreover, few educated Japanese are ignorant of Hitler's published views on the peoples of Asia.

In official, but non-military, circles, it is the same story. Of recent years German advisers have been admitted into several government departments, and this has led to constant friction. The Nazi cannot advise; he can only dictate. And while the Japanese have always been willing to accept guidance from their various foreign advisers, dictation they will accept from nobody. At one time a couple of Germans were attached to the Tokyo Central Post Office. They had been planted there by the Embassy ostensibly for the purpose of examining the correspondence of German residents. It was not long, however, before they demanded access to the correspondence of all foreigners, and when this was refused they became so offensive that the Japanese officials insisted on their withdrawal.

In military circles the position is different. There is no doubt that the professional Japanese army officer has a high regard for the Germans, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he has a great respect for the German army. After all, the Japanese army has been organized and trained on German lines and under the supervision of German experts. This does not necessarily mean that Japan's strategical plans have been worked out in close conjunction with Germany's. The Japanese were quick to note that the commencement of Hitler's retirement in Russia coincided with the day they themselves entered the war, and it is doubtful whether they have ever had any illusion about getting material assistance from Germany, no matter how things might turn out. There must obviously be a certain amount of co-operation between the general staffs of the two countries, but the Japanese are realists and are in this war for their own ends alone.

VI

DURING all these months it was difficult to find out what was really happening in Europe. At first, the Japanese did not actually suppress any of the major items of news, but the papers printed them in such a way that their significance could be properly understood only by one skilled at reading between the lines. In

course of time, however, one came to measure Allied successes almost entirely by the lack of news; if there was no mention of Libya for weeks at a time one guessed that things were going well there.

Our main source of information was the radio. The shortwave sets in the possession of the Allied embassies were of course confiscated upon the outbreak of war, but there were still some in operation in the various neutral embassies, and it was from these that we obtained bits of genuine information from time to time. I used to get them from an anti-Nazi German friend who gleaned them from one or other of the South American legations. Incidentally, although neutral embassies were permitted to retain their shortwave receivers, they were required by the Japanese government to give an undertaking not to disclose the news they heard, and warned particularly that on no pretext whatever should they listen to foreign-language broadcasts radiated from Japan to the outside world!

I have forgotten the exact date, but I think it was sometime in April, 1942, that I was summoned to the Foreign Office. When I went there I was introduced to the chief of the foreign section of the Japan Broadcasting Corporation, for which I had done a certain amount of work before the war. He was extremely affable and talked on general matters for the first ten minutes; then he became less impersonal. He supposed that I must be finding it difficult to make both ends meet, and thought it might be possible to give me some employment as a broadcaster; how did I feel about it? I felt very strongly about it, and I'm afraid I lost my temper. "It seems to me," I said, "that you are asking me to become Japan's Lord Haw-Haw, or have I misunderstood the position?" My questioner was at first nonplussed, for in Japan it is not etiquette to come straight to the point. After hedging a little he was obliged to confess that this was in fact the idea, and he hoped that I would receive the suggestion favorably. I told him that I realized what the consequences of refusing his offer were likely to be, and that I accepted them. In view of the exceptional treatment afforded me I had remained, I said, strictly neutral, al-

though there was, of course, never any doubt where my sympathies lay. And while perfectly appreciating the circumstances in which I, an enemy alien, was placed, in no circumstances would I demean myself by broadcasting anti-British propaganda.

Having got this off my chest I stalked out of the room, fully expecting to be arrested, or at any rate interned, the following day. To my surprise, however, nothing further happened until about three weeks later, when I received a letter from the Broadcasting Corporation saying that if I would kindly submit full particulars of my past career they would be glad to consider me for employment. And there the matter ended. Actually, the outcome of this rather trivial incident is not so surprising as at first it seems. Loyalty to one's country is something that every Japanese understands, and had I accepted their offer I think they would have despised me. By not taking any action against me when I refused, they admitted that my conduct was what they would have expected from one of their own people. But the letter had to be sent me; it was a face-saving method of neatly closing the incident.

VII

THERE was still no news of a British evacuation. I used to go regularly to the Swiss Legation to inquire, but they were never very hopeful. It appeared that, not having been interned, I had but a slender chance of getting away. The evacuation ship, if it ever materialized, would be primarily for diplomats and their staffs. No one else had the slightest claim to be repatriated, and should there still be room after all the officials had been accommodated, civilians who had been jailed or interned would naturally be given first place.

In July the Swiss Legation had definite news that the British were going. My name was not on the list, but I was given to understand that there would be a second ship on which I could be certain of a place. Discouraged, I decided to go to the Foreign Office. I had not been there since refusing the broadcasting offer, and I was not expecting a very warm recep-

ion. My heart rose when I discovered, however, that the official in charge of repatriation arrangements was a man that I had at one time known well. He was anxious to do what he could to help me, but unfortunately the selection was not in his hands. The list had already been made out at the British Embassy, and he had no power to add my name to it.

Naturally I was bitterly disappointed, but at least I knew exactly how matters stood, and I made my arrangements to go away for the rest of the summer, for it was now unbearably hot in Tokyo. I sent in an application to the police and a few days later they telephoned to me. I supposed it was to tell me that my request had been granted, but it was not. Imagine my joy when they said that I was to sail with the diplomats in forty-eight hours' time, and that I must have my luggage ready for inspection by them and the customs officials by nine o'clock the following morning.

I was also told that I could take with me only clothing and certain specified household belongings. I worked all night, stripped to the waist, for the humidity was almost intolerable, and somehow managed to pack up my more essential things. The customs officials, together with several police inspectors, arrived at my house at about eleven o'clock in the morning, by which time I had somehow or other managed to get ready. But they made me unpack everything. Then they carefully examined each suitcase to see if I had concealed anything in the linings. Next they looked at every article I was proposing to take, examining my clothing piece by piece and checking it against the detailed list which they had ordered me to prepare. I had even been made to specify the exact number of handkerchiefs I was taking out of the country. My cameras and field glasses, which had been confiscated on the outbreak of war, were handed back to me, and I was allowed to pack them in one of the trunks. After this the customs authorities sealed all my boxes, and the police removed them. I was told that I should find them on the ship when I embarked the following day.

I had been up all night and was feeling

almost exhausted, but there was no time to rest, as I had been ordered to be ready at five-thirty the next morning. First I went to the bank, and not being allowed to take any money out of the country except a small traveling allowance, I transferred my balance to the account of a Japanese friend. This done, I spent the rest of the day saying good-bye to as many of my Japanese friends as I could run to earth. My house, with the furniture, books, gramophone records, and so on, I did not attempt to dispose of; there was not time. By ten o'clock at night I had done everything that was possible in the way of clearing up my affairs and was just about to retire when a visitor was announced. It was the collector of income tax, who had apparently just received news of my imminent departure. It appeared that the tax was claimable for the whole of the financial year which at that date had only run a couple of months. But since I had already transferred my bank account, and was in possession of only the small amount of actual cash which the government had allowed me to keep back for the expenses of the journey, I could not pay. The collector saw this well enough, but like all his kind, he had no idea how to deal with a situation for which no provision was made in his regulations, and so it was nearly midnight before I could induce him to go away. As it was, I had to sign a paper making over my furniture to the income-tax authorities.

The police inspector arrived punctually at five-thirty the following morning, and together we set off. I had lived in the same small house for nearly four years and had grown very fond of it. It seemed all wrong to be leaving it almost furtively at dawn, and to have to abandon all my books and other treasured possessions. We walked slowly, and I turned for a last look as we came to the corner. My faithful old housekeeper was still standing at the gate, and as I waved for the last time she bowed low in ceremonial fashion.

VIII

THAT the Japanese will suffer defeat I cannot doubt; but I find it quite impossible to picture what shape that defeat

will take. The Japanese army, as the reader knows, now has complete control of the government. The army in fact *is* the government. Every branch of the national life—education, industry, commerce, even religion—all are now subject to its will.

That army is now committed to a plan of almost unlimited aggression. It must conquer or perish; there is no other alternative. And the people will be ready to support it to the end. The Germans cracked in 1918, and there is every reason for supposing that in due course they will crack again. But the psychology of the Japanese people is different, and I believe that they will never give in; they will go on lowering their standard of living if necessary until the daily ration is barely sufficient to support life, but the people will not crack. It is only by complete physical destruction of their men and their resources that they can be defeated; and until we are in a position to bring this about any talk of a Japanese collapse is merely a dangerous form of wishful thinking.

To this I have only to add that I believe it to be of the utmost importance for the war to be brought home to the people of Japan themselves. They know so little of what is happening in the world to-day that only when the war is actually brought to their homeland itself will they realize they are beaten. Nothing less than an occupation of the country will be necessary—not necessarily a very long one, but one long enough to make the fact of *our* victory and *their* defeat incontestable.

During the period of occupation the demilitarization should be commenced, and it is essential that it should continue until the warmaking power of Japan is destroyed. Only when this demilitarization is assured should Japan be given a place beside the peaceful and democratic nations of the world. This, then, should be the program: defeat, occupation, demilitarization, opportunity.

The period of occupation should be made to depend upon the ability of the Japanese to produce a new form of government, a government with liberal ideas that is willing and anxious to co-operate with the Allied Nations. I believe that

the nucleus of such a government already exists in Japan. The country has always possessed liberal-minded statesmen in sufficient quantity. But these men at the present time dare not voice their feelings; to do so would be to invite assassination, or, at the very least, imprisonment and torture.

The chief task of the army of occupation would be to ensure that the new government is afforded protection and help while it is reorganizing the administration of the country.

It will be important not to lose sight of the danger lest an occupation be continued too long, and thus bring odium upon the new government. It might well be found that the presence of foreign troops was making it harder and harder for the government to carry on. Nothing should be done to incur the grave risk of sowing the seeds for a war of revenge. It should be remembered that secret societies have always played a large part in Japanese political life. A great many of these have military backing, and many of their officials are retired military men. Every soldier is more or less forced to join one of them after he leaves the service, and after this war a very high proportion of the adult population of Japan will consist of soldiers who have lost their occupation. It is certain that the activities of these so-called "patriotic societies" will tremendously increase.

A great deal will depend upon the position of the Emperor. While it is true that he has always been held in great veneration by the people, his present almost divine status is of comparatively recent invention. This myth has been built up gradually by the army for its own ends. The naval and military leaders have always had direct access to the Emperor; it has been in their power to have all important decisions promulgated in his name by Imperial Rescripts. Those decisions are thus protected from all criticism, for an Imperial Rescript is looked upon as holy; it cannot even be criticized, let alone disobeyed.

Any attempt to discredit the Emperor would, in my opinion, be disastrous. What we must do is convince the Japanese people that their Emperor has been led

astray by his military advisers. If this could be successfully accomplished it would have the effect of discrediting the army, and would thus strengthen the position of the new government. The wholehearted co-operation of the Emperor would be indispensable.

To sum up, the goal of all our efforts will be to bring into being a peace-loving and contented Japan, an agreeable partner

in international politics, a country that will contribute to a single, unified world economy. So if we intend to demilitarize Japan and control her key imports, as it would seem we must, we shall have to find outlet for her economic energies. We must be careful not to injure the foundations of Japan's economic life; our task is to show her how to build a better structure upon them.

Inept — Not Apathetic

MANY of us in this country have found there is something very awkward about being a civilian in this war. We know it is a world-wide conflict, but the bombs don't drop on *us*. We know we should be doing something about it, but what? We are bewildered, and we fumble. Frequently our inept attempts at aiding the war effort embarrass us, and so we eschew them and, in the end, go on much as though there were no war in progress.

Take the Junior Woman's Club in a typical Midwestern suburb, for example. The young women who belong to it are about of a kind. Nearly all of them are either married to, or engaged to, servicemen. Most of them are living with their parents again because of the war. Their economic positions and social backgrounds are typically middle-class. A couple of years ago they decided to abandon their annual Christmas formal (which was *the* event of the season among the community's younger people) and to give a dance for servicemen. Probably all the girls envisioned servicemen much as the *Cosmopolitan* or *Redbook* artists envision them; but the soldiers whom the Army sent to this dance turned out to be mainly hardened veterans of many years' service, bald sergeants with wives and families. The girls did their best but the thing just didn't work out as they had intended. Then along came the Red Cross. Two of the girls bandaged each other for a night or two but they ended up by giggling a good deal, and—because they couldn't see that they were accomplishing much—they dropped the whole thing.

This winter the Club entertained, at a Christmas party, the orphans from a nearby orphanage, just as it had done for about fifteen years. Dances for servicemen have been abandoned. — John B. Martin

THE TOUCH OF MIDAS

GEORGE RICHMOND WALKER



YOU remember King Midas, who wished that everything he touched would turn to gold. When he repented of his dreadful wish, he was told that he might jump in the river Pactolus and his "touch of gold" would be washed away. He was lucky. It is not usual that the consequences of excessive greed are so easily escaped.

Have we, the American people, a touch of Midas in our make-up?

Between the years 1934 and 1941 our national stock of gold increased by over fifteen billion dollars. About five billions of the increase was due to an excess of exports over imports, and about six billions was due to the transfer of capital funds from abroad. We Americans willingly exchanged five billion dollars' worth of goods, produced from our own resources and by our own labor, for five billion dollars' worth of gold which we buried in the ground. The six billions of capital funds shipped here as gold were exchanged for deposits in our banks—which could be used to buy six billion dollars' worth of American goods and services—and this gold also was buried in the ground. Apparently we thought we were a smart people to turn our goods and property into gold.

At present we as a people, unable to accumulate gold, are storing away inordinate sums in cash. During the years 1921 to 1930 the amount of currency in

circulation never exceeded five billion dollars. A few weeks ago, in December, the amount rose to *over nineteen billion dollars*, or about \$145 for every man, woman, and child in the United States, or about \$460 each for families and single individuals. That is an altogether amazing sum.

Where is all this money? Nobody knows exactly. But a good deal of it is tucked away in safe-deposit boxes and desk drawers and under the mattress. It was recently revealed, for example, that a former police commissioner of the city of Boston had \$35,000 in bills stored away in the vault of his bank. Cash is more tangible than a bank deposit. Probably some people also appreciate the fact that it is more secret. The amount of your bank deposit is known to your banker, and he may call you up during a bond drive and ask whether you will buy a few war bonds. But currency can be hidden away; nobody knows how much you have or how you got it, not even the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

But it is nice to have money in the bank as well as bills in a strongbox. And our bank deposits too have been growing at a remarkable rate. Back in the boom days of 1929 demand deposits, or checking accounts, totaled about twenty-three billions; they fell to fifteen billions in 1933. But by December, 1943, they had increased (including government deposits) to *about sixty-four billions*. Deposits will

continue to increase so long as the government continues to finance the war by means of an expansion of bank credit. And the government will have to go on borrowing from banks so long as it cannot tax and borrow enough from individuals and business concerns. It is not that individuals and business concerns are unable to spare the money necessary to finance the war. They have the money all right, but many of them prefer to hold on to it rather than use it to buy government bonds. The same desire to possess money which made it seem like good business to exchange American products for foreign gold makes it seem like good business to hoard currency and to accumulate money in the bank.

How much of the sixty-four billions held as demand deposits by banks is needed and actually used in financing the nation's business, and how much is in the form of idle balances and excess reserves? Nobody knows precisely, but the amount of "idle" or "surplus" deposits has been estimated to be somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty billions of dollars. The exact sum does not matter; for our present purpose all we need to know is that a good many billions have been withdrawn from active business and put in cold storage.

Why? Why do people prefer to hoard their savings rather than invest them in securities or war bonds? Why are business concerns so anxious to accumulate huge cash reserves? No doubt the reasons are various. But one reason is the illusion that money is wealth, desirable for its own sake, whether it is in the form of gold, paper currency, or bank deposits.

But the more money a man has the richer he is; isn't that true? Yes, it is true of an individual but not of a nation. The Germans did not make themselves rich when, after the last war, they printed untold billions of paper marks. They succeeded only in destroying the value of their currency. Nor are we becoming richer at the present time simply because we are printing more currency and expanding our bank deposits. What we are doing is watering down the purchasing power of our money by increasing its quantity in relation to the things that money will buy. We already have a great

deal more money than we need to finance production both for war and for home consumption. And yet the government has to go on increasing our money supply by borrowing from banks—thus creating new money in the form of government deposits—because we as a people are unwilling to pay enough taxes and buy enough bonds to finance the cost of the war. We would rather hoard money than pay our bills. But is it not foolish to hoard money and to ask the banks to create new money at the same time? It is foolish, and yet that is precisely what we are doing. Some day if inflation hits us we shall look back and see that we were no wiser than Midas.

During the war our hoarding is being offset by the creation of new money which does the work that the hoarded money refuses to do. But money expansion cannot continue after the war without the risk of a Germanic inflation. And so if hoarding continues, the postwar consequence will be economic stagnation: goods unsold, factories closed down, workers out of work.

How can we make hoarding unprofitable?

II

THERE was a period during the Middle Ages when hoarding was made unprofitable, and the consequences were extraordinary. The three centuries from 1150 to 1450, known as the Age of the Gothic, are described by Sacheverell Sitwell as follows: "It was the greatest period of building activity that there has ever been, and no mere catalogue of names and places can convey any idea of the strength and quality of its products." And again, "There has never been, before or since in history, anything at all like the physical and mental atmosphere of that age. It presented concrete and realized ambition on a scale that has no precedent. Life had turned into poetry; it had changed into a vigorous paradise that made it worth while to run its dangers as well as to enjoy its pleasures." This was the age in which the great Gothic cathedrals were built, the baronial castles, and the guildhalls. Although it was long before the rise of modern science, the industrial revolution,

and mass production, prosperity was nevertheless widely diffused among the people. They lacked our modern conveniences and gadgets, to be sure, but even peasants and journeymen were well clothed, well housed, and well fed, and they performed wonders with their hands. The Age of the Gothic seems to have been one of those rare periods in human history when the creative spirit and natural energies of men were set free.

How shall we account for those years of spiritual vigor and material well-being? No single explanation would be sufficient, but there is no doubt that the peculiar money system of the period was an important factor in the astonishing release of human energy. It was a money system which, according to our modern standards, was irrational and unsound. But it worked; indeed, it worked as no money system has worked before that time or since.

What was this system? The coins which came into general use at the beginning of the Gothic period were called bracteates. They were thin metal discs, stamped on one side, and often grooved so that they could be easily broken into halves and quarters when it was desired to make change. They were quite worthless in themselves (like our own paper money) and no one wanted to keep them for the metal they contained. The coins were issued by local rulers, both secular and clerical, and periodically they were recalled and replaced by a new issue. But here is the peculiar feature of the system: in order to exchange an old coin for a new one you had to pay a reminting charge, or seigniorage fee, of from ten to twenty per cent. This was a lucrative system of taxation for the bishops and the princes, and so they recalled their coins for reminting at least once a year, and sometimes twice a year or even oftener. Thus a person owning one hundred bracteates on the day before reminting day would find himself with only eighty or ninety bracteates on the day after, the prince or the bishop keeping the difference for his own enjoyment. Could any system be more unreasonable and unfair than that?

The system was certainly unfair, but note the results. In the first place no one

could hoard money, for coins that were not turned in for reminting became worthless. And second, because the value of money was constantly depreciating as reminting day approached—no one wanted to be caught with money on reminting day if he could avoid it—people had a tremendous urge to spend money as soon as it came into their possession. And it was spent. It was spent for food, clothing, houses, guildhalls, castles, and cathedrals. Money circulated from hand to hand as rapidly as possible, paying for goods and services as it went and calling forth maximum production. All willing workers could find jobs, and all producers had an eager market for their wares. People who wanted to save didn't hide bracteates in a strongbox but spent them on objects of enduring value, such as houses, furniture, and works of art. They became rich not in money but in possessions. And finally, usury was impossible, for there was no profit in accumulating the depreciating bracteates between reminting days in order to lend them out at interest, a fact which made the prohibition of usury by the Church quite superfluous. Thus the Gothic monetary system was hard on moneylenders, but it was wonderful for farmers, tradesmen, artisans, artists, architects, builders, and workers of all kinds.

Let us now compare the primitive money system of the benighted Middle Ages with the highly developed system of our own enlightened day. Our paper money, it is true, has even less intrinsic value than a bracteate, and the modern bank deposit has shed materiality altogether and knows existence only as an entry in the ledger of a bank. But compared with the flimsy and depreciating bracteate, how stable and enduring is our money! You can keep a thousand-dollar bill for years, and no prince will claim a share of it. And you may be sure that the ink in the bank's ledger will not fade. The cost of hiring a safe-deposit box is trifling compared with the value of the paper money it will hold, and the cost of owning a million-dollar deposit in a bank is zero. There are no charges for storage, upkeep, or insurance, and it is not taxed. Never in all history has there been a more perfect medium for hoarding than a bank

eposit, not even gold. How inferior therefore were the bracteates! There was little you could do with them except to buy goods, hire workers—and build cathedrals.

The princes of the Gothic Age took a heavy toll when they claimed their percentage on reminting day. And our government also takes a heavy toll when taxes must be paid. But note the difference in the two systems of taxation. They taxed money, and those who held it paid the tax. We, on the other hand, tax profits, incomes, land, buildings, imports, amusements, club dues, furs, jewelry, and a thousand other things besides. We tax everyone who owns anything or buys anything, everyone who works and earns above a certain minimum, everyone who produces wealth and makes a profit—everyone, in short, except the man who has a million dollars idle in a bank. So long as the million is kept in idleness it is immutable and immune, but once it is sent forth into the world of active business it is harassed by taxation without respite.

The effect of the Gothic system was to penalize money hoarding and to encourage creative labor and production, whereas our system has precisely the opposite effect. Gothic money circulated freely and rapidly, performing its work as a medium of exchange, whereas our money periodically grows sluggish or quits work altogether for weeks and months on end. The bracteate, whose life was short, had to work fast; but dollars, whether in bills or bank accounts, are in no hurry: they are far more durable even than the man who owns them. Thus with bracteates, but without scientific invention and machinery, the people of the Gothic Age enjoyed full employment and prosperity. We, with our marvelous machines and all the benefits of modern science, cling to our durable dollars while factories close down, workers lose their jobs, and people suffer from want and privation!

III

WOULD it be a good idea to substitute bracteates for dollars in our American economy? Probably not. Our money system, when it is working, is a marvel of convenience and efficiency.

The trouble is that we do not always use our money as money is supposed to be used, namely as a medium of exchange. This is largely because of our system of taxation, which favors hoarding and penalizes spending and investing. It would be a very good idea, therefore, to modify our system of taxation. We should tax the man who holds investment funds idle in a bank, and lighten the taxes on those who work and produce. And except for such taxes as those on liquor, tobacco, and gasoline, which serve a special purpose, we should repeal all sales and excise taxes, for these are a burden on commerce. Our money system will work all right when we reform our system of taxation.

But if we put a tax on idle investment funds wouldn't we discourage saving? The answer is that we would discourage only excess saving; that is, saving in excess of the requirements of industry for new capital. The accumulation of surplus investment funds not only serves no useful purpose but is actually detrimental to our economy, for it deprives industry of a market for its products. The sales of industry depend upon consumer expenditure and capital expenditure. In so far as income is saved consumer expenditure is reduced, and unless the savings are promptly spent or invested the sales of industry, and likewise employment, must necessarily decline.

As the investment of capital provides employment and expands the plant and equipment of industry, so the refusal to invest causes unemployment and business stagnation. And yet those who own or control investment funds are allowed to say in effect: "We will spend our money or not as we please. And we will invest only if we anticipate a satisfactory profit for ourselves and not otherwise. Any unemployment resulting from our refusal to spend or invest is not our concern."

"But it is your concern," we should say in reply. "Having money you have the power to buy goods and services, and therefore you are responsible for employment. If you refuse to accept this responsibility it will be assumed by the state, and that will be the end of the system of private enterprise. If you cannot invest at a satisfac-

tory rate of return then you have saved more than industry is willing to borrow at the rate you are asking. You must accept a lower return, just as farmers and manufacturers must reduce their prices if they are above what the market will pay. And if you cannot invest at all, even at zero rate of interest, then you had better spend your money on yachts, or endow a college or a scientific foundation, or give it to charity. In any case, you must not hold your funds idle. Money is the nation's medium of exchange; it is the lifeblood of commerce, the motive force which keeps our economy in operation. If you have money therefore you must use it. We cannot allow you to withdraw it from circulation and hold it idle. We cannot allow anybody to play dog-in-the-manger with the nation's medium of exchange."

The war boom will be over when our enemies go down in defeat. And then what will happen? Investors, apparently, are apprehensive about the future, for with every "peace scare" the stock market goes down. This cannot be very good for the morale of our soldiers: it suggests that those who own American industry, or who have funds available for buying an interest in it, expect that with victory our economy will sink down again into depression.

But a depression need not happen. We shall come out of this war with vast resources, a productive capacity that has no precedent, a larger and better trained

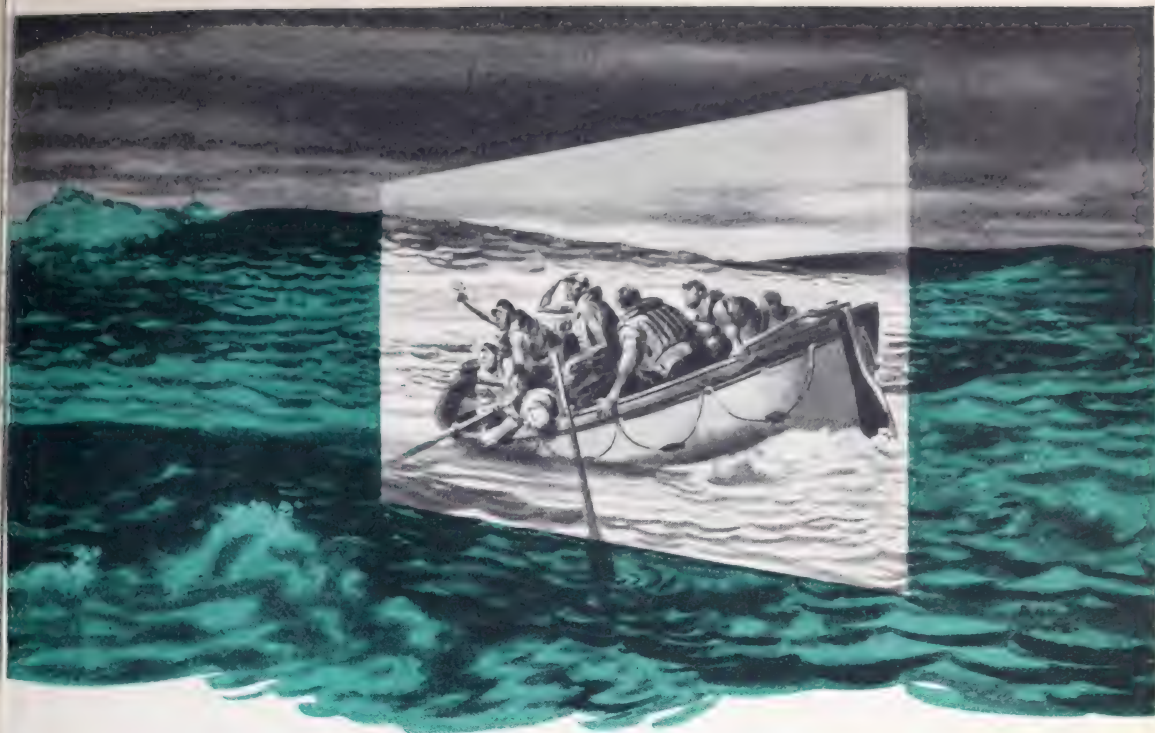
labor force than ever before, and a money supply more than ample to finance maximum production and full employment. With these we can have a degree of freedom and a level of prosperity unexampled in the history of the world. How is it that there is even the possibility of failure?

There is this reason: we may find ourselves cursed with the Touch of Midas. We may prefer gold to real wealth, and dollars to the things that dollars will buy. Moved by greed and fear we may hoard our money instead of spending it, and hide our savings instead of investing them. To get money we may sell our stocks and bonds, our land, our buildings, the products of our labor, and when we have the money we may not use it but choose to hold it idle. And then we shall wonder why the farmer cannot sell his produce, why our factories are closed down, and why workers are unemployed.

Some will blame the government and others the system of private enterprise. There will be confusion, bitterness, and recrimination. We shall feel frustrated, cheated, and abused. We shall look for scapegoats. Our fear and our greed will have made us blind to facts and deaf to reason. And we shall not hear the ironic laughter of the gods who granted us our desire to have money. We shall have money. We shall be rich. And we shall be destitute.

Is there no river Pactolus for us to jump in before it is too late?





Westinghouse provides vision to pierce the darkness . . .

Amazing electronic "eyes" for a Navy skipper, searching the sea . . . eyes for the pilot of a night-flying bomber . . . eyes for an anti-aircraft battery, seeing far beyond the range of human sight.

Westinghouse sees with the sharp vision of trained inspectors . . .

Critical, probing vision inspects Westinghouse products at every step . . . enforces high standards of accuracy and precision to the 1/10,000th of an inch, to the 1/1,000,000th of a pound. On Westinghouse inspectors like this alert girl, the 57-year Westinghouse creed of *quality* depends.



Westinghouse opens up the vision of a brave new day . . .

In Westinghouse laboratories today, electronics and electricity are giving up their secrets . . . bringing the promise of immeasurably better, happier living in the new world of peace that lies ahead. Those secrets are working today for Victory. When the war is ended, they will work for human happiness—in new electrical products and appliances far beyond your dreams. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.



PERSONAL AND Otherwise



VILLAINOUS ERROR

WE WERE guilty of an atrocious blunder in the January issue. On page 134 of Ferdinand Lundberg's article, "Aurelio: The People's Choice," occurred this passage: "Nor is Aurelio likely to find himself rebuked as Judge Freschi was by the Court of Appeals when the Court reviewed the case of a non-religious conscientious objector. Judge Freschi had bawled the man out, accused him of cowardice, and denounced him before a court full of people; the Court of Appeals sternly reproved the Judge."

The fact is that Judge Freschi had nothing whatever to do with the incident cited. The case referred to was before a Federal Court whereas Judge Freschi is on the bench of the Court of General Sessions of New York County. What happened was that Judge Freschi's name was accidentally substituted for that of another man and the mistake was never caught until a few days before publication, when the Magazine was printed and bound and ready to ship. At the last minute we were able to insert, at considerable expense, an error slip which acknowledged the blunder. We believe that the entire edition was covered.

All the same, we feel pretty unhappy about this boner, and herewith tender our apologies to Judge Freschi.



PREFACE TO GEORGE W. MARTIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND how did *George W. Martin*, author of "Preface to the President's Autobiography," get this way?

At least part of his wit must have been inherited from his father, the late Edward S. Martin, who was long editor of *Life* (the humor magazine whose title was subsequently bought by Henry Luce) and who for many years wrote the Easy Chair for *Harper's*; Edward S. Martin had a knack of writing about public issues and public men in a way which made them very human. The younger Martin, like his present subject, went to Groton School (whose former headmaster, Endicott Peabody, he portrayed for us last month) and to Harvard (1910), and then into the law, in Wall Street. There, unlike his subject, he stayed, utilizing his extra energies largely by interesting himself in education: he is the President of the Brearley School in New York City, and has long been regarded as an *enfant terrible* among the Groton alumni, whom he shocks and delights with his skeptical sallies about the inculcation of muscular Christianity.

He is now fifty-six years old, a man of middle height, lean and spare, with gold-rimmed spectacles and coarse black hair turning gray. He wears a bow tie of lean dimensions and, to see him in repose, you would take him for the lawyer of the novels, forever rustling with papers and handling the fine points of contracts with a pair of tweezers. When he enters a conversation, any such impression is abruptly altered. He then appears to be made of springs, got under power by a considerable store of nervous energy. He relishes being considered a hard man, a tough guy, and though his countenance softens when Mencken's name is mentioned, the softness is fleeting. In argument he bears down on



WHEN THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE -IN WAR OR PEACE

You will find GM Diesels hard at work in every theater of the war. They power massive tanks moving into battle; heavy trucks in endless supply lines, tractors to clear landing fields, landing and assault boats, big submarines and fast subchasers in home and in foreign waters.

In every respect, these GM Diesel Engines are living up to all that was predicted for them—and more. In many instances they are doing an even

greater variety of jobs than they were designed for. They are standing up under conditions that couldn't possibly have been foreseen.

When the war is over, GM Diesels will be ready to serve the peace as they are serving in war. With this difference: expanded production facilities, together with improvements and refinements in design and construction, will make them even more available for use—more capable of reliable, low-cost performance.



GM Diesels will be on hand to show that they can do an even bigger job in America's trucks. Simple in mechanical construction; sturdily and precisely built; economical in operation and upkeep, GM Diesels will prove as indispensable in peace as they are proving vital in war.



ENGINES...15 to 250 H.P... **DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION**, Detroit, Mich.

ENGINES...150 to 2000 H.P. ... **CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION**, Cleveland, Ohio

LOCOMOTIVES..... **ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION**, La Grange, Ill.

his adversary, heckling, gibing, finally firing off a broadside with a cackle of derisive laughter.

"I was born in Rochester and I don't mean Minnesota either," he says. "I detest the West. No first-rate man ever came from there. No, I never want to see it and I'm damned if I ever go west of Seventh Avenue again."

It is not surprising that Mr. Martin should approach Mr. Roosevelt with a somewhat skeptical eye, for of late years the President has tended to recede further into the mists and to become more image than human being. It is at the very moment when he has reached the upper levels of world decision and signs a great document with imperial brevity and simplicity as "Roosevelt" that Mr. Martin picks up the scalpel and proceeds with his researches as to what manner of man—not figurehead—the President is.



MYSTICISM SOLD SHORT

ABOUT a year ago business leaders began a public discussion of postwar problems and the capacity of the business community to meet them. Since that time the volume of such discussion has increased enormously until now scarcely a day goes by without still another business man appearing on the rostrum. What are they talking about, what is the body of the doctrine now being preached? **C. Hartley Grattan's** "What Business Thinks About Postwar America" is both a synthesis and an analysis of what these industrialists and business men have been saying. The text, of course, is "free enterprise" but the application of the text is made with a good deal more discrimination than once was the case. Readers may recall a celebrated little volume edited by Edward Angly called *Oh Yeah?* published in 1931. This book consisted of quotations from the public utterances of the banking fraternity and industrial magnates in the months after October, 1929. "Mysticism" is the gentlest term that could be applied to a great deal of the nonsense put about in those days. "Comparatively few people are reached by this crash," said Julius Rosenwald in November, 1929. "It looks as if industry would have to begin scraping around to get employees instead of laying off anybody," was the opinion of Alexander Legge. Compared to balderdash of this character—tom-tom beating and gourd rattling was what

it really was—the statements coming from some of our business people now are models of restraint and precision. Mr. Grattan is an old contributor. It may be interesting to recall that eight years ago he wrote an article for us called "The Road to Destitution: Why Twenty Million Are on Relief." It was a remarkable performance and perhaps was more widely quoted than any other magazine article on the subject published during the depression.

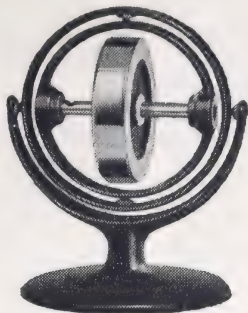


SEVENTY-EIGHT-YEAR MYSTERY

Dale Clark's "It Was Booth's Body" is the most recent treatment of a question as hardy and vigorous as that of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. The question is: What happened to John Wilkes Booth after he killed Lincoln? Thousands of people believed that he had escaped. One story had it that Edwin Booth, in his later tours of the country as an actor, was wont to halt after his engagement in Louisville and go to the Kentucky mountains where his aging brother lived as a recluse. Many people believed that John St. Helen, a strange character who lived in the Southwest after the Civil War and who finally committed suicide in 1903 at Enid, Oklahoma, under the name of David E. George, was really John Wilkes Booth. A Memphis lawyer named Finis L. Bates spent many years trying to prove that St. Helen was Booth. (In 1924 *Harper's* sent William G. Shepherd to the South and West to investigate the story which was still flourishing. Shepherd's refutation of St. Helen's claims appeared in November of that year in a *Harper* article, "Shattering the Myth of John Wilkes Booth." According to Ernest Sutherland Bates, St. Helen's mummified body was on exhibition at Venice, California, as late as 1929. It may still be there. Other legends had Booth masquerading as a clergyman; still others were to the effect that he had been seen in London, Paris, and India.

Mr. Clark—his name is a pseudonym—goes at this celebrated case from a different direction. He is satisfied that Booth was killed as the history books agree, but that the authorities found something puzzlingly wrong with the body in their possession. He undertakes to explain why they were so secretive about the body. Mr. Clark is a mystery fiction writer. He is the author of *Focus on Murder* and is the creator of *Black Mask's*

This mysterious wheel makes all these things possible



This mysterious wheel is a gyroscope.

When set in motion, it constantly maintains a fixed position in space . . . pointing straight as an arrow in whatever direction it is set.

It gives man a sort of *sixth sense* — a sense of direction that frees him from dependence upon landmarks. It has made possible the development of devices so uncanny that it's hard to believe your eyes when you see them in operation.

These devices are comparatively new. It was only 33 years ago that Sperry made a successful test of the first Sperry Gyro-Compass. This compass greatly improved the accuracy of navigation because it points to *true north*.

Sperry, a firm of creative engineers whose chief interests lie in solving new and difficult technical problems, continued to experiment with the gyroscope. The result was the development of a large number of tools for war and peace based on the gyroscope.

For example, the gyroscopic devices which solve the problems stated under the pictures, were all invented by Sperry.

- 1. The Sperry Gyro - Compass guides precious American convoys to port.**
- 2. A gyroscopic device — invented by Sperry — enables men to control oil-well drills a mile underground. (You can**

start drilling an oil well on shore and tap oil half a mile out to sea.)

- 3. The Sperry Directional Gyro and the Gyro-Horizon help guide our pilots through fog and darkness. The Sperry Automatic Gyropilot relieves the human pilot, holding the plane on its course with no hand on the controls.**

These are but a few of the many uses of the gyroscope . . . most of which have been pioneered by Sperry.

At present, naturally, we are concentrating on the uses of the gyroscope as a tool of war . . . just as our work with hydraulics and electronics is now devoted to war uses. After the war, we shall resume the production of gyroscopic, hydraulic, and electronic equipment which will serve an America at peace.

★ **Let's All Back the Attack!** ★
Buy More Bonds

SPERRY

CORPORATION

30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

FORD INSTRUMENT CO., INC.

SPERRY GYROSCOPE CO., INC.

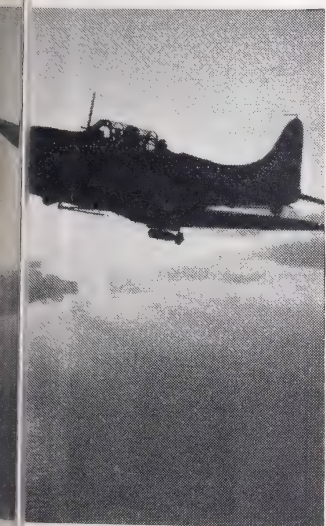
VICKERS, INC.

Waterbury Tool Division, VICKERS, INC.

How do our far-flung convoys find their way through thousands of miles of less seas?



How can an oil-well drill be steered through rock in any desired direction underground?



What guides pilots through fog and darkness? What holds the plane on its course with no hand on the controls?

house detective O'Hanna. A new mystery of his, *The Narrow Cell*, will be published shortly after this issue of *Harper's* is on the stands.



SOMEONE BLUNDERED

Albert Carr, the author of "The Five Fatal Mistakes of the Axis," is Special Assistant to Donald M. Nelson, Chairman of the War Production Board. Mr. Carr was a research chemist at the University of Chicago when he began to be interested in social problems. Presently he quit chemistry and joined a firm doing economic research for large corporations. He wrote short stories—a couple of them appeared in *Harper's* some years back—and articles for various periodicals. He is the author of three books: *Juggernaut*, *Men of Power*, and *America's Last Chance*.



WE CAN TAKE IT

Louis I. Dublin, author of "Our Health in Wartime," is one of the best known statisticians in the United States. He is a vice-president and chief statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Usually he is addressed as Dr. Dublin; the prefix comes from a degree in biology which he took at Columbia.

Dr. Dublin was born in Kovno, Lithuania, in 1882 and was brought to New York four years later by his immigrant parents. His childhood and youth conform to the now classic East Side tradition—even to the point of selling papers. He was a precocious child and entered the College of the City of New York when he was fourteen. His principal fields of study were mathematics and biology.

A *New Yorker* profile of Dr. Dublin, published last year, says that his interest in public health problems arose from a prolonged argument which he carried on by correspondence with the late Karl Pearson, who wrote articles on the application of mathematics to biology and eugenics. Pearson contended that it was futile to try to eradicate tuberculosis by curing individuals. "If these individuals were simply allowed to die, the plague would in time vanish." Dublin was "horrified" at this argument.

In 1908 Dr. Dublin was made statistical assistant to the medical director of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and a year later he

moved over to the Metropolitan where he was associated with the late Dr. Lee Frank who headed the new welfare division of the company. Dr. Dublin is now in charge of public health relations for the Metropolitan. At the moment he is particularly interested in the organization of a permanent Museum of Health which he hopes will be set up in New York City. He is Chairman of the Board of this project, which already owns the exhibit material which was shown in the Medicine and Public Health Building at the New York World's Fair.

Dr. Dublin is the author of many books written either with collaborators or by himself alone. Some of them are *Health and Wealth*, *The Money Value of a Man*, *Length of Life*, *Population Problems*, *Twenty-Five Years of Health Progress*, and *A Family of Thirty Million*.



ACTION IN THE WEST INDIES

"**C**ARIBBEAN COMMAND" is the ninth in **Fletcher Pratt's** series of articles or engagements in which American naval forces have been involved in this war, and the last to carry the overall title of "Americans in Battle." More Pratt material is on the way, however, and we shall next month begin another series by him to be called "The Campaign for the Solomons." In the present series all the articles—with the exception of "Caribbean Command" and "Memorial of the Wasp"—have dealt with the naval war in the Pacific.

The eighth of the series, "One Destroyer," appeared in the December issue. Because of space limitations in *Personal and Otherwise* we could not print an exhibit that Mr. Pratt sent in. It seems that it's an old Navy custom for a crew to celebrate the arrival of New Year's Day with a poem presented to the captain. Here is the job done by the crew of "One Destroyer" (the *John D. Ford*) on the first New Year's Day of the war. The *Ford* was at Surabaya:

The sea is calm, the sky is clear,
The *John D. Ford* moored to a pier,
With six lines doubled fore and aft.
The Axis powers at war with us,
We're in a port we can't discuss.

The old year's out, the new is in,
In all due time this war we'll win;
We'll lick them fairly without a doubt.



THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE U.S. MERCHANT MARINE

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." (Public Act 835)



HE'S MEASURING THE WIDTH OF AN OCEAN!

ONE of America's proudest achievements is the precision factory work. The skill of men like this is the measure of the demand for our manufactured products in foreign lands.

Production for overseas sale adds to wages in our factories and mines, offices and oil fields, on our farms and ranches . . . and enables us to buy the goods we need from abroad. Every American has a stake in our foreign trade!

Until very recently, most of our overseas trade had to travel in other nations' vessels. But now, thanks to the war-accelerated program of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, we have enough for "all routes essential for maintaining the flow of domestic and foreign water-

borne commerce." And shipping that is truly American: built and manned by Americans, operated efficiently and successfully by the business genius that has made our nation great.

American Export Lines have helped put this declaration of seagoing independence into action. Before the war, fine new ships and U. S. seafaring men enlarged our trading in the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean areas.

Today, an augmented American Export fleet sails under War Shipping Administration orders, part of a new merchant marine that's handling unprecedented demands for U. S. war materials — a permanent cornerstone of our national defense and economic security.

American Export Lines



Our boiler is number one in use,
Making our steam, our water, our juice.

A phone on board connected to land,
No enemy in sight on any hand.
Riding ebb tide in a black out.
No one on liberty, no one on leave,
All hands aboard I do believe.



MOVING A MECHANICAL ARMY

ONCE upon a time military commanders were extremely casual in the handling of their commissaries, baggage trains, and equipment. Plunder and forage seem to have been depended on to close every gap. Nowadays planning has reached such an elaborate stage that extemporaneous action or abrupt change of plan is practically impossible. To move an army requires the services of an enormous subsidiary corporation of experts and skilled labor.

C. Lester Walker's "Preparation for Invasion" will give the reader an idea of the complexity of a large-scale military enterprise of today. We have published a number of articles by Mr. Walker on various phases of service training and preparation. These pieces include "We Train Our Armored Force," the story of the tank school at Fort Knox; "The Army Teaches the Trades," which was about the service schools; and "We Model Our Fighting Ships," an account of the basin at Carderock, Maryland, where the Navy solves technical problems by putting models through their paces. Mr. Walker is a free-lance writer. He first taught English at Yale-in-China and then, after his return from the Far East, was engaged in the publicity business. After a brief period as an editor, he quit to devote his entire time to writing.



DREAMLAND EXPRESS

Josephine W. Johnson, author of "Night Flight," is the well known novelist and short story writer. Her novels include *Now in November*—which won the Pulitzer Prize—and *Jordanstown*. She has also published a book of verse, a volume of short stories, and a book for children. Three of her stories appeared in the O. Henry Memorial Collections. She is married to Sgt. Grant Cannon—now with the Air Force in New Guinea—and is the mother of two children.

A MINOR LUCIFER UNCHAINED

THE occasion for printing **William Zukerman's** "The Strange Story of Oswald Mosley" is the release of that detestable figure from prison by the British government and the public outcry which followed. Perhaps Mosley is too unstable a character to be described as "sinister" but he certainly represented a sinister point of view. Out to win by whatever means, he represented that portion of the English rich who put the salvation of their wealth above everything else and who were willing to employ any sort of social poison to attain their end. Their counterparts live in the United States to-day. Mosley's release had the effect of thrusting a needle into the vital nerves of a large section of the British public. The protest was almost deafening. Why? Here is a paragraph from a recent editorial in *The New Statesman and Nation* that gives one explanation:

There have always been two main views of this war. The first that it is a national struggle for power provoked only by the restless ambitions of Germany. The second view is that the German form of Fascism is merely the worst and that the struggle is at root ideological. Thus, according to many Members of the House of Commons, and some sections of the middle-class, when the war against Germany is formally at an end, the task will be done. They expect to go back to the same way of life, hope for good jobs and a quiet Britain. Millions in the factories and Services see the matter quite differently. Fascism is a doctrine which arises from the failure of our present social order to deliver the goods to common people. It is not exclusively a German disease; it began in Italy, it is to be found in a virulent form in many other countries of Europe, was partly responsible for the destruction of France, and was attempting to obtain a hold in Britain before the war. It deliberately cultivates anti-Semitism as a weapon of disintegration; it aims in Britain, as elsewhere, at nothing less than the total destruction of all our liberties and at a totalitarian dictatorship. Scotched in 1940, it is again rearing its head. On that analysis, victory over German Fascism does not finally destroy the enemy, either in Europe or in Britain. Sir Oswald Mosley, in the language of the A. E. U., is "the personification of Hitler and of all those foul and beastly deeds and ideas" against which our soldiers and workers are fighting. And the danger of Fascism in England may be greater than ever after the war.

Mr. Zukerman is an American newspaperman who lived and worked in England for many years. At the moment he is on the staff of the New York *Jewish Morning Journal*.

**A GLORIOUS PETROUCHKA, DANCED
ANEW IN LIVING, ELECTRONIC TONE**

The clown, the ballerina, and the Moor, triangle in pantomime. Vividly the Musaphonic reproduces the famous ballet by Stravinsky. With incredible realism, this instrument's electronic tone captures the very breath and color of the gay Russian carnival, the puppet show, the holiday sounds and scenes. Petrouchka is danced anew, in your own home, so faithfully is the colorful music reproduced! . . . This superb radio-phonograph is a product of General Electric electronic research. It springs from the desire of General Electric to build the finest possible radio and phonograph in combination. . . . Today General Electric is engaged in war production, and only present owners can enjoy the Musaphonic. But after Victory, following advances in electronics, the Musaphonic with FM (Frequency Modulation) will be finer than ever.

Lucia Chase as the Ballerina, and Simon Semenov as the Charlatan, in the Ballet Theatre's production of "Petrouchka" by Stravinsky. Choreography by Fokine. Costumes by Benois.



The Sheraton is a Musaphonic cabinet of distinguished appearance, adapted from an 18th century piece. Musaphonic prices range upward from \$300. Authorized Musaphonic representatives are located in principal cities. Tune in "The World Today" every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. CBS. On Sunday listen to "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra" at 10 P.M. E.W.T. NBC. Each week 192,000 General Electric employees purchase over a million dollars in War Bonds.

MUSAPHONIC BY **GENERAL**  **ELECTRIC**

our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war use only



may I suggest you buy
more U. S. War Bonds today?

J. W. Harper



it's always a pleasure

I.W. HARPER

the gold medal whiskey

since 1872

Distilled in peace time
and Bottled in Bond under the
supervision of the U. S. Government.



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Kentucky
Tune in Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival Every Wednesday Evening C. B. S.

He is and has been a frequent contributor to both English and American periodicals. His most recent *Harper* article was "The Revolt in the Warsaw Ghetto," last September.



BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW

WE CERTAINLY don't propose to use "The Silver Horn" by *Thomas Sancton* as a bait for recollections by others of vacations in Boy Scout Camps, but we can't help but feel that the variety would be extraordinary. We can recall one Scout Camp in Minnesota where a boy rescued another from drowning under circumstances that could justifiably be described as heroic. After the first shock and admiration had worn off, the camp decided that the hero should be rewarded with a "feather pulled from the tail of Dan Beard" and this subject was the staple of conversation for some days after. We can also recall the Scout sleighride at Waverly, Pennsylvania. This sleighride wound up at the Stevenson farmhouse where there was the promise of oyster stew. Somebody asked, "How do you catch oysters?" and Joe Carpenter—he had won no merit badges—replied, "Run 'em up on shore and step on 'em."

Mr. Sancton lives and writes in New York. He is a native of New Orleans and worked on the *Times-Picayune* before he came North. Last month we published a piece of his called "Race Clash." That article and "The Silver Horn" will probably reappear as chapters of a book about the South on which he is now at work.



JAPAN IN WARTIME

John Morris, the author of "Tokyo Since Pearl Harbor," was recently repatriated from Tokyo. He had spent a couple of years there lecturing at one of the Japanese universities and acting as an adviser to the Japanese Foreign Office when Pearl Harbor was attacked and he found himself an alien enemy. Presumably because of his government connection he was allowed considerable freedom by the Japanese authorities; apparently he was the only Englishman who was not imprisoned or put in a concentration camp. Thus he had an extraordinary opportunity to observe the popular reaction to the war. Right now Mr. Morris is in charge of the Japan Section of the British Broadcasting

Corporation. His books include *The Gurkas* and *Living with Lepchas*.



GOLD CRAZY

George Richmond Walker, the author of "The Touch of Midas," earns his living as a managing trustee of real estate, but says that he had a hard time deciding between economics and literature. He lives in Concord, Massachusetts. "Money," he says, "is a fascinating study, perhaps even more baffling as a subject of enquiry than it is elusive as an object of desire. To be a good monetary theorist one should perhaps be trained as a theologian, for theology and the theory of money deal with opposites: God and Mammon. Money is to the material world what God is to the spiritual; money is the 'source of all evil' as God is 'the source of all good'; money represents power on earth as God represents power in heaven; and avarice is the antonym for charity. It is no wonder that the subject of money is bitterly controversial, nor is it an accident that monetary theorists, like theologians, are called either orthodox or heretical. I, of course, am a heretic. I regard 'sound money' doctrines as unsound, and believe that the salvation of the country, and of the system of private enterprise, depend upon a successful revolt against our traditional ideas about money. We must choose wisely among heresies, however, for most of them are also unsound!"



SHORT RUNS

THERE are two Less-Than-a-Pagers this month. "Save Paper and Grow Thin" is our own statement about the paper shortage. "Inept—Not Apathetic" is by *John Bartlow Martin*. Mr. Martin is a Chicago newspaper man who has written a number of articles for us. The most recent was "The Master of the Murder Castle," published in the December number.

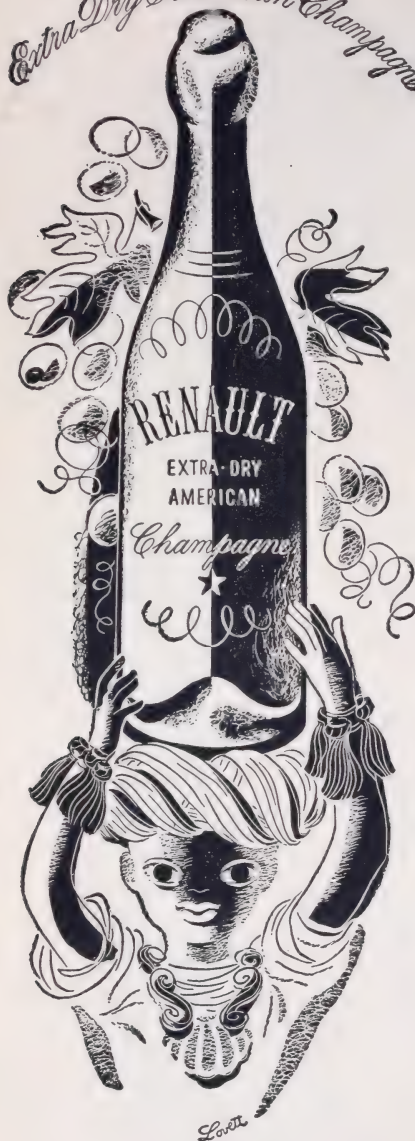


POET

THE only poet this month is *Gilbert Maxwell*. Mr. Maxwell, an old contributor, is a native of Atlanta and now lives in New York. He is on the staff of the National Broadcasting Company. He is the author of three volumes of verse: *Look to the Lightning*, *Stranger's Garment*, and *The Dark Rain Falling*.

RENAULT

Extra Dry American Champagne



Nature's most pampered champagne grapes are blended with nearly three quarters of a century's experience to produce this delicate, delicious, sparkling wine. Naturally fermented in the bottle. Favored by informed people the world over.

Write for a free copy of our 24-page Wine Recipe Book. Address Dept. 33, L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J. Distributed through McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York.

Buy War Bonds

Enjoy Renault - the Wine without Fault

Apropos of Mr. Maxwell's poem, here is the report on the Gettysburg Address published by *Harper's Weekly* for December 5, 1863:

GETTYSBURG

The solemn ceremony at Gettysburg is one of the most striking events of the war. There are graveyards enough in the land—what is Virginia but a cemetery?—and the brave who have died for us in this fierce war consecrate the soil from the ocean to the Mississippi. But there is a peculiar significance in the field of Gettysburg, for there “thus far” was thundered to the rebellion; This it is which separates it from all the other battlefields of this war. Elsewhere the men in the ranks have fought as nobly, and their officers have directed as bravely; but here their valor stayed the flood of barbarism, and like the precious shells that the highest storm-tides strew upon the beach, showing how far the waters came, so the dead heroes of Gettysburg marked the highest tide of war. Therefore shall their graves be peculiarly honored, and their memory especially sacred; and all that living men can bring of pomp and solemnity and significance to hallow their resting-place shall not be wanting.

The President and the Cabinet were there, with famous soldiers and civilians. The oration by Mr. Everett was smooth and cold. Delivered, doubtless, with his accustomed graces, it yet wanted one stirring thought, one vivid picture, one thrilling appeal.

The few words of the President were from the heart to the heart. They can not be read, even, without kindling emotion. “The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.” It was as simple and felicitous and earnest a word as was ever spoken.

Among the Governors present was Horatio Seymour. He came to honor the dead of Gettysburg. But when they were dying he stood in New York sneeringly asking where was the victory promised for the Fourth of July? These men were winning that victory and dying for us all; and now he mourns, *ex officio*, over their graves.

When the war is over and the verdict of history is rendered, it is not those who have steadily perplexed the Government in every way—those who first incited and then palliated massacre and riot—who will be known as the friends of the soldiers, but those whose faith was firmest in the darkest hours, and who did not falter though the foe were at the door.



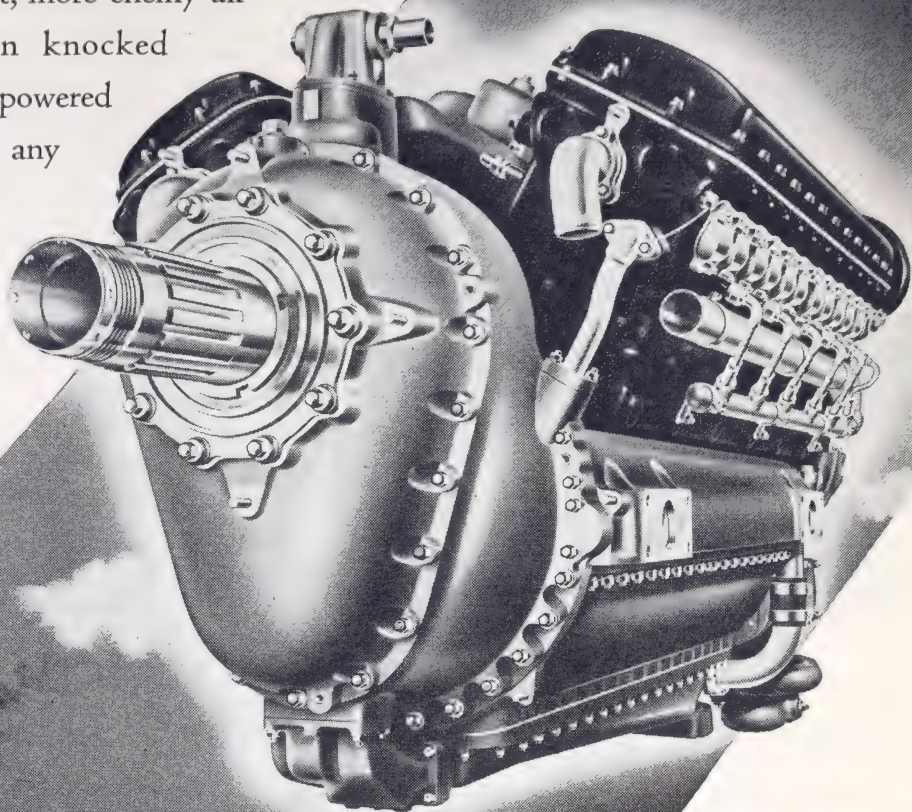
AN ANIMAL CRACKER

Here is a letter from a subscriber:

There ought to be some contact between the editorial group of *Harper's* and the subscription

WHAT MAKES AN ACE?

An ace is judged by the number of enemy planes he downs. ★ By that standard the Allison engine rates high. ★ In four years of service on every active front, more enemy aircraft have been knocked out by Allison-powered fighters than by any other American plane. ★ Precision pays in performance.



Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL
MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison
DIVISION OF



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning • P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk • A-36 and P-51—Mustang

KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

*For smart
drinkers*



RONRICO
Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (J) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City.

Copyright 1944 *Trademarks

**"Now, if we
were only
staying at
THE ROOSEVELT"**



When you stop at The Roosevelt you don't risk getting marooned like this. For you'll be within walking range of Manhattan's Midtown activities. Direct passageway from Grand Central Terminal to hotel lobby. A reservation at The Roosevelt liquidates a lot of bother. Rooms with bath from \$4.50.

THE ROOSEVELT

Robert P. Williford, General Manager

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK
—A Hilton Hotel—

OTHER HILTON HOTELS FROM COAST TO COAST:

TEXAS, Abilene, El Paso, Longview, Lubbock, Plainview; NEW MEXICO, Albuquerque; CALIFORNIA, Long Beach, Los Angeles, The Town House; MEXICO, Chihuahua, The Palacio Hilton. Hilton Hotels, C. N. Hilton, President.

department. I have been a subscriber to your magazine for years. This morning I received an Editorial Courtesy Card, offering me a six months' subscription for a buck. I have no objection to purchasing the magazine at that price or even less but since my subscription doesn't expire until next March, it seems to me that you boys are either very careless with the company's money or just utterly confused.

At any rate, I think it's a swell magazine. The piece about the Detroit race riots was merely superb. I think that piece should be used as a guide by all municipalities in the United States that fear that they too may have race riots.

Anyway, thanks for your kind and bewildering offer. It was sweet to hear from you all and revealing to discover how a successful magazine operates. In closing, I want to tell you how happy I am to know that you regard me as a representative leader of opinion. It had never occurred to me.

Sincerely,
GROUCHO MARX

We append our editorial reply, since it casts light on something that seems to have perplexed many other subscribers:

Thanks for your nice letter of November 24. One of the perpetual headaches of the magazine business is that it is dreadfully difficult and expensive even in the best times to comb through lists of prospective subscribers and check them against scores of thousands of stencils representing present subscribers. In these days of manpower and womanpower shortage it's just about impossible. We can't get the hands to do the job.

Of course it looks idiotic to a subscriber to get an invitation to subscribe. It makes him think that we have lost our minds, and we don't enjoy giving this impression. But in this case we have some solace. That circulation letter was sent to very carefully selected lists of the sort of people we were most anxious to have as subscribers; our idea was that in these times, when our circulation is limited by government paper restrictions, we ought to do what we could to see that our subscription list included as many representative and influential people as possible. We have received a good many admonitions like yours, and it pleases us to note that these people were already regular readers of *Harper's*.

Don't be so modest about being a "representative leader of opinion" yourself. Great heavens, man, millions hang on your words!

By the way, are your brothers subscribers too?



SHEPHERD'S INN AGAIN

The following comes from E. L. Gartner of Wilmington, Delaware:

This is *Emily Mallia* Speaking...



My husband, Mike,
is a Corporal in the Army.

He's been gone nearly two years now.

I like to think of him as carrying one of these
.30 Caliber Carbines wherever he goes.

We make them here,
and it's comforting just to know that my hands
helped make a part of what he's fighting with.

I know that when Mike shoots his gun,
the bullet will go straight where he aims it
because practically everyone in the UEF plant
here has his own *personal* reason for putting
his heart and mind into the work.

You see, nearly everyone of us has somebody
in the Armed Forces who's fighting for us.

For us—and for you, too...

And for the way Mike and I want to live...
in peace and comfort—after the war's won.

So we all say: Speed the guns... to speed that day!

EMILY MALLIA—Badge No. 5301

Underwood Elliott Fisher Company

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

War Products: U. S. Carbines, Caliber .30 M-1—Airplane Instruments—
Gun Parts—Ammunition Components—Fuses—Primers—and Miscellaneous
Items.

Peacetime Products: Underwood Noiseless, Standard and Portable Type-
writers—Accounting Machines—Adding-Figuring Machines—Payroll
Machines—Ribbons, Carbon Paper and Miscellaneous Supplies.



Enlist your dollars
... Buy War Bonds...
To shorten the duration.

On November 23, 1942, we inserted the following advertisement in the newspapers. The thoughts expressed in it are even more important today than they were when first published.

MONEY TALKS

Make it speak the only language
the Axis understands:

THE RUMBLE OF TANKS

THE ZOOMING OF PLANES

THE CRACK OF RIFLES

THE ROAR OF CANNON

THE BURSTING OF BOMBS

BUY
WAR BONDS

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

Magazine of Wartime Travel

KNOW PLACES AND PRICES — GET THE GIMLET [140 FASCINATING PAGES JUST OFF THE PRESS]

Hotels and Rates, Restaurants and Prices — Where to Go — What to See. The Costs, Recommendations Canada to Florida, includes N. Y. City. Postpaid 50c. The Gimlet, 551 5th Ave., N. Y. City 17.

Typical Hotels Recommended:

New York
THE PLAZA
Montreal
MOUNT ROYAL
Boston, Mass.
KENMORE
Savannah, Ga.
GEN. OGLETHORPE
Hollywood Beach
SEA CREST MANOR
North Miami Beach
GREEN HERON
Miami Beach
MacFadden-Deauville
Miami
EL COMODORO

Restaurants Recommended:

New York City
WHITE TURKEY INNS
LUM FONG
OLNEY INN
KING OF SEA
CASTLEHOLM
Miami, Fla.
THE GARDEN
OLD SARATOGA INN
ROTUNDA
JIMMIE'S BAR & GRILL
PIG & WHISTLE
Miami Beach
OLNEY INN
RUSSIAN BEAR
JOE'S STONE CRABS

In Washington — It's HOGATES — for Seafood

Does Your Copy Arrive Late?—

If so, please remember, wartime transportation is subject to frequent and unforeseen delays. Late delivery of your copy of *Harper's Magazine* means that your area has been affected. *Harper's Magazine* is still being printed and mailed on its regular schedule, and we shall continue to endeavor to get your copies to you on publication date.

I was interested in reading your comments in *PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE* anent Enid Griffis's "He Runs a Hotel" referring to Shepherd's Inn at Dandridge, Tennessee.

While Old Man Shepherd has now gone to his reward, I can testify from a very recent visit to the Inn that his widow, rationing or no rationing, is still serving the poetic biscuits and ham plus delicious stewed apples.

But this will be of interest to you:

While Mr. Shepherd was still alive, four young engineers from the nearby Zinc Mill at Mascot, Tennessee, went for a feed at Shepherd's Inn. They filled their plates the third and fourth time from the platters on the table which were constantly being replenished with ham and chicken, and Mr. Shepherd, who was leaning against the window sill, watched them with consternation and later with amazement.

When the boys finally dragged themselves away from the table they asked Mr. Shepherd how much they owed him. "Not a cent," said he. "In the first place, you boys haven't enough money to pay me for all you ate, and in the second place, I never knew that a human being could put away that much food. It's a pleasure to find it out, and the joke's on me."

And, by George, he would not accept any money.

esw

CORRECTION

The following letter explains itself:

As chairman of the Music Critics Circle of New York I feel that I must call your attention to an essential error involving the Critics Circle in the November issue of *Harper's*, top of page 516.

In the article on Rodzinski, Moses Smith states:

"Instead, he will place on the shoulders of Critics Circle of New York the responsibility of selecting, from reading performances at rehearsals, those works which are worth presenting in public."

The Music Critics Circle has assumed no such responsibility. To the contrary, when the suggestion was placed before the Circle it voted to have no part in the selection of works for Dr. Rodzinski's programs. This vote was taken before the first of the reading rehearsals. It was the sense of the meeting of the Circle that to make recommendations of works to be played, and then have to criticize, perhaps adversely, these same works when they were played, would be altogether inadvisable and prejudicial.

Very truly yours,

OSCAR THOMPSON

Chairman, The Critics Circle of New York



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

How long will they live?

They're both enjoying life—one in his very first year—the other in his first year as *Granddad*. And their chances of enjoying life a *long* time are better than ever before!

Only 28 years ago, one baby out of every ten died before its first birthday. Today, the rate is less than one in twenty. And over the same period, the average span of human life has lengthened from about 55 to 64 years.

This precious gift of life has come largely through your family doctor, as a result of research by the profession of which he is a part. By their skill and devotion, medical men have saved the lives of millions of Americans who, in turn, are saving America today.

Remember this debt to your doctor—and the tremendous pressure under which he works now. He's carrying the practice of colleagues called to war. He's crowded for time, hungry for rest. And his first duty is to those who need him *most*.

Be as considerate as you can. A telephone call may save a personal visit. If you call early in the day, he can better plan his schedule. Try to let him sleep at night. *And follow the instructions he gives you!*

In a modest way, we are partners with the medical profession. Some measure of America's advance in health is due to better food. National Dairy Laboratories have helped improve products made of milk—nature's most nearly perfect food. Right now they are developing new products that promise still better nutrition and longer life.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



**NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION**

AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

LISTEN:

MARCH 1, 1944

The Philadelphia Orchestra has come back to the CBS air, and will continue as a CBS sustaining full-hour every Saturday (3:30-4:30 p.m., EWT) throughout the current subscription season which ends April 22.

We should remind you to listen sharply, for the acoustics (and hence the radio "pick-up") of the Academy of Music were planned to a hunch, and turned out what musicians call perfect. The architect theorized that if he could put under the floor, instead of an oblong cellar, one concaved like a giant flat kettle-drum, the music striking the drum-head-floor of the hall would clarify, and please do not ask us why. He had the temerity to build the hall shaped more or less like the shell of an egg, and the darn thing worked. What's more, the orchestra plays from the stage-floor, instead of the conventional "shelves" of steps. This is because Stokowski and Harl McDonald (its manager and annotator on the air) built a great shell upstage which is unique in its assembling, blending and projection of the music made by the 100-odd instruments.

No need to tell you in detail of the excellence of this orchestra. One of the "Incomparable Four" left in the civilized world, it has special claims to distinction: in its 43 years it has had four conductors—Scheel, Pohlig, Stokowski, Ormandy. Rachmaninoff called it "the finest...I have ever heard at any time or place in my whole life." Its records have outsold those of any other. Before touring ceased the Philadelphia played to the largest paid audience of any symphonic group; it has been affectionately called "The People's Orchestra." Toscanini and Beecham and Stravinsky and d'Indy have led it at one time or another.

In the present series Mr. Ormandy will conduct 9 times, Bruno Walter twice, Saul Caston twice—and its broadcasts will be studded with soloists of substance and brilliance. CBS once more "points with pardonable pride" to fresh evidence of its determination to serve the American people with the finest music that can restore the troubled soul of man.

★

Roy Chapman Andrews says that 5 years ago New Guinea was one of the largest unex-

plored areas on earth. He ought to know: he was there 30 years ago. As an explorer he's a little rueful about the fine-tooth-combing it's getting from Allied troops, but as a patriot he feels great. Veteran of 40 years of exploration in Alaska, Korea, the Gobi Desert, Yunnan, North China and Borneo, he is now holed up at Colebrook, Conn., and commutes to town each Wednesday to conduct CBS' *New Horizons* series in *The American School of the Air* (9:15 a.m., EWT). He's telling several million boys and girls why exploring post-war is going to be more important than ever. But he's homesick to get back to those spaces where men greet each other with: "Ah, Dr. Presume, I presume?" ★

One way to make \$2000 is to win the third annual "Dr. Christian award" by submitting the best dramatic script for the *Dr. Christian* program, (Wed. 8:30-8:55 p.m. EWT). Every Wednesday night the Doctor's kindly, sympathetic voice (it's Jean Hersholt's) goes out over 130 CBS stations. Last year the contest was won by Nelson Bond of Roanoke, Va. Mrs. Bond also submitted a script and won a \$250 prize. If you want to give the contest a try, write for details to the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company at 17 State St., N.Y.C., which sponsors the program. The contest closes March 31. ★

Fred Allen's *One Long Pan* pronunciation: "Ah! *A leWALLOWA!*" has been forwarded to the Messrs. H. L. Mencken, Merriam-Webster, Funk & Wagnalls, and to Prof. Greet's publication *American Speech*, since it is now firmly fixed in the American language.

(The "le" is pronounced schwa.)

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM



THE New Books *John Chamberlain*

SINCE the world is in a period of acute moral crisis, it is hardly to be wondered at that contemporary literature has become a branch of applied homiletics. Personally, I could wish that it were otherwise, for a constant preoccupation with moral issues is hardly a good life for the happy animal. One's morality ought to be like one's digestion or one's breathing, something that functions almost automatically. But when the stomach or the lungs or one's living values are out of whack, the pills must be taken.

Having made this necessary obeisance to the compulsions of our time, I am forced to set the stage for a criticism of John Hersey's remarkable and endearing novel of the Sicilian campaign, *A Bell for Adano* (Knopf, \$2.50), by indulging in a little homily of my own. Mr. Hersey has built his story around the attempt of an Amgot official to bring "democracy" back to a small Sicilian town. I put the word "democracy" in quotes, for it is a question whether freedom can ever be bestowed on anyone by the methods of *de haut en bas*. And now for the homily.

Last month, in my ruminations on the phenomenon of Lord Vansittart's *Lessons of My Life*, I argued that reform schools are potent breeders of Fagins, gangsters, crooks, and con-men. I doubt that any serious sociologist can prove otherwise. Similarly, I doubt that any serious psychiatrist would deny that an attempt to "train" people for liberty by telling them what they can and cannot do either produces the psychology of the fawning retainer or the psychology of the rebellious son. The reason is not far to seek: freedom and maturity depend on the exercise of the moral faculty, which demands the assumption of free will. The good man is one who has rejected evil by his own free choice.

But what if evil men—and wicked nations—threaten the society of good men? Can one wait for the unrighteous to discover that violence and the subordination of reason to uninhibited desires must necessarily operate on the law of diminishing returns? Can one wait for the wicked to learn by experience that the golden rule is a wholly pragmatic

maxim? Alas, one cannot. The evil man—or the aggressor nation—must be opposed at some point along the line by someone, merely as a matter of expedience. One cannot save one's throat by passive waiting. The question of moral rehabilitation of the arrested man or the defeated enemy, however, is not one to be solved by a continued application of *force majeure*. If the "reform" of the evil one is truly desired, the only thing to do is to set him free. If the condition of freedom does not produce a self-chosen reform, then the power of forcible constraint may have to be invoked for a second time.

But how about a little *force majeure*, just a little during the interim period of administering conquered territory while the armies are pounding up ahead toward final victory? Well, as a practical matter of keeping communications open, a little *force majeure* is necessary. But the pro tem administrator must be a profoundly humble man or he will end up by creating a new crop of Fagins, gangsters, fawning serfs, and rebellious sons. Goebbels came out of the occupied Rhineland; Goering was the rebellious child who had been told that he could never play with airplanes.

John Hersey, who spent three months of the summer of 1943 in the Mediterranean theater, is acutely aware of the dangers that are inherent in the attempt to govern occupied territory by military force. During his sojourn in a Sicilian village, he evidently discovered one Amgot officer (it was Amgot in those days, not simple AMG) who believed in the humble, tentative, purely pro tem approach to his job. In *A Bell for Adano* this officer goes by the name of Major Joppolo. Joppolo, an Italian-American from the Bronx, knows that the town of Adano must find its own way to freedom and democracy; he knows that a permanent rejection of Fascism must come from the people themselves. But he is faced with the paradoxical necessity of using a little force. And he is dependent for his power on a certain General Marvin who believes only in force. This General Marvin acts and talks like General Patton, and it is perhaps noteworthy that Mr. Hersey

Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas

The Signpost

By E. Arnot Robertson

Author of
Four Frightened People

"Brilliant, ironic . . . certainly one of the best novels to come out of England since the war."—*Saturday Review of Literature*. It is the story of a convalescent RAF pilot on leave; it is also the story of the English under fire, of neutral Ireland, and of tragic France. \$2.50

A Treasury of Great Russian Short Stories

Edited by
Avrahm Yarmolinsky

This comprehensive anthology of the shorter works of the great Russians includes stories by Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Leskov, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorky, and others. \$4.00

Red Roses for Me

By Sean O'Casey

Author of *Within the Gates*, etc
"A wonderful play, tender and poetic, and full of humor."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*. "Full of astonishingly beautiful poetry."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*. \$2.00

The Silence of the Sea

By "Vercors"

This tense and beautiful story, smuggled out of occupied France, has been described by LIFE as "perhaps the most remarkable literary product of this war." \$1.00

THE MACMILLAN CO.
60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

The Birth of an American Classic

Crazy Weather

By CHARLES L. McNICHOLS

Since first encountering Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer, says Dorothy Canfield Fisher, "I have not so completely fallen under the spell of boys, half-children, half-men . . . until I read *Crazy Weather*." There is a fresh new quality in this splendid novel which tells of the unique and fascinating experiences of a Mojave Indian boy and his fourteen-year-old white friend. \$2.00
A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for March



Lend-Lease WEAPON FOR VICTORY

By EDWARD R. STETTINIUS, JR.

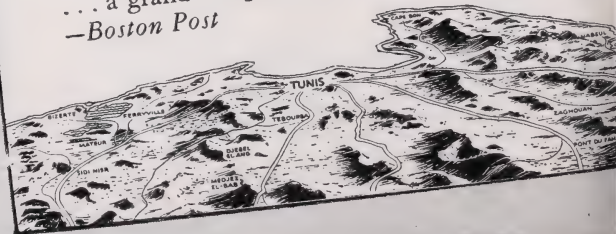
The complete and authentic story of one of the most vital contributions towards victory. Hailed as one of the great books of our time, it "MUST BE READ BY ALL who wish to discuss the problems of Lend-Lease."—Walter Lippmann

The author has presented all royalty earnings on this book to an internationally known charitable organization. Price \$3.00

Road to Tunis

By DAVID RAME

The story of what American troops experienced from start to finish of the Tunisian campaign. "Has freshness, vigor, and a fine sense of drama."—*Saturday Review of Literature*. "Real artistry . . . a grand campaign made into a grand book." \$2.50
—*Boston Post*



A Novel of Tropical Adventure

BONIN

By ROBERT STANDISH

Author of *The Three Bamboos*

Through this rich and timely novel, Robert Standish has skilfully recreated a little known episode in the early history of our Pacific relations. It is a story of the first settling of the Bonin Islands, strategically situated seven hundred miles south-east of Japan: a story of hardy seafaring men, of shipwrecks, marauding pirates, Japanese cunning, high adventure, and romance—a book it will recall to many lusty tales of Jack London.

\$2.50



My Life with the Enemy

By PHYLLIS ARGALL

An exciting book by a woman who has lived in Japan most of her life, who was imprisoned at the outbreak of war and later returned on the *Gripsholm*. "Remarkably interesting," says the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "Miss Argall has the background from which to write the truth about Japan and the Japanese."

\$3.00

The Innocents at Cedro

By R. L. DUFFUS

This book is a "remembering" of a magic year which the author spent in the eccentric household of Thorstein Veblen, at Cedro Cottage near Stanford University. "An exquisitely turned idyll of a strange and exciting year in a young man's life."—*Sterling North*

\$2.00



They Came to London

By Paul Tabori

THEY are the men of many nations who have escaped to London to fight the Axis. "A sharply focused picture of the whole war, done in terms of little people . . . startlingly moving and effective."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

\$2.75

Far on the Ringing Plains

By George Rodger

"A marvelously exciting record of a perilous undertaking." — *Philadelphia Inquirer*. It is a brilliant LIFE and TIME photographer's story, in word and picture, of his adventurous 75,000 mile journey through war-torn Africa and Asia.

\$3.00

The Elizabethan World Picture

By E. M. W. Tillyard

This presentation of the way the Elizabethans viewed the physical, spiritual and philosophical world will bring greater pleasure and understanding to the reading of the great works of that period.

\$1.75

I Wanted to See

By Borghild Dahl

This is the inspiring story of a woman's achievement despite the tragic handicap of blindness. It is the story of a useful, full and happy life, and of difficulties courageously conquered.

\$2.00

THE MACMILLAN CO.

60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

does not introduce his book with the usual disclaimer, "All characters in this novel are purely fictitious."

When Joppolo got his job as civil officer in Adano on the Sicilian coast, he tried to act as a missionary, not as one who was clothed with authority. He didn't tell the gloomy anarchist, Tomasino, that he had to go out and fish: he merely persuaded him that fishing would bring no penalties in the form of "protection" money paid for the privilege of following one's trade. Even those who had served in the Fascist town bureaucracy in minor positions were accepted by Joppolo, who recognized that men with families sometimes do things against their better judgment. Joppolo believed in trusting men to behave, and he was even willing to give the old Fascist mayor a probationary second chance as a human being.

Naturally Joppolo had trouble. His own men—Captain Purvis, Sergeant Borth—didn't know what he was up to. The idea of the Americans, even those working for Amgot, was to get on with the war solely in order to win and go home. The Kent-Yale naval officer who helped Joppolo get around the fishing regulations thought of the Italians as "wops" or "meat-balls." And Corporal Schultz considered the whole business of invasion as an endless opportunity to try out the various types of Italian wine.

Joppolo's primary job was to put Adano back on a producing basis under law, order, and a dispensation of good hygiene. But General Marvin couldn't see it that way. When a peasant muleteer blocked General Marvin's way into Adano, the general solved his problem by shooting the mule and ordering all carts off the road for an indefinite period. He was too quarrelsome and too busy to realize that Adano must starve and die of thirst without its carts. But Joppolo knew that Adano must have food and water, and he ignored the general's orders.

Joppolo also knew that man does not live by bread alone. For centuries Adano had had a beautiful bell. When the Fascists removed the bell for the production of cannon, Adano felt even more frustrated than it had before. The townspeople had regulated their lives by the bell; they needed it as city factory workers need alarm clocks, but they also needed it for its symbolic reassurance.

Mr. Hersey, who is an ingenious contriver of absolutely realistic incident, gets Adano a new bell by invoking the famous "Annapolis system" of the American Navy. Navy red-tape is theoretically as omnipresent as Army red-tape, but any Annapolis-trained officer has a way of getting around it. The method of dodging the rules is to go to an Annapolis classmate for whatever one wants. The new bell for Adano comes from an American destroyer, the gift of one Annapolis man to a classmate who happens to be a friend of Joppolo.

But if Joppolo manages to get the bell and to

put Adano on its feet, it is only by paying the ultimate penalty of forfeiting his job. The flouting of General Marvin's order finally catches up with him, and he is sent back to Algiers for reassignment. Adano must get on without him.

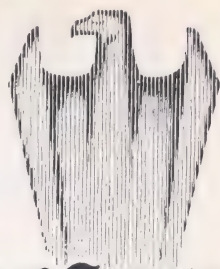
A Bell for Adano is first-class reporting in the manner of Mr. Hersey's own *Into the Valley*. The accurate approximation of soldier speech rhythms, the disenchanted knowledge that the bulk of the American army is fighting and fighting well without having any war aim beyond that of proving itself a good competitor in a ghastly business, make *A Bell for Adano* excellent realism. Mr. Hersey believes in the war, and believes in the ability of the United States to do a good deal for Europe and the world. But he is as truthful as Ernie Pyle in the presence of facts, even when the facts go against his wishes.

As a fledgling novelist, Mr. Hersey shows magnificent promise. Joppolo is a not very complicated person, and most of the other characters in *A Bell for Adano* are unsubtle types. But Mr. Hersey handles his theme with an easy air of competence. His use of colloquialisms reminds one inevitably of Hemingway, who made a literary language out of the shorthands of common speech. The realism is Hemingway's, too, for Mr. Hersey's soldiers, like Hemingway's "lost generation" crowd, distrust the big words like "noble" and "crusade" and "democracy." This doesn't mean that Sergeant Borth and the vino-drinking Corporal Schultz are cynics, it merely means that they refuse to be taken in by hypocrites. When a man like Joppolo acts nobly, they appreciate it, even though they doubt it will mean much in the long run. Instinctively these Hersey soldiers know that freedom is something that must come from the local grassroots to be real. They want to get the war over with and go home because they know that Europeans won't find their way to basic liberty until they do it by their own act of will.

Reading these days is an adventure in stimulating perspectives. The net effect of Mr. Hersey's book is to make one feel that decades must pass before Europe recovers its old belief in free will and individual responsibility. One reflects that there aren't enough Joppolos to go around to persuade Europeans that there's more in Emerson and Thoreau than there is in Marx, and more in *The Federalist Papers* than there is in Plato. Strangely enough, however, one derives a more hopeful feeling about Europe from John T. Flynn's theoretically pessimistic *As We Go Marching* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2).

Mr. Flynn was an America Firster for reasons that were honorable, even though they failed to reckon with the compulsions of history. But *As We Go Marching* has nothing much to do with Mr. Flynn's pre-Pearl Harbor crusade. The main job in *As We Go Marching* is to describe the economic pathology that leads to Fascism. Mr. Flynn does

*The story of Hitler and the people who
nourished him*



Der Fuehrer

BY KONRAD HEIDEN

"Incomparably the most brilliant and comprehensive treatise yet written about the master of the Third Reich." — *George N. Shuster, N. Y. Times*

"Not only the most notable book to be written about National Socialism, but one of the most remarkable books ever to be written by a contemporary about his own times . . . A unique and overwhelming contribution to permanent literature." — *Dorothy Thompson, Saturday Review of Literature* \$3.00

A Book-of-the-Month Club selection

Cone OF Silence



BY A. FLEMING MacLIESH

"A book that makes an immediate claim to attention for its profundity, its scholarship, its levels of characterization of a man lost in the complexities of his emotional and intellectual being . . . Alive with qualities of mood, a nostalgia for something lost." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"A very profound and fascinating novel." — *Saturday Review of Literature* \$2.75



A Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship novel

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of *Liberty* said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



50 Years Old—Sells First Story 4 Months Before Completing Course

"For thirty years I floundered in and out of various pursuits, vainly seeking one which would be satisfactory. With my enrollment in N.I.A., the quest of years ended. The sale of my first feature article to *Indianapolis Star*, four months before I completed the course, thrilled and inspired me. So, thanks to N.I.A., I sit on top of the world—at fifty."—Helen C. Tyrell, Bourbon, Ind.

WRITING APTITUDE TEST FREE!

THE Newspaper Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N.I.A. course based on the practical training given by big metropolitan dailies.

This is the New York Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your individual style instead of trying to copy that of others.

You "cover" actual assignments such as metropolitan reporters get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced writers.

It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new progress. In a matter of months you can acquire the coveted "professional" touch. Then you're ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

Mail the Coupon Now

But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

NOTICE TO CANADIANS

Newspaper Institute's operations in Canada have been approved by the Foreign Exchange Control Board, and to facilitate all financial transactions, a special permit has been assigned to their account with The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Montreal.

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Harper's, March 1944.

Miss }
Mrs. }
Mr. }

Address.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)

17-C-664

Copyright 1943 Newspaper Institute of America

this by looking closely at the late nineteenth and early twentieth century history of Italy and Germany, the two great pioneer Fascist states. Then he combs over recent history in America in an attempt to determine just how we stack up against Italian and German developments in the pre-Fascist era. One gets the idea that the basic wealth and the fantastic productiveness of America are all that has saved us from our own version of Fascism. But one also gets the feeling that a cycle has closed in Italy: whatever follows out of the war on the Italian peninsula, it can hardly be the "dynamism" of Mussolini's imagination. The people are too desperately tired of what has gone on during the past two decades for that.

Flynn thinks Fascism grows out of a combination of deeply held popular notions, none of them particularly evil in original motive. When people get the idea that a market system can be "planned," and when they insist on running to their politicians for gifts of purchasing power created through public debt and continually unbalanced budgets, they unwittingly set the stage for Fascism. For "planning" demands coercion according to the necessities of the plan, and a vast and continually expanding accretion of public debt cannot be maintained without using force to prevent inflation and to collect larger and larger amounts of tax money to service the bonds. Italy began her fateful experiment with the continuing unbalanced budget soon after the triumph of Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi; Depretis, Crispi, and Giolitti were all "tax, borrow, spend, and elect" boys. Mussolini came in to "close" the system by falsifying the books of the government and by establishing militarism as the last dose in "public works." The German course was very similar to the Italian, with local variations such as the persecution of the Jews added to make Nazism even more obscene than Italian "corporativism."

During the Hoover (yes, the Hoover) and the Roosevelt administrations, the United States has been following the pattern established by Depretis, Crispi, and Giolitti in Italy, and by the Weimar Republic in Germany. Mr. Flynn proves his case absolutely, if his comparative method is valid. I am a little more hopeful than Flynn about the immediate future, however, for the United States is a fat empire, not a crowded nation situated on what Frank Simonds called "the lean and bony ridges of central Europe." Our productive efficiency is such that prices tend to remain stable or even to go down in spite of insane financial practices.

Nevertheless, Mr. Flynn's warning is extremely apt. If a nation is to use the debt "dynamically" to check depression, it must do it in a certain clearly understood way, with spending channeled into self-liquidating projects such as toll roads, toll bridges, and public power that brings in cash for the outlay. Where money goes into dead-weight



JAMES ALDRIDGE

author of **SIGNED WITH THEIR HONOUR**

now writes his second major novel of men against great odds

THE SEA EAGLE

The story of an escape, a return and a raid by sea; a vivid moment of the war, where not only the sheer action, but the things fought for and against, symbolize the living realities of our time.

The story of four unforgettable men... and an unforgettable adventure. "...passionate and vivid... a finely told tale of stirring action."—BEN AMES WILLIAMS. The scene is Crete. \$2.50

His Novels are real because he was *there*.

"A wise and witty
loration of the Britisher."
—LOUIS M. LYONS, *Boston Globe*

GOD'S ENGLISHMAN

the Evolution of the Anglo-Saxon Spirit

By Leland Dewitt Baldwin

"A salty book... ruthless... but not feline. Indeed, its urbanity, its suavity and its erudition are largely responsible for its effectiveness."—GERALD W. JOHNSON, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*. \$3.00

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF MRS. PETER WILLOUGHBY

By Mary Elizabeth Plummer

If the *New Yorker* had seen her first, *Atlantic*, readers could not have grown so fond of Mrs. Peter Willoughby, for, in her own way, she is a typical New Yorker. Residents of that city and "the old lady from Dubuque" will find this gentle satire strikingly close to the truth. One half of the book appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. \$2.00

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

VILE BODIES

By Evelyn Waugh

A new edition of a minor classic with "the defiant hilarity of a dance on a sinking ship."
—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT. \$2.50

The book that has taken the critics by storm

Shark's Fins and Millet

By Ilona Ralf Sues

The uncompromising truth about the Chinese... the rich who dine on shark's fins and the poor who eat millet.

LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "SHARK'S FINS AND MILLET is the **brash** and often **spicy** story... of a Polish girl who went out to China and saw rather more than she had bargained for."

ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*. "... as **vivid, racy, informative, personal... sympathetic, understanding** and **explosive** an account of China as has ever been written."

3 printings before publication

Illustrated • \$3.00

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Coming at last on March 8th—ONE TOUCH OF VENUS by S. J. Perelman and Ogden Nash. And on March 21st... illustrated by Robert Lawson. COUNTRY COLIC.

The Chance of a Lifetime

FOR EVERYONE INTERESTED IN

A WRITING CAREER

HERE IS A CHANCE to learn to write by writing — under the personal direction of successful writers and editors. The Magazine Institute, a private school completely owned and operated by editors and writers, offers practical instruction in short story and article writing. You work in your own home, on your own time.

Every assignment you submit is returned with detailed criticism. Experienced writers patiently correct your work and help develop your style to suit the demands of the modern magazine market. You ask all the questions you like. As your ability grows you get a chance to concentrate on the sort of things you do best — essays, features, short sketches, etc.

Writers themselves active in the magazine field help you find your best outlets, often suggest markets you might never have heard of. Send the coupon today for the free catalog which tells you how you may get started toward a writing career. Inquirers will also receive "The Best Job in the World" listing unsolicited testimonials from successful graduates.

(Read Editor-in-Chief Robert Smith's best-selling "Hotel On The Lake." At all bookstores.)

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC., Dept. 238
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send your catalog without obligation, to:

Name.....

Address.....

(Inquiries confidential. No salesman will call.)

MUSIC LOVERS

Fine records at bargain prices. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Wagner, etc., playable on any phonograph. Original imports cost \$1.50 to \$2.50 each — American duplicates only 50c and 75c. Send for FREE catalogue containing hundreds of selections.

The Gramophone Shop, Dept. H, 18 E. 48th St., New York, 17

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE

Literary Agent, established 15 years. Manuscripts criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE,
Dept. B,

FRANKLIN, O.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT

Stories, Articles, Novels, Books marketed. Highly recommended for manuscript sales and publication. Write for Information.

65 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 24 YEARS

We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, ghost writing, typing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our essential service. ANITA DIAMANT WRITERS WORKSHOP, INC., 180 Madison Ave. at 40th, New York City.

DICTIONARIES

FOR 56 LANGUAGES, CATALOG FREE.

SCHOENHOF BOOK Co. (Established 1886)

Harvard Square, CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

debt in bad years, taxes must be collected to compensate for this in good years. The budget must be balanced over the period of the business cycle even if it is not balanced every year. No doubt the New Deal once hoped to emulate the Swedes in contriving to use the debt dynamically yet safely. But neither the congressmen nor the executive nor the many American pressure groups have as yet shown any signs of invoking the discipline needed to make government spending safe for democracy.

Mr. Flynn does not look at Sweden, which may be where he is unfair to at least some of the Stuart Chase-ites. But neither has the New Deal looked at Sweden, so who can say that Mr. Flynn is wrong to worry?

Oddments and remainders, though important ones:

Konrad Heiden's *Der Fuehrer* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3): An enormously detailed account of Hitler's origins and rise to power. Chiefly valuable as a source book.

R. L. Duffus's *The Innocents at Cedro* (Macmillan, \$2): Charming reminiscences of youth at Leland Stanford University in 1907-08. Duffus washed dishes in the household of the iconoclastic economist Thorstein Veblen, and thereby hangs an amusing tale.

E. R. Stettinius's *Lend-Lease: Weapon for Victory* (Macmillan, \$3): A news book about the most important X in the equation of the war. American industrial production has been the final straw on the Hitlerian camel's back. Mr. Stettinius tells us how the straw was put there, and adds some interesting stuff about "lend-lease-in-reverse."

IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Signpost, by E. Arnot Robertson.

Probably no one who has not actually shared the experience will ever know—however desperately one seeks to project the imagination—just what goes on in the hearts and minds of those who have taken part in the battle of the air over Germany. In this lovely story—a combination of tenseness and serenity—Miss Robertson at least makes the attitude of one man in the RAF credible and heart-breaking. The pilot goes to spend a leave in neutral Ireland, in a town he has known as a boy; meets a beautiful, tragedy-driven French girl on the way; and the story goes on from there. The book is saying that even where the world seems most peaceful there is no real peace except what man can create within himself. But it tells a lot about England, Ireland, and France in wartime, and a charming love story at the same time.

Macmillan, \$2.50

Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas

Harper's Magazine

VOL 188 No 1126 March 1944



THE MOMENT OF ATTACK

Two First-hand Reports

I

BOUGAINVILLE LANDING, by *Harold Azzine*

Early on the morning of November 1, 1943, United States Marine units invaded the island of Bougainville, the last Japanese stronghold in the Solomons. The following account was written later the same day by a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent (with the rank of Technical Sergeant) who took part in the landing; it is based, he says, "mainly on my notes written at the moment of observation and partly on my memory (after my fountain pen was lost), which I have dared to trust only for a few hours."—The Editors

LAST night was moonless, cloud-covered and black. The ships of our task force knifed through the waters in a rapid last-lap approach to their dawn objective—Empress Augusta Bay on the western shore of Bougainville. For several days, moving northward through the islands, we had watched our size and strength grow as additional segments of sea power had joined in and become part of what was now the mightiest invasion force ever assembled in this part of the world. In a few hours it would strike its big blow, a merciless shelling of Cape

Torokina, the stretch of beach running northwest from there to the muddy Koronokina River, and little Puruata Island about a half mile out in the bay.

The coming operation had been pre-computed to the minute. Everything down to the last foreseeable detail had been explained to the men who were to take part in it. Day before yesterday, Lieutenant Colonel Alan Shapley, of San Francisco, commander of Landing Team Number 10—made up of the Marine Raiders on our transport—had told his men over the ship's public address system:

"::: The day of secrets is over, and before we land each and every man will know exactly what he is doing and also what others are doing all around him. This, of course, is as it should be, for that is the American way of doing business.

"On D-day, which is the first of November, at H-hour, which is about 7:30 in the morning . . . we are going to land on what we shall call Beach Green 2 on the island of Bougainville. This beach is on Empress Augusta Bay. . . . We are going to drive in and seize a beachhead by destroying any and all Japanese that oppose us. We are going to enlarge this beachhead. Then we are going to hold this area, come hell or high water, while vital facilities are built. . . .

"Naturally, we [Raiders] are not alone. . . . Other Combat Teams land at the same time and abreast of us. There will be Marines to the right of you, to the left of you, and four days after we land, many more Marines come in behind us. Even in the air above you will be Marine planes. Then after this come Army troops, veterans of the Munda [New Georgia] operation.

"In the seas about us . . . the Navy is on the job, hoping for Jap naval units or reinforcements to make an appearance. There are battleships, carriers, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and PT boats ready and waiting. . . .

"Admiral Halsey's headquarters have announced that Kahili and Balldale airfields in southeastern Bougainville have now been knocked out of commission and they will keep them that way. Buka in northwest Bougainville is getting hit daily and will get more before and when we land. . . . General MacArthur's Air Force has been pasting Rabaul with great success. The day before we land and the day we land, Rabaul is really going to get it. In spite of this, however, we must expect some air attacks. . . . Dig those foxholes.

"We have just a few hours to unload these ships. . . . There won't be any more supplies for several days. . . .

"This, then, is the picture. The details will be given to you by your unit commanders. . . . Now, for God's sake, don't get trigger-happy. When you let one go be sure a Jap stops it. . . .

"To the Seabees that go with us—we are damn glad you are on our side! To all of you—hit fast, hit hard, and hit for keeps! Best of luck to all of you."

The men had clustered together near the loudspeakers to hear the message. They listened in silence. When it was over the groups broke up slowly and without demonstration of any sort. The men moved from the loudspeakers to the rails of the ship, to their quarters, or to the weather-deck conferences which unit sub-commanders called together to explain the more minute aspects of the operation. Most of the men had expected it would be Bougainville, but several paid off on bets that our objective was to be Rabaul.

Yesterday—Sunday, October 31, the day before the landing—the shipboard activities of the troops had changed in nature. There were hardly any pinochle or small-stake poker games and there was a great deal more daylight sleeping and cleaning of weapons. Even the bullets were cleaned and oiled, each man carefully grooming his own instruments of death.

All five church services, two Catholic and three Protestant, had been attended in overflow numbers with Jewish boys also present. Lieutenant General Alexander A. Vandegrift and Rear Admiral Theodore S. Wilkinson, commanders respectively of the land and naval forces involved in the operation, both attended the ten o'clock Protestant service and joined the others in singing "Jesus, I Love Thee."

Noon chow had been a "victory dinner" thrown for the Raiders by the ship's crew. It was a very special kind of feed for a troopship, the menu consisting of cold orange juice (canned), meat loaf, mashed potatoes, creamed peas, carrot-and-cabbage salad, chocolate cake, maple-nut-flavored ice cream, a cigar, a package of cigarettes, and a small package of candy. Each man was given a chow-line chit or ticket which he surrendered upon receiving his metal food tray. The purpose, of course, was to prevent anyone from going through the line more than once. We ate the special meal, as we did all other meals, standing up to a chest-high table or bar in an unbearably hot and muggy mess hall below decks.

Sunday afternoon there were more eleventh-hour huddles of Raider platoons and squads, the men crowding in close to their leaders to see maps showing positions of the new Jap rifle pits, machine-gun trenches, and pillboxes along the beach which were awaiting our arrival. Some of these conferences were held in the junior officers' wardroom, with various outfits taking turns in the room; others were conducted on the open decks and in miscellaneous nooks and corners of the ship. I managed to sit in on six group meetings: an aircraft identification class for gun crews; a meeting of the radio and telephone communications unit; a conference of the medical corpsmen who would treat the wounded during the landing and subsequent fighting; a meeting of the several companies' first sergeants, who discussed the method of handling daily casualty reports; and a meeting of a rifle platoon whose leader sternly warned, "Don't any of you guys go calling me 'Lieutenant' when we're in the bush!" This drew a big laugh from all hands, for the Japs have a vicious affection for Marine officers and always draw first bead on a man who wears insignia or is referred to by rank.

Earlier I had informed Captain Robert Neal that I wanted to attach myself to his company of Raiders, Company E, during the first day's operation so I could get close coverage. Sunday evening, at his invitation, I attended a meeting of the company's platoon leaders, who were to give their operational plans a final checkup. The discussion started with a review of the plan by Captain Neal which was followed by questions and verification queries by the several platoon leaders.

Briefly, our action guide was this: Company E would hit the shore in the second assault wave, get across the open beach and into the jungle underbrush for protection as soon as possible, re-form there, and then deploy into skirmish formation for an advance up the trail leading inland, where we were to pick a site for a temporary command post. Our job during the first day would be to protect this command post.

The meeting ended. Reveille was scheduled for 3:30 next morning, but it

was still too early to go to bed. A bridge game was started and Captain Neal made a little slam in hearts, but no one seemed much interested. I do not think there was any fear in it, but a certain negativity seemed to have settled on the group. Tomorrow these extremely young men would have to give commands involving the lives and perhaps deaths of other young men, that was all. It was no time to play cards. The game broke up and they tried to talk about extraneous matters. That was tasteless too. The leaders of Company E said good night and went to their staterooms.

II

NOW the first dark-gray streaks of dawn begin to appear off our starboard bow. It is still too dark, however, to see more than the obscure outline of the ship nearest us in the convoy. The Raiders on this transport are abandoning their fitful sleep on the hard, bare decks. It has been raining and those who slept without overhead cover are wet to the skin. Their weapons have been stowed below or under tarpaulins or in the companionways of the ship to keep them out of the weather. These men are accustomed to physical hardships, many having been out here in the south Pacific now for nearly two years. To their own bodily discomfort they give no thought, but their guns have been kept dry and clean and sleek with a light oil coating. Slowly the men pull their personal gear together and strap up their packs in the darkness. They go to the mess hall for a hot breakfast consisting mainly of cereals and starches, stuff that sticks to a man's ribs. It may be a long time before we can eat our next meal, which, in any case, will be cold rations. A few men go to the head to wash and brush their teeth, but not many. From here on in, personal cleanliness is next to nothing.

For the past two hours I have been standing on the boat deck, sleep being out of the question for me. My rifle, bed-roll, and pack are stored in an inside passageway. Five or six times during the night I have gone inside to smoke and to recheck my stuff. First Sergeant Joe

Weisnewski has told me what the Raiders put into their landing packs and I have followed his advice down to the last item. Mine contains a sock full of rice and a sock full of tea (a man can live maybe two weeks on that much), three cans of meat and vegetable rations, three packages of K rations, a ration bar of concentrated chocolate, four pairs of woolen socks, a bottle of mosquito-repellent for my face and hands, a toothbrush and small can of dental powder, a bar of soap, one face towel (already dirty), a roll of toilet paper, a large eating spoon, a small blackout flashlight, six packs of cigarettes and four boxes of matches in a waterproof rubber bag, and my rifle-cleaning equipment. On Joe's advice I've eliminated such un-necessaries as mess gear, shaving gear, change of dungarees, and blankets. Under Joe's supervision three-quarters of my pack space is filled with food. In my correspondent's dispatch case there are three notebooks, several pencils and a pen, a small tin containing white and yellow pills—salt tablets to replace what I will lose in excessive perspiration, atabrine pills to suppress malaria if I get it, and halzone tablets to purify my own water. My dispatch case also holds a one-eighth-pint bottle of medical brandy for chill or nervous tension, an extra first-aid kit with a bandage and sulfa powder for wounds and morphine for pain, more cigarettes, and two extra clips of ammunition. I am wearing half-boots and a camouflaged green-and-brown-splotched jungle "zoot suit." My belt holds a water canteen, another first-aid kit, a sheathed, foot-long hunting knife, a wicked two-foot machete knife, and an ammunition pouch.

The Raiders are equipped similarly, but their ordnance is different from mine. Instead of the comparatively light semi-automatic rifle which I carry, they are lugging heavy-steeled, blue-black, ugly chunks of firepower, and belts, pouches, and cases of ammunition. They are in the Jap-killing business.

Now the dawn light seeps upward and the night sky retreats from the purple waterline along the eastern horizon. Our ship changes her course in a starboard direction and the ship's mainmast, sil-

houetted against the diluting sky, suddenly resembles a gigantic, towering cross. It takes a moment for the symbolism of the huge forward-moving cross to come home to me, but when it does I am completely oblivious to all other things. It is one of those rare occasions when a man is torn with yearning for capacities which he does not possess, when he sickens with frustration because he knows the significance and beauty of what he is solitarily beholding can never be got out of him in proper fullness to others in the world. I do not try to call the attention of anyone else to what I see.

It has become light enough to see the other ships of our convoy. It is also possible now for enemy scouting planes to spot our advancing task force, but we see no planes, either hostile or friendly. Although we know Bougainville lies dead ahead, the land is not yet visible. The men no longer move about the ship casually as in recent days. They are gathering at predesignated rendezvous points, assembling into landing units, and standing by for orders. My plan is to observe the coming shelling attack as long as I can from the boat deck, then to go to Landing Net Number One, where the men of Company E will disembark into the small landing boats.

Almost at the same instant, several men near me shout that they see land ahead. I peer forward through the imperfect, half-gray light and I also see it. The low-lying dark patches which a moment before had appeared to be clouds now emerge as inland mountains, their peaks lost in the blue morning haze. We seem to be very close to them, although distances are deceiving at sea. One Raider yips out a shrill, "Yahooooo!" Another, in a ghost-story-telling voice, says "Bougainville, h-e-e-r-e we c-o-o-m-e!" The men in the organized landing parties crowd the rails:

"There she is, by God!" "It won't be long now, mate!" "When in hell do they start the shelling?" "See any planes?" "Look, a volcano!" "It looks just like any other goddam island!" "Where are the fireworks?"

Now most of the task-force ships move into a single-file formation. Several de-

stroyers remain spread out on our starboard and port flanks, keeping a lookout for the Jap submarines. Our transport is the sixth or seventh ship in the Indian file. It is possible by this time to see the vague greenish shoreline. The ship's gun crews and sky watchers glue their eyes to the ominous emptiness above us. Now we are moving at reduced speed, and the long file of ships begins to weave in a snake line, follow-the-leader fashion. On the boat deck we are waiting for our leading warships to start their shelling, but so far nothing has happened. If the Japs have any coastal artillery they aren't letting us know about it either. The shoreline appears as innocent and peaceful as it might on any other morning from the deck of a peacetime pleasure cruiser. On the bridge over our heads, General Vandegrift and Admiral Wilkinson and staff and ship's officers are at the forward rail, evidently watching and waiting just as we are. They know when our own attack will begin, but probably they are just as much in the dark as ourselves with regard to what the enemy's size, strength, and action will be.

Our whole task force is now well inside Empress Augusta Bay. The men on the boat deck are becoming tense. Something has got to happen pretty soon. When will we let loose with our big guns? Or will the Japs blast away at us first? It's about time our air support showed up! Now we can distinguish tiny Puruata Island from the mainland behind it. We are getting in close. The morning sky to starboard begins to glow pink and lavender. It's light enough to smoke on open decks without worrying about the blackout. Still no planes. . . .

Our leading destroyer fires the opening salvo at 5:46 A.M. We see two brilliant flashes against the shoreline background and a moment later two muffled reports reach our ears through the soft morning air.

The invasion of Bougainville has begun.

III

FULL bombardment hasn't started yet. The first salvo is not followed up by additional firing and there is no immediate

response from the enemy. Obviously our warship has fired in an attempt to draw out and locate the Jap batteries if there are any such to oppose us. But there's been no reply. Our ships continue their slow, sneaking approach toward the beach. The public address loudspeakers click alive and a voice says: "Synchronize watches. . . . One minute past seven." The men with wrist watches grab their winding stems and then look at each other and at the loudspeakers in slight bewilderment. The loudspeakers click on again: "Correction. . . . That was one minute past six. One minute past six." We figure the announcer should have his head chopped off—now is not a time for anyone to be making mistakes.

We see the first plane. It's a bomber, one of our own. It flies across Puruata Island and over the mainland beach at high altitude, but it drops no bombs. It merely circles once and goes off.

It doesn't occupy our attention long, because now things begin to happen in earnest. Suddenly and simultaneously our naval guns go to work. Where there was complete quiet a moment before, there is total din now. Screaming shells are pouring into the mainland shore and Puruata Island at a terrific rate, incalculable to any human being. Tracer shells from the smaller guns hurtle toward the targets in whizzing, luminous flocks—as if thousands of brightly burning bulbs in a Broadway electric sign had suddenly torn loose from their sockets and rocketed away in wild confusion. The ships of the firing line weave around in crazy patterns, circling, zigzagging, then making short, swift runs parallel to the shore during which they let go their powerful broadsides. Some of the shells hit shy of the beach and send up spires of water. Those that go home explode into the jungle thickness. I have never before seen a full-scale naval shelling. Marines who were on Guadalcanal when the Japs shelled it from the sea have told me it was a terrible experience. Only now, however, do I begin to appreciate what they meant. I offer up silent thanks that I am at the right end of this bombardment.

There is no answering fire from the shore.

Now our planes begin to appear in twos and threes, crisscrossing in the sky ahead of us. A group of TBF's descends on Cape Torokino off to our right and their thousand-pounders crash among the Jap pillboxes. Another wave of TBF's follows and drops more bombs in the same place. We feel the blast concussions as far out as our ship. By this time our planes are bombing and strafing the mainland beach. They sweep over again and again, pouring bullets and explosives into whatever is under them.

There is not a Jap plane to be seen.

So far it looks like a pushover. Our naval fire is not answered. Our planes are not challenged. But the Japs know this is not a hit-and-run operation. They know it's an invasion. And an invasion isn't an invasion until land forces come ashore to stake out a claim to the soil. The Japs may be holding their fire and aircraft back until our loaded landing boats start skimming across the water toward them, intending to let everything go then when it will hurt the most. That remains to be seen.

We don't have long to wait. Suddenly the naval shelling, which had seemed about as heavy as it possibly could be, is stepped up sharply from every section of the bay, the transports joining their firepower to that of the warships. Now hell has broken loose for fair. It is the climax and final stage of the barrage. In the midst of the punishing cacophony, our loudspeaker announces, "All boat crews . . . man your boats!" It is 6:37.

Blue-clad Navy coxswains who will pilot the landing boats climb aloft into their tank lighters. The crews who will lower the small craft from the transport into the water stand by for their order to lower away. A bunch of scouting dogs below us on A deck begin to bark excitedly, evidently agitated by the nerve-racking rattle of guns on our ship, which has just joined in the universal bombardment of the shore.

It is 6:40. Still no reply from the enemy. But now we see black puffs of flak bursting round our planes over the mainland. The Japs are there all right. . . .

At 6:41 the loudspeaker voice commands: "Lower all boats!" Navy crews

spring into action. Wire cable spools slowly revolve. Winches lift the landing craft out of their berths and swing them out over the water. One tank lighter, gathering momentum from the roll of the mother ship, begins to swing to and fro on the lift hooks, smashing through a small section of railing. The petty officer in charge loudly curses his luck in salty language, but he gives the right orders at the right time and his crew brings the craft under control.

It is time for me to leave my vantage point on the boat deck and go to Landing Net Number One where Company E is to go over the side. I begin to stuff some furiously scribbled notes into my dispatch case. First Lieutenant Lawrence Bangser, a husky, black-haired demolitions specialist, says, "I'd like to read that story when it's finished."

I say, "So would I."

As I reach the place on A deck forward where Company E is to go over, the loudspeaker orders: "Lower all debarkation nets!" The men in the first assault wave begin climbing down the treacherous rope netting at 6:57. They fill the waiting landing craft, which shoves off to make way for the next tank lighter to come alongside and take on its passengers.

Now the men in Company E begin to go down the net, three or four together. Second Lieutenant Maitland turns to me and smiles broadly. "O.K., Azine, over you go." He knows I've never gone down one of these tricky rope ladders in my life. He grabs my rifle and gives me a helping hoist over the rail. My feet are on the crossropes. I hold on with one hand and reach out with the other to take my rifle back from Lieutenant Maitland. He grins again and motions me down. He's going to carry the thing himself. I don't stop to argue. My landing pack becomes very cumbersome and heavy as I scramble down the ropes. It seems like a long, long way down to the boat, although I know it's not more than fifty or sixty feet. Finally my feet touch the afterdeck and, without stopping to breathe a sigh of relief, I leap behind the armored bulkhead. I look up and see Lieutenant Maitland and other Raiders coming down the net. They do it with a dexterity that

I am qualified only to envy. Other men are coming down other landing nets and jamming other boats all down the length of our transport. The same thing is in progress on the other transports of the task force.

IV

THE shelling has continued incessantly throughout all this. Our planes are still the sole occupants of the sky. The Jap shore defenses, as far as I can tell, are still mum.

Our landing boat now joins one of the groups which are waiting for the signal to shove off. The Marines are crouched down behind the protective bulkheads as close as possible to the deck. What talking they do must be done in shouts to be heard over the deep-throated roar of the outboard motors of our boat and others near us. Our coxswain, Seaman First Class John E. Russell, from Indiana, is at the wheel on the poopdeck, the only man exposed. He keeps glancing back at the transport, presumably for a pantomime communication from someone there. I yell at him to give me the word when we are about to shove off for the beach. He nods his head and winks, indicating he will. Someone taps me on the shoulder. He's the second man of the two-man boat crew. He points to a machine gun mounted on the gunwale near me. "Can you work that gun?" he shouts.

"Yes."

"O.K.; take it."

I get up behind the gun.

Now a group of troop-filled boats suddenly start a beeline course toward the shore. It's the first assault wave going in. The boats skim over the sun-varnished surface at high speed, swishing up large wakes in the calm water of the bay. We remain behind. It is our turn next.

When the first wave is about halfway to the beach, the motor of our boat suddenly deepens into a roar and Coxswain Russell swings our bow around toward shore. The Raiders tighten their grips on their weapons and crouch lower in the boat. No one is talking now. Coxswain Russell gives me a slow Hoosier wink and cocks his thumb and forefinger at the mainland beach. We are going in. It is 7:22.

Our motor coughs once, then it takes hold deep and solid. We begin to move shoreward, quickly picking up to full speed. I unleash the machine gun and pull back the cocking lever twice. Then I poke my helmeted head above the starboard gunwale, exposing only my forehead and eyes. The first assault wave has nearly reached the mainland beach ahead of us. Landing boats of other Marine detachments have already run up on Cape Torokina and Puruata Island, and men are racing across the sand toward the jungles. There seems to be fire-fighting but I cannot tell for sure. Now our boat is passing Puruata Island. The landing boat abreast of us on starboard is pouring machine-gun fire into Puruata, but I cannot see what target is being aimed at so I do not fire my own machine gun for fear of hitting our men already ashore there.

Now we are past the island and approaching the mainland beach. Suddenly two geysers of water spout up dead ahead of our boat. Then there are several more off our starboard. Jap stuff! For the first time we know definitely that the landing is being opposed. Bullets begin to whinnng . . . whinnng . . . whinnng directly over our boat. Nothing hits us. The closest call is a shell explosion about fifteen yards off our port stern. They must be throwing mortars at us. I keep my machine gun aimed skyward against the worst possibility—strafing planes. But none appears.

Now the tank lighters which went in on the first wave begin to go past us on their return trip to the transport. The Marines they have taken ashore are already in the jungle. We are still about one hundred yards from the beach. We can hear small-arms fire ahead of us. There's going to be something doing when we get there, that's sure.

Coxswain Russell is revving down our motor now and the boat reduces speed preparatory to running up on the beach. Every man rivets his eyes forward on the steel landing ramp which in a moment will crash down and become a bridge from the boat to the shore. I abandon the machine gun, grab my rifle, jump down to the deck, and tensely take up a posture

of kneeling readiness like the others. The boat bumps the bottom gently once, once more, and then plows into the sand with a grinding jolt. There is a screeching sound of chains and the flat bow-ramp falls outward and down to the sand, which it meets with a resounding smack. The first thing we see is twenty yards of open beach which ends in a tangle of green undergrowth.

V

THE men at the extreme front of the boat are on the beach in a split second, streaking toward the bush. The rest of us are at their flying heels. Our single, desperate aim is to get the hell off that exposed strip of danger and into the cover of the jungle. During the fraction of a minute it takes me to traverse the strip of beach, my senses record only one impression: the sand is black. Aside from this, the moment is one of absolute mental and emotional nothingness.

I do not look for an opening in the undergrowth, but crash headlong into the first foliage with which I make physical contact. My weight and momentum carry me about six feet into the wall of tangled creepers, vines, and bushes. Then my feet give way and I turn sideways, breaking my fall with an elbow. There are Raiders of E Company on both sides of me and ahead of me. All the men are prostrate, some lying still and peering intently ahead, others crawling rapidly forward, still others setting up machine-gun tripods, mounting the weapons, and inserting long belts of ammunition. Men are still crashing into the jungle from the beach behind us. Tommy guns and other automatic weapons are chattering sporadically at a distance I estimate to be thirty or forty yards ahead of us. There are intermittent heavier explosions which sound like grenades or mortar shells. Things are hot.

I am not a member of any specific weapon team, so I do not know exactly what to do next. The best thing, I decide, is to crawl a bit farther into the jungle and try to spot one of the officers of E Company who might know something about the general situation. I crawl forward for

approximately twenty feet and stop when I see Joe Weisnewski. He has an ugly, bleeding bruise under his left eye. I make it over to him on my hands and knees.

"What happened to your cheek, Ski?" I ask him.

"Damned if I know."

"What's doing up there ahead of us?"

"Doesn't sound like much. Some Nambus and snipers maybe." (The Nambu is a Japanese light machine gun.)

"Who's up there?" I ask.

"F and H."

Those companies were the first Raider landing wave which went in ahead of us on this particular segment of the beach. Our present position is supposed to be about two hundred yards up the beach from Cape Torokina. From that direction we now hear the sound of heavy-gun discharges. It is too soon for our own men to have landed any of our heavier stuff, so they must be Jap guns. If so, our boys are probably having an unpleasant time of it on the cape. I turn again to Joe:

"Ski, what's the scoop?" I ask.

"We've missed the trail—landed too far north."

"Are we fouled up?"

"No, it's just down toward the cape a piece. We'll be moving down as soon as it secures a little around here," he says.

That means waiting. Gradually the small-arms firing up ahead diminishes, but the heavy booming on Cape Torokina continues. In this section platoon leaders are rounding up the men of their commands. The every-man-for-himself phase of the landing is over and the troops are quickly re-forming into combat units. In less than twenty minutes, Company E is shipshape—except for one lad who keeps calling for someone named Moe.

"Moe!" he yells, "Moe . . . Moe . . . goddamn it . . . Moe!"

"Who's Moe?" I ask him.

He looks at me for a moment.

"Huh?"

"Who's Moe?" I repeat.

"He's the number two man on this goddam machine gun!" he exclaims. He turns away and again trumpets, "Moe . . . hey, Moe!"

Now the situation in our sector of the beach seems fairly quiet. We feel it is safe enough to get off our stomachs and stand upright. The men of Companies F and G, having cleaned up enemy resistance in the vicinity ahead, begin to filter out back toward the beach. I see no casualties among them. Slowly we make our way out of the underbrush and into the open, where once again we get a broad view of the bay area.

Our planes are circling in the skies overhead, keeping a lookout for enemy aircraft. Far out in the bay the transports are unloading their cargo holds, and dozens of heavily laden landing craft are shuttling back and forth between the beach and the big ships. Already boxes of rations, ammunition, and equipment are piling up along the water's edge.

The fighting now seems to be confined to the cape area, which, instead of being only two hundred yards from us, is about five hundred yards' distance. Ski was right in what he told me. Somehow a miscalculation has been made, and we have landed at a point about three hundred yards north of the trail's opening. The Raiders' job, first, is to move along the beach toward the cape until we come to the trail, then to penetrate inland at least six hundred yards so that we may establish an outer line of defense in the jungle. F and G Companies will be the vanguard, and E Company will secure the command post somewhat behind the defense line. The men of F and G now start moving off down the beach. We of E Company remain behind temporarily, giving the advance units time to spread out into a thin single file.

We are waiting on the open beach when we spot the first Jap planes of the day. I see three of them, Nakagima torpedo bombers with their fixed landing gears. They hurtle out over the bay area, evidently heading for our ships, which are anchored some distance out. Our destroyers closest to the shore get their guns into action instantly. A dirty black puff of smoke suddenly bursts out laterally from the engine of one Jap plane. In a moment both of its wings and the underside of its fuselage are ringed with streaming banners of bright orange flame. The

stricken Nakagima careens wildly toward Puruata Island and then begins climbing skyward in fiery agony. It is a beautiful, fascinating thing to watch. I am so engrossed in the sight that, for an instant, I do not notice the sudden frenzied yelling of the Raiders around me on the beach.

VI

IN ONE and the same instant I hear the electrifying sound of a diving plane and experience a flash of fear for my life. I am less than five yards from the wall of jungle growth which borders the beach where I am standing. The men all around me are diving into the undergrowth. I spin around toward the jungle and again I plow my way into it as far as my moving weight will carry me against the resisting green tangle. A creeper catches the pack on my back and pulls me up short. I do not have time to get my knife out to cut it, but lunge ahead until the creeper snaps and releases me for another pile-driving crash farther into the underbrush. I trip and fall flat on my face.

The whole world is filled with the terrifying noise of the approaching plane. I can distinctly hear the staccato bursts of the strafing machine guns, coming closer every second. I lie where I fall. My body stiffens against the earth and I try to press myself down into it. My eyes are closed and my nose is flattened against the ground. My mouth is full of dirt and twigs which I grind between my teeth. A whirling montage of still lifes goes through my mind . . . my mother and dad sitting on the porch swing facing London Road in Duluth . . . a gold-edged rectangular insurance policy . . . my wife, May, wearing a green suit, standing at the Olney subway entrance in Philadelphia . . . the long brown iron-ore carriers on Lake Superior. These things and several others which I now fail to recall whiz through my consciousness with the unmatched speed of thought. Then I am cognizant again of the machine-gun fire. I suffer a horrible anticipation of the bullets spattering through my body. I imagine swift, burning stabs in the small of my back, across my hips. I do not consciously pray, but I

experience one instant of profound and wordless supplication to God. That I am going to die under the hail of approaching bullets seems certain. There is nothing to do but lie here. . . .

The bullets never reach me, nor the men near me.

In a moment we know the source of our salvation. Still prostrate, we hear the sound now, not of one, but of two planes. One of our guys is after the bastard! Because of the solid jungle roof, we cannot see anything above us. We follow the ensuing dogfight by listening to the interzooming plane engines. They are clearly distinguishable: the Jap is soprano; ours is bass. The dogfight moves out over the bay. Later we learn that Tojo was shot down by our plane.

The Raiders are scrambling to their feet. Again we make our way out of the bush into the open sand. Hugging the fringe of the jungle, our single-file line slowly negotiates its course toward Cape Torokina, every so often ducking quickly behind the undergrowth as a burst of snipers' bullets sings overhead. We can hear concentrated firing from the direction of the trail. F and G are there already.

A runner from one of the leading companies comes back. He reports that F and G have reached the opening of the trail, advanced inward a short distance, and are now in contact with the Japs. They are being held up by stubborn mortar and machine-gun resistance. Captain Neal decides to send up his special weapons platoon to help wipe out the Jap nests. Lieutenant Maitland comes over to me, points at the platoon, and says: "If you want a story, go along with them."

First Lieutenant Burtman, leader of the platoon, is at the head of the line. I fall in somewhere in the middle. We move as rapidly as possible through the ankle-deep sand, coming to a halt on the bank of a small lagoon which is fed by a shallow stream. There is no jungle protection here and it is necessary for the Raiders to traverse the next fifty yards of open beach at a dead run to reduce the risk of being hit by sniper fire. The men take off across the edge of the exposed lagoon one by one—spaced about fifteen paces apart. The husky youngster immediately ahead

of me is carrying a heavy weapon and is loaded down with several large pouches of ammunition, but he streaks across like a greyhound. I begin to understand the value of the hard training these Raiders get. They are athletes.

Luckily, every man gets across safely. Now we are near the opening of the trail. The men at the head of the line turn off the beach and become hidden from my view as they enter the jungle, still in single-file formation. When I reach the opening, I see the first Jap fortifications, a machine-gun pillbox consisting of earth and logs and camouflaged with dried grass and leaves, and a zigzag rifle pit or trench about eighty feet in length. Wooden boxes of Jap small-caliber ammunition are piled around these entrenchments—which evidently were abandoned in a hurry shortly before or during our naval shelling. A little farther up the trail we come to three straw-thatched huts, living quarters for the Japs who have been here.

We shed our packs and begin crawling forward. The men are releasing the safety catches on their weapons. I pull back the operating handle of my semi-automatic and let it ram home, inserting a bullet into the chamber. We creep forward foot by foot on both sides of the trail. We hear our high-voiced tommy guns crackling fiercely up ahead, but from here we can't see what's going on. We continue our snake-belly advance forward, keeping a sharp lookout in every direction, not forgetting to search the leafy limbs of the banyan trees for hidden snipers.

Suddenly a figure comes into open view. His jungle "zoot suit" marks him as a Marine. He is lurching unsteadily along the trail toward us. His nose, cheeks, mouth, and chin are bathed in blood. He stumbles past me and a corpsman leaps out of the bush, grabs him by the arm, and pulls him down alongside the trail. The wounded man balances on his knees while the corpsman digs out a cleansing solution, bandages, and tape. The bridge of the man's nose has been hit by a Jap bullet which neatly grooved out a quarter-inch of skin and cartilage. It is not a serious wound. The corpsman finishes his job quickly and sends the man back to the beach for further treatment. (I see this

same Raider back at the front two hours later.)

Meantime, the fighting up ahead continues without letup. The air is full of angry, spitting, sputtering bursts from weapons of many types. I see nothing to shoot at, so I hold my fire. But several of the sharper-eyed Raiders in my vicinity let go once in a while at real or perhaps fancied targets.

THIS is jungle skirmishing. It is the kind of warfare Marines have mastered since they first struck against the Japs on Guadalcanal more than a year ago. It is hard, inside fighting—half against the enemy, half against nature. It is fighting that makes unceasing demands on your eyes and ears and nervous system. The enemy is wily, treacherous, skilled, resourceful, and usually fearless. The jungle works the strength out of your body and sometimes gets into your mind, especially at night. In this kind of fighting there is no compromise either with the Jap or with the jungle. You go

on fighting against one and enduring the other because there is nothing else to do. You find your strength in your instinct to survive, in your comrades, and sometimes, when you remember it, in the purpose for which your country sent you out here.

These jungle battles may last for only a few minutes or they may last for days. This particular skirmish along the trail leading from Empress Augusta Bay into the Bougainville jungle lasts about three hours. When it is over the Raiders have driven the Japs back into the hinterland and secured our section of the beachhead, so that a command post may now be established and the next phase of the operation properly based. The same situation prevails up and down the coast where other Marine units have landed and fought their way into the jungle. Only on Cape Torokina, where the Japs are still putting up stiff resistance, is there any close-up fighting at the moment of this writing.

The Raiders say the enemy will try to come back in here tonight. That will be another story.

II

TARGET: PLOESTI, by *Captain William D. Banks*

WE took off at dawn. Our airfield was a small, crude affair in Libya that had been thrown together after the Italians were pushed out. At the time it was crowded with Liberator bombers, and every one that could fly was pressed into service for the Ploesti mission. My plane, the "Sad Sack," was one of them. After one last briefing, we had checked over the Sad Sack as she had never been checked before. This was to be our longest and toughest mission, and we figured we'd have enough trouble without mechanical difficulties. When we got to the plane for the take-off our ground crew were still working her over. They had been up hours ahead of us, putting the finishing touches on her with the loving care of a lot of mothers. They had been nursing the old Sad Sack

along for months, and were just as anxious as we were to have her get up to Rumania and back.

Everything worked perfectly. The Sad Sack took the air easily and gracefully and we started climbing to meet the other planes that were gathering round our rendezvous spot. The sky was dark with big B24's. They were coming in from all directions, circling about and swinging into position. It took over an hour for all of them to arrive and get into their places. When our formation was finally made up we turned and headed straight out over the Mediterranean for Rumania.

My co-pilot, Carl Root, and I had a system we had been using for the five months we had been flying together in this area. I piloted for half an hour and then rested while he took over. It gave

us both something to look forward to. We settled ourselves comfortably in the pilot's compartment and started counting the minutes, Carl waiting to take the controls while I looked forward to the half-hour's rest. Then we went through the old "pilot to navigator" routine over the intercom. The boys were all present and ready to go: Bombardier Joe Souza, Navigator Teddy Stewart, Engineer "Pop" Pleasant, Radioman Walt Golec, Assistant Radioman and Gunner Earl Rice, Waist Gunner Henry Richotte, Armorer-Gunner "Carburetor" Carbery, and Tail Gunner Wilson Cain. I could tell that, like me, they were doing some pretty heavy thinking about this long-distance job.

WE HAD been practicing for this mission ever since our trip over Rome, July 19th. And this was August 1st. For an ordinary mission briefing is a matter of minutes or possibly a few hours, but for this one we were briefed for almost ten days.

Engineers had marked off areas duplicating Ploesti out on the desert, and almost every day we spent hours practicing over them. Low-level bombing was something new for these high-altitude bombers, but the Liberators were the best planes we had for the job, so we had to develop our own technique. It scared us all at first, skimming along ten feet off the ground in a big, four-engine B24, but after a few days of it we learned not to mind, and rather enjoyed the thrill. One other thing it taught us: there's nothing as safe and convenient as high-altitude bombing.

We had spent the rest of our time with intelligence specialists who reconstructed the whole Ploesti area in accurate scale on a big table and proceeded to teach us what oil refining is and how to put it out of commission. A couple of these men had helped build the Ploesti fields, so we could safely assume that they knew what they were talking about. We went into all the intricacies of refining processes and could have qualified for good jobs in the oil business by the time we got through. We learned where every cracking tower, every refining and distillation plant, and

every power plant was, and practically memorized the position of every oil tank in Rumania. They taught us what the oil fields would look like from a low-flying plane, too. They made both slow and fast movies of the model oil fields, and ran them off for us so many times that we could see smokestacks rushing at us in our sleep. Part of the time was spent discussing the problems of low-level bombing, and the reasons for it. The higher-ups had decided that it would be cheaper to hit the oil fields once from a low altitude than to go after them continually from safer but less effective heights.

We had been given all sorts of escape kits, containing money in the denominations of every country we could possibly reach by plane. They also had small steel files, compasses, vitamins, and many other useful items to help us back to Libya if we were forced down. It was suggested that it would be useless to carry revolvers because we wouldn't be able to use them, but one of the pilots said later, "I don't know whether or not you guys are going to carry guns, but everybody in my plane is going to, and we're coming out shooting." We went into all the fine points of international law. They warned us to let ourselves get captured if we had to land in enemy territory, and then try to escape. If we were caught in civilian clothes after we had been captured once, we could expect to be interned again, but if we were captured in civilian clothes for the first time, we could be shot as spies. All these precautions had seemed a little gloomy at the time, but now that we were on our way it gave us some feeling of security to know all the possible avenues of escape.

IN the rear of the ship the boys were kidding each other as usual, bandying such witticisms as "I'm too young to die. Honest, Judge, I'm too young to die." Joe Souza had to go through the same old stuff because of his Boston accent. Pop Pleasant, whose job it is to hand out the rather tasteless lunch rations, was taking the boys' orders. One thought he'd have a banana split. Another would settle for two dinners, while another hankered for three breakfasts and some-

body's voice kept shrieking "Blue plate!" But beneath all this joking was a lot of serious thought. This was going to be no field day and we knew it.

As time went on we began to get tense. We were nearing our target and the distance was starting to tell. Several of the planes had had trouble and turned back already. Every once in a while I would look off to my left and see one or two Liberators feather a prop, wheel out of formation, and start for home. A little later one of the crew would call over the interphone, "Another plane's turned back!" Most of them went under us. We could see them about halfway down between us and the sea, headed back to the base, trying to make it to safe, Allied land before they piled into the Mediterranean. Others would turn back close enough for us to see the men in the plane. We waved good-by, knowing how they felt and hoping they would get back safely. The Sad Sack, never in better condition, flew straight on toward Rumania.

Then, almost before we knew it, we were over the mountains and hills of Greece. We kept our altitude as low as possible, climbing over the mountains and flying down the valleys. We were so low, in some places, that we could see the people in their villages standing around and gaping up at us. We could even see that they had on their Sunday clothes. We passed some wide fields of corn and grain that looked for all the world like our own Middle West. Still keeping only a few feet off the ground, we went on up into Bulgaria. Everything was as quiet and peaceful as if there were no world war. We didn't see a single enemy plane or one puff of anti-aircraft fire. We crossed the "blue Danube," but it looked brown to us. Then we went even lower. We were approaching the oil fields.

II

OUR group, led by Colonel "Killer" Kane, wasn't as big as it had been when we started earlier in the morning, for some of our planes were among those that had been forced to turn back. I was leading the third element, on the Colonel's left, as we roared down from the foothills

towards our oil field. We kept our formation, a little tighter now, and headed in for the target. There were a lot of clouds in the sky, and the sun that had been bright all the way up was gone. We went down even lower, and started clipping the tops off the trees.

Smoke was rising to meet us as we approached the refineries. The Germans had had time to set out some smudge pots, but they didn't bother us. The smoke from the oil tanks that had already been hit was a lot worse, and the sky was full of ack-ack. When we plunged in toward our refinery the smoke was so bad that we couldn't see a thing on the ground.

Our target was a power plant. If you hit that, you knock out the whole refinery. Oil tanks make a satisfying explosion and a lot of smoke, but they aren't as good strategic targets as power plants. Our pinpoint was a smokestack, and we had memorized its location so well that we didn't need to see it until the last minute. All we needed was a split second to sight it. And we had to get it with the first try; there would be no time to turn around for another run this trip.

Somebody ahead of us had bombed our target by mistake. We all felt sick when we saw the oil tanks exploding and great swirls of smoke pouring up from the ground. There was nothing to do but try to hit it again. I muttered, "Here we go, boys," and started our run. Oil tanks were still going off right under us, and on both sides German ack-ack batteries were firing in unison. We were so low that they were actually trained down on us.

We kept straining our eyes for that stack. We couldn't see it yet, and I began to worry. It looked as if we weren't going to get the damned thing after all, and we couldn't even tell if the others had hit the right spot. We just plowed on, sweating blood and not saying a word. The Sad Sack was bristling with guns for this mission, and we were firing every one of them as we roared in. The whole plane shuddered with the fire. The din was tremendous, but over it I heard Pop Pleasant yell that he'd seen his tracers knock out a whole battery.

Finally I decided to pull away. We had finished our run and hadn't even

seen our pinpoint. At that moment Joe Souza yelled. He had spotted our smoke-stack and power plant through an opening in the smoke. I held her steady for a split second while Joe sighted and let his bombs go, and then I almost jumped out of my seat. Carl shouted, "Jesus!" and I pulled back with all the strength I had. Right in front of us, square in the middle of the windshield and looming up almost out of sight, was the tallest, hugest smoke-stack I have ever seen.

My heart dropped into my boots and jumped to the roof of my mouth as we drove at it. Shaking all over with the racing of her motors, the Sad Sack leapt up and climbed for the top of it. I prayed as she lost speed and the stack rushed at us. We cleared it as if we were pole-vaulting. I wiped the sweat from my eyes and almost took time off to cheer as we dropped down on the other side and sped away.

We must have missed it by inches, but it saved our lives. The Germans had just got our range perfectly, and let go with a tremendous ack-ack barrage at the moment we pulled up. The two planes behind us, which didn't have to pull up over their low targets, were knocked down by the same fire. (Apparently that's the way the Germans got most of our planes—waited for them at the end of their run.) But it was the Sad Sack's lucky day. We had hit our target too, though at the moment that seemed incidental.

As we pulled away, I saw one of the planes of my element in trouble. The pilot was right over his target and had had to feather a prop. I thought, "Oh oh. There he goes." But a second later I saw Killer Kane feathering a prop too, and getting along very nicely. So I forgot about the other plane, and wasn't surprised when it joined us later. There were B24's going down all around us now. We saw two fall right in front of us that had apparently climbed up out of formation and been hit by pursuit planes. The ground was spotted with them, including some that had managed to land safely. The crews of these last were beside them, watching the planes burn and waving to us as we went by. We hated to leave them behind, but it was good to see that some of

the men were still alive. We ducked even closer to the ground and scooted for home.

III

THERE wasn't much left of our section as we started back, and two of the planes had only three engines working. German fighters were circling above, but we stayed too low for them to tangle with us. When one of them tried a pass at the Sad Sack, I couldn't resist the temptation to pull up and give him a burst with the fixed guns we had rigged up for the occasion. He whizzed by, I leveled back into formation, and Carl Root chuckled, "What the hell are you, a pursuit pilot?"

We followed the rise and fall of the land again, and it wasn't long before we had outdistanced the fighters and were over peaceful countryside. As we skimmed over the flat Danube Valley the farmers were out in their fields, waving to us as if they knew what we had been doing and thoroughly approved. We passed so close to them that it was like speeding by in a car. I'm sure that if I ever see them again I'll recognize them. I'm afraid we took some of their corn tops with us, though, and Pop Pleasant even claims we threshed their grain. A few of their trees are prematurely bare in the upper branches.

But the rest of the trip was no joyride. Some of the B24's were so badly shot up that Colonel Kane decided to head for Turkey instead of risking the long flight over active enemy territory. We weren't at all happy at the prospect of being interned for the duration, but we couldn't pull out and make both us and the rest of the formation easy meat for enemy fighters.

It began to rain. We were leaving the Danube Valley and nearing some mountains, so we had to start climbing. The Sad Sack was purring along smoothly on all four engines, reminding us again that we had the best damned ground crew in the Air Forces. But the two planes that had lost an engine had to start lightening their load for the climb. It startled us at first to see equipment fly out of the two planes and float back under us. We thought the planes were disintegrating in

midair. The crews threw out everything that was loose or that could be yanked loose, and we left behind us a long, wobbling trail of seats, tanks, belts, shoes, boxes, and first-aid kits with gauze bandages unrolling in great circles, figure-eights, and curious, sometimes beautiful designs.

As we went over one little railroad town they surprised us by sending up light puffs of the first ack-ack we had seen since we left the target. It was too small and inaccurate to bother us much, but it made us mad. To play safe we had to duck over behind a hill and bypass the town. We reached the foothills and, flying at the lowest possible speed to keep in formation with the crippled planes, we kept easing the Sad Sack over the hills and climbing to make it over the mountains ahead.

Somehow we cleared the mountains. The Colonel's navigator, Lieutenant "Baron" Whalen, outdid his own record. Without even a map of the area, he led us between the mountain peaks with only a few feet to spare. I don't know how the two crippled planes got over some of those ridges, but I know the Sad Sack almost scraped her belly on a couple of crags, and the others couldn't have made it by any more. When darkness came we were out over the water again, and one of the injured planes had to feather another prop, leaving it with only two engines working. A few minutes later Wilson Cain called on the intercom to tell me that the plane had pulled out of formation. We hated to see it go after fighting its way over the mountains and getting so close to neutral land, but it was too dark now for us to help or even watch. So we headed for Cyprus. We heard later that the plane made a water landing near the coast of Turkey and that most of the crew swam to land and were interned.

IV

I HAD never landed at Cyprus before, but when we came down there that night it looked even better to me than my own driveway back in Columbus, Ohio. The Sad Sack landed easily and softly, pulled to a stop without even hurting the tires,

and we switched off the motors. For five long, delicious minutes Carl and I just sat there, almost crying to be back on land. We didn't speak a word—just leaned back in our seats and absorbed the sedative quiet of the pilot's compartment. For fifteen hours we had been in an ear-splitting roar, weaving, climbing, diving, praying our way over mountain tops and that smokestack, every nerve strained and on the alert. Now there was calm, almost sacred peacefulness. It is one of the most beautiful things I remember.

When we finally climbed down, we were so stiff from sitting for all those hours that we had to hold on to the plane to keep from falling over. The British put us up on crude, makeshift beds of boards covered with thin blankets, but I dropped immediately into a deep, restful sleep.

The next morning we spent hours refueling the plane. The airfield didn't have any fueling apparatus, and we had to fill her up with piddling little five-gallon cans of gasoline. It was one hell of a job. We finally got her refueled and checked over, and took off at noon. It was an easy run down to Tel Aviv, our last stop before our home field.

When we discovered a bad tire at Tel Aviv and knew we couldn't go on, we weren't sorry. We were more than ready for a few days of relaxation, and Tel Aviv was a better place for it than our airfield out in the desert. As we saw Killer Kane off for home he promised to fly us back a tire, but not too soon. We asked him to tell our ground crew that we were well and happy. We imagined the ground crews weren't too happy themselves. They had seen all our planes take off for the mission, had seen some return without getting to the target, but so far hadn't seen one plane get back that had actually got to the oil fields.

When the Colonel's plane took the air and climbed for home, I turned to my crew and took out a fat wad of "escape money" I had with me, figuring that if we had to account for it we could say we'd had to escape from a few dives. All of us remembered what we had been told in briefing, that even if we had one hundred per cent losses the mission would still

be considered a success. We were men who hadn't been expected to live and had lived just the same. We felt a warm personal satisfaction not only because we had come through with no injuries except a few holes in the Sad Sack, but also because we had knocked out a whole lot of Germany's oil supply for some time to come.

It may sound paradoxical, what with all the destruction we cause, but the job of the Air Forces is to save lives, and we knew that indirectly we had saved a good many.

I gave the money to my crew and said, "I don't want to see a sober man within the hour." I didn't.

Attention: Department of State

ONE of the first steps in the improvement of our Latin-American relations should be the expansion and improvement of our consular service. It is with chagrin that, in city after city in South America, the citizen of the United States finds that he must turn to the friendly British consul if he needs advice or aid. Now that the war has cut off European commercial relations, there are manifold opportunities to stimulate our business south of the Rio Grande. Not only that, but the spread of Nazi and fascist influence makes it imperative that we keep an eye on things there. German agencies overflow with attachés. It would be wise to make now, as a counter-move, a fivefold or sixfold increase in our own consular service.

The work of our consuls need not be arduous; aside from an occasional service to a North American traveler, they would have little to do but maintain friendly contacts, pick up commercial information, and watch the German and Italian and Japanese infiltrations. But it is important that they be numerous and alert. The worst kind of consul is the bored kind—the dissatisfied fellow who would much rather be stationed in Europe and hates the climate and the local conditions anyhow.

I propose the appointment, as consuls, of naturalists. Far from being bored, naturalists would feel privileged to be sent to a station in the jungle or to a town in an Andean valley. They could serve the cause of science well, for our universities have become so fascinated with experimental biology that the no less necessary descriptive sciences, which underlie biology in general, now need strengthening; even if the consul were only a collector he would have an opportunity to pick up new biological material. But my suggestion aims higher: it is to send young men trained in the natural sciences on three-year contracts, with pay sufficient to permit them to marry, take along their wives, and thus double the forces available both for scientific studies and for social contacts.

Naturalists generally command respect in Latin America. They are men of natural curiosity, eager to pick up information. They would be likely to learn and speak the language of the country. Their service abroad would enhance their future work in classroom or laboratory and would simultaneously serve our national interest. — *Karl Patterson Schmidt*

WENDELL WILLKIE: MAN OF WORDS

FRED RODELL



“THE thing that puzzles open-minded citizens about Wendell Willkie is this: Is he just a pretty smooth guy or has he really got something on the ball?” So wrote William Allen White, the sunflower sage of the G.O.P., back in the spring of 1940.

In the spring of 1940, it was natural that open-minded citizens should be puzzled about this man who had shot out of national near-obscure to become, within a matter of months, a leading candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. But almost four years have gone by since then, years during which Willkie has been neither obscure nor silent. Once more he is a leading candidate for the Republican presidential nod. And again, or still, many and many an open-minded citizen is asking himself the same question about Wendell Willkie: “Is he just a pretty smooth guy or has he really got something on the ball?”

This persistent elusiveness in Willkie’s character, this now-you-see-it-now-you-don’t impression people still get about him, seems strange at first blush. It seems all the more strange in that no figure in the public eye today can even compete with Willkie when it comes to giving every appearance of downright and deep sincerity. In his writings, in his speeches, and particularly in person, he is—or seems to be—the soul of open honesty. Yet people wonder. And in the key to their

wondering lies the key to Candidate Willkie’s strength—and to his weakness.

For the fact is that there is almost nothing by which Wendell Willkie can be weighed *except* his writings and his speeches and his personality. Leaving aside a few remnants of his record as president of Commonwealth & Southern—a record never known nor understood by many and now forgotten by all but a few—there is nothing by way of standing accomplishment to serve as a measure of what Willkie says. There is nothing good or bad, tangible or intangible, in these United States to which people can point and say *this* is Wendell Willkie’s work.

The reason, little appreciated, is a simple one. Willkie must be judged by his words because, so far as deeds are concerned, his career to date adds up to a series of brilliant failures.

They begin as far back as his college days, when he made his name on the campus by leading the “barbs,” or non-fraternity men, in a quixotic crusade against the fraternity system. They include his seven-year presidency of Commonwealth & Southern, where he fought two ill-fated campaigns simultaneously: the first, his spectacular set of sorties on behalf of the utility industry against the TVA, the REA, the public utility holding company act, and all the rest of the New Deal power program; the other, and less well known, his fruitless attempt to squeeze

out dividends for the common stockholders of his company. (C. & S. common has not paid a penny since 1932, the year before Willkie became the company's head man.) His bid for the White House failed, but brilliantly. The degree of his success in his efforts since to unite his party under his own leadership is spotlighted by the low regard in which he is held by most Republican politicians today. Even *One World*, for all its astronomical sales figures, was a triumph of words alone; it has not perceptibly affected official or popular sentiment about the place of the East in the postwar world.

That Willkie has profited from every defeat, that he has climbed to personal prominence on a ladder of failure, is characteristic of the man. The college politician who for three years inveighed against the evils of the fraternity system was eventually invited to join—and joined—the most exclusive fraternity on the campus. The white knight of the private utilities, after losing every battle he fought against the New Deal, was chosen to champion all the anti-New Deal forces of the nation at the polls. Though the Republicans lost the election, Willkie won for himself no Landonlike also-ran obscurity but the status of a full-blown national figure. His trip and his book have not altered the course of empire nor the plans of those who chart it, but they have built him into an international figure as well.

Willkie's words have carried him far and may yet carry him farther. They may carry him beyond bright failure after bright failure to ultimate success. But before they do so, a great many still uncertain citizens will have to make up their minds about the man. Unfortunately and inevitably, they will have little but words to look to if they would probe the personality or even examine the life to date of Wendell Willkie.

II

WILLKIE was practically weaned on words. Those who meet him for the first time today are impressed not so much by the big-shaggy-bear manner nor the look of wide-eyed sincerity as by the almost aggressive articulateness. "Shoot

some questions at me," he will say, with the air of initiating a parlor game. He loves to talk and he got the love early.

He grew up in a talkative, classic-quoting, uninhibited household with the constant verbal give-and-take of a lawyer father, a lawyer mother, three brothers, and two sisters all around him. The open-forum atmosphere of this Elwood, Indiana, home even carried into the dining room where, if the discussion was hot enough, the food could get cold.

By the time he went off to the State university, Willkie had already developed a complete lack of speaking self-consciousness, a readiness of repartee, and a passion for face-to-face debate—none of which has hurt him since. At college his debating was both curricular and extra-curricular; he would argue either campus politics or world politics at the drop of a hint. His first job after he graduated was a talking job—as a high-school teacher; his subjects were history and debating.

But Willkie had neither the training nor the temperament to climb up from the bottom in the teaching profession, with its emphasis on degrees and research and academic publications rather than on plain ability in the classroom. A voracious reader with a quick superficial grasp of what he reads, he has never had the scholar's patience to dig deep. So he switched to the talker's profession, his family's profession, the law.

The First World War briefly interrupted his career at the start. But even war could not force him to let his forensic talents go to rust. He returned from overseas with a captaincy, won in part at least by the considerable skill with which he defended, before courts martial, soldiers who had gone A.W.O.L.

Then for ten unexciting years Willkie worked his way ahead as a corporation lawyer in Akron, Ohio. He was a good lawyer but never, even in embryo, a great one. He argued no famous or important cases; he never (until 1943) appeared before the U. S. Supreme Court. Nor was he a wizard at weaving tightly-reasoned written briefs out of the tomes in a law library—the most exacting and painstaking of legal tasks.

What Willkie was good at was the

negotiating of deals for clients around the conference table and the presenting of petitions to the Ohio Public Utilities Commission (for already most of his work was for the utilities). Though he argued court cases from time to time, he was more at home—and his brand of persuasiveness was more effective—in the informal air of a conference room or a commission hearing than in the calculated stiffness of a courtroom. He was also good at corraling new clients for his firm—a regular salesman sort of job, albeit a delicate one in the law. On the side, he indulged his weakness for speechmaking from the platforms of the Democratic Party and the American Legion, in both of which organizations he was active, and in opposition to the Ku Klux Klan, which he detested. His future bouts with the New Deal were foreshadowed when he took part in the big national (and unsuccessful) utility lobby to kill government investigation of the industry.

Thus Willkie talked his way ahead and talked himself into people's notice. And one of those who noticed him and was persuaded of his talents was a Midwestern utility magnate named B. C. Cobb. In the summer of 1929, when the boom was on the brink, Cobb helped the Morgan interests and others to form a giant utility holding company called Commonwealth & Southern. An Ohio power and light company, long a client of Willkie's firm, became one of the big links in the Commonwealth & Southern system; B. C. Cobb became Commonwealth & Southern's first chairman; Willkie discovered that he had talked himself out of his native Midwest into New York and the job of chief counsel for Commonwealth & Southern.

Typically, he left behind in Ohio no tangible accomplishments for people to look to other than a few impermanent business arrangements, a few ephemeral utility rate structures he had helped put across, a few minor court decisions he had won. In all those ten years his name had appeared in the *New York Times* just once—on the list of Ohio delegates to the Democratic National Convention of 1924. But Willkie himself was headed onward and upward.

III

THE kind of lawing that Willkie did in New York for three and a half years was the same sort he had done back in Ohio, but on a larger scale. There were no big lawsuits; there was no searching and sweating and pondering in the law library. But there were plain and fancy financial deals to be put through, including the final stages of the formation of Commonwealth & Southern. And amusingly, Willkie's first job as counsel was to go straight back to Ohio and argue for permission for part of the big merger before his old friends of the Ohio Public Utilities Commission.

Most of his work, however, centered in and around the tall buildings at the bottom of Manhattan. If, in that tight little community, his talent for talking things across was winning for him a circle of influential friends, the rest of the nation, the State, even the city still knew nothing about him. The columns of the *Times* remained clean of his name until suddenly, in January, 1933, it was announced in the financial section that a Wendell Willkie had been elected president of Commonwealth & Southern.

That Willkie and Franklin Roosevelt assumed their very different presidencies in the same year was not entirely a coincidence. The halcyon, high-wide-and-handsome days of Wall Street were a thing of the past; a Democrat who talked about "economic royalists" was about to enter the White House; the Federal government had already started investigating the utilities and was sniffing with special interest at the big holding company systems. And Commonwealth & Southern's well-watered financial structure could not stand too much sniffing.

In short, C. & S., its several and useful strings to Republican Washington about to be cut, was going to need, if not a friend in court, at least someone who would not be summarily kicked out of court. Who better to represent them as contact man, front man, and head man combined than the Midwesterner with the winning way who happened to be that *rara avis*, a financial-district Democrat?

Willkie and his backers have always re-

sented the statement that he was a front-man president. They insist that he really ran Commonwealth & Southern. But the plain fact is that Willkie, although he was an able advocate of financial arrangements once they were explained for him by others, never sufficiently mastered the intricacies of corporation finance to manage with his own mind so exclusively financial a business enterprise as a holding company.

As to this, Willkie himself is the best witness. Testifying at a government inquiry in 1938 about certain financial matters directly affecting his company, and obviously and sincerely confused by the line of questioning, he finally conceded with a smile: "I make not the slightest pretense of being an expert. I know nothing except what the men associated with me tell me."

Then again, perhaps the best concrete example of Willkie's naïveté in the field of finance is the little tale he used to dust off time and again—in speeches, in interviews, before Congressional committees—to illustrate the generosity of holding companies in general and of C. & S. in particular toward the operating companies under them. It went like this:

Back in 1933, when bonds were hard to sell at a good price, Central Illinois Light, one of the operating companies in the C. & S. system, wanted to sell \$9,300,000 worth of bonds. C. & S. bought them, held on to them for a year or two, then sold them to the public for \$10,000,000. It sold them at a lower rate of interest, thus saving money for its subsidiary. Moreover—as a Willkie clincher—it turned back the \$700,000 profit, "every dime of it," to Central Illinois Light.

But it happens that Commonwealth & Southern owned 100% of the common stock of Central Illinois Light. So all that C. & S. accomplished by handing over \$700,000 to the operating company was to increase by exactly that amount what its investment in that highly profitable concern was worth; it was no gift. Furthermore, Central Illinois Light paid dividends on its common stock regularly. So the whole annual saving on the lower bond interest came right straight back

every year in the form of dividends to Commonwealth & Southern itself.

Willkie would scarcely have used this pet example of his before financially informed audiences, as he did, if he had understood that the chief beneficiary of the entire deal was his allegedly magnanimous holding company.

Yet it is more to Willkie's credit than to his discredit that he did not really run C. & S. while he was its president. The company has never been a financial success and even its preferred stock, millions of dollars in arrears, has sold for years at way below par. Willkie is wont to blame all this on the New Deal—its taxes, its regulations, its competition in the form of the TVA. Actually, it was New Deal regulation, or the threat of it, that forced C. & S. to fix up a few of the more glaring flaws in its finances and so become a slightly sounder concern. And it was New Deal competition, or the threat of it, that taught C. & S. the highly lucrative lesson that lower electric rates mean greater consumption of electricity and bigger net profits.

If Willkie needed prompting in finance, he needed none in the art of public relations. And as head of one of the nation's twenty-five largest corporations, he had finally found a podium—and with it a forum—fit for his talents. If he had been picked as president of C. & S. partly to maintain friendly contact with newly non-Republican Washington, both the contact and the friendliness were short-lived. The New Deal, making no gracious exception of C. & S., went right after the utilities and Willkie went right after the New Deal.

Once more, the *New York Times* is revealing. From 1934 through November, 1939—that is, up to the approximate date when he became a full-fledged candidate for the Presidency—the man who had been mentioned in the *Times* only twice before in his life was written about no less than 163 times in its pages. Of these items, all but a dozen dealt with his speeches, statements, appearances in Washington, and other publicity-priming activities directed either against the New Deal's regulatory and power programs or else—which amounted to the same thing—to

defense of the utility industry and its practices.

Once more too, Willkie himself is the best witness as to what his major energies were devoted to from 1934 on. For it was as early as January, 1935, in a speech before the Economic Club of New York, that he made the much-quoted statement of his then credo: "I want to say to you that no duty has ever come to me in my life, even that in the service of my country, which has so appealed to my sense of social obligation, patriotism, and love of mankind as this, my obligation to say and do what I can for the preservation of public utilities privately owned."

But Willkie and his Commonwealth & Southern system did not fight for the utilities, and against the New Deal, with words alone. They unwittingly added a new word to the language in the "spite-lines" they built to block the REA from bringing electricity to farmers. One C. & S. company, in its desperate effort to ward off the TVA, illegally subsidized a newspaper in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Lawsuit after lawsuit was tossed at the whole New Deal program, with the TVA the favorite target.

In fact, just as Willkie was now the chief spokesman for his industry, so his C. & S. system took the lead in the utilities' legal attack against the government. And although Willkie himself did not handle any of these lawsuits, he must have O.K.'d the advisability of most of them, and at least kept in close touch with the three big ones that went to the Supreme Court. The C. & S. companies lost every case.

As a direct consequence of these failures, Willkie was finally forced into a role he loved and knew how to play. His Tennessee Electric Power Company, unable to beat off or compete with the TVA, had only one choice left. That was to sell out to the government. The job of bargaining for a high price went automatically and inevitably to Willkie.

He made a good job of it, too; in fact it might be called the one real success of his career even though it was a minor victory after a major defeat. He bargained in private and in public; he drew out the bargaining and the concomitant publicity for months; and he eventually got almost

\$20,000,000 more for Tennessee Electric Power than an independent New York auditing firm, hired by TVA with Willkie's personal approval, figured the property was worth.

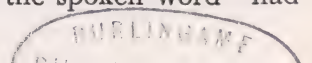
His smartest move, at one point when the negotiations seemed stalled, was his headlined offer to let the New Deal's SEC set the sales price. That this would almost surely have been illegal, that it would have held things up for many extra months, that even then it might have proved fruitless since Willkie, acting for C. & S., had no authority to bind Tennessee Electric Power's other investors beforehand to whatever figure the SEC might set—all this mattered little. The country was impressed by Willkie's apparently extraordinary fairness. Only one ungenerous newspaper reporter, who had sat in on the discussions from the start, commented: "Willkie wasn't negotiating. He was campaigning."

And even after the TVA, tired of the whole business and anxious to get on with its program, finally agreed to pay \$21,000,000-odd more than its original offer (though \$27,000,000-odd less than Willkie's original asking price), Willkie had one spectacular play to make before he left the field. On August 15, 1939, in newspapers all over the country, appeared a full-page ad entitled "Tonight at Midnight." It told, with something less than complete impartiality and—a nice touch—more in sorrow than in anger, the story of the sale of Tennessee Electric Power. It was conspicuously signed by Wendell Willkie.

Willkie used to call the TVA "the most useless and unnecessary of all the alphabetical joyrides." Instead of cursing it, he should have blessed it. For it was the climax of his fight with the TVA that first brought him into the front-page spotlight, made business-minded men throughout the nation aware of him, and started the boom rolling toward his nomination for the Presidency.

IV

THERE were other factors. There were the anti-New Deal articles that Willkie—suddenly finding a facility with the written as well as the spoken word—had



been turning out for the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Reader's Digest*. There was his genial, well-informed, quick-witted performance on the "Information Please" radio program and, earlier, his more serious debate with New Dealer Robert Jackson, broadcast to the plaudits of a Willkie-packed audience by the "Town Meeting of the Air." There was General Hugh Johnson's syndicated suggestion of him as a potential President and Willkie's bait-snapping reply: "If the government keeps taking my business away at its present rate, I'll soon be out of work and looking for a job. Johnson's offer is the best I've had yet." And there were, particularly, the articles in *Fortune* magazine about him and by him.

From *Fortune* too came Russell Davenport, another word-artist, to act as intimate adviser and private foil to Willkie. And from his clerkship in a Wall Street law office, enthusiastic and uninvited, came young Oren Root, Jr., to found those literal phenomena known as the Willkie Clubs and head up the amateur aspects of the nomination campaign.

What followed has been called a "spontaneous uprising of the station-wagon set." Certainly the wildfiring support of Willkie before his nomination—as distinguished from the votes he later received as nominee—came almost entirely from the upper and upper-middle income groups. But the power that propelled the bandwagon was not altogether amateur and spontaneous. Behind the scenes worked several professional idea-salesmen, including Bruce Barton and even Steve Hannagan of bathing-beauty fame. The financial district, led by the Morgan firm, lent its deliberately unobtrusive influence. And towering over all of them toiled that amateur in politics but past master of publicity and personal persuasion, Willkie himself.

William Allen White, who was for him, wrote of him at the time: "Don't let that adolescent smile deceive you, for it rhymes with guile and he has got plenty of it." Whether it was the smile or the guile or the ebullient eloquence, Willkie sold himself wherever he went. The last place he went, in defiance of tradition, was to Philadelphia for the Republican conven-

tion. And there it was not—as is so often claimed—the wildly cheering well-to-do, packed in the galleries, but Willkie in person, talking to delegates and talking to pests, radiating charm and confidence and sincerity, who clinched his own nomination.

Willkie was now on the crest. Political analysts have opined that if the election had been held during the weeks immediately following the convention, Willkie would have won. Even New Dealers, though a trifle frightened, were secretly pleased along with the rest of the nation that the perennially unpopular party politicians should have been whipped by a tyro at their own game. Fanned by an overwhelmingly anti-Roosevelt press, the flames of Willkie enthusiasm spread.

It was Willkie himself who all but put out the fire. His acceptance speech from his old home town of Elwood fell flat over tens of millions of radios. For once, and at perhaps the most important point of his career, Willkie's words had failed him. Whether it was the formality and momentousness of the occasion, to which Willkie with his genius for winning more intimate audiences was not so accustomed, or simply the fact that his radio delivery was poor, the content and especially the manner of the speech dropped his stock to a low from which it never completely recovered.

Willkie tried desperately to come back. Aware that his strongest appeal had always been to a group that could see him, he undertook a cyclonic 30,000-mile tour during which he talked himself literally hoarse and almost voiceless. Anxious to please and eager to win, he grew careless of consistency; tailoring his words to his on-the-spot listeners, he contradicted himself time and again. He ignored his earlier praise of parts of the New Deal, then tempered only by criticism of its inefficient management, and began to damn it from top to bottom. An ardent internationalist, fully in sympathy with the Roosevelt foreign policy, he even threw out isolationist hints in isolationist strongholds. The thing was to use the right words in the right places and pound them across. "Just campaign oratory" was his later apology for some of what he had said.

But the campaign oratory—voluminous,

brilliant, erratic—proved not enough. Publicly, Willkie took his defeat with extraordinary grace in the tradition of the good loser. Privately he was disillusioned, deeply hurt, and more than a little bitter; he had been so sure he was going to win.

V

So Willkie—at least from the standpoint of acquiring a business address—went back to the law. In Akron, when he had become a partner in the firm of Mather and Nesbitt, its name had been changed to Mather, Nesbitt, and Willkie. Later, when he had come to New York to join the Weadock and Weadock firm as “kept” counsel for Commonwealth & Southern, the firm had become Weadock and Willkie. This time Willkie’s name went first, not last; Miller, Owen, Otis, and Bailly of 15 Broad Street, New York, became Willkie, Owen, Otis, and Bailly.

For it was primarily the prestige of the Willkie name that the firm wanted—plus any new business the name, or the man, might bring in. Willkie was never expected to carry his share of the legal work—nor has he done so. From a front man he had graduated into a figurehead.

He has performed precisely the same function as chairman of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, a title he took on more recently. The picture-producing company’s former chairman, Joseph Schenck, had just gone to jail for income-tax fraud. Twentieth Century-Fox prestige needed a bit of bolstering. Willkie was the answer.

But turn about is fair play, even in the realm of prestige; some time this year Twentieth Century-Fox is going to produce a film version of Willkie’s *One World*. And though Willkie generously gave the purchase price to war charities, the personal publicity he will receive from the showing of the film will be worth far more to him than the \$250,000 that the company of which he is chairman paid for the movie rights to the book which he wrote.

As well as holding two sinecures, Willkie has done four or five noteworthy things during the more than three years since his defeat at the polls. One of these also involved the movies. It was his defense of

the industry, as its counsel before a Senate subcommittee, against Senator Wheeler’s charges of pro-war, pro-Administration bias. Willkie handled this job successfully, but in the light of Wheeler’s unpopularity it was a heads-I-win-tails-you-lose proposition right from the start.

But Willkie’s Supreme Court argument last year, against the government’s attempt to deprive Communist William Schneiderman of his citizenship, involved no sure thing; the Court decided for Schneiderman by the narrow margin of five to three. And though others than Willkie had done all the legal dirty work of preparing the case and carrying it up to the highest tribunal, there is little doubt that his forensic contribution played some part in the result.

Nor was Willkie’s defense of a Communist in the least out of character. For the one field in which, although never too active, he has steadfastly stuck to his guns, ever since the early days in Ohio where he learned to loathe the Ku Klux Klan, is that field in which only a conservative who is stupid is likely to be illiberal—the field of civil liberties.

These two legal appearances of Willkie’s took up very little of his time; both kept him in the spotlight while they lasted. The same speed and the same spotlighting characterized his two trips abroad—the first his quick visit to blitzed London to see Winston Churchill and be photographed in a pub; the second, of course, his forty-nine-day junket around the globe, memorialized in his phenomenally best-selling book, *One World*.

One World has been called an unsophisticated travelogue. Its author has been criticized, and with no little warrant, for wooing the liberals the easy way—by preaching progressive stuff for the antipodes instead of talking or working for progressive ends in this country, where the same sort of slant might not go down so well with some of his supporters. And yet, just by contrast to the murky statements and the ominous silences about American foreign policy that the people had been getting from official Administration sources, Willkie’s uninhibited humanitarian internationalism carried a fresh and simple appeal.

It is largely because of the internationalist views which he has militantly expressed on many occasions—the ardor for whole-hog American participation in a postwar world order—that Willkie is mistrusted and even hated today by so many Republican politicians who are more cautious and more nationalist-minded than he. It is for the same reason that many liberals, Left-wingers, and New Dealers, who were damning him as Wall Street's errand boy four years back, have been increasingly attracted to Willkie as at least a second-best bet after F.D.R.

What these liberals overlook, or perhaps no longer care about, is that internationalism and a friendly feeling for Wall Street make easy bedfellows. Financial America—as distinct from business America—was almost unanimously war-minded before Pearl Harbor and has been almost unanimously world-minded since. Neither on this issue nor on any other has Willkie ever given any indication of having parted company with the powerful little group in lower Manhattan that helped push him from obscurity to prominence. If he was Wall Street's spokesman in 1940, he is no less Wall Street's spokesman in 1944.

Yet it would be absurd to suppose that Wendell Willkie is working for Wall Street today. He is working single-mindedly, consecrated as on a crusade, for Wendell Willkie for President. To this end most of his energies, his time, and his talents have been shrewdly devoted for the past three years.

His two headlined legal appearances and his two breath-taking trips were planned with plenty of publicity in view. His internationalism, genuine as it is, has been flaunted to catch the liberals; his silence on domestic and home-front issues has been meant to help the liberals forget how illiberally he talked in 1940 and before. For he figures that in a November showdown between himself and any New Dealer, be it Roosevelt or a picked successor, he has the conservative vote pretty well sewed up already—and he is right.

So the bulk of his recent time has been spent in astutely building up a compact working organization and a peripheral

following to win him the nomination over the dead bodies of the old-line party men. This sort of work is slow, unglamorous, personal-contact stuff. The weapons are words and a simple sort of charm—and Willkie has not forgotten how to use either.

But like many men who live with their words—and this may prove his Waterloo—Willkie has come to hold words cheap. To him they are merely tools to be manipulated toward an end; neither they nor their connotations have any particular sanctity in themselves. That meticulous regard for words that men call "intellectual honesty" has sometimes seemed to Willkie, bent on bigger things, an unnecessary indulgence. His spoken and written blasts against the New Deal's power program and in defense of the private utilities used to be studded with half-truths; he himself has laughed off some of the less than scrupulous language he used in trying to win the 1940 election. Today as he travels across the country, building his fences and corralling converts, the words still flow to fit and please the immediate audience. In the South he has called himself "at heart" a Southern Democrat; in Wisconsin he was "at heart" an old La Follette Progressive.

And always he talks with the full, round ring of sincerity. For just as Utility Magnate Willkie once learned and confessed that "It's an asset in my business to look like an Indiana farmer," so Candidate Willkie knows it's an asset in his new business to look and sound as though he meant with his whole heart every word he utters.

There is no doubting that, in William Allen White's phrase, Wendell Willkie is a pretty smooth guy. Whether he really has something on the ball is a question that, for all his fifty-two years of living, still needs proving or disproving. It may be that the force of circumstances, plus the warm appeal of his words, will give him the chance to prove it, beginning in January, 1945—or even in January, 1949. It may be he is fated to go down in history as a voice forever crying in the wilderness of the electorate, as a twentieth-century Henry Clay, as Wall Street's William Jennings Bryan.

GEOPOLITICS WITH THE DEW ON IT

BERNARD DEVOTO



AT SOME time during January or February of 1846 a man named William Gilpin went back to Washington. He had been there some months earlier, talking with members of the Cabinet and with the secretive President Polk. Now at the end of winter he found the city more tense and excited, more electric with premonition of great events to come. Texas and Oregon were in dispute; California might fall into our hands; war with Mexico seemed likely, war with Great Britain all but certain. Gilpin drifted through the committee rooms, boardinghouse parlors, and oyster bars that were the centers of political power and political intrigue, preaching a gospel of expansion. He was given the privilege of the floor in both houses of Congress, and more than one orator of Manifest Destiny checked his eloquence to turn to Gilpin and inquire whether he had the facts right.

Gilpin was important to Washington at that moment because he had visited Oregon. He had so much to say about the West that finally, on March 2, 1846, the Senate Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads made some of it official by reading a long letter from him into the record. It led up to a recommendation that the government open mail service between the Missouri frontier and the settlements in Oregon, a proposal sufficiently breathtaking but modest compared to some which Gilpin was to make later on. The

whole letter is a document in nationalism, a compendium of the intoxicating dreams of the 1840's—that mixed, turbulent, intense decade when there seemed to be no limit to American achievement and no necessary bound to American hope. It ends with a declaration about “the mission of the North American people,” to which we shall return.

The *Dictionary of American Biography* says that Gilpin was a visionary, which is true enough. But events may bring him back out of history's twilight and show that he was something more as well.

William Gilpin was thirty-two when he preached the occupation of the Far West to an Administration that had already arranged to occupy it. Born to a wealthy, cultivated, and politically influential Quaker family, he was sent to school in England. When he returned he entered the University of Pennsylvania; H. H. Bancroft says that he was tutored for it by Nathaniel Hawthorne, but I have been unable to verify the statement. Later he spent a year at West Point. He tried but failed to get service in Spain against the Carlists, read law for a while, and finally took his commission in the Army during the Seminole War. He was ordered to Florida by way of Missouri and there, probably, acquired the passion for the West that ruled his life. After the war he applied to lead an Army exploration to the mouth of the Columbia River—he

asked, that is, for the role which was to be assigned to Frémont a few years later. Political tensions and the depression of 1837 had chilled expansionism, however, and the Army could send no expeditions west. Gilpin resigned and moved to Independence, Missouri, the depot of the Santa Fe trade and the jumping-off place for Oregon. He practiced law, edited a newspaper, speculated in land—and stored his mind with the facts and fantasies of the West as traders, trappers, adventurers, and emigrants funneled them through Independence. His desire to see the wilderness intensified and finally, in 1843, unable to join a caravan, he started off alone. Fortunately Frémont, just beginning his second expedition, overtook him. Gilpin traveled to Oregon with Frémont, then struck out alone. He saw more of Oregon than Frémont did, met the British and American empire-builders along the frontier of conflict, and in the spring of '44 started back to the States. He routed himself through dangerous Indian country, much of it far from the trails, but he got back in time to vote for Polk and 54° 40'.

Gilpin had all this behind him when he reported to the Senate in March, 1846. Four months later the great wave had broken, the westward flood was on, and Gilpin was in the Army again. As a major in Alexander Doniphan's First Missouri, he marched with Stephen Watts Kearny's Army of the West to the conquest of New Mexico. In October and November he led an amazing expedition to the Canyon de Chelly, and then he went on with Doniphan to fight the Battle of Sacramento and occupy Chihuahua. He was one of the insubordinate optimists who believed that this regiment of farm boys could go on and take Mexico City as well, but Doniphan thought otherwise and Gilpin had to be content with tamely completing the most remarkable march in American history. In the winter of 1847 and in the spring and summer of 1848 he was back in the Indian country, battling the Comanche away from the Santa Fe Trail.

After his Indian campaign Gilpin settled down in Missouri. He was one of the little syndicate that laid out Kansas City.

He lived there till the Civil War, studying the West, studying the energies that were remaking America, and developing a vast, complex theory about the course of civilization.

In 1861 Lincoln made Gilpin governor of the new Territory of Colorado. He had a turbulent term and political pressure at last forced his removal. But he saved Colorado for the Union and helped to save New Mexico. He spent the rest of his life in Denver; like Kansas City, the town became a bench mark in his developing theory. Also he acquired the famous Sangre de Cristo Grant, more than a million acres in the San Luis Valley of Colorado. He made a comfortable fortune from it and it too had a place in the system he was working out, his theory about the United States and the future.

That theory is what concerns us. We must keep in mind some of the great events which Gilpin either participated in or observed at first hand: the conquest of the Far West, the opening up of the gold fields in California and Colorado and Montana, the development of silver mining in Nevada and Colorado, the building of the railroads east of the Mississippi which (as much as any other single force) won the Civil War for the North, the winning of that war and the preservation of the internal empire, the building of the Union Pacific, Central Pacific, and other transcontinental railroads, the settlement of the West, the vast expansion of industry. Such events were packed with revolutionary meaning for the United States—and for the world. He would be a confident man today who thought he understood them completely. Gilpin, an energetic, versatile mind, spent his life trying to understand them and trying to express the meaning he found in them—and even more the meaning he sensed but could not grasp.

His science was early nineteenth century, which is to say that much of it was *a priori*, deduced, generalized, falsely systematized, and therefore wrong. Much of his extrapolation, though based on persuasive data and worked out with rigorous logic, was sheer fantasy. Nevertheless his system contains also remarkable intuitions and anticipations, and his vision

of the future in America, perfumed though it is with the optimism of a simpler age, may be worth scrutiny today. In it one sees America learning to think continentally, at a moment when the nation could exult over achievements unlike anything else in history. It is an America still ignorant of frustration, still confident, still sure that the future will be majestic. Also it is an America vividly aware of energies which, though we have grown progressively to disregard them, have not yet spent their force.

I confine myself to two books, *The Mission of the North American People*, published in final revision in 1874, and *The Cosmopolitan Railway*, published in 1890. Gilpin had many talents but literary organization was not among them; the books, though richly rhetorical, are chaotic. In a single article I can only outline the theory they contain, and perhaps the first thing to say is that they constitute, or almost constitute, a geopolitics. Gilpin was the first American geopolitician, perhaps the first of all geopoliticians, if we exclude the temporarily Americanized German Friedrich List, whose writings unquestionably influenced him. But mention of List highlights a fundamental distinction. If Gilpin constructed a geopolitics it was a science of peace, not of war. If he believed that the North American people had a divine mission he believed that that mission was to inaugurate an era of lasting peace.

II

READED in the science and philosophy of the first half of the nineteenth century, Gilpin necessarily assumed that there was an ascertainable order in nature. A work which set out to ascertain that order, Humboldt's *Cosmos*, traveled the West in his saddlebag. He found in it confirmation of the ideas which his first exploration of the Rockies had suggested to him, and some of his cornerstones are Humboldt-adapted and -applied. In particular he used Humboldt on his way to the key idea by which he interpreted the past of civilization, his idea of the Isothermal Zodiac.

He explains that the Isothermal Zodiac is a belt averaging thirty degrees wide

across the Northern Hemisphere. It crosses the continents at their widest expanse and the oceans at their narrowest contraction. Through it runs the Axis of Intensity, an isothermal line representing a mean annual temperature of 52° Fahrenheit. Since other factors as well as latitude affect the location of this Axis, it undulates and does not always run midway through the Zodiac, but it can be generalized as the Fortieth Parallel. Near or actually on the Axis have been built the "primary" cities of history, the dynamic foci of civilization.

The Isothermal Zodiac extends south from the southern part of the Scandinavian Peninsula to include the inhabited parts of North Africa. It covers all of Europe south of, approximately, St. Petersburg, all but the southern tip of Arabia, India, China, and Japan. An extremely important fact is that it contracts as it crosses Asia: most of Siberia lies north of it. But it curves northward again and crosses the Bering Sea to include the southern quarter of Alaska. Crossing Canada it contracts southward again, as it does in Asia, but the corresponding return-curve takes in Newfoundland and part of Labrador. At the southern limit it includes the West Indies and almost all of Mexico.

The Isothermal Zodiac, Gilpin says, contains the climates and geographical conditions most favorable to civilization. Ninety-five per cent of the white race live within it. And here, he points out, have arisen and flourished all the empires in which "society has attained its largest numerical strength, reaching the highest level of intelligence and the longest duration." Furthermore, "inwards and converging on [the Axis of Intensity] have always passed the periodical migratory and military movements of the human masses." The empires which sum up history are "the Chinese, the Indian, the Persian, the Roman, the Spanish, the British, and finally the republican empire of the people of North America."

(He adopted Max Müller's primordial conception of the Aryan peoples. Although the modern German-race myths were developed out of it, it was originally tentative and un-Teutonic. Gilpin classified the Egyptians and the Jews as Aryans. He could not make Aryans of the Chinese,

however, and had further difficulty bringing them into his system. Their civilization seemed paradoxical; certainly they had imperial genius but it was incoherent and limited. He expected more from the Japanese, who, he thought, must eventually come completely within Aryan culture.)

North America—from southern Mexico to the middle of Canada and including nearly all of the eastern and western littorals—lies within this Isothermal Zodiac. A much larger portion of this continent than of any other, Gilpin points out, has the topography, climates, and soils that create civilization and encourage its progress. That is a fact of absolute importance; it is one of the imperative, determining facts of human life. But there is another equally decisive fact, the configuration of the continents, on which he establishes his second master generalization.

North America, Gilpin says, is a vast bowl; it is concave. Its mountain systems are longitudinal and extend along its edges. The Appalachians at the east and the bifurcated system at the west—the Sierra Nevada and the Sierra Madre or main range of the Rockies—shape it so that it slopes downward toward the interior center, the Mississippi Valley. They also give its river systems coherence. The affluents of the Mississippi are themselves fed by affluents so that their network completely covers the great valley. Moreover the St. Lawrence, the Columbia, and the Colorado have coherent systems, harmonize with the master system, and permit access to it. The result is a natural, orderly system of communication. This beneficent geography facilitates trade, emigration, and government. It tends to amalgamate peoples, not differentiate them. It is centripetal: it harmonizes customs and cultures, establishes a single language, accelerates the exchange of ideas, and makes for unity. In North America there is a fundamental geographical unity, a continental unity. Already it has imposed political and cultural unity on the United States, making it a continental nation.

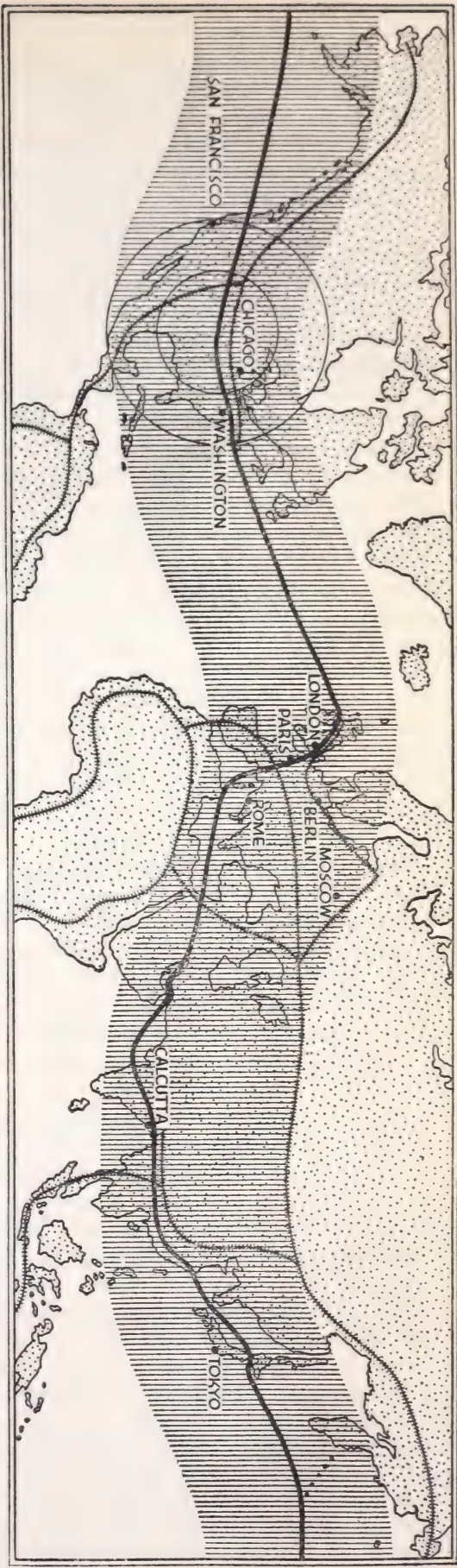
On the contrary, Gilpin says, Europe and Asia are inverted bowls, they are convex. The Alps and the Himalayas are not the edges but the centers of continents.

They are barriers to continental unity. Moreover they are latitudinal, not longitudinal, and so the rivers that fall away from them are not interconnected; they are discrete. They do not form a system. They do not facilitate communication, trade, the exchange of culture, or the development of a common consciousness. Instead, the immutable facts of geography have had a disintegrating effect. They have broken up both continents into a multitude of small states, different languages, jealous, envious, and frequently backward peoples forced to compete with one another for the means of life. Whereas the configuration of North America impels the inhabitants toward common centers and integrates their life, that of Europe and Asia drives them away from centers and forbids integration. Hence in those unhappy continents the history of mankind has been the history of war.

Here we must move forward more than half a century (for Gilpin's basic ideas were formed by 1850) and glance at the findings of the British geographer, Sir Halford Mackinder. Gilpin tended to disregard South America as a mere "feeder" continent because it is outside the Isothermal Zodiac. Mackinder goes him one better by treating North and South America as a mere island because they are outside what he considers the fundamental land mass of the world, which he calls the World Island. Gilpin had treated Europe and Asia as separate continents; Mackinder makes them a single continent, the important part of the World Island.

Now Eurasia, this single continent, naturally divides into two parts. One part is a belt of lands running from Japan along the water margin to include Scandinavia, lands which have easy access to the oceans. This belt is partly oceanic and partly continental; Mackinder calls it the Inner, or Marginal, Crescent. North of it is a vast expanse which has no access to a navigable ocean but is wholly continental; Mackinder calls it the Pivot Area or the Heartland.

If you map Mackinder's and Gilpin's divisions, they appear to be almost identical. Mackinder's Inner Crescent is almost exactly Gilpin's Isothermal Zodiac



GILPIN'S WORLD, SHOWING ISOTHERMAL ZODIAC (shaded), AXIS OF INTENSITY (black line), AND COSMOPOLITAN RAILWAY



MACKINDER'S WORLD

SIOWARD

as it crosses the World Island. His Heartland is almost exactly Russia and Siberia north of the Isothermal Zodiac.

Like Gilpin, Mackinder regards the Inner Crescent as the most favorable human habitat, the seat of civilization, and the belt of empire, past, present, and to come. The area north of it, the Heartland, is even more important in his system than in Gilpin's. The same facts of geography, climate, and communications, though refined by a more exact science and given a radically different interpretation, impel him as they did Gilpin to formulate a theory of civilization. The Inner Crescent (the Isothermal Zodiac) contains the lands most favorable to human life. Consequently the peoples who live there have always had to defend those lands against invasion by peoples who lived in the less favorable Heartland—who have periodically been forced out to attempt conquest. History is the story of those invasions and the resistance to them. But civilization arose, has been maintained, and has progressed through the necessity of the Inner Crescent to defend itself. Civilization is a function of the conflict between the Inner Crescent and the Heartland.

Hence Mackinder's famous aphorism of 1919: "Who rules East Europe commands the Heartland; who rules the Heartland commands the World Island; who rules the World Island commands the World." The present war lay coiled within that saying. Mackinder had been forced to it by a belief that in our time the human race had rounded a decisive turn. The Columbian era (the era of exploration and colonization) had ended, there were no more new lands, and from now on humanity must live in a closed geographical system. His conception of the World Island, moreover, produced another fundamental thesis, that an era of military power had also come to an end. Up to now imperial power had always been derived from sea power, with its ability to paralyze trade and to transport armies with maximum speed. But henceforth the development of railroad systems and the probable development of air transport (in 1904, when Mackinder first expressed this thesis, he foresaw the importance of aviation but, strangely, ignored

the automobile) would outflank, frustrate, and overthrow sea power. The World Island could now be crossed faster than it could be circumnavigated, trade and supply could move across it secure from navies, the bases on which sea power was absolutely dependent could be captured from the land side, and control by nations of the Marginal Crescent of, for instance, Suez, Gibraltar, Panama, or the English Channel would be irrelevant.

Haushofer and his school of German geopolitics took over these ideas whole and developed them into the theory of strategy in accordance with which the Nazi state prepared for the present war. In a word, Mackinder believed that the development of Russia was the greatest single fact of the nineteenth century, that Russia's place in the Heartland put her square at the strategic focus, and that the world war which from the early 1900's he felt to be inevitable might indeed establish a world empire if an alliance between Russia and Germany should be effected—"who rules the World Island commands the World." Haushofer's geopolitics was aimed at commanding the world by ruling the World Island. It set out to restore the *Drang nach Osten* and to repair the critical mistake of 1914 by effecting the alliance with Russia which had been the policy of Bismarck and in fact of every prophet of Pan-Germanism from List on. Unquestionably the German General Staff accepted this strategy. German geopolitics must necessarily conclude that when the Nazi party overruled the General Staff and attacked Russia it thereby lost the world empire for which it had begun the war.

Presently we shall see the place in the world system which Gilpin assigned to Russia. Here we must note that he also predicted the decline of sea power. The superiority of land transport which he argued, however, was concerned with peace—with commerce, the exchange of cultures, and the development of brotherhood—not with war. The system of interior communication which the rivers of North America provided was to be improved, extended, and eventually superseded by a vast system of railroads. As soon as he returned from helping to continentalize the nation with the

conquests of '46 he began to agitate for the Pacific Railway. Thus we find him early in '49, haranguing a party of California-bound gold-seekers, demanding its immediate construction and prophesying an enormous increase in energy from it. He went on propagandizing.

Soon the United States east of the Mississippi was crisscrossed by tracks. By 1869 the first transcontinental railway was built. Others were begun. And every detail of Gilpin's prophecies was fulfilled—the West was settled, the national wealth multiplied, a tremendous increase of commerce and manufacture followed. But if so great an advance was possible in the United States, where geography was favorable, how important was it to triumph over unfavorable geography elsewhere by this same means! So Gilpin launched his dizziest dream. It is said that List was the first prophet of the Bagdad Railway. Gilpin invented it too, but only as a minor detail. He proposed what he called the Cosmopolitan Railway. Quite literally, it was to cover the earth.

The Cosmopolitan Railway was to cross the three principal continents, keeping as close as might be to the Axis of Intensity and emerging from the Isothermal Zodiac only to run up the coast to Alaska, cross the Bering Strait by car ferry, and work southwestward to re-enter it at the corner of Manchuria and Mongolia. A main branch was to run to Calcutta and there were to be three trunk lines across Europe. Besides the main road there were to be feeders, one down the Malay Peninsula and across Java and Sumatra to Australia, one (of two prongs—across the Strait of Gibraltar and the Isthmus of Suez) to Africa, and one through Mexico and Central America to South America. On reaching their respective continents, these feeders were to be built completely round them, to unify the predictable internal systems.

Gilpin's orderly geography promised him that nature had provided a practicable route, that there would be no engineering difficulties greater than those which the Union and Central Pacific had surmounted. National rivalries which might have stood in the way, he decided, would vanish before the advance of political

science which he held to be implicit in the nineteenth century—primarily because the victory of the North had preserved the continental republic. And though the indicated capitalization was astronomical it would not prove to be a serious problem. The wealth which the building of the railroad would create need not even be mortgaged, for construction was certain to reveal orderly deposits of precious metals in the Asiatic mountains, precisely like those in the Sierra and the Rockies.

American experience made clear what the outcome of such a gigantic achievement would be. Agriculture, commerce, manufacture would spring up in the wake of the Cosmopolitan Railway; wealth would increase many fold. But greater things would follow. Barbarism, ignorance, tyranny, injustice, cruelty would yield to the civilization thus brought to the wastelands. The American railroads had enhanced our unity, had in fact welded it forever, and therein was the clue to universal peace. For the true importance of the Cosmopolitan Railway was that it would transcend the geographical convexity of Europe and Asia. It would overcome the barriers of discrete rivers and latitudinal mountain ranges. It would unify disparate peoples, join together those whom nature had driven asunder, and impel nations which geography had condemned to periodic war to work harmoniously together toward common ends.

III

THE foregoing is an outline, considerably simplified, of Gilpin's system. Much curious lore and tropical fantasy supported it. I have had to ignore arguments, solutions of problems, and applications of a deuces-wild science which he considered fundamental. But we must glance at one of his ventures in pure ecstasy.

When he first began to compose his system he decided, like nearly everyone who studies the United States, that the weightiest fact in our national life was "the most magnificent dwelling place marked out for man's abode"—the Basin of the Mississippi. His theories of configuration and climate calculated for it

an imperial population of 1,310,000,000. Its 22,000 miles of navigable rivers and its railroads would give it a corresponding imperial wealth. More fundamental, however, was the fact that this great valley had given the United States political unity. A national personality—and incidentally a national physique—was being evolved there. The valley which had made a single race of the Indians was making one of the Americans. We were becoming “a people one and indivisible . . . preserving the same civilization . . . imbued with the same opinions and having the same political liberties.” The Basin had shaped the United States as a civilization; it was similarly shaping North America; eventually it must shape the world.

Then Gilpin moved to Colorado and decided that, just as the Mediterranean Basin had its Pillars of Hercules opening on the Atlantic, so the Basin of the Mississippi had its South Pass opening westward on wonderland. He would rename it the Pillars of Washington, to signify its grandeur. And when he came to live in the part of wonderland called San Luis Valley his ideas, already vertiginous, soared into the stratosphere. He had laid out Kansas City at the center of the Mississippi Basin and so, he then thought, at the center of nature's order. But he found that Denver was an even more important prime city and the area to which it was attached was even more important than the great valley.

That area was the region between the main Rockies and the Sierra Nevada; Gilpin called it the Plateau of North America. Here his theories of geography, geology, mineralogy, ethnology, “thermal science,” rainfall, agriculture, mining, and industry blended in incandescence. American geographical conditions, the most fortunate in the world, reached their happiest climax in the Plateau. American climates were the most favorable but for every department of human activity the Plateau's climate was the best of all. He had been able to estimate the eventual population of the Mississippi Basin, but the Plateau could support an illimitable population—there was no upper limit. Likewise there was no limit to its productiveness, there was not even a limiting factor, for the crops would be raised by

scientific irrigation, independent of variations in rainfall. Moreover the order of nature which ordained this supreme phase of civilization had arranged to capitalize it. The mountain system was orderly, and so the Plateau must contain culminating treasures of gold and silver, iron and coal, many other valuable minerals, and even precious stones. Advancing science was sure to find the blueprints of this treasury—in fact Gilpin revealed them—and sufficient sound money would be provided for every forward step. History showed that plateaus were peculiarly associated with progress. Civilization had first appeared in the Plateau of Syria and had risen to a high level in, for one instance, the Plateau of the Andes where Cortez found the Incas. But the Plateau of North America was a climax: here the Americans were destined to behold “the most attractive, the most wonderful, and the most powerful department of their continent, of their country, and of the whole area of the globe.”

It has worked out otherwise. The mineral order has proved more capricious than Gilpin thought, and when a more pedestrian science than his got to work on the inter-mountain West it was forced to report different findings. Just three years after the final revision of *The Mission of the North American People* John Wesley Powell published some results of a ten years' study of the arid region. Powell, the prophet of irrigation, of conservation, of intelligent land use, of community and Federal development in the West, and the prophet of dustbowls and sectional bankruptcy as well—Powell found an order in Gilpin's wonderland, but one which set immutable conditions. Only certain areas would support life, only certain soils were arable, only a fixed amount of water existed. Just so many people could live in the Plateau, they must develop institutions conformable to the conditions, they could anticipate just so much increase in wealth—and the sum, compared with Gilpin's, was infinitesimal. The West has developed in accordance with Powell's vision, not Gilpin's.

Another element of Gilpin's Western apocalypse, however, must be noted. One of the ways in which the Plateau of North

America was a focus of civilization was that two streams of emigration were meeting and merging there, the American from the east and the Mexican from the south. On the way west from the Atlantic the American people had undergone the changes which had made them a new people, had unified them, and had forged them into a continental nation. On the Plateau they were merging with a people not in the least maritime and only slightly mechanical but gifted at pastoral and mining and agricultural industries and endowed with a rich culture, and were being changed again. This fusion would be important in the finer phase of human life that was destined to appear on the Plateau, and Gilpin knew a way to hasten its development. He would accelerate the migration northward by building a railway down the base of the Rockies through Mexico. At the proper time it would be extended to South America as part of the Cosmopolitan Railway.

As his system developed it was contradictory about Mexico and Canada. At first he openly regretted that we had not annexed all of Mexico following '46, was willing to repair that mistake at any time, and predicted that we must eventually take Canada either by force or by persuasion. Later he decided that both nations would join us in recognition of their interests, and his final conclusion was that perhaps Canada could remain outside the system permanently. But usually he thought of both nations as subject to the same centripetal forces that had governed our development. Mountains, rivers, climates, railroads, everything that had acted on the Americans was acting on the Canadians and Mexicans to the same end.

In short, the forces that had made the United States a continental nation, a political entity with a common consciousness whose living space stretched from ocean to ocean, were irreversible and must go on. The nation was not yet co-extensive with the continent, though the continent was also a harmonious unit. The procession of the nineteenth century indicated that we must become not only a continental nation but a continental people, and not merely the American people but the North American people.

IV

UNDERNEATH its rhetoric, Gilpin's reading of the American experience is essentially sound. Out of half-hostile colonies and mixed stocks the New World had indeed created a new nation which extended itself to the Pacific and maintained its identity against the disunion which would have Balkanized it, or in his word Europeanized it. What he called the "pioneer army" did in fact move westward by reasonably regular stages, altering and recreating the nation. Behind it another "army," constantly enlarged by a rising birth rate and by immigration from Europe, did in fact multiply the national wealth by developing the lands which the pioneers subdued. It is quite true that our succession of frontiers perfected the instruments of self-government, democratized our society, diminished differences that might have been fatal in a smaller land area, heightened our national consciousness, and gave us an empire within our own boundaries. It is quite true that of the forces which produced the United States by far the most important was the land, the almost illimitable land lying ever westward of the settlements. One need not accept Gilpin's teleology or find his harmony in our geography, but there is no development in our history from which, without paralyzing error, that geography can be left out of account. It is fundamental in the democracy, the freedoms, and the continentalism which he held to be the foremost energies in our system of energies.

It is also true that the occupation of the Mississippi Valley and the Far West changed the Americans—that the continental people were vastly different from the littoral people. That something similar happened to the Canadians is also true. The two facts do not, however, necessarily foretell the development of a North American people. That idea is best seen historically, as one of the yeasty, recurring sentiments of Manifest Destiny. In the nineteenth century it took many forms, some arrogant, some idealistic, some down-right swinish, but it has made no appeal to the twentieth century. Though Gilpin thought it essential to his system, it was

really as irrelevant to his results as his theory about the orderly production of gold, his "thermal science," or the dilemma of immigration which he was unable to resolve. It was not indispensable to his climax, the far-off divine event to which his whole creation moved.

Gilpin observed another phenomenon of his time which seemed to be working toward that climax, the development of Russia. He applied to it the same geographical incantations and he came out with a parallel that was almost an equivalence. In expansion, in increase of wealth, in abandonment of tyrannies (serfdom and Negro slavery), in heightening of energy, the United States and Russia were following significantly similar paths.

Europe had moved westward to America and the United States had moved westward—to the Pacific. Russia was moving eastward—to the Pacific. And right there the meaning of the world drama was revealed. Far from being the inconsiderable island of the outer margin which Mackinder was to consider it, America was in fact the center of the world. The movement of civilization—of communication, of trade, of progress—was twofold, from the east westward and from the west eastward. Here was the United States, its whole expanse within the Isothermal Zodiac, its area perfectly bisected by the Axis of Intensity. The straight line of world communication ran square across us, by rail from New York to San Francisco, as compared with the uneconomic detour by Cape Horn or even Panama. Beyond question that line was also the line of empire. Here we were, irresistibly pulled toward our own finest environment, the Plateau of the Table Lands—toward Denver, toward the crest of the Sierra. On this site our highest phase would develop and from it we should dominate what lay beyond. Our final orientation would have us looking down, westward, from our Plateau toward our Pacific shore. The final orientation of Russia would symmetrically correspond. Therefore, with our system of energies completed and implemented, there could be no doubt of our manifest, final destiny. Gilpin quoted, "the fulfillment of a master role in the history of civilization can no

more be evaded by the United States than it could be by their prototype, the Roman republic."

The implementation, however, required one final step. Remember that Gilpin's system rested on two theses: that the geography of North America was harmonious and favorable, and that the geography of Europe and Asia was unharmonious and unfavorable. The centuries of warfare in the unhappy continents were a result of that geographical disharmony—which science at last had power to reduce. The construction of the Cosmopolitan Railway would transcend the disharmony of world geography. Clearly Russia and the United States must construct it—and not solely because they would profit most from it. "The extremes of customs, politics, and cultivation tend to unite" the two nations, he said.

Probably there are fewer opportunities for disagreements and jealousies than may be found among any other of the first class powers. . . . Both are among the largest and strongest among civilized powers, both in territory and population, and both are growing larger and stronger while the other powers of christendom are falling into decay. Build this railway between them, and America and Russia may join hands against all the rest of the world on any issue, military, commercial, and industrial. Then indeed this back way to India of which Columbus dreamed . . . will become the chief highway of the nations, the front and finishing line of progress, circling round the warm and hospitable Pacific, whose shores are pregnant with limitless undeveloped resources, leaving the cold Atlantic to those who choose to navigate it. . . .

Well, the *Dictionary of American Biography* uses the word "visionary" and I have already called such bursts as the above fantastic, even apocalyptic. Yet however fantastic Gilpin's system may be, and however dubious the science which supports it, I think that even Professor Toynbee would concede that it achieves a generalization about the movement of history—perhaps that it is quite as valid a generalization as, say, Oswald Spengler's. But let us come closer home.

Two or three years after the passage just quoted was published two other thinkers, equipped with scientific theories more up to date than Gilpin's but holding beliefs about the function of gold and silver as strong as his, set out to discover the

movement of history. Through the letters of Brooks and Henry Adams during the 1890's Russia, "that polar mystery," flickers like an anxious ghost. Russia, Henry said, was "impenetrable" but nevertheless was "our true point of interest." Finally their science, which happened to be mechanics, revealed the movement of history. The Christian philosophy had once unified Europe (which was chaos to Gilpin) but the increase of mechanical power (which Gilpin thought of as unifying) was disruptive. Society was breaking up and two eccentric forces were hastening its disintegration. One of those forces was Russia, the other was the United States.

Fifty years after the Adams brothers bent to their task it is not evident that their scientific metaphors were any more valid than Gilpin's. Their method was essentially the same as his, to pluck data out of the *Zeitgeist* and then sit and think and think and think. If Gilpin made creation pivot on the city of Denver, the Adamses were impelled to make it pivot on the frustration of their grandfather. If Gilpin's metaphysical geography was not quite watertight, neither was the mechanics of the Adamses, which extended theses about the equilibrium of forces into areas where Willard Gibbs forbade them to apply. From the perspective of history all three reflected the expectations of their countrymen, Gilpin at the height of mid-century hope, the Adamses at the moment when the failure of nerve called *fin de siècle* was beginning to set in.

When Sir Halford Mackinder constructed his theory of imperial power he left the Americas out of account. He may have been looking down a resolutely British nose; at any rate events have shown that he made a mistake, that Gilpin was nearer the truth. The Adams brothers made an even more serious mistake. They disregarded altogether what many millions of Americans had accomplished in a full century west of the Back Bay. Gilpin took it into account. West of the Back

Bay those millions had shifted the national center of gravity and with it, he decided, the world center of gravity. But it is striking that Mackinder, the Adamses, and Gilpin, groping among inscrutables to make out the shape of the future, all ended by deciding that Russia would be momentous in it. The Adamses were clear: Russia and the United States were eccentric motions and would produce chaos. Gilpin was just as clear: between them Russia and the United States would reduce world chaos to world order.

Come back to him on March 2, 1846, addressing the Senate Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads:

The untransacted destiny of the American people is to subdue the continent—to rush over this vast field to the Pacific Ocean—to animate the many hundred millions of its people and to cheer them upward—to set the principles of self-government at work—to agitate these herculean masses—to establish a new order in human affairs—to set free the enslaved—to regenerate superannuated nations—to change darkness into light—to stir up the sleep of a hundred centuries . . . to emblazon history with the conquest of peace. . . .

And so on. How rhetorical, how bumptious, how offensive! The eagle is screaming with the naïve arrogance that long made us a derision in the eyes of more sophisticated peoples. Doubtless all that is true—so one is diffident about pointing out that the American people proceeded straightway to accomplish a large part of what Gilpin was urging on them, some of it within six months. Ninety-eight years later, moreover, he might find backers for his notion that the United States and Russia were to reorient the world and shape the future from their respective shores of the Pacific. A few might even join him in believing that they were in a position to emblazon history with the conquest of peace. At least the rhetoric serves to remind us of a time when the American people neither lacked confidence in themselves nor dreaded what might lie ahead of them.

THE KIND OF FREEDOM WE NEED

A Letter from a Soldier Overseas

JOHN B. VORIS

Technician, Fifth Grade



Many months after we had published, in our August issue, "Why Not Try Freedom?" by President Henry M. Wriston of Brown University, we received a fifty-three-page letter replying to it. This letter was far too long—and too hurriedly written—to publish in full. But we were so much impressed by the fact that a soldier on active duty, coming upon Mr. Wriston's article in an old issue of Harper's somewhere overseas, had felt impelled to sit down and take it to pieces, paragraph by paragraph, writing on scratch paper (both sides) as he attacked what he called its "platitudes," "half-truths," and "fallacies," and also by the fact that even under these circumstances he had been able to do original and constructive thinking on the problem of freedom in a world in which big business flourishes, that we resolved to print the letter in condensed form. Our own summaries of his text appear in italics.—The Editors

MR. VORIS begins by setting up his target, summarizing what seem to him the main points of Mr. Wriston's argument:

The program which Mr. Wriston advocates boils down to this: make the common sense and common honesty of the common man our common reliance; establish democratic processes as the guide to action; repudiate administrative management; insist on government by the people; accept boldly the dangerous doctrine of freedom, repelling every suggestion that safety is more important; open the avenues of opportunity for youth; banish privilege; multiply production, do not divide it.

Bureaucracy, Mr. Wriston says, is intrinsically reactionary. It is reactionary, he maintains, to return the citizen living in self-discipline, freedom, and free insti-

tutions to the authority of experts at a distance, even if it is done in the name of freedom from want. Call on the common man to meet the hazards of freedom manfully, to suffer without complaint in the interests of liberty. The best form of efficiency is the spontaneous co-operation of a free people.

All of this, stated in these general terms, is, in a way, above attack. It is only when we examine our difficulties with more regard for their very real origins and causes that we lose confidence in Mr. Wriston's simple cure.

THEN Mr. Voris begins to shoot at the target. First he attacks the idea of "making the common sense of the common man our guide." It sounds well, he says, but how practical is it? The common sense of the common man cannot solve unaided such problems as those of unem-

ployment, inflation, world trade restrictions. At best, says Mr. Voris, the common man checks and chooses those who, whatever their faults, must exercise this initiative for him.

Next, Mr. Voris attacks the idea that the democratic process can always be a guide to action under modern conditions. How? he asks. Should a town meeting decide on Federal public works? Should workers or customers elect the factory manager and formulate his policies? Should a national referendum decide on the proper tariff levels? Surely, he says, our only hope is that the people can choose between those leaders whose views are sound on such complex and technical issues, and those who cannot be trusted. The more expert and articulate members of society will continue to argue these things out and the common man will say yea or nay.

Coming to Mr. Wriston's proposal that we should repudiate administrative management and bureaucracy, and that, accepting the dangerous doctrine of freedom, the common man should be ready to suffer manfully in the interest of freedom, Mr. Voris warms to his counter-argument:

Here is the real core of Mr. Wriston's program. Now let us get down to brass tacks. Just which of these would he do away with: the Interstate Commerce Commission, government control of food and drug labeling, government supervision of banking, government intervention in labor affairs, the TVA, social security, government control of monopolies and utilities? The common man, Mr. Wriston seems to think, should be willing to suffer that these reactionary and freedom-destroying measures should pass away.

But just how much real freedom would the abolition of these things give us? Freedom for us means freedom of jobs; the freedom of action that comes automatically in this country with better income, automobiles, better food, better health, a house with a lawn; freedom from being pushed around by the masters of business in an economy where jobs may be scarce. Freedom of speech and assembly, the right to strike, the right to vote, equality before the law—these are the all-essential means of winning the real freedom of action we all want. In general, how much have the agencies I have mentioned circumscribed real freedom, how much have they extended it? On

the result of the judgment of the common man on this point must Mr. Wriston depend for the common man's support.

I don't think that even he could maintain that those hated agencies have, so far at least, run counter to the hopes of the common man. They were created, usually with public approval, specifically to obtain a kind of freedom that the government could find no less objectionable method of obtaining. The hand of the government, and of large sections of the public, was forced by a necessity they were not able to resist in the past and will not be able to resist in the future.

Mr. Wriston's protests are unavailing as long as they do not give a formula for escaping these pressing situations. Is a simple abolition of government-in-business a solution? Is this the cause of our troubles? Did it make low wages, unemployment, overproduction, or underconsumption? Did it create labor unions and the conflict between labor and capital? All these a free economy developed for itself. Government was a late arrival, called in as a last resort to make all too often a bungling effort at helping. Actually, if the time comes when the poverty and insecurity that we are asked to bear in the interest of freedom form the principal context of our lives, even our political freedom will be irretrievably lost.

As Mr. Wriston says, bureaucracy is the enemy of democracy, for authority is too far removed from the people to be controlled by them and the people's interest and skill in politics deteriorates. But also, large enterprise of any sort poses some very difficult questions for democracy. Monopolies in land and resources are also its enemies. The co-ordination and control of large enterprise—whether in manufacturing, merchandising, or farming—call for the concentration of power in a few hands. Monopolies of resources do the same thing. And how will I stand equal before you at law, in politics, or in self-respect, if with a wave of your hand you can condemn me to poverty or give me fortune?

In a community where most businesses are small it is comparatively easy to achieve economic and political independence, Mr. Voris continues. The middle-class democracy of America has

depended in the past on "an enlightened and self-confident middle class of substantial size, made up of shopkeepers, independent farmers, professional men." But as political power falls away from this class—as factory laborers, farm laborers, and white-collar "labor" of all sorts become the predominant class both in numbers and (more gradually) in political power, and the heads of big business and the officials of a vast governmental system are likewise grasping disproportionate political power—how can our freedom be maintained?

It is folly, says Mr. Voris, to expect to do it by returning to small enterprise. Big enterprise is here to stay. Not only is it more efficient, but a nation of small enterprise would be helpless militarily before better organized enemies and we would lose even our national independence. No, says Mr. Voris, our effort to maintain free institutions "must be made within the context of modern industry and business." How?

II

THEN Mr. Voris begins to break new ground:

There are certain conditions that must be achieved if we are to protect both our freedom and our progress. The common man, on whose integrity everything depends, must have independence under law in his job. He must be able to speak his mind in front of his employer, to undertake legal defense of his substantial rights in his job, and his employer must be powerless to curb him. There is no free land today, so his job—the basic economic asset he possesses—must be, like the ancient Englishman's house, his unassailable castle. His job must be established as his inalienable property, so long as he produces efficiently, regardless of the individual likes and dislikes of his employer and fellow employees. But for inefficiency the employer must have power to punish him or to curtail his income.

The civil service system achieves half of this: the employee is secure in his job; he often openly votes against his government. But the government has no effective way of enforcing efficiency. Consequently government service is often characterized by laziness and inefficiency.

One means of achieving this kind of worker independence might be the crea-

tion of joint boards, open to employer and employee, operating under strict impersonal rules and subject to review by courts too high to be prejudiced.

The worker must come more and more to identify himself with his job, to feel that the prosperity of the business is his as long as he chooses to claim his rights in it. His objection to piece work (based on failure to trust his employer, failure of his increased efficiency to improve his ultimate position) must be overcome. And his piece-work rates, once fairly established, must not be arbitrarily questioned by his employer, no matter how profitable a thing the worker makes of it. This idea is essential. The unassailable property right that a man holds in his job—under conditions in which energy and ability bring their reward and no other man is able to interfere—must be the keystone of the new freedom, just as the unassailable property rights of the independent farmer in his land, or merchant or professional man in his business, with which no other person or official could interfere, were the keystone of everything that made the old freedom possible.

As farming becomes bigger business, some form of co-operative farming may be indicated. Profit-sharing projects are to be welcomed. Management-sharing projects are also desirable if they meet the proper standards of efficiency. But I am not an industrial democrat. The manager's rights must be circumscribed sharply, but his rights, responsibilities, and authority within these limits should be absolute and inalienable in businesses requiring central and expert management. His right to extra reward for extra achievement should be unquestioned. No assembly of ordinary people can efficiently manage a business; power must be delegated under law stringent enough to nurture responsible independence.

Of course the positions of management must be open to those best qualified to fill them. Suitable education must be generally available. Authority should belong to those who are able skillfully to combine capital and labor and to discharge adequately their legal obligations to both. Those managers who fail should be removed. Inherited wealth, the key

to inherited privilege, should be limited till it is powerless to protect its holders from the practical necessity of supporting themselves, if they are of normal ability. The right to establish and control a new enterprise should belong to anyone able to command the confidence of holders of needed capital and to discharge his legal responsibilities to capital and labor. In case of failure it should be no defense that the manager is still in control of capital. A new manager, selected by methods defined by law, should assume the founder's authority and right to financial reward. Needed public enterprises, run on public capital, should be similarly managed, the standards of good management being carefully determined by disinterested authority, and compliance therewith and rewards for successfully maintaining them being determined by disinterested inspection and being reviewable at court.

III

THIS is a new sort of ideology as against the old idea that a man's business was his property to do with as he pleased, and the only independence that labor needed was the right to withhold labor. The old idea lost its usefulness with the passing of free land, and will constitute little more than slavery until we can somehow or other establish an ever-hungry labor market. The alternative to a balance of power between management, labor, and the public is dictatorship by management. Dictatorship of the proletariat is an illusion: the dictatorship becomes the management and dictates in its own interest.

It is a healthy thing that the little man should be suspicious of, and jealously limit, the man of great authority. In great power there is an inherent tendency to corrupt. On the other hand, when the individuals of the managing class, like the professional men of today, see their rights limited but find that their authority within those limits is safe and that they are able to improve their situation by effort and efficiency, it is reasonable to suppose that they will fall in with the new scheme of things.

The agencies needed to give our measures effect would be by nature semijudicial

rather than administrative and would not be so subject to the charges of bureaucracy as are our present mushrooming emergency agencies. There would be a sizable industrial-control establishment, but it would not be of a business-running sort in competition with the prevailing kind of business. Under law, men would work out production problems under the stimulus of income-making motives. Government control would be by the legislative, rather than the administrative, branch.

Of course the working of such a system would require continuing effort to perfect proper and suitable methods. Democratic political organization, freedom of the press, conservation of national resources, monopoly in land and other limited sources of wealth—these would remain as problems yet to be dealt with. But the fact that we had a system *that worked* would make such problems much easier of solution. And if it were made compulsory to spend all uninvested portions of one's income, the business policy of producing a large volume to sell at low prices would be automatically stimulated. There would be an altogether encouraging environment for new enterprise.

I HAVE come a long way in pursuit of Mr. Wriston, a seemingly endless way. I have suggested many remedies that occurred to me for problems he has recognized, but do not pretend to have said the last word. It may be that Mr. Wriston has answered many of my objections in his book, but I think not. I think that, reacting emotionally to our so far unsuccessful attempts at reform, he has stolen the vocabulary of liberalism, while his policy would lead unintentionally to reaction. He has wished away and ignored our new problems, has assumed with shocking naïveté that they would yield to old solutions. His disregard of our new difficulties, his apparent utter unconcern for the "how" of implementing his designs, his reliance on inspirational phrases, noble in their import but not intended to be taken as the guide to the more mundane secrets of social and economic mechanics—all this in my opinion makes his counsel about as useful as the Kellogg Peace Pact and about as safe.

SAN FRANCISCO LOOKS WEST

The City in Wartime

JOHN DOS PASSOS



I. *The West Faces East*

IT WAS the foggy end of a drizzly day. Along the lunch counter of the Ferry Dock Tavern gray-haired men in overalls and leather jackets were eating oyster stew. A set of hamburgers sizzling on the electric plate sent little wisps of the smell of scorched beef up through the cigarette smoke. From outside, through the loosely slapped together boards of the frame building, came the hoots and howls of steamboat whistles. Through every crevice the fog seeped into the tavern, bringing with it a tang of rotting evergreens and giving faint ruddy halos to the bare electric light bulbs. Against the window-panes and the glass of the door the white fog pressed snugly as flannel.

Across from the lunch counter every stool along the bar was taken. Behind the seated drinkers stood a row of men waiting for places. A skinny yellow-haired waitress with buck teeth moved back and forth with trays of beer between the end of the bar and the booths of yellow-varnished fir at the back of the room. Now and then the barkeep, a weazened grizzled man with a slabsided look as if sometime in his life he had been passed through a rolling mill, made a hoarse exasperated noise like a seal's bark to get the thronging customers who were waiting

to quench their thirst at the bar to make way for the girl and her tray of empties.

In front of me a stocky black-jowled man in a tightly buttoned pea jacket was addressing a very young blank-faced sailor who sat on the next stool with his blue pancake cap pushed far down on his forehead.

"You are the most hated nation on the face of the earth," he was shouting in the sailor's ear. The sailor gave a gulp and looked down glumly into his glass. The black-jowled man raised his beer thoughtfully against the light and drank it down and wiped his mouth with the hairy back of a hand that had the points of the compass tattooed on it in red, green, and blue, and made the assertion again, louder: "You are the most hated nation on the face of the earth and don't you forget it."

"I only said mebbe it ud be a short war," mumbled the very young sailor.

"Short war hell!" shouted the black-jowled man, scowling under the visor of his sea-going cap that had weathered a streaky green. "It's goin' to be all war from now on. You got to fight your way to the top yet. . . . Another beer, Joe," he added in a hoarse pleading aside in the direction of the barkeep, who was staring at him with a sour look on his flattened countenance. The barkeep answered

with one of his barking yawps and started to draw the beer. "And you're asking me," the black-jowled man went on, looking up and down the row of weather-worn faces turned blankly, most of them, toward the dusty cock-pheasant that stood guard over the wine bottles above the bar-keep's head, "you are asking me why you are the most hated nation. I'll tell you; it's because you got the most to eat, and the most to drink, and the most to wear. You can sit down with the war on and eat a turkey dinner if you want one. You can sit down and drink a glass of beer."

"Like hell I can," muttered one of the men waiting for a seat at the bar.

"You can make yourself sick on wine or get yourself a snootful of whiskey. Maybe you can't get a steak whenever you want it, but you can fill yourself right up to the neck with good hot beef stew. And all those colored peoples all over the mighty oceans, they ain't got a goddam thing. The little yellow Japs, they fight on a handful of rice. In India they are fallin' down dead in the streets from hunger. The Russians live on a potato a week. The limeys ain't none too fat. Every port you make across the mighty oceans they are hungry and wretched and they see your cooks throwin' pork chops over the side. . . . That's why you are the most hated nation. . . . You got to fight your way to the top, boy."

An old bleary wino in a checked suit who was slumped over a glass of port wine with a beer chaser at the next stool raised his eyes and stared thoughtfully at the black-jowled man and gave a long shuddering belch that made all the flabby creases on his neck quiver. "This beer," he whispered peevishly, "makes a man sick."

The very young sailor's face was queasy pale. With a shaky hand he shoved his cap down hard onto his forehead so that the band pressed the damp hair down in yellow spikes over his eyebrows. He straightened himself up and drank his beer down at a gulp. His face puckered up as if it had been castor oil he had been drinking. "That's all right, pardner," he said briskly. "We'll take 'em island by island."

"Sure you will," said the black-jowled man. "And you and me'll be crow's meat before it's over. We got to cross the mighty oceans and hit 'em in the solar plexus . . . but there in the fog across the mighty oceans, they are waiting to get you. . . . Joe, another beer."

For the first time the barkeep showed his yellow teeth in a smile. He had taken a cardboard sign out from under the bar. Holding it in both hands he reached his skinny arms up to place it on the shelf in front of the pheasant. He stood looking up at it with admiring approbation as if he had just finished lettering it himself. What it read was "No Beer."

A gasp went along the bar. Already the men who hadn't found seats were filing out of the door. Talk at the tables and along the bar quieted down. The place all at once was as quiet as a bird cage that's had a cloth thrown over it.

II. *View of the Pacific*

IF you happen to be endowed with topographical curiosity the hills of San Francisco fill you with an irresistible desire to walk to the top of each one of them. Whoever laid the town out took the conventional checkerboard pattern of streets and without the slightest regard for the laws of gravity planked it down blind on an irregular peninsula that was a confusion of steep slopes and sandhills. The result is exhilarating. Wherever you step out on the street there's a hilltop in one direction or the other. From the top of each hill you get a view and the sight of more hills to the right and left and ahead that offer the prospect of still broader views. The process goes on indefinitely. You can't help making your way painfully to the top of each hill just to see what you can see. I kept thinking of what an old French seaman said to me once, describing with some disgust the behavior of passengers on a steamboat: "*Le passager c'est comme le perroquet, ça grimpe toujours.*"

This particular morning was a windy morning, half sun and blue sky and half pearly tatters of fog blowing in from the Pacific. Before day it had been raining. I had started out from a steamy little lunchroom where I had eaten a magnifi-

cent breakfast of eighteen tiny wheat cakes flanked by broiled bacon and washed down by fresh-made coffee. They still know how to cook in old San Paco's town. In my hand was a list of telephone numbers to call and of men to go to see in their offices. It was nine o'clock, just the time to get down to work. Instead of turning down in the direction of offices and the business part of town, I found I had turned the other way and was resolutely walking up the nearest hill.

THIS one is Nob Hill, I know that. I remember it years ago when there were still gardens on it and big broken-paned mansions of brown stone, and even, if I remember right, a few wind-bleached frame houses with turrets and scalelike shingles imitating stone and scrollsaw woodwork round the porches. Now it's all hotels and apartment houses, but their massive banality is made up for by the freakishness of the terrain. At the top, in front of the last of the old General-Grant-style houses, I stop a second to get my breath and to mop the sweat off my eyebrows.

Ahead of me the hill rises higher and breaks into a bit of blue sky. Sun shines on a block of white houses at the top. Shiny as a toy fresh from a Christmas tree, a little cable car is crawling up it. Back of me under an indigo blur of mist are shadowed roofs and streets and tall buildings with wisps of fog about them, and beyond, fading off into the foggy sky, stretches the long horizontal of the Bay Bridge.

Better go back now and start about my business. The trouble is that down the hill to the right I've caught sight of accented green roofs and curved gables painted jade green and vermilion. That must be Chinatown. Of course the thing to do is to take a turn through Chinatown on the way down toward the business district. I find myself walking along a narrow street in a jungle of Chinese lettering, interpreted here and there by signs announcing Chop Suey, Noodles, Genuine Chinese Store. There are ranks of curio stores, and I find myself studying windows full of Oriental goods with as much sober care as a small boy studying

the window of a candy store. The street tempts you along. Beyond the curio shops there are drug stores, groceries giving out an old drenched smell like tea and camphor and lychee nuts, vegetable stores, shops of herb merchants that contain very much the same stock of goods as those Marco Polo saw with such wonder on his travels. In another window there are modern posters: raspberry-and-spinach-tinted plum-cheeked pin-up girls and stern lithographs of the Generalissimo; a few yellowing enlargements of photographs of eager-looking young broad-faced men in cadets' uniforms. The gilt lettering amuses the eye. The decorative scrollwork of dragons and lotus flowers leads you along. You forget the time wondering how to size up the smooth Chinese faces. At the end of the street I discover that an hour has passed and that I have been walking the wrong way all the time.

I come out into a broad oblique avenue full of streetcars and traffic. Suddenly the Chop Suey signs are gone and now everything is Spaghetti, Pizze, Ravioli, Bella Napoli, Grotta Azzura, blooming in painted signs along the housefronts. There are Italian bakeries and pastry shops breathing out almond paste and anise. In small bars men sit talking noisily as they drink black coffee out of glasses. Restaurants smell of olive oil and spilled wine. I cross the street and at the top of another hill catch a glimpse of a white tower shaped like a lighthouse. That must be Signal Hill.

As I walk up through a shabby light-gray cheerful quarter where all the doorbells have Italian and Spanish names, and where the air out of doorways smells of garlic and floor polish and there begin to be pots of geraniums on the tops of scaly walls that conceal small gardens, or carnations now and then on a window sill, it suddenly feels like the quiet streets back of Montmartre or, so many years ago, Marseilles. I reach the top of Signal Hill just in time to take refuge in the tower from a spate of driving rain.

From the tower I look down into a swirl of mist, shot with lights and shadows like the inside of a shell, that pours in from the ocean. Now and then the hurrying mist tears apart long enough to let me see

wharves crowded with masts and derricks or an expanse of bright ruffled water—and once, rank on rank of sullen-looking gray freighters at anchor. Two young men in khaki are standing beside me, squinting to see through the rain-spattered glass.

"Boy, it won't be long now," says one.

"You mean before we are stuck down in the hold of one of those things."

"You said it." They notice that I am listening. They exchange reproachful looks and their mouths shut up tight and they move away.

When I leave the tower the sun is beginning to burn through dazzling whiteness. There is blue in the puddles on the paved parking place on top of the hill. It has become clear that this isn't any day to call up telephone numbers or to pester people in their offices. It is a day to walk round the town. And the first thing to do is to get a look out through the Golden Gate.

I PLUNGED down the hill in the direction of the harbor, lost my bearings in a warehouse section, found myself beside a little stagnant inner harbor packed with small motor fishing boats painted up Italian style; and then took a freshly painted cable car to the top of another hill. I got off and set out along a street of frame houses that seemed to be leading me in the direction of the ocean. The houses were all alike, painted cream color, with jutting bay windows and odd little columns on each side of the front door. I walked on and on through the pleasant mild sunlight, expecting to see the ocean from the top of each rise.

Eventually the sight of a hill steeper than the rest, topped with green shrubbery and tall gray pillars of blooming eucalyptus trees, made me change my course. From up there you must be able to see the ocean and the Golden Gate and everything. I got up to the top, puffing after a stiff climb. The hilltop was a park. All the city and the Bay clear to Oakland and the bridges and the hills opened out in every direction at my feet. But not the Golden Gate, though I could see the high straw-colored hills beyond. And toward the ocean there was only a bright haze.

An old Mexican was raking fallen

eucalyptus leaves and scaled-off bark into a bonfire that trailed stinging sharp tonic-flavored smoke across the path. At the very summit of the path, cut off from the wind by a hedge of shiny-leaved privet, four whiskered old men were seated round a green board table playing cribbage. It was quiet and sunny up there. The billowing blue smoke cut them off from the city. There is something very special about the smell of burning eucalyptus leaves. In the light fragrant air of the late morning the old men sat in relaxed attitudes of passionless calm. They held their cards with the detachment of gods on Olympus. They weren't smoking. They weren't talking. No one was in any hurry to get along with the game. Their pleasure wasn't in the sun or the air or the immense view. Maybe it was just in being alive, in the gentle ambrosial coursing of the blood through their veins, in the faint pumping of the heart. That may have been what the Greeks meant when they wrote about the shadowless painless pleasures of the spirits in the Elysian Fields.

I had stopped in my tracks to look at the four old men, and they all four looked up at me and craned their necks at the same moment. They showed such startled surprise at seeing me standing in the path that I might have been a spook from another world. Maybe I was. I hurried off down into the city again.

Eventually I had to ask my way to the ocean. Somebody said I ought to take a car to the Cliff House. Somewhere in the back of my memory there was connected with that name a park on a cliff, full of funny beer-garden statuary under pines—and the disappointment as a child of not being able to spot a sea lion among the spuming rocks off the headland. The streetcar, a full-sized normal streetcar, rattled along through a suburban section of low stucco houses and across wide boulevards planted with palms, described an S through pines down a steep slope, and finally came to rest in a decrepit barn beside a lunch counter. I stepped out onto a road that curved down the steep slope to the old square white restaurant, and farther round the headland to the broad gray beach, where slow rollers very far apart

broke and growled and slithered inland in a swirl of gray water and were sucked back in spume.

I went out and leaned over the parapet of the observation platform. The blue-gray Pacific was clear far out to where a fog bank smudged the horizon. Coming round from the Golden Gate—which I still couldn't catch sight of—a gray patrol boat showed white teeth as it chewed its way seaward into the long swells. Still no black heads of sea lions bobbing around Seal Rocks. . . . A few gulls circled screaming over the platform.

Beside me three very black G.I.'s stood in a huddle staring out at the ocean. Farther along two sailors had their backs turned to the view and were watching with envious looks a boy and girl in sweaters and slacks who looked like high-school kids, and were giggling and horsing and pushing each other around. A sergeant of Marines, very snappy in his greens, strutted out of the building that houses the slot machines; a girl with a blue handkerchief tied round her yellow head was holding onto his arm with both hands. For a couple of minutes the two of them stared hard out to sea as if their eyes could pierce the fog bank. Then they hurried back indoors to the slot machines.

Leaning on the parapet over the hushed and heaving expanse of misted indigo that marks for most Americans the beginning of the Pacific Ocean, I wondered what these two had been thinking. I suppose there's the same question in all our minds when we look westward over the Pacific. Beyond the immense bulge of the world, is the ocean ours or is it theirs? When we've made it ours, what will we want to do with it? The young men in uniform know they are going to have the answer to that question printed on their hides. No wonder they keep their lips tight pressed when they stare out toward the western horizon.

IN THE restaurant on the level above, the tables are all full but the eaters are very quiet. There are many family parties. Old people and middle-aged people brooding around a young man or woman in uniform.

At the table next to mine there's a white-haired man and woman and a stoutish lady with pixie frames on her glasses who's evidently a doting female relative and seems to be somewhat in the way. They don't take their eyes off a first lieutenant in khaki with a close-cropped black bullet head and ruddy cheeks who looks barely old enough to be in high school. The minute you see them you know that the old people have come to say good-by. Maybe it's their last meal together. They are all trying to be very self-possessed. The father is always starting to tell little jokes and neglecting to finish them. They keep forgetting where the salt cellar is on the table. The mother handles the plate of rolls when she passes it round as if it were immensely breakable. They fork the food slowly into their mouths. None of them knows what he is eating. All their motions are very careful and precise as if they feared the slightest false move would break the fragile bonds that are holding the day together for them. The slightest fumble, and these last few hours will be spilt and lost.

It's very different at the table between mine and the window. There a slender young Air Force major, with dark curly hair already thinning on either side of a high forehead, is taking out a strikingly pretty dark-haired girl. She might be his sister. There's something slightly similar about the way the two of them are built, about the way the nostrils are set in their noses. Or she might be his girl or his wife or just the right chance acquaintance. They have had cocktails and oysters. The waiter is bringing them a bottle in a bucket of ice. They have ordered abalone steaks. They aren't saying much but their eyes are shining and they keep looking at each other and at the wine glasses and at the food on their plates and at the fog bank creeping toward them across the black ocean as if they'd never seen anything in the least like these things before. They think they are alone in the restaurant. It's not so much that they are smiling at each other as that smiles are bubbling up all around them. Time, you can see, stands still for them.

BETTER get going. I had begun to feel lonely. The rest of my lunch didn't have much flavor to it. Coming out of the restaurant, the fog pressed clammy against my face. I turned up my coat collar and went shuffling up the hill toward the streetcar line. My coat felt suddenly out at the elbows. Everything about me felt shabby and frayed. Maybe it is that there are many things a civilian in wartime feels out of.

III. Spout Toward the Orient

"COME out here before it's too dark to observe the military secrets," said the man I had come to see, ushering me right through to the back of his apartment after he had opened his front door for me. We looked down at the dark-blue harbor sheened with lights and the grim shape of Alcatraz and the gossamer elegance of the bridge, and at the high hills beyond, a smoldering burnt-ochre in the last flare of the afterglow. "Gosh," I said.

"Well," he went on, "that's the Golden Gate. That's the spout our supplies are pumped through into the Pacific. Even if we wanted to keep it secret we couldn't. As you have probably noticed, this town is built to give everybody a grandstand view. That's why the little Japs had to be moved. . . . The troopships, the transports, the strings of freighters we've seen go steaming out through that narrow tongue of water. . . . So narrow Drake missed it and sailed clear past. . . ."

"We used to think of it as the back door of the continent."

"Maybe it'll turn out to be the front door . . . the military phase has hardly begun yet. . . . Then after we have cleaned up the Japanese what will be next on the program?"

The color had faded out of the sky. Everything was drowned in transparent indigo. Pinpricks of light throbbed yellow in the moist air. Right under our feet at the wharves where freighters were being loaded and unloaded clear round the clock, shapes of smokestacks, hoists, and cranes stood out inky against the white glare of floodlights. Across the Bay a shipyard glowed like a forest fire.

We turned away from the window and

sat down in the warm orange light of the room. My host's wife, who had been bundling two small squirming sharp-eyed children off to their suppers, came back bringing in some drinks.

"The Army and Navy have done an immense job in the whole Bay region. The war's been the salvation of this city. That's the truth. A few years ago we were dragging along the bottom. Nobody could talk about anything but class war. Now the Bay region has been turned into a pretty darned effective machine for repairing ships and spouting supplies out to the Antipodes. The state of mind round here has changed so much we hardly know ourselves. Five years ago the San Francisco waterfront was a strictly capital-versus-labor proposition. Of course it's always been a labor town. Black was black and white was white. The working-class leaders told their boys the business men were trying to introduce fascism. The Chamber of Commerce boys thought Harry Bridges was hellbent for communism. And in a way they were both right."

"What changed things? Hitler's jumping Stalin?"

"That wasn't the whole story. Of course that changed the line of talk of the comrades . . . but the hiring-hall system really works now."

"Maybe one of the reasons people are turning on the New Deal all over the country is that so many New Deal measures have worked."

"How's that?"

"People forget how badly things were working before the New Deal moved in."

"Might be. . . . The best example of the change around here is in the election for mayor we had last week. People had come to feel that the present incumbent, an elderly florist, was hopeless. I don't suppose he's any worse now than he has been right along. But everybody suddenly woke up to the fact that he was abject, so we had three other candidates. One was an oldtime politician who seemed to us to represent simply liquor, prostitution, and gambling—strictly gravy train. Another was a young progressive with what they call a good labor record; he was endorsed by labor. The third was

the man who had been president of the American Hawaiian Steamship Company, who was way out front in the employers' groups and had bought tear gas and brought in scabs to fight the longshoreman's strike. . . . Halfway through the campaign the CIO decided their man, the young Galahad with a good labor record, was running behind. They promptly knifed him and switched to the old ward heeler with the gravy train to try to beat the steamship king. The result was that everybody got sore and confused and the steamship magnate got elected, though he spent less money than the other candidates. . . . What I'm trying to bring out is that he couldn't have been elected without getting a good slice of the labor vote. . . . Of course he's changed too. He's been to Washington on one of the labor boards and he's probably learned a good deal. He's a man of ability. I think he's going to make a very excellent mayor."

"And the ships are getting loaded."

"We're not loading as fast as the East Coast but efficiency is improving all the time. Labor did a little too good a job convincing our longshoremen that they oughtn't to kill themselves for the boss. Now that the comrades have gone into reverse and are whooping it up for the war effort they aren't quite so persuasive. . . . But we've really made great strides. The union hiring halls work well under government supervision. The railroads have simplified the handling of freight trains so that the San Francisco yards now run clear across into the mountain States. The central control boards take a lot of the load off the dispatchers. Trains aren't run out to the wharves until the boats are ready for them. At the control the position of every train is marked with lights on the board. Switching is done automatically, just like toy trains."

"Doesn't that mean that the men of the rank and file are pretty keen for the war effort?"

"You better go ask 'em."

His wife came in to tell us that dinner was ready. Before going to the table we looked down again into the inky gulf of the Bay, as full of busy twinkling lights as the sky overhead.

IV. *The Longshoremen Settle Down*

OUTSIDE it was raining. We were sitting in my small hotel room. Something old-fashioned about the lamp and the armchairs and the window curtains, something about the scrubbed white paint on the often repainted woodwork, made me think of a room I'd had years ago overlooking the Old Port in Marseilles. The young man had walked in bareheaded with a longlegged stride, shaking the rain out of his hair and sliding out of his wet raincoat as he came. He didn't smoke. No thanks, he wouldn't take a drink. Just getting over a stomach ulcer. Working too hard? Maybe. After we had talked of one thing and another I asked him if getting the waterfront straightened out was such a tough job as all that. Plenty tough, he said.

Then after a pause he leaned forward in his chair and burst out, "God damn it, people in this country are wonderful, they are so wonderful it makes me feel like crying when I think of it."

He paused again and then started talking eagerly. "You have to get around out in the Pacific a little to see how much some guys are doing with how little. I was out there four months. I work with the Army though I'm not in the Army. That gives me a better chance. I don't get tied up with the ritual. They even had me talk to one of the grand moguls in Washington over the phone. He'd sent orders a certain boat had to be turned around within twenty-four hours and somebody had to tell him why it was impossible. Loading ships is a business full of definite limitations. It's like packing a trunk. There's a limit to the number of men you can put to work in the space. . . . My, he was mad when I explained the setup to him. He asked me who the hell I was. I was just a mere civilian so there wasn't anything he could do. It just was not possible. . . ."

He leaned back in his chair and moistened his lips with his tongue. Then he brought the fingers of one hand across his forehead with a gesture of brushing away fatigue, and straightened up. "Now at least all the stuff that comes into this town gets loaded and pushed out into the

Pacific as fast as they can handle it on the receiving end.

"Well, those guys on some of those islands out there, they just about do the impossible. Honestly they do. Unloading alongside a dock with wharfing facilities and unloading heavy equipment on a coral reef or with lighters on a beach full of mangroves, with nothing to work with but a few hoists and the principle of the lever, is something else again. Enemy action is the least of your troubles. Usually there's one guy—a corporal or a sergeant or at most a second loot who's had longshore experience—and he's expected to unload the stuff and carry it up to the depots in the jungle. And that's that. He has to imagine up the tools and the men to do it with. What each one tells you is for God's sake send me a couple guys who know how. . . . Only a couple guys."

He paused again. "I hope this is the sort of thing you want to hear. I'm so full of it I can't talk about anything else. Alongshore here we're not doing so badly now. The main trouble is trying to get the boys to put in the kind of work they used to put in in the old days before the strikes. The old speed-up system was slavery and it was stopped and it ought to have been stopped. . . . The longshoremen were down then and now they are up. Harry Bridges did a wonderful job as an organizer. My people weren't exactly on his side of the fence in that little argument, so we ought to know. . . . He got the longshoremen their pork chops. He did it for sincere and idealistic reasons. . . . But at running the union once it's set up he's no good at all. He can't carry his people with him.

"I don't know whether he's a member of the Communist Party or not and I don't care, but he certainly believes in their philosophy and he put up a wonderful fight for it. He convinced a lot of people around this town, but he didn't convince the longshoremen. They are no more communists than rabbits. The longshoreman around here is a special kind of a critter. He's a Scandinavian mostly. He's independent as hell. He tends to be a middle-aged man with not too much brains or ambition or he wouldn't have

stayed a longshoreman. Or else he's just too ornery to do other kinds of work. Or else he likes the life. He'd been getting a raw deal all around the lot and he was sore and Bridges came along and showed him how to get his pork chops. Now he's got a pretty good system worked out to spread the work, he's got all the work he wants to do, he's getting good pay, and you can talk to him from hell to Christmas about the second front and how this is a people's war and all that and he won't bat an eyelash. He's sitting pretty. He's got plenty to eat and plenty to spend for whiskey and plenty of work to do tomorrow and he's sitting pretty.

"Hell, I can't exactly blame him. I can understand that point of view. But it breaks your heart to see one of these same kind of guys—he gets something in him that's more than pork chops—splitting himself in two to do a job unloading material on some godforsaken atoll. . . ."

He got to his feet. "Well, I've got to run along. Did you ever notice," he added, grinning, "that it's a hell of a lot easier to talk about things than to get them done? Don't get the idea that we aren't going to speed up the loading of ships around here. It can be done and it's going to be done."

THE next morning I was in the office of the committee the government put in to get the various elements along the waterfront working together. A serious-faced grizzled man was drawing a curve for me on the back of an envelope. "It's been a long pull," he said, "but in the last few months there's been a steady improvement." He tapped the place with his pencil where the ascending curve left the paper. "As far as the longshoremen are concerned our business has been to get the slowdown out of their heads. It took the union a long time to drive it in. You remember 'The Yanks aren't coming.' . . . When it came to driving it out again the comrades were helpless. It was at their request we took over supervision of the hiring halls."

He had introduced me to a stocky Irishman with crisp dark hair and dark-blue eyes who acted as trouble shooter for the government along the waterfront.

His broad shoulders and big thick-fingered hands had the look of having done some mighty heavy work in their day. His hands were white and smooth now. He had been an organizer in the union in the knock-down-and-drag-out days of the fight for organization. Now he was organizing for Washington. He was headed down to the wharves. I asked if I could go with him.

We walked down Market Street together. "One thing," he was saying, "is it's hard to get the boys to believe the work's goin' to last. They been on the bricks so much in the old days they can't help tryin' to spread the work out so it'll last. They can't get it into their heads that now there's plenty work for many years to come."

"Do you think there is?"

"Sure. This Pacific business ain't begun yet."

The hiring hall was a little like a small-town railroad station. It was noon and most of the gangs were out. Only a few big shaggy men in work clothes belted tight at the waist were looking up at the bulletin board where jobs were announced. Beside it there was the ticket window where they handed out the work slips. On the other side was a larger board full of numbered holes with small plugs in them. Every man had a number, and by the position of his plug the men in charge of the hiring hall could tell where he was working and what gang he was on. "If a man don't turn up we ring him on the phone to see what's the matter. If we can't get him that way we send somebody after him to see what's what. If he's off fishin' or on a drunk or somepin' we want to know the reason why."

"It looks simple enough."

"Wasn't so simple till we got it worked out."

He led me up a stairway at the back. "I'll show you where they make out the pay checks." At a door at the head of the stairs a sharp-faced man with his big work gloves tucked in the back pocket of his overalls was knocking and knocking.

"What's the trouble?" my guide asked him.

"Been off sick. I want to know about my compensation."

"This ain't the place. That's way across town." He told him an address waited until the man had shambled off down the stairs, and then gave the door a couple of sharp rattatats with his knuckles.

When the door opened he showed his big white teeth in a grin. "You have to know the combination to git in here," he whispered to me, "or else the boys would have them driven crazy. . . . I thought I'd spare yez the trouble. I sent him off to chase himself," he announced in a loud roar as we stepped into the room.

I was introduced to several elderly men who sat stooped over ledgers in the gray light that came in through tall old-fashioned windows. My guide explained: "The men are paid through the union. If there's any dispute about time or overtime we have the figures right here. Since we had this system goin' we've had very little trouble. I think everybody's pretty well satisfied all around."

"Well," he said, as he ushered me out again, "you wanted to see some long-shoremen. Suppose we step around to a couple bars. Some of 'em'll be tricklin' in for a bit of a drink. This is the hour they knock off for dinner."

THERE was an air of well-being at the long bar that stretched from the window into the dim interior of the building. Along it stood a row of big men bulging out of their work clothes. Big profiles stood out in the slanting light, chins thrust out, Adam's apples, hooked noses, jutting cheekbones, brawling mouths, snaggle-teeth under mustaches tobacco-stained to the color of shredded wheat. Along the line tiny whiskey glasses winked and bobbed, each lightly held between a grimy thumb and forefinger. Cusswords shot out of the corners of mouths, filthy phrases were wiped off casually on knotted backs of hands. Here and there a fighting epithet was slung down the line, to be picked up and tossed languidly back with a smile, the way a ballplayer warming up might catch a lightly curved ball and pass it back not too hard. Newcomers whammed friends on the back; men turned round and leaned way back on their heels to shout welcoming abuse at an old acquaintance. Ponderous banter was heaved back

and forth, and then suddenly stopped when somebody got interested in an anecdote or a serious conversation. There was no tension. These were tough heavy-fisted men who had been around and they weren't worrying.

Among the faces along the bar there were some with bleared eyes and boozy mouths and square heads, heavy and battered as the packing cases they handled all day; but here and there a countenance stood out: a ruddy fisherman's face full of fine creases radiating from the mouth and eyes; or the lean-lipped face of a hunter; or a canny hired farmhand's face; or one of those faces, clearcut in repose, that stamp on your mind the plain human majesty of a man at ease in the strength of his body and the certainty that what he knows how to do he knows how to do well.

The proprietor kept his own bar, a bit of the green isle of saints if I ever saw one, laying about him at his customers in a brogue so rich you could grow shamrocks on it, storming up and down back of the bar on his toes like a boxer at work with a punching bag, drawing the beer and pouring the whiskey and wiping the time-darkened mahogany off with a rag, and bringing a big pale-knuckled hand down fast on a stack of coins—and all the while ducking mock reproaches and slinging wads of abuse out of his big mouth.

When the barkeep laid eyes on my guide he leaned over toward him. "It's a cold day, Freddy," he said in a throaty fatherly whisper. "You'll have a spot of first-rate Irish on the house, you and your friend, won't you now?"

We couldn't very well refuse so we put it down with some pleasure. We ordered up a couple more. "Pat, my friend here's askin' me what you think of the New Deal?" my guide asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Washed up," said the barkeep, cutting the suds off three glasses of beer. "Goin' from bad to worse," his voice rose. "The dirty deal I call it. And the worst of it is these subsidies. Of all the dirty deceitful measures for tyin' the farmer and the producer and the consumer up in another tangle of government red-tape regulations! We're regulated off the earth already. And it's liberty we're supposed to be fightin' for."

"You talk like a Republican. Aren't your customers mostly Democrats?" I asked.

"The boys was Dimocrats sure when they was hungry and sore, but they are sittin' pretty now, and the way things are goin' in Washington with the waste and the chicanery and the taxation and the rationin' it wouldn't surprise me if every man jack of 'em voted the Republican ticket."

He stood with his shoulders spread looking up and down the bar. My guide blinked and made a kind of a face. Men stood listening with their glasses poised. Nobody answered back one way or another. Then the horsing and the kidding started up again. Time for one more drink before going back to work.

V. *Town of Hello and Farewell*

IN THE seat next me in the limousine going out to the airport was a little red-headed girl from Memphis. Her husband was a Naval officer. He had just been ordered to Rochester, New York. She'd never been to Rochester, New York. What was it like in Rochester, New York? Did I know whether it was on the lake or not? Wouldn't it be nice to live on a lake? Golly, she hoped she'd get on the plane. Her place was conditional. She sure had her fingers crossed. If she could get off on that plane she could make Rochester as soon as he did. Wouldn't that be fun?

In the front seat on one side was a quiet pale-faced Army captain, and on the other the neatly dressed pretty little stewardess who was going out on the outgoing plane. Between them sat a sailor. He was high. He'd got in that morning from the islands beyond the blue bulge of the Pacific. He had eighteen days' leave. He'd been out in the Theaters for a year. He'd just got over malaria. He was going to get home that next morning before day. "The wife's waiting for me and I never seen the baby . . . it's a little baby boy," he kept saying. He had a pint of whiskey in his blouse that he kept hauling out and offering around. The stewardess said if he drank too much of that she might not be able to let him on the plane. "Sure you

will, sister," said the sailor. "I only got eighteen days."

The Army captain, who was a stiff sort of fellow, finally was prevailed upon to accept a drink. "Where we was," said the sailor, "it was fifty dollars a quart. . . . I only paid fifteen for this from the bellhop at the hotel."

"You oughtn't to have done that," said the stewardess. "That's too high."

"Better than fifty dollars a quart. It was after hours and besides there was more of it," said the sailor. "Considerable more. . . . Where we was the Japs came down every evening to bomb right along the same groove between the hills like they'd built a railroad track up there. They sure gave us plenty hell. Brother," he said to the Army captain, "those Japs are good."

"Oh, we'll clean 'em up in short order," said the Army captain gruffly.

"I didn't say we wouldn't clean 'em up. I said those Japs were good."

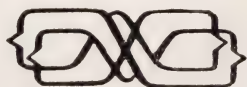
"Sailor," said the stewardess, "you'd better put that flask away before you get to the airport. I wouldn't like not to be able to let you get on the plane."

"Sure you'll let me get on the plane.

Sure you will. . . . I got eighteen days to see the wife and the little baby boy."

When we reached the airport the young lady at the ticket counter was very sorry. She had long telephone conversations with somebody but she was very sorry. No room on that flight. At least not for us. But nobody cared much when they saw the sailor, his bushy brows drawn together into an expression of portentous dignity, walking out of the gate toward the plane shoulder to shoulder with the poker-faced Army captain. He didn't drop the bottle. He didn't fall down. He made it. On a bench in a corner the little red-headed girl from Memphis sat hunched over her suitcase crying because she couldn't get on this flight.

The incoming passengers were still milling around waiting for their baggage. In the center of a group of old people, young people, small children, a very young round-faced fellow in an ensign's uniform was hugging first one then the other and saying to each one, "Well, that completes my first trip around the world. I started out toward the west and I'm coming back from the east. That completes my first trip round the world."



HOW BASIC IS BASIC ENGLISH?

RUDOLF FLESCH



IF I were Mr. Churchill, I would not like being reduced to calling Hitler *a very bad man*, or a bomber *an air plane sending down hollow balls full of a substance with a tendency to go off with a loud noise*. But maybe Mr. Churchill did not quite realize these implications when he endorsed Basic English in his Harvard speech last September.

"Here you have," he said, "a deftly wrought plan for an international language capable of very wide transactions of practical business and of interchange of ideas. . . . It would certainly be a grand convenience for us all to be able to move freely about the world—and to find everywhere a medium, albeit primitive, of intercourse and understanding."

The next day newspapers ransacked their morgues for material on Basic English, feature articles appeared and called forth letters to the editor, and a fourteen-year-old controversy came to life again. Once more the public read about that amazing 850-word vocabulary serving all practical purposes, about Basic's eighteen verbs to end all verbs, about Basic texts and translations for foreigners studying English and for Englishmen and Americans studying simplification. Enthusiasts were answered in due course by critics who talked about "linguistic imperialism"; and finally those who should have been asked first, the scientific linguists, had their say. Their reply was cold.

"Basic English," one of them wrote in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, "does not stand today in high favor with scientific linguists. . . . It is a kind of quack based on a faulty analysis of the language process."

To those familiar with Basic English and the record of its inventor, C. K. Ogden, such an attitude is not surprising. Ogden is no run-of-the-mill philologist. He is a Cambridge University philosopher of world fame, co-author (with I. A. Richards) of that bible of semantics *The Meaning of Meaning*, editor of the *International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method*—in short, one of the most brilliant intellectual leaders of our time. Such a mind treats the drab, painstaking methods of modern linguistics with impatience and scorn. "Word-counters and text-graders" Ogden calls, in his *System of Basic English*, the compilers of vocabulary statistics, laughing at their "parrot-mentality." For him, the philosophical approach to language is as natural as the exact observation of linguistic facts is for the research scientist.

To the outsider all this looks like one more example of the familiar conflict between the professional expert and the amateur genius. The outsider usually puts his money on the amateur genius, and usually he is right. But before we jump to conclusions in this case, let us look a little closer at the facts.

II

THE Basic English controversy is, actually, not one controversy but a tangled web of five different problems. Let us consider them one by one.

First, there is the question whether an international language is desirable at all. This is very much like asking whether peace is desirable, or good will, or friendliness. It is a question only in the sense that every human effort has to conquer a corresponding amount of human inertia.

Second, if an international language is to be chosen, shall it be English? This claim is usually countered by the cry of imperialism; but as long as hundreds of millions eagerly try to acquire English as their second language, the counter-argument seems absurd. It certainly did not deter such masters of the English language as Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, Jawaharlal Nehru, or Jan Masaryk. As matters stand now, English has a long head start as the coming international language, and it looks as if it would win the race.

Third, is Basic English the shortest route to English? This, of course, is purely a question of language pedagogy. Basic enthusiasts swear by their method; other teachers prefer their own. Right now our Army teaches successfully dozens of exotic languages, using methods not at all similar to that of Basic English. We may leave the final choice to the teachers.

Fourth, how about Basic itself as an international language? But how could it possibly compete with English? How could anyone expect an intelligent Russian, Dane, or Thailander to stop at the 850-word limit, instead of going on to the language of Hollywood and the short-waves? With all respect for Mr. Churchill, the idea of Basic as a world language is absurd. If adopted, it would always remain a mere bridge to English.

Fifth, is Basic a successful simplification of English? Here, underneath the four other layers, is the heart of the problem. If it is a reliable tool for making things plain, then indeed Basic English fills a great need. If everything can be made simple by using this limited idiom, why, then, don't we put everything into Basic that has to be read and understood by

foreigners, by children, by the uneducated? Why don't we forthwith translate into Basic our laws, our textbooks, our technical manuals, our philosophy, and our science? Why don't we give Basic English the central function it should have in our civilization? Why don't we adopt it officially as simplified English?

The adherents of Basic say, of course, that this is just a matter of time and spreading the gospel. Possibly—but only if the premise is true that Basic is simpler than English.

But, then, what do we mean by simplicity in language?

III

IN A recent radio discussion, a Chinese scholar, Dr. Lin Mou-sheng, said rather casually that Chinese would be a good choice for a simple world language. This was amusing news to *Time* magazine, but it could not possibly be news to any scientific linguist. Chinese is by far the simplest of all the great languages. It has almost no grammar, no complex sentences, no tenses, moods, or inflections, no separation between verbs, nouns, and adjectives. A system of one-syllable words, the forms of which are never changed, it expresses meaning solely by word order. Skillfully manipulating a thousand or two of his little syllables, a Chinese can talk about everything under the sun. No wonder he considers his language superior to all others. It is.

Let us look at an example. A well-known Chinese fairy tale begins with these words:

There was a young man who was a simpleton. His father and mother were sorry that he was stupid, gave him money, and told him to leave home in order to learn manners.

The original Chinese version reads somewhat like this:

Have one year-few man be stupid. He father mother sorrow he stupid, give he silver, tell he out-go learn manner.

Such amazing simplicity of structure is matched by a wealth of picturesque expressions and idioms. Lin Yu-tang quotes the Chinese translation of: "How could I know what is going on in his mind?" It is: "Am I a tapeworm in his belly?"

Why, then, is Chinese not used as a model for other languages? Why don't we adapt, for instance, the principles of Chinese grammar and expression for English? The answer is, of course, that this is being done every day by those millions in the South Seas and Eastern Asia who use Pidgin English. Recently, with the campaign in the Pacific, Pidgin English has broken into the news. One writer found that its "most important rule is to keep all sentences short and simple, and never to try to make a sentence express more than one thought." And he dug up the following charming version of the Commandments in Pidgin:

Keep Sunday. Hear for papa and mamma. No kill. No make bad. No thief. No lie. No want other man his mary.

But we don't have to go to the South Seas to find simple sentences filled with short concrete words. Every skilled writer of simple English prose naturally tends toward this "Chinese" mode of expression. Here is, for instance, a recent headline:

NAZIS STIFFEN IN ITALY BUT ALLIES GAIN
BERLIN CLAIMS CAPTURE OF ISLE OF KOS
FRANKFORT BOMBED 2D TIME IN A DAY

Or the next day's:

U. S. NAVY AND PLANES POUND WAKE
5TH ARMY CROSSES THE VOLTURNO
GERMANS REPORTED SACKING ROME

Or let us look for a moment at the simple style of *True Story* magazine:

The first time our eyes met I felt lost. I had never met a man like him before. He was bluff and hearty, brimming over with good humor. He was good looking, with black hair and dark eyes. When he smiled you felt the force of his personality. . . .

Or, finally, let us see how a great writer tells a story for children. This is the beginning of Hans Christian Andersen's "The Ugly Duckling":

It was glorious out in the country. It was summer, and the cornfields were yellow, and the oats were green; the hay had been put up in stacks in the green meadows, and the stork went about on his long red legs and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother.

What all these simple passages have in common is, mainly, the short simple sentences, the large number of verbs, the reliance on word order rather than word

forms, the concreteness, the vivid imagery, and the human touch. It is perfectly feasible to define statistically these and other characteristics of simple language. Much of this has been done already by those word-counters and text-graders who drew the contempt of Basic English's inventor. Simplicity, it appears, is mainly a question of sentence structure and concreteness of expression. It can be achieved by following these five rules of thumb:

- Use sentences rather than clauses.
- Use word order rather than word forms.
- Use verbs rather than nouns.
- Use nouns rather than adjectives.
- Use words about people rather than things.

Let us keep these rules in mind for our appraisal of Basic English.

IV

ACTUALLY, Basic English has very little to do with the known facts about simple language. Ogden deliberately avoided the scientific approach, and he was not lucky enough to find the key to simplicity by accident. In fact, his two main principles make it literally impossible to be simple in Basic.

The pride and centerpiece of Basic is the elimination of verbs, with the exception of eighteen "operators." To be sure, most grammatical complications are related to the use of verbs. But to do away with them in order to save all that trouble is like throwing the motor out of a car because that's where all the nuisance comes from. Verbs, as we have seen, make for simplicity; if they are eliminated, substitutes have to be found, and the linguistic structure becomes more difficult instead of easier. That is one of the things that happen continually in Basic English. In endless repetition, one has to be, get, give, take, have, and put. The Basic speaker cannot sleep, awake, kick, jump, laugh, or act,—he has to *be sleeping, get awake, give a kick, take a jump, have a laugh, and put on an act.*

The second main element of Basic is even more absurd: I mean its limited vocabulary of 850 words, the famous list that goes on a single printed page. Such a listing may be possible for the machinery of language, the tissue which makes an

understandable whole out of a heap of words—like *the, which, an, -able, out, of* in this sentence. But to select 200 “picturable words” for the countless picturable things mankind has cared to name seems an incredible folly. Here are a few concrete examples:

In the Basic Noah’s Ark, there are *cows, goats, sheep, pigs, horses, cats, and dogs*; but there are no lions, foxes, and wolves, not to speak of giraffes, kangaroos, or baby pandas.

The Basic diet consists of *milk, eggs, bread, and butter* (for breakfast), *soup, meat or fish, potatoes, rice, and cake* (for dinner), supplemented by such extra snacks as an occasional *apple or orange, cheese, jelly, berries, and nuts*. All this is wholesome food, to be sure, but no dietitian would fail to point out the lack of essential vitamin sources like tomatoes, cabbage, spinach, carrots, broccoli, or liver.

The Basic home is furnished with a *bed, a table, a chest of drawers, and a dresser*. But it lacks such homely items as a chair, a lamp, a rug, or a bookcase, and it is not equipped with closets, a bathtub, or a kitchen sink.

And Basic England, oddly enough, would have an *army* but no navy.

Possibly, such a tool may be used to simplify very difficult English prose to some extent; but if applied to everyday colloquial English it will produce a maze of bizarre circumlocutions.

Meet my cousin Mary

becomes

Come across Mary, my father’s sister’s daughter

and a sentence like

We ate an old-fashioned holiday dinner with turkey and pumpkin pie

changes into

We took as food a chief meal of a day of rest from work, not in the taste of the present day, with a great bird and a great round yellow fruit with hard skin and a great number of seeds, covered with paste and cooked in the oven.

The simple statement

I have a steady job as file clerk with a stock-broker

appears in Basic as

I have well fixed regular work as an office worker on

boxes for keeping papers in order, with a man whose business is trading in equal parts of the money with which a company’s business was started and which give the owner a right to a part in the company’s profits.

One would think that such obvious shortcomings of Basic would have been noted long ago by its brilliant inventor. But C. K. Ogden seems to suffer under the typical blindness of doting parents for the deficiencies of their children. Even in his own sample selections he includes such monstrosities as the Basic Englishman who, bravely avoiding the forbidden word *spinach*, translates *Crème aux épinards* as “*a milk soup made from that plant with dark green leaves which go almost to nothing on boiling.*” (With a distinct sigh of relief, he then continues: “*Potage parmentier is a potato soup.*”)

Recently the undaunted Basic partisans have invaded some of the long-settled territories of languages. I need not discuss here I. A. Richards’s translation of Plato’s *Republic*, since he found it necessary to abandon strict Basic and to choose an “amplifier medium” for his purpose. But let us look at the Bible in Basic English, the most ambitious translation project ever undertaken in that language. We may note in passing that in this Bible God says to Adam:

With heat-drops on your face will you get your bread

and Ruth invokes the Lord:

. . . if anything but death makes a division between us.

And to taste the curiously tame, pallid, evasive flavor of the Basic New Testament, let us now compare the King James and the Basic version of a passage from the Sermon on the Mount:

King James version:

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery:

But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

Basic version:

You have knowledge that it was said, “You may not have connection with another man’s wife”: but I say to you that everyone whose eyes are turned on a woman with

desire has had connection with her in his heart. And if your right eye is a cause of trouble to you, take it out and put it away from you; because it is better to undergo the loss of one part, than for all your body to go into hell.

Finally, let us see how a simple Shakespearean passage would look in Basic. Let us try to translate, for instance, Portia's famous lines:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. . . .

Using Ogden's *General Basic English Dictionary*, we find:

quality: one of the 850 Basic words
mercy: *keeping from giving pain which one has right, power, to give*
to strain: *get tightly stretched; be pulling at; get twisted from true sense of purpose*
to drop: *come down in drops; have a fall*
gentle: *quiet, kind, soft*
rain: a Basic word
heaven: *the sky; living-place of the Highest Being*
place: a Basic word
beneath: *under, lower than*
twice: *2 times*
blessed: *completely good, very happy; greatly valued*
to bless: *give approval or help to, make happy*
to give, to take: Basic words
mighty: *of great size*

We may now write our Basic version.
Or, on second thought, we may not.

V

TO SUM UP, Basic English is neither Basic nor English. But, in our amusement at its freakish aspects, let us not forget that Basic is still a thousand times better than the academic or bureaucratic jargon we have to wade through every day; that it is the first attempt in the history of mankind to create a simplified language within a language; that its analysis of word meanings is an indispensable technique that will have to be taken over by whatever system of simplified English we are going to adopt.

For simplified English is bound to come. In another generation or two, it will be quietly added to the list of our commonplace miracle-gadgets, and used wherever it can help foreigners, school children, and adult students.

Basic English, like other outdated pioneer ventures, will by then be buried and forgotten.

I mean, of course, *put in its last resting-place, and not kept in memory.*



THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



WHAT you think of our civilian public depends on how you look at it. If you concentrate on what counts most at the moment, the functioning of the productive plant, you come close to an absolute. In all history there has never been anything comparable to it, and the overall conclusion appears to be that a people who can work such a miracle must be sound. Other observations point the same way. Thus rationing has succeeded better than there was any reason to believe it could. In spite of evasions, violations, black markets, bellyaching, and small rebellions, the public has accepted regimentation, has endured inequities and dislocations good-humoredly, and has made the system work with an effectiveness that indicates a high degree of self-discipline.

Or again, one noisome kind of war hysteria that the elders among us can remember from 1917 has been almost entirely absent. The headlines in the rural press have reported no contamination of the local waterworks by enemy agents. Small shopkeepers named Schmidt have not had their windows broken. German is still taught in the schools, pacifists are not mobbed when they voice their beliefs in public, the prohibitionists have got nowhere, holy jihads of the fanatical peter out in public laughter. And so on: anyone can gather quantities of evidence which shows that the American people are in excellent health.

And also anyone can gather quantities of evidence on the other side. Much the most alarming of it is the spread and intensification of racial tension, specifically Jim-Crowism and anti-Semitism. The

press, which is in a daily rage about the much less serious question of labor disturbances, handles this issue with a tenderness that comes close to suppression—and the press can remark that political and social leadership is dodging it just as earnestly. No one need look beyond his own Main Street for further evidence of deterioration. The increase in juvenile delinquency is notorious; that means not only crime but the breakdown of sexual ethics as well. But sexual promiscuity has increased not only among boys and girls of sixteen; it has enormously increased among older people and has put greater strains on the institutions of marriage and the family than, in America at least, have ever been put on them before. The churches say that a revival of religion is going on. But there has also been a revival of spiritualism, astrology, and other kinds of mystical disease, a revival so widespread as to suggest that a sizable part of the public has broken under the war strains. There are many lesser symptoms: gambling, brief compulsive fads in dress or slang or dancing, similar fads in crack-brained dogma, utopian vision, nightmarish prophecy.

None of this is new. The realities of war are mostly hideous and this is one of them. In war men, women, and children are killed—killed in ways so horrible that they blaspheme against the spirit and the decency of the body. In war men, women, and children die of starvation and disease; other men, women, and children have their souls and bodies maimed by terror and malnutrition. In war many private and social constraints break down. In all wars sexual ethics have deteriorated,

gambling and speculation have raged hysterically, dreads have risen from the unconscious mind to stalk the earth, grief and fear have sought relief in supernaturalism. The expectation is that this time, as before, peace will begin a process of restoration—that sanity, decency, public and private control are normal and will reassert their health when the war ends.

BUT this war has begotten one fear which seems altogether new. It is not often acknowledged. It has had little public expression, little direct expression even in private. It has to be sought in overtones, between the lines, as an implication and inference, as a subtle coloration or an impalpable envelope—but it exists and it may well be the most truly terrifying phenomenon of the war. It is a fear of the coming of peace.

It is too complex for analysis here. I disregard the elements which signify fear of our future intercourse with other nations and consider only a few of the purely domestic constituents. The fear is that, terrible as the war is, the coming peace will make these war years seem to have been a time of quiet, order, and optimism. That, ghastly as the problems of war are, the problems of peace will prove worse. That, whatever the war may have done to us, it has kept us comparatively united, comparatively of one purpose, comparatively effective as a society. That, once the external discipline of war is relaxed, there will be grave danger of our collapsing into disorder, disunity, civil and social strife. That whereas war has brought us hope, or at least courage, the coming peace may bring despair.

In part it is a fear of the unknown in economics. A significant fraction of the public disbelieves altogether in the utopia of the advertisers—that aseptic world of tinted plastics which at no cost and with no friction is going to confer on every American family an electronically heated house, a teardrop helicopter with folding wings, a television set which presents a movie actress (in scanties wondrously compounded of sea water and coal gas) gargling with Listerine before our very

eyes, regular week ends by stratosphere plane in the South Seas, and a sexually athletic old age. The conversion of the industrial plant to peace gives many people no such vision. Instead it makes them wonder whether the new energies loosed in America by that plant can be controlled, whether their arrest and redirection can be managed without a catastrophe, whether an economy of peace can be effected in time to keep them from bringing the house down round our ears. What (in one kind of question) is going to happen to millions of women workers, to hundreds of thousands of mechanical specialists trained for civilian war work and other hundreds of thousands trained by the Army and Navy? What (in another kind of question) is going to happen as the result of the erection of steel mills in the Far West, the relocation of heavy industries in parts of the country that never had them before, the surplus of machine tools, the obsolescence of raw materials, processes, and products that have heretofore been basic in our economy? Such questions transcend the common one, "Are we going to be able to maintain full employment?" They make it seem simple, sweet, and almost meaningless.

In part the fear of peace is a social fear. War is a closed retort in which many things are brought to a boil but kept safely contained by exterior pressure. What will happen when that pressure is removed? Labor, for instance. Some people are afraid that the transformations, shifts, unemployment, and unpredictability of early peace will convince powerful interests that the time has come to turn the clock back at last and break the labor movement once and for all. Others are afraid that labor will see things in the same light and decide that if we mean to have a war it might as well begin here and now. Chaos is latent in such possibilities, and they are not unique. I have alluded to Jim-Crowism and anti-Semitism. Some people remember how the Ku Klux Klan fed on postwar emotions twenty-odd years ago. Such explosives have grown far more powerful now. Can interested parties in the United States forge racial and religious hatred into such deadly instru-

ments as we have undertaken to destroy abroad? Is something like the Civil War going to be fought out in modern terms, over the Negro again, or in suppression of Jews or Catholics? Some people think that there is reason to fear it may be, in a South that is obviously on the prod and in the industrial metropolises of the North. Other sectional tensions have grown severe also, quite apart from race and religion. The South is proclaiming that it will no longer submit to exploitation, the Far West that it is done with bankruptcy; here is another hell's brew coming to a boil.

ANOTHER element of this general fear has been almost completely inhibited, but such suppression only makes it more ominous. It is fear of the returning veterans. Probably the reports of correspondents interpret the correspondents more than the military, but for what they are two reports are common. One says that the men in foreign service want to come back to the country they left, which is quite impossible since that country has changed forever. The other says that, not liking what they hear about home, they intend to come back and remake it in accordance with their preferences. Few doubt that the men who have saved the country will be entitled to run it. Fewer doubt that they are going to. But just how, in what ways, and to what ends? Every war sets soldiers and civilians against one another, creating a cleavage between them. In the United States up to now that cleavage has never been final. But it could be final now.

Never before has so large a percentage of our citizens been in the military services. Never before have our soldiers and sailors had to serve so long. If you train ten million men in violence, destruction, and the negation of all law, how many are you conditioning permanently? If they devote from two to five years of their lives to war, how many of them will be incapable of adjusting to peace? How many personalities will be permanently changed, how many degraded, how many frustrated forever? How many veterans must be a charge on the nation till they die? How many others will believe themselves en-

titled to be such a charge? These are uncomfortable questions but there is a more disturbing one. Even a loosely united group of ten million can certainly run the country—how far are they going to think of themselves as the country? Will they make permanent and impassable the cleavage between themselves and the civilians?

There are large interests at home which can profit by encouraging them to do so. One nationally read columnist is working out a platform before our eyes. Addressing himself to an Army and Navy already disturbed by the stories they hear of strikes, black markets, profiteering, and civilian lethargy, he is sketching a course of action step by step. His serial message to our fighters runs like this: the Administration is corrupt, incompetent, and conspiring to establish communism; Congress is powerless, venal, cowardly, and ignorant; labor has sold you out, caring nothing about your slaughter so long as it can raise wages; even business, in which alone patriotism and intelligence might have been expected, has turned swinish and betrayed you. The home front has collapsed, he informs the services, the country is in a fearful mess and that mess is getting worse. It is up to you, the veterans, to come home and clean it up. If he were to remember certain organizations once called Soldiers' and Workers' Councils, he would repudiate them in high-church Liberty-League horror. Nevertheless he is drawing up blueprints for Soldiers' and Sailors' Councils.

Some people are afraid that we will get them, though of course not in that form. The political mechanisms of the United States work otherwise. But it is always possible for power to grow by alliance, for a political party to incorporate any bloc by purchase or subsidy, for some new Huey Long in uniform, or a dozen Huey Longs, to point the way. A veterans' bloc resolved to clean up the mess, or merely resolved to get what it considered its due, might be seduced, exhorted, or merely bribed to support a war on labor, to inflame Jim-Crowism or anti-Semitism, to effect any combination of the possibilities that seem so evil. Quite certainly efforts to seduce, exhort, or buy it will be made,

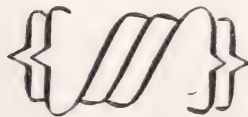
repeatedly and in many forms. The two political parties may bid against each other for the largest bloc of votes in our history. Either may absorb that bloc as a whole or in great part. Either may be absorbed in it.

IS THERE a common denominator to all these fears? If there is, it would seem to be a teaching of experience, that there is a tendency for a nation at war to turn into the thing which it is fighting. Primarily we are fighting totalitarianism and imperialism. There is no blinking the fact that either, or a blend of both, would provide a persuasively easy answer to the problems of peace. Totalitarianism is a way of maintaining a kind of social discipline, imperialism is a way of running the productive plant under full steam. As peace comes on, both ways are certain to be tricked out with attractive decorations. The fear of peace seems to be a fear that the decorations may prove too attractive to be resisted.

There would be no point in summing up the other side in a final optimistic paragraph. It is true that, historically, the fear is not justified. Through more than a century and a half the social, economic, and political institutions of the United States have withstood the strains put upon them—have adapted themselves to fundamental changes while maintaining the es-

sential liberties and immunities that have quite literally made this society the hope of the world. On all sides there is abundant evidence to suggest that vigor and flexibility remain to us, that this time also we shall be able to hold our society together and keep on the road which still seems to be the best road. Looking round, one cannot see that any other nation has so good a chance as ours.

Nevertheless, the fear is something new under the American sun. Fear of the future and fear of peace are new elements in the consciousness of a nation which has usually thought of the future as its own domain and of peace as its particular mission. The first necessity would be to acknowledge the fears and whatever facts may have begotten them, drag them into the open, and face them. Our leadership has been too much engaged in rallying us to a courage which we already had abundantly, the courage for war. It has been intent on telling us that we might lose the war at home, whereas we may easily lose the peace at home and not merely from a rebirth of isolationism but from simple failure to trust our own strength. It is the duty of journalism to turn the light on those sources of potential failure, to rouse us to a knowledge alike of good and evil in ourselves, to summon us to wisdom; to break the phantasy of suicide at a moment when we are conquering the world.



THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE SOLOMONS

NO. 1. BLOODY ISLAND

FLETCHER PRATT



THE initiative in war is a useful but evanescent asset, residing chiefly in the mind of the commander, and permitting him to decide no more than on what terms the next engagement shall be fought. At Pearl Harbor the Japs had gained a wide strategic initiative in the Pacific. That they used it to increase their material resources by the seizure of an island-and-water empire in the Indies is incidental in its strategic significance. These resources could be translated into military power only at the close of a long period of development. The whole question of the war was who should do the developing.

The important immediate strategic facts were that the Japanese had in a practical sense destroyed the Allied forces opposing the southern and weakest face of their triangular empire; and that from observation posts in the region of Singapore and the Solomon Islands they could detect any effort to form new Allied concentrations in the south.

The enemy possessed an initiative resting on a consciousness that their forces were not tied down by a strategic necessity for defense and that their methods were sound. This initiative was by no means destroyed at Coral Sea, which was a tactical, not a strategic defeat—inflicted, so to speak, in defiance of the laws of

gravity. With the mobile forces then available, they could have repeated the attempt of May, 1942, to gain a lodgment at New Caledonia or in eastern Australia a month later with chances of success even improved, because they were now informed of the strength and character of our counter-measures.

At this point one runs into the over-advertised mystery of Oriental thought process. Modern Japan is an exemplification of Mahan's general theory of sea power; it is also the only maritime nation by which his special theory of the means of attaining sea power is completely rejected. No Japanese plan of campaign ever called for a great slugging sea battle. Their method is a kind of naval encirclement, aimed at the enemy's less obvious resources, particularly in bases, till he approaches any contest enfeebled, with less than his paper strength. After Coral Sea it was evident that the Japanese could make further progress in the southwest Pacific only at the price of a head-on clash with our fleet. They used the initiative they still had for the move on Midway to cut that fleet from its main harbor, and when the night of June 6th closed in, the initiative was gone.

The loss was evidently a temporary one, resting partly on the fact that the Japanese High Command would need

time to analyze the causes of these two surprising successive defeats, partly on the material loss in aircraft carriers—a class of vessel round which their sea operations had hitherto revolved. They were completing more carriers; the appearance of these new ships or a reorientation of their strategy to be less dependent on carriers—either would enable our enemies to determine the nature and locale of the next campaign. In the meantime we ourselves could make that determination; but only if we attacked at once, with whatever forces could be rapidly assembled, no elaborate planning; and only if we converted this temporary initiative into a permanent one by attacking something so interesting to the Japs that they would be forced to abandon other plans in order to defend or to retake it.

These would appear to be the main concepts behind Admiral King's decision to go into the Solomons. A series of considerations limited the incidence of the offensive. Along the Indonesian barrier from the Solomons to Sumatra we had no initiative because we could achieve no surprise. A move against the Marshalls would not have fulfilled the strategic objective because the Japs could simply ignore it and go on with any plan of attack they themselves had; one toward Wake and Marcus would have stirred up the hornets indeed, but too many of them. It must be remembered that in July, 1942, we could bring to any struggle in the Pacific only forces approximately equal to those of the Japs (provided the lines of communication were about the same length).

The most astonishing feature of the Solomons campaign, in fact, was that the Japs did not anticipate it. They knew full well that we had established base facilities at Nouméa, New Caledonia, and at Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides; their submarines had been off these places. Our airplanes had been over Guadalcanal; they must have been aware that we had seen the landing strip they were building there, and they would have been idiots if they did not think that we could calculate how both Nouméa and Espiritu Santo would be under the cloud of their bombers when the strip was finished.

The only tenable theory is that they did not think that we had stuff to come in on them at the only point geographically possible.

As a matter of fact, we didn't. The Japs could put in as much as they chose of their navy and the air forces supporting it and their army, running them by easy stages from Truk to Rabaul and down the Solomons chain. They could use as many troops as necessary, and our submarines had not yet cut their transport fleet to the point where it had to be hoarded.

In the Atlantic the German submarine campaign was at its height. We were on the threshold of the battles for North Africa; all the well-trained troops and the fast Army planes were needed for that enterprise. Admiral Nimitz at Pearl Harbor had been notified that his allotment of cargo ships and anti-submarine craft, already down near the safety margin for mere defense, would have to be cut instead of increased. For the land operations only the First Division of Marines could be spared, much crowded in inadequate transports. At sea there was one of the new, fast battleships; three carriers with all their planes—*Wasp*, *Hornet*, *Saratoga**—about three divisions of heavy cruisers, one of them borrowed from the MacArthur command in Australia; a few light cruisers; and not enough destroyers.

Among commanders we had Major General A. A. Vandegrift of the Marines on land and on the water Vice-Admiral Robert L. Ghormley, Vice-Admiral Frank Fletcher, and Rear Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner. Fletcher had been at Coral Sea; we know him. Ghormley was a sailor's sailor, as they speak of a ball-player's player. His social contacts were few; his vocabulary was considered the most purple in a service where good swearing is valued as an art; his conversation was naval shop; he had few friends among the younger officers who had not heard him talk; he was known as the General Board's man, with a perception, depth, and grasp of principle that left people

* The presence of *Wasp* and *Hornet* has been announced and the fact that the third carrier celebrated the 200,000th landing on her deck. The *Ranger* was the only other carrier then in commission and she was altogether too small and new to have had 200,000 landings at that time.

astonished. In this campaign he was not a leader in the field war; he had general command of the area, back at the base—a good place for a thinker.

Admiral Turner* was his antithesis—known in the service as "Terrible Turner," a sundowner, a hard, driving personal leader who expected everyone to live up to his own impossible standards, precise, exacting. In his days as head of the War Plans Division of the Navy Department in peacetime, he habitually made appointments to see people at nine o'clock in the evening and later; his would be the only light burning in the long ramshackle building on Constitution Avenue. This time he had the amphibious force, with the delicate assignment of making it possible for the Marines to land and seeing that no one interfered with them till they were in full possession. Admiral Fletcher had the covering group, that is, the carriers and their attendant ships, to keep off long-range, large-scale interference.

II

THE Solomons run over five hundred miles from northwest to southeast. Guadalcanal, the southeasternmost but one, the size of a fattish Long Island, is unique in being the scene of a very funny story by Jack London ("The Terrible Solomons") and in having a rolling plain along its northern shore, behind which the ridges rise up to typical Solomons country—jagged limestone mountains in which the tropical rains have worn caves and ravines, covered with dense jungle growth. The only things that live there are gorgeous birds, insects which doubtless consider themselves gorgeous, and the "gooks," fuzzy-looking natives who are good Presbyterians or good Catholics, sometimes both at once. The plain, called Lunga, is the reason why the Japs moved in. It is the only place within three hundred miles (the extreme range of a fighter) where an airfield can readily be built by hand labor.

There is no harbor. Cargo vessels must lie out a mile or so and lighter their loads in, but the holding ground is good and the anchorage fairly well protected by Florida Island, some twenty miles north, which is

precipitous to the water and useless for any other purpose. Between the two at the eastern end submerged reefs pinch in the narrow Sealark Channel; it broadens westward like a funnel and precisely in the center of the funnel mouth the little round island of Savo sticks its volcanic snout out of the sea.

Florida curves; inside the curve toward Guadalcanal lie other islands—Tulagi, Gavutu, Tanambogo—enclosing the fine, deep Tulagi Harbor, where a navy could lie and take care of itself if the shore establishments were all right. With Guadalcanal's air cover, it makes one of the best naval base sites in the world, provided one overlooks the climate.

Before the day on August 7, 1942, our approaching fleet ran out of a region of heavy weather that had given it good concealment on the way down, and the navigating officers began to take starsights. A correspondent has commented that there was no special early breakfast, nothing unusual about this approach to battle. The men were veterans now; they had seen before the line of flickering blue lights across the deck of the carrier ahead where her planes were warming up, had seen them move up and away; and even seen the one that went down instead, to leave nothing but a memory and a ripple on the black water. The carriers and their retinue had split apart from the rest, running wide for the waters south of Guadalcanal to have sea room when the Jap bombers should come down from Rabaul. A destroyer blinkered to a carrier about a torpedo wake under her stern. "Thanks," replied the carrier; "we just saw a blackfish in the vicinity."

Far to the west, though these men knew nothing of it, Flying Fortresses from the MacArthur command were at that moment close over Rabaul. The same first light through which our carrier planes were approaching their objective would see these bombers hammering the hangars and runways and dispersal areas with everything they had to keep the Japs at home. In that first light Admiral Turner was rounding the northern cape of Florida with his cruisers. There was a Jap signal station there with a radio mast; the *Quincy* opened the first gun of the campaign and

brought down that mast so rapidly that it probably never got off a warning of our approach, though there was some grumbling on the flagship about this—they wanted to capture the station and use it as a communications link with Pearl Harbor.

The fleet split as it entered the funnel-mouth of Sealark Channel, the *Astoria*, *Quincy*, and *Vincennes* with the Australians' *Canberra* heading toward the Guadalcanal side, while their *Australia*, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral V. A. C. Crutchley, commander of the cruiser force, with the *Hobart* and about three of our cruisers stood toward Tulagi.

It was six o'clock; the island stood out clear in the long-shadowed early dawn. Just seventeen minutes later the *Astoria* opened fire against Guadalcanal, and as though the sound had called them up, our "dive-bombers started to streak over. There seemed to be hundreds of them." They hit first at the seaplanes floating in Tulagi Harbor and the Japs were crushed without getting a single machine into the air, so complete was the surprise, so rapidly had the *Quincy's* guns cleared out the warning station. The *Wasp's* group alone knocked out nine float Zeros, a four-motored bomber, and five big flying boats.

At Guadalcanal, where the strongest resistance had been expected round the airfield and to which the heaviest dive-bomber formations had been assigned, the Japs proved surprisingly weak. The combination of heavy guns and bombs silenced their shore batteries and killed off their anti-aircraft fire so thoroughly and so fast that at seven o'clock, a whole hour before the scheduled time, the transports moved in and the Marines had their boats in the water. At eight they formed up and pushed to the shore toward where the mouths of two little rivers, Ilu and Tenaru, offered practicable beaches.

There was no resistance but a little dripping sniper fire. Our landing parties came on a camp where breakfasts were still cooking and captured a number of weazened, undersized men who under questioning turned out to be labor troops, some of them Korean and all ill-fed. They said the Japanese soldiers had taken to the tall grass among the hills. No attempt was made on the airfield that day,

which was devoted mainly to getting equipment ashore, setting up AA guns and communications links, and preparing for a push in the morning. By ten o'clock the shooting on Guadalcanal was all over.

But Tulagi furnished a good example of the fact that any military plan can be modified by the enemy. Colonel Merritt Edson had been assigned to take it with the Raider Battalion, which is to the Marines as a whole what the Marines are to the ordinary military service—professional tough guys, specialists of peculiar skill in the art of murder. They got ashore at the north point, reaching the beach easily and by surprise, then began to work along both sides of the central keel of the island through tropic brush so thick that their pace was half a mile an hour. Two hours of this brought them against hills honeycombed with caves, each of which held a machine gun or bigger piece surrounded by Japs who knew and used every weapon in the book. Gunfire from the ships was not very effective against these caves and had to be lifted as the Raiders advanced. When grenades were pitched into the cave mouths the Japs threw them out again or hid behind interior barricades.

Toward afternoon the Marines had made so little progress on Tulagi that they stopped and organized for the night. At Gavutu the situation was much the same; and at Tanambogo, which is reached by a causeway from Gavutu, two attacks were sharply beaten off. One of them was led by tanks and supported by low-flying planes, but Jap artillery bracketed the causeway from the caves and we lost the tanks, one of them after a desperate struggle which left twenty-three dead Japs round a single burned-out vehicle.

Toward afternoon also the Jap bombers did come storming down from Rabaul—twenty-five of them at high level which shed their missiles across the anchorage, ten dive-bombers that may have had something to do with the decision to close down for the night, though they did no real damage ashore. Afloat they hit a transport and the destroyer *Jarvis*, the latter so badly that she had to pull out for Australia and repairs. No one ever saw her again or the men aboard; maybe because a submarine

got her, maybe because she just cracked up and went down.

All told a good day; loss light and gain considerable.

III

THAT night the Japs really started to fight the war. On both Gavutu and Tulagi they boiled out of their holes with knife, tommy gun, and grenade, screaming "American, you die!" or just screaming nothing at all. The Raiders on Tulagi were tough babies but except for a few incredible veterans like Lou Diamond (who is supposed to have served aboard the *Bon Homme Richard* under John Paul Jones) they had little physical experience of war. The Japs broke through their lines, killed a lot of men, ruined all communications except by walkie-talkie, and isolated one company. It was a blind, savage struggle, really hand-to-hand, that would have gone the worse for us but for an ex-ball-player named Guidone with a good throwing arm and a supply of grenades.

The yells and shooting drifted out across the water where the ships of the inshore patrol hovered anxiously near, wishful to cut in with their guns but unable to get a fix on anything in the confused melee. All the men aboard were awake and at General Quarters, where they had been since before dawn, taking sandwiches, coffee, and half-hour naps at their duty stations; for Admiral Crutchley knew the Jap habit of sneak attacks and did not want his ships in anything less than complete readiness. Some of the people were getting pretty fagged, for at General Quarters the ventilation system is off and such interior spaces as the engine room and plot were by now giving a fair approximation of hell.

At dawn the Japs on the Tulagi side all popped back into their burrows; the Marines counted corpses, linked up their lines, and began to go for them. Captain Harry Torgerson was the star of the occasion. He got after the Jap cave-dwellers by having four or five of his men cover him with rifle fire while he climbed up cliff faces and dumped into the cave-mouths pieces of board with heavy TNT demolition charges tied to them and extremely short fuses so that the Japs couldn't throw them out. In the course of the day he used up

twenty cases of TNT this way and blew his own pants off with a fuse that was a little too short; but some fifty caves were smashed in on their Japanese tenants.

A second wave of tanks got a foothold on Tanambogo and that island was overrun after the same kind of desperate fighting. On Guadalcanal the first landing parties pushed westward and got a grip on the airfield, though not until they had cleaned out an area of dugouts and machine-gun posts behind log bunkers. Noon of the 8th, in fact, found us with a control of the whole area that was effective enough for General Vandegrift to set up his headquarters on shore, though it was still far from absolute. For two days afterward single Jap rifles would crack on Tulagi and men would die obscurely, though again and again Marine patrols quartered every inch of the island.

Noon also saw the Jap bombers back from Rabaul, about forty of them, mostly torpedo planes. There was warning; our carriers out to the south had kept good watch; the transports in the roadstead were under way for open sea with the warships among them and fighter patrols overhead. The attackers swept in at low level, the same whirlwind of action that had been seen at Coral Sea and Midway, with our fighters riding them down and knocking off a good third of them before they hit.

The others skimmed among our transports, long gray pencils, a dozen of which trailed smoke and dived or blew up. One of the dives brought a dying plane down on the foredeck of the transport *George F. Elliott*, and as luck would have it, into a hatch. The flame that burst forth seemed to dominate the whole strait; the *Elliott* was already being abandoned as the rest turned back to their anchorage, the sudden storm over. As the bombers retreated our carrier fighters cut most of the rest of them to pieces; a mere handful came back that afternoon and were also shot up.

The double action broke the back of the Jap air forces within the area. On the 9th only thirty bombers came, one single raid; on the next day only ten. Before they could appear in force again they had to pull in reinforcements from other areas and fly them down along the island stages.

y the night of the 8th everything was under control, and except for a minor alarm when a small Jap patrol tried to work across the Tenaru there was nothing to report.

IV

WHAT happened that night will be argued as long as Jutland. The outlines, with no guarantee of completeness, are something like this:

In the afternoon a recon report ran in that a Jap task force had been sighted, bound for the area. It included at least a couple of their fast *Kongo*-class battle cruisers, some light stuff, and a pair of unmistakable seaplane tenders. Its obvious purpose was to knock out our ships and retake Guadalcanal, the planes from the tenders giving local air cover to the gunnery vessels. Now a seaplane tender, even in the Japanese navy with its predilection for speed, is a relatively slow craft. Given the distance they were coming, it was calculable that this task force could not arrive till an hour or two before dawn—a highly logical time for the Japs to attack in any case, since they would seek very close night action to make free use of the torpedo and to nullify the advantage of the excellent American armor.

In our ships sleep or rest had been prevented during the day by the two air attacks and the necessity of firing gunnery support for the housecleaning on Tanambogo. The men had been at action stations for seventy-two hours, say some accounts; anyhow at least since 4 A.M. of the 7th, in paralyzing heat and with little air. If they were to be more than half alive for an early morning battle, rest was imperative. On all the ships, therefore, "Condition Baker" was set, which opens ventilators, passages, and galleys and requires the manning of only half the fighting equipment—a wartime condition translatable into full General Quarters in a very few minutes.

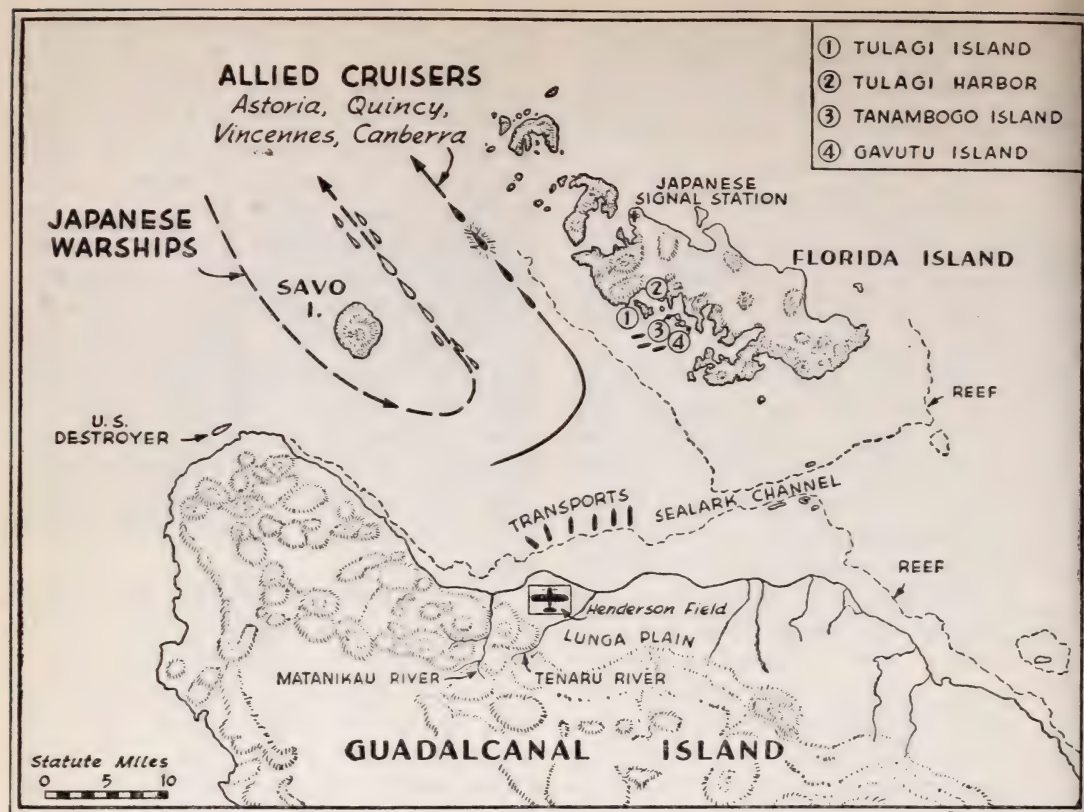
That was the internal, housekeeping arrangement. As to the exterior detail, a destroyer patrol was sent out to the wide part of the funnel between Guadalcanal and Florida. It seems to have been altogether insufficient; but one of the fundamental conditions of the campaign was

that it had to be undertaken without enough destroyers. Many were needed to protect the precious carriers to the southward, where subs had already been reported nosing around; and the *Jarvis* had gone. Inside this destroyer screen the four heavy cruisers that had covered the Guadalcanal landing—*Astoria*, *Quincy*, *Vincennes*, *Canberra*—were on a low-speed, uneasy patrol from Guadalcanal to the tip of Florida and back. Admiral Crutchley had gone off in the *Australia* for a conference with Admiral Turner, apparently some distance down the eastern coast of Guadalcanal; he had left no one in charge. The night was black as a hole in a box, a low, tight overcast masking the crescent moon.

The best evidence indicates that quite a separate Japanese task force, estimated by one of the *Astoria*'s officers at three cruisers and seven destroyers, had slipped down into this pit of dark so close under the coasts of the upper Solomons that they escaped observation and just barely escaped the reefs. At 1:30, give or take a little, they charged through the passage south of Savo at twenty-eight knots. The sentinel destroyer there was at the other end of her too-long beat; her lookouts caught a glimpse of the Japs as they swung sharply left to circle Savo, perhaps against some flicker of fire from Tanambogo, where there was still a little yipping going on, and she got off a radio message. . . . Too late.

At the same moment Seaman Lynn Hager, in the sky control of *Astoria*, heard the growl of an airplane engine overhead and sent word to the captain. Before he had finished speaking a flare burst through the cloud and went off with its cushioned bang, throwing the four Allied ships into brilliant light. A searchlight pinned the *Astoria*; there was a terrific shock of guns; the *Vincennes* was hit right through the hangar and a fire burst out on her amidships. Three torpedoes struck the *Canberra* almost together; she reeled and dived into the smoke of her own burning, her guns already out of action from the loss of power, firing her torpedoes blindly in the general direction of the enemy.

On the *Quincy* a young officer at the forward 5-inch saw the searchlights flick on



THE NIGHT BATTLE OFF SAVO ISLAND

and had time to say, "Oh boy, here it comes; we'll knock the devil out of those guys," and will never forget that remark, for "The next moment I saw the *Astoria* get hit and start to burn all over, then the splashes walk up on the *Vincennes* and she goes, saw the airplanes hit and go up and the splashes walk up on my own ship; see the turrets swing and open fire. The next thing the forward turrets were hit and began to burn and then I was in blood an inch deep. When a thing like that happens you realize you are taking a hell of a beating and it gives you a mighty funny feeling."

Seconds later the *Quincy* took a torpedo hit, and whether from that or gunfire the ship blew up with a shock that roused the sleeping Marines on Guadalcanal, who thought it was a Jap ship and cheered happily. She capsized slowly, the gaping hole left by the torpedo rising out of the water past the heads of men gripping life rafts, debris, ammunition cans, anything that would float.

On the *Vincennes* a man below speaks of

no less than six torpedo hits (though some may have been shells from big guns); all the lights went out and the big cruiser tilted toward her doom. The hatch to the main deck opened on an inferno of flame. "There were forty-eight men in that area of the ship and Mr. Hansen said that those who wished to go could do so. Nine of us got out."

The *Astoria* got no torpedoes and she was not quite burning all over, but she was in bad enough case, with the officers' country ablaze where the wooden decks, transoms, and clothing in the rooms had caught fire. Her No. 1 turret was out of action, the ammunition in ready boxes for the smaller guns was going off from the heat and tearing things to pieces, men were dropping out of the sky control to the deck, and "even the 5-inch shells from the Jap destroyers were going through us like cheese" at ranges that ran down to little over a mile as the enemy roared past, taking so few hits and giving so many.

In less than half an hour they were gone; so was the *Quincy*, with many of her

wounded trying to keep afloat in the lukewarm water, and a young ensign named Carter swimming around to gather strays toward the life rafts. At about 2:40 the *Vincennes* went down, tenanted only by her dead; with the day destroyers came pushing through the wreckage to pick up survivors and to take off the remaining people of the *Astoria* and *Canberra*.

For on the former their water mains were all gone and they could not get the fires out with bucket brigades, though even so they came close to saving her. The *Canberra* loomed big and gray in the dawn, apparently intact save for a few scars, but her engines were hopelessly smashed, and it was over a thousand miles she would have to be towed to the nearest repair dock. They had to scuttle her. The Japanese had won their first real naval victory in this war.

V

THEY had regained their initiative, even though it was now a limited initiative which they were required to use for one predictable purpose. In less than twenty-four hours we had lost over a quarter of the combined American-Australian strength of nineteen heavy cruisers; for to make this disaster complete it was apparently in the thirty-plane attack of the morning after Savo Island that the *Chicago* caught a torpedo and had to be sent to a base for repairs.

The residue of strength seems to have been ample on our side, but the residue was not there and there was even some question whether it could be brought there. The landing at Casablanca had to be given big-gun cover, something had to be spared for the campaign in the Aleutians, now in its most active phase, and the carriers had to be provided with gunnery protection. Add this; that at such a distance from base as our ships were in the Solomons, one in every three must be going in for normal operational repairs or supplies—or covering the movement of supplies to the advanced post.

We had started the campaign with an irreducible minimum of heavy cruiser strength, all in the front line. It had been wiped out. To use 6-inch-gun light cruis-

ers was to court disaster at the hands of the Jap heavies and their fast battle cruisers, especially since these had shown they could manage unobserved approaches down the chain of the islands; and there is every reason to believe that Admiral Ghormley did not have light cruisers at hand even had he wished to take the chance.

There was in fact no cover at all that could be given the beachhead except that which could be provided fitfully and by daylight from our carrier force cruising to the south and that which the airfield could give itself when our Seabees had finished the lumpy coral airstrip. On the afternoon of the 9th the transports hastily sent ashore all the Marines and Seabees not yet landed, hoisted anchor, and were off out of an area now become red-hot.

A few tanks and anti-aircraft guns and some engineering equipment had already been landed. The quantities of tentage, ammunition, and food that were to make this an expedition fitted out in the normal sumptuous American style had not been landed. The need had not been felt; during the hectic fighting of the first few days, indeed, Marine officers had been forced to plead with boys in their first battle, quite unable to understand the physical weakness they were experiencing, to eat the canned rations they had carried ashore on their backs. "It was like sawdust. With those Jap snipers shooting at you from the trees you just don't think about eating."

Now, as the Marines of Guadalcanal pushed out patrols and tommy-gunned coconut trees to bring down snipers, there was little food left but captured rice and bottles of a beverage labeled "Mitsubichampagn cider." Also ammunition was un plentiful.

The Japs seem to have achieved a fairly clear picture of the situation by at least the 12th, when one of their big submarines surfaced by daylight in Sealark Channel to find it empty and tried to shoot up a small boat crossing from Guadalcanal to Tulagi. But the original strategic surprise had been so effective and the enemy had lost so much of their local strength aloft and on the ground in that first shock that they lacked the means to press their advantage—unless they were to bring the cruisers in

again as on August 8th, to which the objection was that Admiral Fletcher lay somewhere in the offing with the carriers they had learned to dread. The Japs had good reason to know these carriers had not left because on the 9th and again on the 10th the Jap "area" planes had unpleasant and costly encounters with fighter patrols from these ships. Jap reinforcements could come down only from Truk or in from the Indies to the west; and to feed them in slowly was asking for their piecemeal, ineffective destruction.

It had to be a major expedition. Until it arrived the Japs on Guadalcanal, like our Marines, must maintain themselves with what they had plus emergency help sneaked in by air or sea.

This accounts for the desperate character of the fighting on the island during the next two weeks. It started with each party failing in a minor enterprise: the Americans in an effort to land near Matanikau on the night of the 12th—an effort from which only three men escaped—the Japs in several tries at infiltration. This was followed by a week of ceaseless small-war during which each made discoveries about the other's style of fighting, mostly unpleasant. The Jap learned that, while his own sniper fire was inaccurate and his small bullet often did not kill when it hit, the rifle work of the Marines was beyond all expectation deadly. Our people found they bunched too much, talked too much, moved too much.

Both learned that in those dense jungles the eye was nearly useless; friend could be distinguished from foe only by ear. The crack of a Jap rifle was so much like that of our .45's that the Marines took to relying entirely on their Garands and tommy guns, since the direction from which fire was coming offered no clue as to who was doing the shooting.

By the 18th this mutual investigation was over: General Vandegrift ordered an advance, an affair of strong patrols, against Matanikau village, which was taken after some dogged fighting. Tregaskis, the correspondent, was at the front; it was there that he first caught a sense of the mounting fury among our men, when a Jap prisoner was led through the lines to an obligato of shouts: "Kill the bastard!

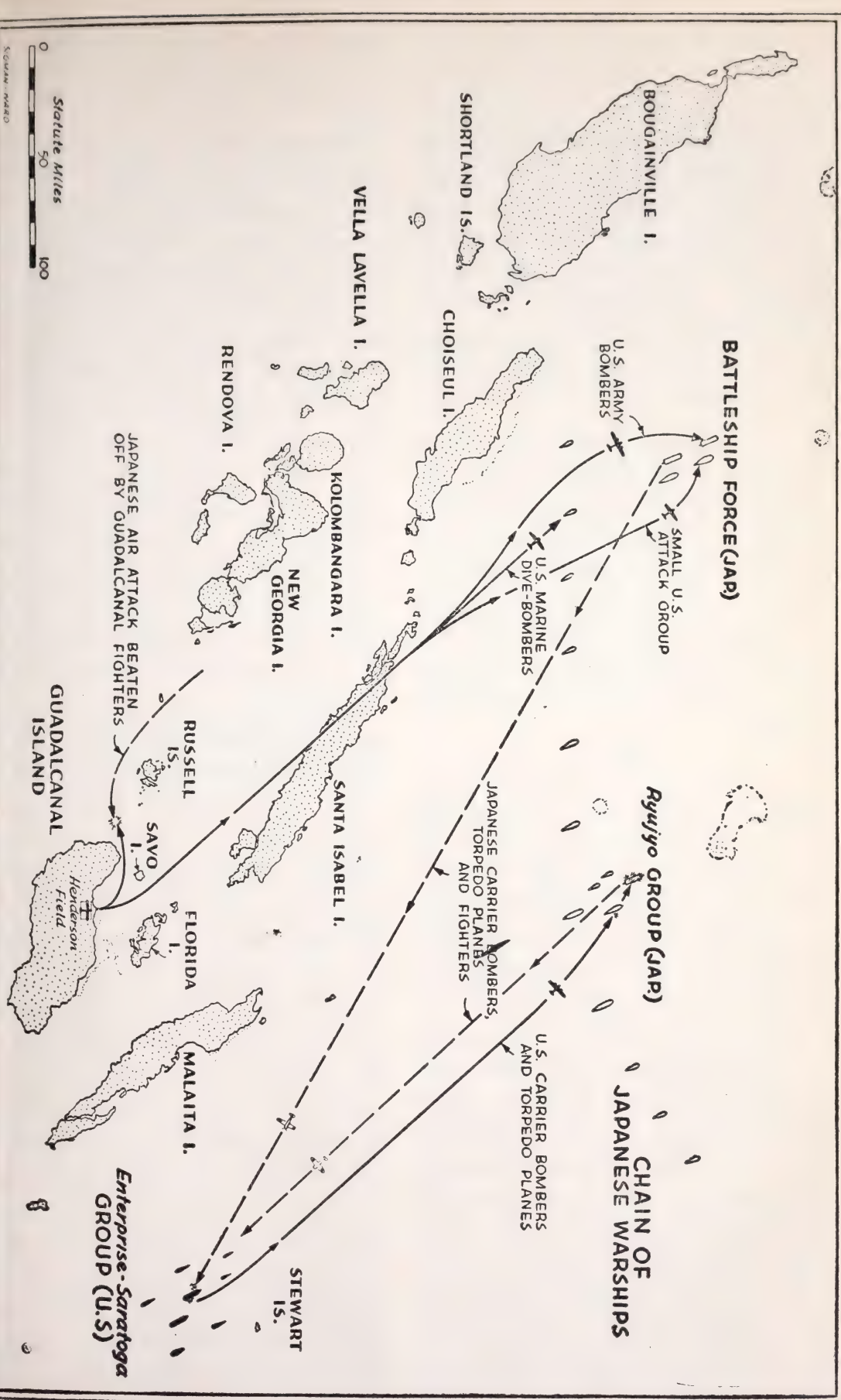
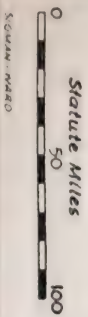
Kick him in the balls!" The prisoner guard grinned and conducted the scared little man past Marines who, having said how they felt, turned back to vent their anger on Japs still in arms. During that first rush into camp round the airfield they had found a few pitiful trophies—a purse, a shaving set, marked with the names of friends who had been on Wake. In the Matanikau combat they had encountered wounded Japs who cried for water, then pulled the pins from grenades and blew themselves up with the men who came to help them, and fully live Japs who hoisted the white flag and then shot down the men who rose from hiding to accept their surrender.

That same night of the 18th saw the Japs running in small transports and landing some of their own Marines at both sides of the narrow area round the air strip for counterattack. There was a big destroyer with them; our men saw her from shore in Sealark Channel the next morning and saw a long-range B17 go for her and hit her. It is possible that the Japs' preliminary reconnaissance for the big attack had shown them that our carriers were no longer in the area to the south, or they would hardly have dared leave ships in Sealark Channel by daylight.

An American patrol knocked off a handful of Japanese Marines on the 20th; that same day American fighters—Grummans—and light bombers came down on the now-completed landing strip and the Marines were mightily cheered. "Morale has gone up twenty points this afternoon," one officer remarked. The field had been named Henderson after the commander of the Marine dive-bombers at Midway.

It was as well that those planes got there. The same night the Japs who had landed east of the airport came on in a formal if loosely articulated attack, while those round the rest of the seven-by-four-mile area held by the Marines maintained their pressure and their attempts at infiltration. The main Jap column struck our lines along the banks of a river identified at the time as the Tenaru, from which the battle takes its name (it later proved to be the Ilu), and tried to flank them along a sandspit at the river's mouth.

The Japs ran into barbed wire—some of



the equipment the Marines had landed instead of food; were surprised by it and simply crucified. At dawn the remainder of their force dug in, in a coconut grove a hundred and fifty yards from our lines with the little stream between. Colonel Cresswell led out a flanking party well supplied with mortars, while three light tanks crossed the sandspit. The Japs were wiped out to the number of more than a battalion. One prisoner. The whole place began to stink at once.

The importance of our air help became apparent that afternoon when the Japs tried to support their ground offensive from the skies. The Grummans drove them out, shooting down several, before any bombs were dropped and the next afternoon a handful of Army P40's reached Henderson Field. They went out the morning after, August 23rd, flying escort for our light bombers and dive-bombers in response to a report of a Jap naval movement out to the north, but came back disappointed by lowering weather and that night were shelled in their dispersal areas by a Jap sub that surfaced in Sealark Channel.

VI

NEVERTHELESS the report was the goods. Out round the fifteen-hundred-mile semicircle from Rabaul to the Gilberts our reconnoitering planes and submarines had caught for a week fleeting glimpses under fire of Japanese ships moving, moving. It was the counter-concentration to retake Guadalcanal before it could become another Pearl Harbor, and on the 24th of August it came sweeping down.

The Jap force was nearly as powerful as the wave that had broken on the beaches of Midway, but there is evidence that it was an emergency fleet, hastily assembled. One of its carriers was the shallow-draft *Ryujyo*, built for operation off the coast of China and not at home in great waters; its battleship cover was by the slow *Mutsu* class, not the high-speed *Kongos* which the Japs normally use to support such moves.

The fleet came swinging down from the north under the clouds of a weather front in a formation designed to prevent such surprises as that of the 4th of June—a long chain of cruisers and destroyers in visual

contact with each other at the edge of the cloud area, the carriers and their guard hanging like a series of pendants from this chain.

Where our forces were before the battle is not clear; they were probably at some distance. They came rushing toward the contact, apparently from the southeast, through a region of clear skies and small clouds with whitecaps beneath, on the morning of the 24th, a two-carrier group: *Saratoga* and the indestructible and fortunate *Enterprise*, shooting out scout planes to supplement those from Guadalcanal. There were some long-range Army planes about, which must have come from as far as Nouméa, since there are no other islands in that part of the world. The carrier group apparently found the easternmost pendant early in the morning, the one with the *Ryujyo* in it. The picture of the Jap chain and its other nodules had not yet come clear to our commander of the day, Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid, but the Army men were locating another group far to the west with two big carriers and a battleship in it.

Kinkaid had been at Coral Sea and understood the limitations of these carrier attacks. He considered the *Ryujyo* still too distant to be hit with effect; his pilots had lunch and sat down to wait, nervous in their ready rooms. Scouting reports kept coming in—from the Army or the Guadalcanal-based planes that had located the big group of Jap ships; from various fliers who had seen enough of the enemy scouting chain to identify it for what it was. An Army man was over the *Ryujyo* just about noon, missed her with his explosive egg, but reported, "This carrier is meat for dive-bombers," being so weakly supported.

She was the only target that could be reached; the Admiral decided to take her. It would be mid-afternoon when the attack group left the deck and they had hardly climbed the stairs of the sky into their formation when the captain of one of our carriers called attention to a lump of cloud. "Looks like a snowfield," he said; as they watched it a sleigh-track appeared cutting across the field—a four-motored Kawanishi plane coming up on our group from astern, which meant he had flown right round the American force. The

combat patrol jumped him and he went down under a pillar of smoke, blowing up as he hit the water.

But now the Japs presumably knew where our ships were and how many there were. A signaled report came across the formation from the opposite wing—another Kawanishi had been shot down and a two-float scout.

The decks of our carriers were cleared, the combat patrols doubled—none too soon, for in thirty-five minutes the Japs were coming in two groups of eighteen bombers each, covered by a group of fighters. Sixty miles out or more, another of our patrols came on a second attack formation, bombers and torpedo planes. To arrive so quickly they must have had reconnaissance reports long before the first Kawanishi was shot down.

There followed the most violent air engagement of the war, according to pilots who were already veterans of Midway and Coral Sea: a double engagement, distant and close-in, whose boundaries overlapped. In the distant engagement eight of the fifteen Jap torpedo planes were shot into the water far from our carriers and the rest could not bear it; they fled, hugging the surface close; the Jap attack was robbed of its co-ordinated double effect and the close defense had only bombers to deal with.

On the carriers the loudspeakers emitted "confused shouting as the fighter pilots unconsciously screamed into their chest microphones as they dived to shoot the Jap bombers down." To another observer the sky seemed streaked with smoke like a pattern on wallpaper as the enemy took their heaviest loss in any air attack of the war. Yet ten of the bombers got through to drop and two of them hit the *Enterprise* with heavy bombs, one right through into the hangar deck; then the battle was all over save for a few fitful combats among wandering planes of both sides.

Our own carrier attack group found the *Ryujo* just after four with only a cruiser and a couple of destroyers for escort—meat for dive-bombers, as the Army man had said. Perhaps the Japs were overconfident or their fighters busy elsewhere; nobody speaks of them as having combat

patrols up and if they had them the patrols were insignificant.

The Japanese carrier went into a tight turn, throwing AA into the sky; the planes hit high and low in a co-ordinated bomb-torpedo attack. She seems to have escaped the torpedo men, thanks to her own speed and the self-sacrifice of the cruiser, which moved in to take one of the fish for her. But the American dive-bombers laid a row right down her deck. The deck peeled back like the skin of a sprouting onion, a stem of flame shot up into a big flower of smoke, and our planes were off for their mother ship, dangerously low on fuel.

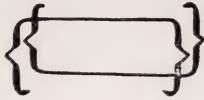
There is a lack of clarity about the remainder of our attacks that day. Apparently some of our carrier attack groups split up, in response to radioed orders after they took off or because they were forced to do so by the weather; and all along the curved front of Japanese ships, units from Guadalcanal as well as those from our carriers kept coming on isolated enemies. The Marine dive-bombers from Guadal hit a destroyer and four "additional ships," unidentifiable. Some of the Army bombers hit one of the big Jap carriers, and a smallish attack unit found the *Mutsu* (or her sister) and punched her heavily. On the way home some of our dive-bombers met and had a singular dogfight with Jap planes of similar type which seemed to be wandering around in the twilight with no place to go, and three of the enemy were shot down. The Guadalcanal fighters were all in the air when a raid on that post developed, and they beat off the enemy with a score of twenty-six planes against three. Next morning the Guadalcanal dive-bombers boiled out again with Major R. C. Mangrum—who was to make a tremendous name for himself—leading them; they slapped a couple of transports hard and blew the bridge off a new light cruiser.

That was the Battle of the Eastern Solomons. Now it was over—a scrambling, artistically ill-conceived, tactically unsatisfying affair, in which one might say nothing happened, unless one counts all the lost aircraft and the *Ryujo*, seen by one of our night recon planes dead in the water and abandoned, lighting up the whole

ocean with her burning. For us the *Enterprise* was a sick ship, and we were too weak in carriers to risk a hot pursuit with the Japs beginning to pour land-based planes through Rabaul and Bougainville. For them, they had lost the *Ryujo* and, more important still, all their floating air cover: ninety-six planes shot down in a genuine disaster. They turned back during the night; when Mangrum and his men hit them on the morning of the 25th they

were all going north and west and our outpost on Guadalcanal was saved.

But it was like the heroine of an old-fashioned melodrama, who requires saving anew in every act. On the afternoon of the 25th, thirty-six land-based bombers gave Henderson Field a pounding; that night seven Jap destroyers ran in, landed a lot of men at Cape Esperance, and came down the channel to shell our holdings. There was more trouble ahead.



LINCOLN MEMORIAL

MARTHA KELLER

COMMON as dirt is and as all-rewarding—
That gives to us each day our daily bread—
He was the cabin with the weathered boarding,
The one tall tree that towered overhead.

He was the horse and plow, the nearest neighbor,
Who broke the wilderness and burned the weeds,
His sole security—or ours—the labor
By which a man grows equal to his needs.

With every rail he cut, he cut them cleaner.
He split his kindling carefuller than most.
The grain against him made his judgments keener.
He knew men's timber like a fencing post.

The men who fought him only made him stronger—
He got his wisdom any way he could.
He grew as others did but did it longer.
He grew the way a tree grows in a wood.

Worn as a gully that the freshets follow,
Faint as a footprint running through the grass,
He was the deerlick in the stony hollow,
Sunk in the sumac and the sassafras.

Homely as mud is and as good for growing,
As rank as garlic and as sharp as mint—
He was the smoke that showed where we were going,
When North was tinder and the South was flint.

Almighty proud—although he seemed so humble—
Yet never too particular of pride,
He was a tired old horse, too wise to stumble
Because a gadfly stung him on the side.

Smart as a fox he was and twice as wary.
He was the man whose speeches all were spare.
His words were as the wind is on the prairie,
Eternal and intuitive as air.

He knew that Egypt-land goes on forever—
He saw the Mississippi River run.
The miracle was all in the endeavor:
But yet the seas were opened one by one.

His faith was like Jehovah's pillar rising,
A burning cloud of fire and second sight,
As plain as day—as sudden and surprising—
Yet lonelier and sadder than the night.

He was our conscience and our brother's keeper.
He was the servant of the very poor.
He was tenacious as Virginia creeper.
He was a hound dog that was slow but sure.

He was the future as our sons shall be it.
He was the splendor we did not expect.
He was the answer—had he lived to see it—
Born of the ages and the intellect.

SENATOR BOB REYNOLDS: RETROSPECTIVE VIEW

BURKE DAVIS



WHEN the text of the Moscow Declaration came over the wires last November, the Senate of the United States was fumbling around with the Connally Resolution. And one of the busiest maneuverers, Robert Rice Reynolds, Senator from North Carolina and chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, was engaged in tacking on an amendment to guarantee the independence of Poland, the Baltic States, and other neighbors of Russia. A few days later he was one of the five who voted against Senate approval of the Moscow Declaration.

The reaction in North Carolina was immediate. This was the last straw. Bob Reynolds was no longer the clown from the hill country, campaigning with a borrowed twenty-dollar bill in a carefully unkempt rattletrap Ford. His act was played out. One: he had forgotten that the South—which included his constituents—was more feverish in support of the war than any other part of the country. Two: he had played ball with two-bit American fascists, some of whom were so bankrupt of ideas that they had had to import Hitler's. An artist at wooing the poor whites of his native State, he had tried unsuccessfully to woo the poor whites of the nation, forgetting how Huey had said: "Sure we can have fascism here, but they'll call it anti-fascism."

If Bob's constituents didn't all have this reasoned out, they could feel it and they were fed up. Reynolds got the point and promptly announced that he would not make the race for re-election in 1944. He is not through with politics, he says; he plans to "continue in public life" to champion "the best interests of my State and my country"; but the prospects aren't so good. Bob is pushing sixty. He now has no following or organization in North Carolina worth the name. His principal capital is the admiration of Gerald L. K. Smith of Detroit and the financial backing of his wife, Evalyn McLean, the granddaughter of Father-Struck-It-Rich Walsh of Nevada. These are slender resources.

But the man deserves some examination, for he has been a remarkable political phenomenon. In his own State he broke the tradition of the string-tie wheelhorses of the Rich Poor Whites.

The Rich Poor Whites are the families of the lucky and industrious among the Southern poor whites who got on and got rich after the Civil War. They were country boys like Cannon, who arrived in what is now Kannapolis, N. C., barefooted and who eventually sold his towels around the world. They were boys like Wash Duke's son Buck, who founded the tobacco trust and eventually went into the utility business and, by virtue of electric

power shares, made Duke University one of the most richly endowed institutions of learning in the world. These poor whites were members of either the Baptist or Methodist church and gave their money to the support of those politically powerful denominations.

Reynolds didn't belong to this crowd and the fact that there will be a reversion to tradition in the coming election and that a representative of the Rich Poor Whites will be the next United States Senator doesn't alter the case. Reynolds's successor will be either the seventy-four-year-old tobacco-chewing Cameron Morrison, a White Supremacy leader of forty-five years ago, or former Governor Clyde Hoey, a Sunday-school teacher and machine politician. Neither of these gentlemen offers anything new to North Carolina. It's the same old dog-eared deck of cards. But things aren't quite the same. For eight years the Tarheel State has been represented by a man who is by temperament a cross between a carnival barker, a shell-game operator, and a traveling salesman. He certainly ruffled the waters of the Bible Belt.

REYNOLDS was born in Asheville, North Carolina, in 1884. Asheville is in the mountains and though it had something of a reputation as a summer and health resort in the days before the Civil War, the place never amounted to much until George Vanderbilt came there in 1889 to build Biltmore and, later on, E. W. Grove, the St. Louis manufacturer, became interested in the town and began to put his money in it.

In the years when Reynolds was young, North Carolina, like the other Southern States, was in something of a turmoil. The carpetbag era was over, but the farmers—and they were the great majority—were in the grip of perpetual hard times. Times were so hard, indeed, that Populism swept the South and in North Carolina the Populists, in partnership with the Republicans and the Negro voters, ran the State from 1892 until 1898.

In the latter year there was a rebellion by a somewhat resuscitated Democratic Party. Manned by country lawyers, newspapermen, and politicians, and aided

by Red Shirts from over the South Carolina line and by one-eyed Ben Tillman in person, the rebellion was a success. The campaign was pitched on the White Supremacy issue and one of the first acts of the new regime was to insert grandfather clauses in the State constitution to prevent Negroes from voting. The rebellion was led by Colonel Furnifold Simmons, who was promptly elected to the United States Senate and remained there until 1931. (He might have stayed there until his death had not his devotion to prohibition led him to break with his party over Al Smith. Hoover carried the State in 1928, but Simmons was killed politically.)

This crowd of politicians, who became known as the Raleigh Ring, ran the State for a generation thereafter. They understood what the score was as far as the textile, tobacco, and power interests were concerned. Education was slim—in 1901 the annual school term was less than four months and a fifth of the white population above the age of ten was illiterate. Election campaigns were red hot and brought to the rural districts a flavor and excitement that were relished and savored for months thereafter. The staple doctrines consisted of "keeping the nigger in his place," guarding the hearthstone from priests and the Pope, drinking bootleg and voting dry, railing at Wall Street, and tipping one's hat to the Methodist panjandruns.

This was the sort of landscape in which Bob Reynolds grew up. His father had been a court clerk, his uncle Gus had been tax collector, his uncle Dan was sheriff, and his uncle Henry had been chief of police. All this was in Buncombe County, of which Asheville is the county seat. His mother came pretty well fixed and Bob's share of her estate still brings him some five thousand dollars a year.

But he was not content to hang around Asheville. He very early wanted to see the world and started by running away when he was fourteen and getting a job breaking mules in Florida. At one time or another he has been a book salesman in Ohio, a patent-medicine spieler in the Chicago Loop, the editor of a physical culture magazine, a professional wrestler, a vaudeville actor, a roller-skating-rink

operator, a stowaway, and an author (two travel books called *Wanderlust* and *Gypsy Trails* and a newspaper series on *Twenty Famous Murders*). Six feet tall, muscular, sandy-haired, endowed with the gift of gab, he always wanted to keep moving. He bummed his way around the West; he was quick on his feet; he had a reputation as a wisecracker. He had a sort of quick sense that made him accept the vicissitudes of life and turn them to account with a smart crack. Thus, years later, when he was in Mexico, his car was halted by a couple of stick-up men. "I became resigned to the situation," said Reynolds later.

Periodically he would turn up in Asheville again. It was in 1902, when he was eighteen, that he set off for Weaver College (a small-time Methodist school), presently moving on to Chapel Hill and the University. There he took his law degree in 1906, and managed to get a football letter and become captain of the track team. During a number of summer vacations he worked his way to Europe on cattle boats.

Shortly after graduation Reynolds set up to practice law, and a little while after that he took his first plunge into politics. In 1910 he campaigned for prosecuting attorney of the 15th Judicial District of North Carolina. It would cost only fifty dollars to get on the ballot, it was wonderful advertising because his name would be seen by thousands, and such a maneuver was so "ethical." Thousands of pieces of stick candy, wrapped in tricolored paper bearing the legend, "Tell your daddy to vote for Bob Reynolds," found their way into mountain homes. He assailed the mountain men themselves in small gatherings, saying, "I don't give a damn about you people, and you know it. If I did I'd been out to see you sooner. And I don't know anything about law. I want this job to make money and learn some law." Appreciating such direct speech, the mountain men elected Reynolds decisively.

A sharp knowledge of the temperament of the mountaineers is essential for successful campaigning among them. They are quick-witted and observant, but most of them are easy-going and disinclined to steady exertion. They can become violent and enraged and then subside into

stretches of speechless calm. Some years ago an outlander discovered that the neighborhood of Highlands, North Carolina, was excellent for the growing of wine grapes. After a prolonged investigation, the outlander called a meeting of the mountain families and explained that there were few latitudes in the world ideally suited to the growing of wine grapes and that the Highlands region was one of them. He offered to bring in roots and help get the project started. "Four or five years' work," he said, "and you'll never have to worry again." His address was received in dead silence. Finally, after a long pause, one of the mountain men observed: "Aint worryin' none now."

Nowadays this whole region is criss-crossed by excellent highways and communication with nearby towns is constant. The isolation has been broken. But when Reynolds first began his campaigning the mountain people scarcely ever left the coves.

Encouraged by his first success at the polls, Reynolds decided to run for Congress. He was snowed under. For a long time thereafter he was politically in the Dismal Swamp. It was twenty years before he was elected to office again and it's conceivable that this thought sustains him now, when he is so completely in the doghouse.

When the First World War broke in Europe, Reynolds held a commission as captain in the North Carolina National Guard. He had organized a cavalry company in the Guard. But in 1916 he resigned in order to attend to "interests" in Louisiana. These interests included the management of a roller-skating rink and playing in a vaudeville sketch called "Captain Bob of the National Guard." His company saw action in France without assistance from Reynolds.

He was already getting to be a marrying man. His first wife, whom he married in 1909, died and in 1914 he married Mary Bland. Some time later he divorced his second wife and married Eva Brady, a former Follies girl. His fourth wife, not mentioned in *Who's Who*, was one Mlle. DeNice D'Uryea of New York City. His fifth and present wife is Evalyn McLean.

After the war and during the boom years

Reynolds busied himself making a living in Asheville. In the middle twenties the Florida land-boom fever infected Asheville and the town went wild putting on a local boom of its own. The sports editor of the local paper made and lost \$50,000. There was a lot of showy building. Eventually the bubble blew up. The town defaulted, the president of a bank was sent to jail, a former mayor shot himself.

In the midst of these excitements Reynolds went back into politics. In 1924 he ran for lieutenant governor. Equipped with a North Carolina yearbook and a voters' list he set off on a trip around the world. Thousands of voters received postcards of Westminster Abbey, the Pyramids, the Taj Mahal from Our Bob, mailed from along the way. Many of these cards may yet be seen, tacked to cabin walls. Reynolds returned just before the primary and was beaten.

Two years later, in 1926, he determined to run for the Senate. The North Carolina Senators at that time looked eternal: Colonel Simmons and Lee Overman. Both were sublime examples of the Raleigh Ring era; both had been in the Senate forever and, according to every sign, would remain there until death removed them. Against this sort of opposition, Reynolds campaigned strenuously. He lost, but got ninety thousand votes, a total that was considered astounding. From this point on, his chief aim was the Senate and he set to work at once to prepare for the 1932 primaries, six years off.

"There were graduation exercises to be attended in one-room schoolhouses," says one account, "mountaineers to be championed before the bar without fees, until Bob Reynolds was recognized everywhere as the Little Father of the Poor." Without machine connections or an organization worth the name, Reynolds set out to canvass the State.

II

REYNOLDS's campaign in 1932 was of a sort never seen in North Carolina before. It was a prolonged vaudeville. Though Reynolds is in the Southern demagogue tradition—the tradition of Vardaman of Mississippi, of Jeff Davis of

Arkansas, of Cole Blease of South Carolina, of "The Man" Bilbo—nevertheless he diverged sharply from type. He didn't devote himself to berating the Pope or lambasting the "niggers" in appeals to White Supremacy. Reynolds was different. He had been around. Though eventually he went in for a line of political appeals that would have seemed strange to Vardaman and the old-timers, in this campaign of '32 Reynolds devoted himself to two issues: prohibition and guying the life out of his opponent, Cameron Morrison.

North Carolina had voted for Hoover in 1928 because, among other things, Al Smith was tainted with liquor. The dries were powerful and bootlegging was a profitable occupation. "How do you send for a bootlegger?" was a popular question. The answer was, "Just bang on the back door with a spoon." Reynolds's argument was pitched on this note: "I don't ask you to bring liquor back. You can't bring back what has never been away." Make it legal, he said, and let's have the use of the tax money.

As for Morrison, he was—and is—an uninspired wheelhorse of the Raleigh Ring era. He was a stalwart in the White Supremacy campaign of '98, he represented the distillers back in 1903 in one of the early prohibition fights in the legislature, and he became governor in 1920 after a campaign in which he fought woman suffrage. During his administration the South was in the throes of the fight over evolution and Morrison made a sensation by forbidding school use of two biology texts. He was against any textbook, he said, which "prints pictures of a monkey and a man on the same page." Considerable hilarity was aroused by reports that he was casting sheep's eyes at the widow of George Vanderbilt, the owner of the Biltmore estate. True or false, a story was circulated through the State to the effect that Morrison—a celebrated tobacco-chewer—when riding in Mrs. Vanderbilt's limousine, thought he saw the car window open when it wasn't and let fly with a quid that spattered the glass and his hostess. Mrs. Vanderbilt presently married Peter Gerry, the Senator from Rhode Island. In 1924 Morrison married a wealthy woman, the

widow of George Watts of Durham; she brought nine million dollars' worth of Duke tobacco money with her to the marriage, and presently Morrison was riding in a Rolls Royce that had a shining cuspidor as one of its accessories. In 1930 Lee Overman died and Morrison was appointed to his place in the Senate. In 1932 he would have to stand for election on his own. For a politician, Morrison had made some bad mistakes after he went to Washington. He had hired the bridal suite at the Mayflower Hotel and put on the dog in various other ways that made him extremely vulnerable.

This was the man whom Reynolds undertook to beat. He set out for the villages and the crossroads settlements in a battered Ford, accompanied by a campaign manager and an assistant who were sufficiently like-minded to enter with exuberance into the campaign. He would draw up under the dusty elms of a company-owned mill village and, after a few minutes of ad libbing to collect a crowd, would produce a roll of red carpet and give an imitation of Morrison descending from his car at the Mayflower and making his carpeted way to the lobby. "Ole Cam can't get his tootsies dirty!" Reynolds would mimic and grimace and lampoon his opponent with a carefully practiced mountain drawl. "You know Cam eats caveeah? Know whut caveeah is? Caveeah, them's feesh aigs! Caveeah for breakfast at \$1.50 a bite! Don't you-all want a Senator who'll be satisfied with good ole North Carolina hen's eggs at 26 cents a dozen?"

Reynolds worked hard at showing himself as a poor man who was running his campaign on a shoestring. Addressing crowds in schoolhouses and courthouses he would wave two dirty one-dollar bills, proclaiming that they were his all. A favorite trick during this campaign was to draw up at a filling station and use his Ford as a rostrum. After the spiel Reynolds would make a plea for the loan of fifty cents—to reach the next hamlet. Soon the lender received a Reynolds check, generously made out for a dollar. Hundreds of them were never cashed but remain to this day as framed souvenirs of the great man. Over a period of months

Reynolds drove up and down the State. Once he entered the village of Columbia in a dairy wagon, riding with a Negro hand.

This sort of shenanigans went on for months with mounting effect. Much too late in the day Morrison awoke to his dire peril and set out to fight. It was no use. Reynolds swamped him in the primary and then easily defeated his Republican opponent in November.

ONCE in Washington, Reynolds gave himself up to the joys of being a Senator. *Life* magazine described how Huey Long, meeting Reynolds for the first time, paused in his handshaking, puzzled.

"Don't I know you from some place?"

"Not to my knowledge, Senator," said Reynolds.

"Ever been to Baton Rouge?"

Reynolds admitted that he had.

"Why, then, sure I know you," said Huey. "You used to run that roller-skating rink down there."

"That's right," said Reynolds. "And now I know you. You used to come in and win all the prizes for fancy skating. That's when you were down there selling snake oil."

This was the beginning of a close friendship between the two and Bob supported many of Huey's projects. In general, though, Reynolds in voting stuck to the party line and voted for most of the New Deal measures. One day in the Senate Cotton Ed Smith was blasting away, charging that many Senators were seeking to buy votes by supporting relief and recovery appropriations. He seized Reynolds by the shoulders: "Look me in the face and tell me you are always moved by a great humanitarian purpose." "Don't press me," said Reynolds. During a housing debate in 1937 he said: "If \$700,000,000 of the people's money is to be expended I want North Carolina, God bless her, to have her share—though she does not particularly need it."

Reynolds was no more impressed than Huey by the Senate's tradition that new members should be seen and not heard during their first session. He was saucy, talking and wisecracking constantly. Nor

lid he in any way resemble the standard string-tie Southern member in a come-o-Jesus coat. He was a snappy dresser. He was one of the few who used the Senate gymnasium. He was spry and affable and a favorite with the Senate page boys. He kissed Jean Harlow on the Capitol steps and was proud to talk about it. He kept books on his constituents, assiduously looked after their requests, and, with the help of a secretary, never failed to address them by their first names. "I play politics every day and all day," he said. He claimed to get some 265 phone calls a day and 500 letters every twenty-four hours. He claimed to have 100 visitors a day. When it became the fashion during the depression to travel through the United States and get acquainted with the country, he did it too. The man who had bummed his way around the country thirty years before now did a 9,000-mile thirty-day trailer tour of the country. "Anybody can travel a month in this country for \$100. . . . I found many people who had never seen a U. S. Senator before. They were usually surprised to see one in overalls and unshaven."

As a member of the Banking and Currency Committee, Reynolds jazzed up a dull session one day by asking a prominent witness a series of quick, piercing questions. While his confreres craned their necks in astonishment and the witness sweated nervously, Bob whispered loudly to a financial reporter: "Hey, bud, slip me some more of those questions."

He was as persistent a traveler as he had been in his younger days. During his first term he went again to Europe, Russia, the Near East, North Africa, and the Philippines. He went to South America and the West Indies, to Canada and Alaska. In Alaska he shot a walrus and had the mounted head hung in his office in the Senate Office Building. The stenographers referred to it as "Horrible Hank."

III

IN 1938 the first term of this peripatetic coxcomb came to an end and he had to run again. This campaign was the turning point in Reynolds's career.

To be sure, the old tricks were not want-

ing. A regular smoker of Camel cigarettes, in 1937 he endorsed Lucky Strikes for a \$1,000 fee. In the midst of a campaign speech he would refer to that huge joke on big business and declare that he had given the money to charity. A stooge in the audience would rise to ask, "Whut charity's thet, Bob?" to which the reply was: "Well, you all know that charity begins at home."

But this campaign was different. Later, when it was all over and Reynolds was back in Washington, he one day found Tydings of Maryland sitting in the Senate and looking glum. Tydings was shortly due to run for re-election but the campaign had not yet come off. Reynolds clapped him on the back. "Millard," he said, "let me tell you something. Don't waste any time talking issues in your campaign. Talk about the alien within our gates. That's the stuff that gets the votes. Take my advice, Millard; I know. It worked like a charm for me."

That was the platform in Reynolds's second campaign. It was a safe issue in a State where there are only a handful of the foreign-born—in 1940 there were in North Carolina 171 Austrians, 55 Czechs, 63 Danes, 9 Finns, 72 Hungarians, and other races in like numbers. And it was an easy thing in a region that distrusted strangers and had flourished on phobias for generations. Here were the people who had read the *Menace*; here the revived Ku Klux had flourished and only recently subsided. Hiram Wesley Evans, the Imperial Wizard, had held the first meeting of his Grand Dragons in Reynolds's home district, in Asheville, in July, 1923, and had told the boys that "the time has come when the millions who have led their countries to despoilation [whatever that meant] should not be admitted to our country" and that the Jews "are going to quit setting up Jewland in America."

For Reynolds to turn into this sort of rabble-rouser was something new. Even his five-hour filibuster in the Senate in 1938 against the anti-lynching bill had consisted largely of a lyrical description of his travels in foreign countries. But now he began beating the tom-tom, warning against the invasion of immigrant alien scum of the earth and how they would

snatch the jobs from true-born Americans. The whole campaign was thin and tinny and, for an ambitious demagogue, had a great shortcoming: Bob wasn't promising anything in the way of jobs, benefits, or preferment. He was just warning.

Still, he might have continued to enthrone his hill folk constituents if it hadn't been for the war. That cooked him.

Not long after his second term began Reynolds was off to Europe again and covered the whole continent, talking politics and patronizing night clubs with even-handed diligence. When he got home he told the Senate: "The dictators are doing what is best for their people. Hitler and Mussolini have a date with destiny; it's foolish to oppose them, so why not play ball with them?"

In January, 1939, the Administration proposed an amendment to raise a WPA appropriation from 725 to 875 million dollars. Barkley, majority leader in the Senate, thought he had Reynolds's vote nailed down. But the "economy bloc," led by Byrnes, Harrison, and Garner, was maneuvering against the amendment and there was also a vacancy on the Senate Military Affairs Committee. Jimmy Byrnes, then Senator from South Carolina, is said to have been the fixer who arranged that Reynolds should be named to the Committee. He was appointed and when the vote on the amendment was taken, Reynolds voted "No." The amendment lost by one vote!

A few days later, on January 31, 1939, Reynolds went formally into business as a nationalist, anti-alien demagogue. He announced the organization of the Vindicators, a nationalist outfit of his own, with himself as president and the motto "America for Americans . . . our citizens, our country first."

The platform was:

1. Keep America out of war.
2. Register and fingerprint all aliens.
3. Stop immigration for the next ten years.
4. Deport all criminal and undesirable aliens.
5. Banish all foreign "isms."

There were no dues to the organization, but the interested public were permitted to subscribe to its periodical, the *American Vindicator*, which first appeared in April, 1939. The outfit had buttons and a flag

on which was a rattlesnake and the motto "Don't tread on me." A feature was the Border Patrol, open to anybody between ten and eighteen. The youth received a badge studded with stars and stripes and was given a chance to win twenty dollars for catching "alien crooks." Reynolds also had a notion to form "Circles of Seven," which, said the Senator, "was merely a movement to get together groups of patriotic Americans, citizens in every single station."

Thus equipped Reynolds set forth to get himself a national following. He elected to side with the isolationists and in that respect his voting record in the Senate has been consistent to this day. But the isolationist groups with whom he was chummy were for the most part the crackpot-religion, lunatic-fringe, patriotic-racket, two-bit-fascist outfits that had sprouted so luxuriantly during the depression. Some of them were violently anti-Jew, some yearned toward Hitler, and they seem to have swapped around their mailing lists with one another.

Reynolds speedily aroused the admiration of these groups. He and Gerald L. K. Smith, the Committee-of-One-Million rabble-rouser, vociferously applauded each other. The Senator and Gerald Winrod, the Judophobe of Wichita who ran for the Senate and who is now under Federal indictment for conspiracy, sent each other enthusiastic telegrams. Reynolds spoke before a professional patriots' luncheon in New York and was greeted with cheers by a delegation from the German-American Bund, headed by Fritz Kuhn. Reynolds wrote to John Cecil, whose prejudices animated the American Immigration Conference Board, Inc., addressing him as "My dear Jack," and signing himself "hastily but sincerely yours, Bob." And so on, and so on.

In general the editorial conduct of the *American Vindicator* was extremely cagey. The copy consisted mostly of denunciations of vague enemies within and without. Reynolds, for example, did not himself go after the Jews, but the *Vindicator's* columns were opened to anti-Jew letters and the Senator allowed himself to say, in a by-lined interview published in Hitler's *Voelkischer Beobachter* on February 5,

1939, that "I am glad to be able to state without the least hesitation that I am absolutely against the United States waging war for the purpose of protecting Jews anywhere in the world."

He went abroad again in the summer of 1939 and was in France when the invasion of Poland came on September 1st. He hurried home and explained to reporters that "Hitler went over and took land in the way that sometimes the boys in Texas and North Carolina used to move a fence, with the aid of a shotgun, instead of doing it legally by the way of a surveyor—that's all Hitler did."

As the war drew nearer America, Reynolds began to hedge a little. He announced himself as against conscription, but voted for it in the end, declaring that "The squirrel hunters of North Carolina and Kentucky can keep Hitler or anybody else off until the Marines arrive and the situation is in hand." He sheered to the wind and the Vindicator organization was gently allowed to subside—the five million members he expected never materialized. The original platform was changed so that by the summer of 1943 it read:

1. Win the war.
2. Outlaw the Communist Party.
3. Abolish all isms except Americanism.
4. Stop all immigration now.
5. Register all labor unions.

Bob had got himself back on safe ground, and in an editorial ironically headed "Shifting Sands," he announced that "When the United Nations land in Europe—and they will land—Hitler's sham fortress will crumble to the earth from which it was raised, and the Nazi-fascist criminals will be forever buried in its ruins."

But the damage had been done. When, through the process of seniority, he succeeded to the chairmanship of the Military Affairs Committee in 1941, the home-State Charlotte *Observer* was "absolutely appalled." Toward the middle of '43 he wrote to a friend in Winston-Salem, saying, "It is a long time before the Democratic primary of 1944. Nevertheless I do

not think it is too early to make inquiry of my personal friends as to the political situation in your county in reference to the senatorial contest in which I am interested." The friend replied, "I would not be your friend if I did not tell you that your stock is not as good here as it has been . . . the people in this community are with the President on his foreign policy . . . my opinion is that you are going to have hard sledding."

What went on in the Senator's mind as a result of correspondence of this character can only be surmised. But the outlook was bleak. On October 9, 1941, he had married Evalyn McLean. However charming Miss McLean might be, the marriage prevented any more guying of Cameron Morrison, for the new wife brought \$100,000 a year with her and as far as plush living was concerned, Cam and Bob were in the same boat. Indeed, when he heard of the marriage, Morrison said, "From now on even I can lick him." Reynolds couldn't act poor boy with the mountain people any more and his folks were dead against his war record. His play was played out.

APPARENTLY—though there are rumors that he may become the publisher of the McLeans' Cincinnati *Enquirer*—the only gamble left was with the nationalist rabble-rousers, in the hope that reaction after the war would help something turn up. In December, 1943, Gerald L. K. Smith suggested that Reynolds run for President on the America First ticket in 1944. Reynolds said he was "flattered and honored." Presently the Charlotte *News* was reporting that expensively printed literature booming Bob for President was flooding North Carolina. According to this literature "The American Nationalists present Robert R. Reynolds, United States Senator, for President of the United States in 1944."

But it seems a little late in the day for a sixty-year-old ex-roller-skating-rink operator to set out to capture the United States.

THE STAGECOACH

A Story

GRIFFITH BEEMS



AFTERWARDS my sister and I were sorry, but there is this about Grandfather: if you get something on him you have to use it. Grandfather is seventy-three and set in his ways, and when my sister and I discovered the discrepancies in his Plummer story we couldn't keep our mouths shut. We went over together for dinner and Betty asked him about Plummer Tavern. It is easy to start him.

Grandfather was slicing green onions and mixing them with his potatoes, but he laid down his knife. "Old Levi Plummer," he said reminiscently, swiping at his lips with his napkin. "You children don't remember your great-great-grandfather. He died a good many years before you were born. Levi Plummer fought in the Civil War and was wounded in the leg—Shiloh, I think—and after the war gangrene set in. He had four operations. First they amputated his toe, then his ankle, then they cut off his leg at the knee, finally at the thigh. It would have killed any other man. In the end it even killed Levi Plummer. He had five hundred acres when he died, good Iowa land, every inch of it, and twelve thousand dollars out in first mortgages.

"He was a magnificent specimen—commanding, dignified, impressive. Looked like James G. Blaine. Big full beard, griz-

zled early. A real patriarch. Every morning he'd stand at the foot of the stairs and call his six boys: 'George! Joe! Charlie! Sam! Hiram! Taylor!' He had a deep orotund voice." It was unnecessary to add this, for Grandfather was calling these names in his deepest and most orotund voice. "Then he called his girls, 'Maggie! Lizzie! Ann! Jane! Nora! Ellen!'"

"I'll bet Lizzie didn't always get up when he called," said my sister. Elizabeth was Grandfather's mother and my sister is named after her.

"She certainly did," said Grandfather. "They stepped around when Levi spoke. That was one house in which children obeyed. Even his wife was afraid of him. She always referred to him as 'Plummer.'"

"A nice character," said my sister, "going round scaring his wife and children with his deep orotund voice."

"What about the Tavern?" I asked. I wanted him freshly committed to the story.

"It's still standing," he said. "You children should drive back there to Greencastle and visit it sometime. From here in Shelby County, it's not more than a hundred-and-fifty-mile drive." Of course we didn't interrupt to tell him that we had just done that very thing. "In those days the stagecoach stopped there. It

forded the Skunk just west of Plummer's and changed horses at the Tavern. Blue wheels and canary-colored body, that was the early stagecoach."

Grandfather began drinking his tea, filling the cup with the invariable eight soda crackers. "Most of that was before my time," he admitted, "but once I remember the stagecoach coming in. The driver was a fellow by the name of Bannister Brailey. He came driving those six horses up to the Tavern at a smart clip and he stood up, I remember—he had all the lines knotted together—and he stood up and slewed to a stop, and then he jumped, throwing the lines to Levi Plummer, and made a beeline for the house. He was prancing, I'll tell you. It was along in the spring and crossing the river—I suppose it was high; it always was in the spring—one of the lead horses snarled her harness and he'd had to wade out there up to his armpits in the river and free her and afterwards on the box in the wind he was freezing. I'll never forget that—Bannister Brailey, standing up in his frozen clothes, tossing the lines to my grandfather on the ground, and leaping off before the horses stopped. He never waited for the passengers. Bannister Brailey, the stagecoach driver."

"What about the Tavern?" I demanded. He had to be nailed down to the story or he would wriggle out of it. "What would Betty and I see if we did go back there?"

Grandfather's teaspoon had disappeared as usual and instead of asking for another he worked himself up without any explanation and shuffled out to the pantry, dragging his right leg a little as he does now since his stroke last fall. Watching that game leg hurts, because Grandfather was always proud of his agility. Right up to the stroke he used to entertain on the slightest provocation with a little shuffling jig that he called "the whinging." No one dares mention it any more. Now he came back with a tablespoon, which infuriates Grandmother—acting as if she didn't have enough teaspoons—but I really believe he prefers the larger spoon for eating his crackers soaked in tea. Grandmother started scolding him, but he paid no attention.

"Things have a way of shrinking," he

said. "I don't suppose the Tavern would look so big to me now as it did then. But it was a fine big house for those days, better than most people had, and finished all inside with walnut. The thing I remember most in particular was the public room of the Tavern. That's what you'd look for first if you went back there. The public room went up thirty feet—two full stories—and up above there was a balcony and the bedrooms upstairs opened off this balcony, same as in all old-fashioned hotels. I can remember as if it were yesterday, peeking through the balcony railing down at that big room—as big as a barn it seemed to me then."

THERE it was, more or less complete, the way he always told it.

"You want us to believe that, don't you, Grandpa?" my sister began, scornfully sweet.

He was undoing the cellophane from the one after-dinner cigar that the doctor allows him. She put him on suspicion at once. "People don't have to believe it to eat at my table," he said mildly.

She fiddle-faddled with our triumph. "It was all imagination, wasn't it?" she coaxed. "First you imagined that big room, two stories high, and then you told about it so often that you came to believe it almost, didn't you?"

"No," he said slowly, "I saw that room."

He spoke strongly and she was flustered. "Then where is it?" she cried. "Where is it?" She threw her hands around like a three-year-old.

He caught on at once. "If you've been out there," he said, "you didn't find the room. I could have told you that beforehand. I drove out there thirty years ago, hired a rig from the livery stable in Greencastle and drove out there, and the house was changed then. They'd put flooring across and converted the upper part into a bedroom. But the walnut is still there, isn't it, all the woodwork and paneling of walnut?"

"No," I said.

"That so?" he remarked, imperturbable, tipping his ashes into the tea saucer with an ash tray squarely in front of him. Grandmother remonstrated. "Probably

ripped out the walnut and sold it during the First World War for gunstocks. Walnut was high then. That's where it went."

"Do you mean to say," belligerently shouted my sister, "that you've been telling us all our lives to go see a Plummer Tavern that you knew didn't exist?" My sister is excitable. "That you deliberately sent us on a wild-goose chase?"

"If you'd listened to me a bit more carefully," he retorted, matching her violence, "you'd have noticed that I've never said what you'd find if you went out there now."

"We just asked you what we'd find," Betty contradicted, "and you said—"

He interrupted, louder. "Don't you put words in my mouth, young lady. What I just said—"

Grandmother pounded on the table with a knife handle. She had the look round her lips that means business. "You stop raising your voice," she told Grandfather. "Remember your color. The doctor said you had to keep your color down. And your voice."

"You're flushed up like a peony yourself," he told her. "You keep out of this. This is a peaceable argument until you and the doctors get in it. Betty isn't going to twist my words with me sitting here able to open my mouth and contradict her. I don't care what the doctors say."

"Contradict her quietly," said Grandmother.

Grandfather snorted, but he did lower his voice. "I've never said what you'd find there now. I've always described it the way it was, the way I remember it. It's been quite a while ago. Remember, we left in '73. My folks moved west here to Shelby County. In the spring of '73 we packed up and moved west."

We hadn't finished with him. On our trip, Betty had remembered Bannister Brailey and we had stopped at the Greencastle post office and inquired for him. It turned out that Bannister Brailey was dead but he had a daughter, now Mrs. R. B. Yount. She was about sixty and had been indignant at the suggestion that her father, Bannister Brailey, might have driven a stagecoach in his youth. I think she considered stagecoach-driving fit occu-

pation only for limbs of the devil. She had been positive her father hadn't. Besides being a respectable farmer all his life, Bannister Brailey had been nothing less than a Free Methodist. After correcting us, Mrs. Yount had shut the door in our faces. We reported this.

Grandfather surprised us. Instead of arguing, he remembered some new facts that we had never heard before. "I'll tell you," he confessed after reflection, "what makes me believe the driver was Bannister Brailey. I remember after we came out here to Shelby County, one winter a bobsled stopped in the road and a man got out and broke his way through the drifts up to our house. He was Bannister Brailey and he stayed with us that night and slept in my bed. And I remember my father and mother and Bannister Brailey talking that evening and what they talked about were the old stagecoach days. That's where I found out that Bannister Brailey drove the stagecoach. I got it that night. And I still think he did."

"His own daughter to the contrary notwithstanding," said my sister.

"Daughters don't know everything."

"I'm sure of it," said my sister. "Granddaughters are different."

"Another thing I remember about Bannister Brailey," he went on, "is that we had a well down by the slough, and even in winter, unless we melted snow, we had to go for water; and the next day Bannister Brailey and my father drove down to the well with the team, and coming back Bannister Brailey was holding the bucket out to one side to keep the water from slopping on him and my father drove badly and the sled tipped over and Bannister Brailey spilled water all over his clothes."

"And made a beeline for the house," shouted my sister, spilling her coffee as she put down her cup in her excitement. "There you have the entire basis for the story of Bannister Brailey, the stagecoach driver, tearing up from Skunk River in his wet clothes, his six horses in a lather, jumping off and running for the house!"

Even Grandfather looked momentarily startled. He worked at his cigar for a full minute and then he shook his head.

"No," he said. "It couldn't be. I saw that stagecoach. Maybe it wasn't Bannister Brailey driving. But I saw that stagecoach." He shut his eyes. "I still can."

THEN the argument really began.

I think we all wanted to get to the bottom of it. Betty and I figured there must be Greencastle people, still hale, whose memories went back further than Grandfather's. We made the trip again and consulted the editor of the local paper, and he suggested Lucy Batchelder, Tanner that was, who'd had the farm adjoining Plummer's on the west. Mrs. Batchelder was eighty-eight. Her daughter asked us in. Mrs. Batchelder was sitting in a rocker—a tall, wasted-away, vinegary old woman, thin as paper, but straight, her long shriveled hands in her lap—and she was wearing a sort of old-fashioned mobcap and a spotless blue apron. At first we thought she might be feeble, her voice was so faint and she sat so quietly, her hands folded, her knees together, and her feet in Congress slippers side by side on the floor. In the way she sat, the straightness of her back, the crossing of her emaciated hands, the jointing and folding of that tall spare skeleton, there was the neatness and angularity of the positions of an open jackknife. When she was young she must have been one of those long, lanky, unfortunate girls, too tall for any of the boys in the neighborhood.

After a few commonplaces with her daughter, I told Mrs. Batchelder that she certainly didn't look eighty-eight. She resented the remark. She gave me a sharp look, as much as to say that fine words didn't take her in and that I was a liar. With the flash of those suspicious old eyes, I knew there was nothing feeble about her.

Her voice quavered a little before it settled down. "So you're Plummers?" she began, after I had explained what we were after. "You look kind of like Plummers. My stars, though, you're too young to tell. The Plummers was always built short and chunky, fleshed up early, and they never lived long. Got unhealthy fat—kind that dies of diabetes. Doctors didn't know what it was then, but that's what it was. Levi Plummer died

of diabetes. I remember it was raining and the minister stopped.

"'Been burying today,' he says.

"'Who?' says Pa.

"'Old Levi Plummer,' says the Reverend Lampman.

"'What!' says Pa, 'I was over to see Levi just a couple days ago. A little bedridden but as mean as ever.'

"'Well,' says the Reverend Lampman, 'he's gone. I was hard put to say something for Levi. It rained like pitchforks all the time I was a-burying him.'

"'Could have said he was good to his stock,' says Pa. 'Never seen a heifer fatten up like she'd do for Levi.'"

Mrs. Batchelder had begun to rock gently, lifting and lowering her heels. She folded her long arms. "I remember that between Reverend Lampman and Pa like it was yesterday. It was still a-raining outside and that was the day Levi Plummer was buried. He always lived over the crick from us." Mrs. Batchelder meditated a moment. "He was a peculiar man, Levi Plummer, peculiar. Little pig eyes and his ears laid back, didn't stand out natural. Crazy as a betsey bug most of the time. Never got along with people, Levi didn't. To begin with he was from Kentucky, a slavery man. During the war I guess he never dared stick his head out of doors in the night. Copperhead, that's what he was. He paid a bushel basket of gold to keep his boys out of the war. Heard him say so myself. Feeling run so high they went one night and tarred and feathered the fence posts front of his house. He hushed down after that."

I mentioned Bannister Brailey and the Tavern.

"Can't say," she said, rocking more decidedly, "but wouldn't be surprised. Bannister Brailey'd drive anything that was heading fast for blazes, that one would. Most drove his pa and ma mad 'fore he settled down. Mamie Erlitzer, she settled him down, I can tell you." Every now and then in her rocking, Mrs. Batchelder's bony hand went up, her head came down, she fingered the lobe of her right ear, gave it a slight tug, and folded her arms again without interrupting the running of her talk by so much as a breath.

"About that stagecoach. Never seen one in my time. Railroad come through in '66. After the railroads there wasn't no use for stagecoaches. I must have seen 'em but I don't remember 'em. I've heard 'em talk about Plummer Tavern, though. That house out there now that you seen, that ain't Plummer Tavern. That house out there was built right after the Civil War. We built a house the year after the war, first house around here wasn't made of native timber. My pa, he ordered pine from Chicago. One day when it was a-building, Levi Plummer come over to look at it. Talked half a day with Pa. The next year he built. Bought his pine from Chicago, same as Pa told him to. He finished the house up nice inside, I'll say that for him. All walnut fixings. Had a lot of land there, wasn't good for nothing but walnut and hazelbrush and such like. Wasn't smart, Levi Plummer. Didn't get the best land when he could. All the county to choose from when he come out here—Levi Plummer was one of the first—but cockle-burs and horseweeds is what he bought from the government.

"I remember the old Tavern, little squatty building, one room of logs, other room of boards and battens, linn I guess, fireplace at each end. Tore it down in the eighties. Never knowed how they all lived in that house, Levi and his wife and twelve children, I think it was, and there was old Grandma Morrow as lived with them, ugly-tempered as sin. After her limbs was paralyzed she'd sit by the door and throw water on the children to keep 'em from coming in. Then there was uncle John Morrow too. He was a cripple. Fell off a horse, I guess, and walked with a cane. I never knowed where they put them all. Boys must have slept in the barn. Joe, I know, he said he used to sleep in the barn. 'You sleep in the hay,' he says, 'and it'll make your hair curl.' Joe Plummer, he had the prettiest head—"

Mrs. Batchelder tugged at her ear, but this time she interrupted herself, and her voice trailed off and slowly she ceased to rock. For a full minute she was silent. Then she glanced at us suspiciously, as if we might have been reading her thoughts, folded her arms, and sniffed. The sniff

was a crushing judgment. "Tavern, they called it," she said contemptuously, resuming her rocking. "Don't know why. Changed horses there. That's all they ever done. Never put nobody up. Couldn't put themselves up before they built the new house."

Her arms tightened. "Wasn't no lace on their petticoats, I can tell you. How old you say your grandfather is? Seventy-three. What he seen was the balcony round the portico of the new house. That's what he seen. Can't believe what children remembers. Levi Plummer put a portico front of his house. Round the top of the portico there was a gimcracky railing. That's what your grandpa seen when he looked out the upstairs window. Levi Plummer put it there because we didn't have one. Right after the war it was. He was fixing to be pretty fine.

"But his wife looked out the window one day, watched him going down to the barn. Right off she seen he didn't look right. One shoulder higher'n the other, slumping along, don't look right. 'What's the matter with your foot?' she says. 'You don't walk right.' 'Nothing,' he says. But she made him sit down. 'I'm going to wash your feet,' she says. He wouldn't hear of it. But she done it. Front of his toe there was a sore, mean pussy-looking sore. Had to have his toe off. Then they broke out on his leg. Diabetes, that's what it was, but doctors didn't know. Seems like he couldn't get enough sugar. Had a craving. Sugar costs money. Wife hid the sugar bowl and he'd sneak down cellar and eat up her preserves. Had to have sweet stuff. That's the way diabetes takes you. When those sores was a-running, Levi Plummer was himself, but when they healed, he was crazy as a betsey bug. His wife found the butcher knife under his pillow. 'I'm 'fraid for my life of him,' she told Mahala Baker, but she never let him know, spunked right up to him always. One day he tried to kill hisself, propped his shotgun up against a stump, going to blow his head off. Joe Plummer, he kicked the gun over just in time.

"That Joe Plummer was a holy terror. When he got hold of you, you'd better look out. All them Plummer boys was

devils. Spiteful and mean; that's what they mostly was. Levi'd say to Joe, 'Joe, I want you to use the sorrels today on the back forty,' and fifteen minutes after he'd look from the window and there'd be Joe driving the blacks on the front eighty. Or he'd say, 'George, I want you to put new riders on the fence,' and George would say, 'I'll ride you, old man, that's what I'll do.' That was the way they talked to him, and him in bed with his sores. He had a red muley cow and Sam sold her and kept the money. The boys stealed off their father right and left. And the doctors had his leg off, a chop at a time.

"I remember one summer I tried to work for Ma Plummer. Three days of the Plummers was all I could stand. That Joe Plummer he was a devil. He could make you laugh and laugh when he wanted to and the next minute you'd like to smack him down. When old Levi died they all took to fighting among themselves. There wasn't one of them could be sweet enough to Ma Plummer. She had the money. And oh my, how they did hate each other. It got to be a scandal almost. They hated Joe the most because he could get round his ma. But Joe, he wasn't dependable. 'You don't want ever to get mixed up with those Plummers,' my pa says to me. 'There's bad blood in all of 'em.' And there was." She stopped, rocking. "I never consorted with none of 'em," Mrs. Batchelder said firmly.

WHEN we related it all, Grandfather immediately pooh-poohed it away. "Lucy wanted to marry Joe Plummer and Joe wouldn't have her. I remember that story. I wouldn't believe Mrs. Batchelder under oath. I don't believe she was even living around Greencastle when we left in '73. I certainly don't recall her."

"I believe her," Betty insisted.

"So do I," I said. "Mrs. Batchelder is eighty-eight. She was a girl in her teens when you were born. Naturally she remembers better than you do. I can see the process. After you get to Shelby County, your mother tells you about the gimcracky railing on the outside portico of her old home and in your mind you turn

it into the inside balcony for an enormous public tavern room, two stories high."

"You probably didn't know what a portico was," Betty suggested.

"Your mother told you other things," I said, "and then, childlike, you garbled it in your mind until now you remember things that happened to your mother before you were born, before even Mrs. Batchelder can remember, like the stagecoach, because your mother was older than Mrs. Batchelder."

Grandmother leaned over to Betty and they whispered together. Betty alertly sat up. "How old are you, Grandpa?"

"Seventy-three," said Grandmother, "and his birthday is on the 3rd of June."

My sister calculated painfully.

Grandfather gibed at her. "You'll never manage sums in your head," he told her, "unless you learn how to wrap your tongue round your teeth correctly."

"You were born on June 3, 1871," she charged, "and you left Greencastle to come west out here to Shelby County in 1873, so all these things you've been telling us happened before you were two years old. Isn't that precocious, Grandpa, even for you?"

I could have kicked myself for not having thought it through before.

"Who said I was born in 1871?" he countered mildly. "I never said that." We roared contradiction in unison. "I was born in '68," he insisted, and became suddenly heated. "Your grandmother invented the other. I ought to know. I'm seventy-six. Let's see. I was—"

"Careful, Grandpa, careful. Get your arithmetic right."

"I was five," he asserted, fully aroused. "It's not a matter of arithmetic. It's a fact. A child of five remembers a lot. Such things as I've told you I remember distinctly. They're part of me. My mind isn't cluttered up with supposes. It's filled with the things that have actually happened. I'll remember what I remember as long as I live. It's built into me, part and parcel, like my own bones. You aren't going to make me forget things, Betty, after remembering them all my life. Why, I can see that stagecoach, every detail." He shut his eyes; the lids screwed together. "I can see it right

down to the hub nut and the blue fellies." Then he snorted with the vigor of his certitude, opened his eyes, and stood up carefully because of his leg.

"I'd be the first to admit that my memory had played me false if any evidence were forthcoming," he announced, retreating with dignity toward his newspaper. We made disbelieving murmurs. "There hasn't been any evidence yet." He picked up the newspaper. "I'd like less loose talk and more proof." Behind his newspaper he is unassailable. It is his way of retiring from the field. "Stop talking and get proof for a change," he said, and disappeared behind the sheet.

"Let's prove it," Betty said to me.

"How?" I said. "You wouldn't know proof from prunes."

"Maybe she would," Grandmother said. "Listen, Betty, go up to the attic. On the right-hand side there is a pile of screens and behind the screens there's an old baby carriage without any wheels and right near there is a family Bible. I think it's down in the foot of the baby carriage."

Grandfather lowered his newspaper. "You keep out of this," he warned Grandmother, his voice suddenly violent.

"I'm sure you want to get at the truth," she told him severely.

In ten minutes Betty came down, yipping jubilantly. "You were born on June 3, 1871," she proclaimed, reading the entry. "So at the most, since you moved from Greencastle to Shelby County in 1873, you were only"—she sat on the arm of his chair, wriggling with excitement—"two years and a few months old when you arrived here. Everything you've been talking about happened back in Greencastle before that."

Calmly he laid down the newspaper. "Let's see the page," he demanded. The book was too heavy for him to hold, but no one dared remind him. He knew it too. "Put it on the table," he ordered. He dragged back to the table and sat down with the book before him.

"There must have been two Levi Plummers," cried my sister, dancing behind his chair. Teasing, she shook his shoulder. "You and Mrs. Batchelder don't agree very well. Someone must be given to

misremembering, huh, Grandpa?" She hovered by his ear. "Huh?"

Grandfather wasn't listening. He was engrossed in the entries in the back of the Bible. Now he looked up. "Levi Plummer was only sixty-three when he died," he exclaimed, pointing on the page. I think he was startled. "I've always thought of Levi Plummer as an old, old man."

He turned on my sister unexpectedly. "Sit down," he commanded. She didn't sit down, but she subsided slightly. "There were two Levi Plummers," he agreed, suddenly stern. "You children don't know the length of a lifetime, a man's lifetime. You don't know what time is."

"I've waited two days to spring Mrs. Batchelder on you," cried my sister.

"Be quiet," he said. "You've been hearing about a man's life. It didn't happen in an instant." He pointed again at the page. "It lasted sixty-three years. Old Levi Plummer lasted sixty-three years. He died in 1883. And there were two of him. There usually are. There's a sick man at the end, dragging around for months and years, half-paralyzed. Mrs. Batchelder knew the sick Levi Plummer. That's the one she's chosen to remember. That's the one she told you about. Before that there was another man that all his life was well and strong. My mother knew the other Levi Plummer, the well one. That's the one she told me about and that's the one I've told you about. That's the one to remember, the one that was well and strong. That's the man that matters. I want you always to remember the one that was well and strong"—he stood up, hands on the table, tentative because of his leg—"the one that was able to 'do the whingding' if he liked," he added gruffly.

My sister is irrepressible at times. "If it was your mother's Levi Plummer that you knew," she put in, "then it was your mother's stagecoach, wasn't it?"

Our grandfather closed the cover on the family page. He abruptly shoved the book from him. I think he included us all in that shove. "No," he said. "That was my stagecoach."

SOME REAL TROUBLE IN SOUTH AMERICA

The Truth About the Argentine Crisis

RICARDO SETARO



ON THE 26th of January, 1944, Argentina broke with the Axis. There were expressions of profound satisfaction in Washington and the general impression given by the newspapers was that Hemisphere solidarity was at last achieved and harmonious co-operation among all the American republics must follow as the night the day. Such is not the case. The United States is in very real trouble in South America.

This trouble has not been the work of remote-control political maneuvering from Berlin, though newspapers in the United States seemed to think it was. The Nazis were only an incidental factor. The actual trouble was—and is—this: Working out from its financial center in Buenos Aires, Argentina has established economic and political ties of the closest character with Paraguay and Bolivia. To these nations may be added shortly Chile, Peru, and Uruguay. The economic ties are not a recent development; they were begun years ago; they are strongly backed by both European and international interests which are in intense opposition to what might be called the native business interests of the United States. In the past few months Argentina's ties with her neighbors have been much strengthened.

Argentina, now bossed by a reactionary dictatorship similar to European models—strongly anti-Semitic, with a controlled press, no right of assembly, and no religious freedom—heads this coalition of neighboring states. Cartel capital, leaving Germany by way of Spain, has been coming into Argentina in large amounts. Many Germans involved in these transactions are still in Buenos Aires and are likely to remain there. Simultaneously great sums of British capital are coming in. (This is in addition to already existing British investment in Argentina, which, accumulating over the years, amounts to a huge total.) This money and these interests made connections with the army colonels of the dictatorship and are being employed in Argentina's present moves. Last August the Ramirez government, being short of armament, applied to the United States for arms via Lend-Lease. The request was refused out of hand. It is now known that arms have been moving into Buenos Aires for the use of the dictatorship. These arms did not and do not come from either Spanish or Axis sources. The purpose of this article is to show how this situation came about and why the United States at last has real trouble on its hands in South America.

THE military coup of June 4, 1943, which brought into power the fascist forces that now rule the Argentine Republic was not the result of any hastily conceived plan. It was, on the contrary, only the most recent development of a trend that has been evident in Argentina for years. No hazy thought lies behind the recent events in Buenos Aires; the theory is clear and well defined.

This theory argues for a customs union among the nations of South America, with Argentina playing the dominant role in the union. Many Argentines, over the years, have been attracted by this theory and it has been discussed from every possible angle. Perhaps the simplest way to illustrate it here would be to tell something of the life and career and ideas of Alejandro E. Bunge, one of the best-known Argentine intellectuals.

More than thirty years ago, as a young Argentine professor, Bunge visited Europe, and during his stay in Germany in 1909 he delivered a lecture in the Municipal Theater in Mannheim. The theme of his lecture was "The Customs Union of the South," and it was received with close attention. The genesis of the idea, of course, was the Zollverein, the customs union which linked the independent German states in the early decades of the nineteenth century before the organization of the German Empire.

But Professor Bunge had elaborated the idea; he had a world view. According to him there were three great economic units—Continental Europe including Great Britain, the United States of America, and Argentina and her neighbors. This last group included Chile, Bolivia, Uruguay, Paraguay, and, possibly, Brazil. If Brazil were excluded, then Peru would automatically enter the group. In foreign commerce the function of these nations was to export agricultural products and raw materials. Bunge thought that if tariffs were obliterated among these Latin-American states, goods could circulate freely and the influence of the group as a consolidated source of raw materials would be enormously strengthened.

Bunge could, without difficulty, assemble statistics to give his theory a most imposing façade. The southern republics—

Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Paraguay, and Uruguay—now have a combined area of 2,120,847 square miles and a population of about 25 million persons. Within this territory there are enough raw materials—including iron and solid and liquid fuels—to place the proposed Union in a commanding position in respect to both Europe and the United States. Within that territory large fractions of the world's tin and copper are mined; there is a monopoly of iodine and tannin. This region is the source of 40 per cent of the world's output of drugs and has the world's largest deposits of borax. From it comes 85 per cent of the world's linseed export, 70 per cent of the world's export of corn and 23 per cent of the wheat. Its animal population includes 50 million head of cattle, 70 million sheep, and 9 million horses. All in all, the proponents of the theory could list formidable economic weapons.

EVENTS did not favor the rapid development of the theory in the years following Bunge's lecture in 1909, but it was not forgotten. With the onset of the World Depression and the coming of the present war, the idea of the union received increasing attention. Sr. Bunge, still alive and with even greater reputation, continued to urge action along the lines of the argument which had absorbed his attention for so many years.

It must be remembered that the Argentine economic structure, erected during the past fifty years of stable government, is one of servitude to the European market in general and to the British market in particular. Argentine exports in 1940, when the effects of World War II began to be felt, were divided as follows:

To Great Britain	36.4 per cent
" the United States	17.5 " "
" Continental Europe	24.5 " "
" the remainder	21.6 " "

The disappearance of many European markets, the restrictions of trading with the United Kingdom, submarine warfare, and other manifestations of the war have been felt in Argentina in more or less the same degree as elsewhere. But one effect has been most powerful in Argentina: it has made clearer than ever to the Argentines the fact that their economy is designed to

serve a foreign and not a national interest.

Public opinion, reflecting economic unrest, divided into two groups. One group demands active co-operation with the democratic elements among the United Nations. It is this group which desperately wants to see the great estates broken up, democratic institutions strengthened, home-owned industry established. The other group, fighting for a distant, opportunistic policy, wants to maintain the economic status quo. It is the latter group which now supports the dictatorship.

Partisans of this latter group have affirmed that "Argentina, in view of her territorial patrimony and the fundamental conditions of her people, can live a life which can be independent in every sense." Argentina should "trade freely with the great world units, from an equidistant position, as it has done until today."

But Argentines should "banish forever any sense of inferiority"; each citizen should realize that "whatever any race or any country can attain through its spiritual and physical qualities, can be attained by Argentina also." What this amounts to is this: keep the old economic structure and buttress it with a system of Spartan, self-sacrificing "ideals."

These ideals, which echo in every line the fascist doctrines of the corporate state, are set forth by Bunge in his *A New Argentina*:

1. Cultivate habits of industry and diligence and revere the institution of the family; abhor materialism, laziness, selfishness, and the evil of a diminished birthrate.

2. Demand respect for the general interests of the country, which in themselves are a bulwark of virtue and order.

3. Root out every interest and attitude which, through class feeling, tends to divide society and foster negative and destructive thought.

4. Rephrase social and political precepts so that they may reflect both the old and the new ideals of a hierarchical state in which each individual gladly subjects himself to discipline and faithfully discharges his individual duty. [Italics ours.]

5. Demand in every field the maximum efficiency in work and effort, "according to the Evangel."

6. Suppress all barriers "recently erected" which may affect discipline, the rate of production and the national interests. [In other words: out the window with trade unions, independent schools and newspapers, competing political parties, and all religious bodies other than the Catholic Church.]

To the end that these ideals may be realized, let all laws and regulations affecting work and production, whether national, provincial, or local, be carefully examined and revised. Such are the doctrines of Sr. Alejandro Bunge.

The economic measures advocated by the Bunge school include a shaving of the demands of the export trade, which are judged to be out of proportion with internal needs: stabilization is recommended and, in some cases, perhaps a cut in export production until, after the war, the status of the traditional Argentine market is clear. At the same time, although very cautiously, a prudent increase is suggested in the manufacture of a number of articles now imported in order to ease the demand in the internal market. *But this last must be done carefully in order to avoid endangering the resumption of normal imports after the war.*

Clearly this is no program of vigorous expansion and change. On the contrary, it is carefully designed to preserve an already delicate equilibrium. It seeks to shore up and fortify the status quo, even to the extent of asking existing interests to submit to mild self-denying ordinances of various sorts. The preservation of the dominant vested interests in Argentina calls for strong political government and a willingness on the part of the shareholder to pare his dividend a little in order to avoid losing it altogether.

The quintessence of the Bunge theory is distilled in the phrase: "To imbue the Administration, to a military degree, with the spirit of abnegation, efficiency, discipline and rank."

Bunge asked himself, as far back as 1940, "Is it not possible that we need a change in our form of government, in order to invigorate the country, as France tried to do, a bit too late, in 1938? Don't we perhaps need a new constitution?"

He answered his own questions in words which make all too clear the events of the past few months: "We believe that our fundamental democracy does not compel us to lead a pernicious electioneering life, holding elections so often throughout the country; nor that it compels us to suffer indefinitely to be represented by mediocrities, often out of touch with regional and

national realities and with the corporative interests of our country."

This is the theory which forms the intellectual base of the fascist revolution in Argentina.

II

A START was made in applying Bunge's principles before the coup d'état occurred. Diplomatic and commercial activity, initiated by Buenos Aires, was on the upgrade through 1940. Accords were signed with several American republics providing for the exchange of Argentine products for those of other Latin-American nations. A most-favored-nation treaty was signed with Brazil on January 23, 1940, calling for limited free interchange and ample tariff concessions. An unconditional most-favored-nation accord was concluded with Chile on February 18, 1940; it became effective the following October. A similar agreement was made with Colombia on October 17, 1940; and on December 20, 1940, another unconditional most-favored-nation treaty with Cuba. At the close of December, 1940, the foreign ministers of Argentina and Uruguay met to consider the "possibility of establishing a customs union." On October 6, 1940, the finance ministers of Argentina and Brazil signed at Rio several recommendations for progressively freer trade between the two countries. February 6, 1941, the representatives of Bolivia and Paraguay went to Buenos Aires. The results of their meetings with the Argentine representatives were:

1. An Argentine-Bolivian treaty, stipulating that Argentina was to lend money to Bolivia for building a railroad between Yacuiba and Santa Cruz, and for drilling and operating oil wells in the Sanandita region. Also, funds were to be lent to Bolivia for building a pipeline from the Bermejo oilfields in Bolivia to Oran or another Argentine station on the Argentine Northern-Central Railroad.
2. An Argentine-Bolivian agreement on tourism, reciprocally abolishing entry and exit duties.
3. A protocol to the Argentine-Bolivian boundary treaty of 1925.
4. An accord among Argentina, Bolivia, and Paraguay for the study of utilization of the waters of the Pilcomayo River, to the benefit of the three parties concerned.
5. A treaty between Argentina and Paraguay creating a fund for the stabilization of Paraguayan currency.

It is significant that, in value of goods, Argentina was second only to the United States in respect to exports to Bolivia in 1939. As for Paraguay, Argentina supplied 37 per cent of the value of its imports in 1939, a figure which rose to 45 per cent in 1940. The United States was in second place. The semi-dependence on Argentina of neighboring nations makes Buenos Aires the headquarters for any strategy concerning the southern extremity of the continent.

THE present war brought a violent clash among the groups in Buenos Aires which represent foreign capital and its Argentine allies. The total foreign investment in Argentina amounts to about two and a quarter billion dollars. Of this more than half—\$1,375,000,000—is held in Great Britain. United States direct investments trail far behind; according to Treasury Department figures these investments in 1943 were \$311,000,000. The remainder of the total is divided among France, Belgium, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Germany, and Italy; it does not include the sums sent by Germany and her satellites as a hedge against defeat in the war.

It is significant that the group which represents American investment has widespread popular support—even though Yankee imperialism is not admired—as against the British group, which is closely allied with the dictatorship.

The upshot of the clash between these groups is the crisis which came to a head in 1940 and which steadily grows more acute. Argentine public opinion distinguishes sharply between British capital and the British people. Thus in 1940, when fate seemed to frown on Allied arms, there was a panic in the United Nations group. The result of this panic was the Pinedo Plan.

Dr. Federico Pinedo—now a voluntary exile in Montevideo—was Minister of Finance. Dr. Pinedo—somewhat naïvely—proposed that Argentina should take over all British investments, beginning with loans floated for the purpose in the United States. His plan provoked violent political repercussions. The groups whose interests are closely tied to British capital

were instant in their opposition. Foremost among them were the large cattle growers, whose resolution was fortified by the steady renewal of meat contracts by Britain. (These were finally consolidated in the 1943 agreement through which Britain undertook to buy all the Argentine meat surplus available for export through the period ending September 30, 1944. Later similar agreements were signed with Brazil, Uruguay, and Paraguay, all of which depend in greater or lesser degree on the British packing plants in Argentina. The purchase price set for Argentine meat was the highest in eighteen years.) The opposition to Pinedo's plan promptly forced the Minister's resignation. The illness and retirement from office of President Roberto Ortiz in July, 1940, proved to be another advantage to those who subsequently brought in the dictatorship.

This will become clear if political divisions in Argentina are understood. The conservatives include the cattle raisers, the great landholders, and those in Buenos Aires whose interests are tied to the strongest foreign capital groups. The opposition has the support of the middle and lower classes in the provincial towns; its overwhelming strength is in Buenos Aires, where it includes the middle class and the trade unions. Some years ago the opposition was split as a result of a quarrel among its leaders and one group went over to the conservatives. This produced the peculiar spectacle of a single party presenting an election ticket that included both liberal and conservative candidates. Such was the case in 1937 when the conservatives won the national election, electing Roberto Ortiz, formerly of the opposition, as President and Ramon Castillo, a reactionary lawyer, as Vice-President. Elections in Argentina are notoriously corrupt and this particular election was no exception. The constitution provides that the federal government may intervene in the provinces for the preservation of public order, and this provision has been employed by the conservative landholders and cattle raisers again and again to stuff provincial ballot boxes, swamp the opposition, and return majorities favorable to themselves.

The country found itself in 1937 in a

position where all liberal and progressive action depended on the state of mind of Ortiz. Would he refrain from interference in subsequent provincial elections? His views were antithetical to those of his Vice-President, Castillo. Would he remain firm in his opposition? The answer turned out to be: no. Ortiz fell ill; his eyesight began to fail. In July, 1940—when the Pinedo Plan crisis was at its height—Ortiz relinquished his office in the hope of regaining his health and Castillo became President. This development put the conservatives firmly in the saddle and popular discontent rapidly increased.

Castillo's regime now found itself in a dilemma. Either it could represent the popular will, which was pro-United Nations, anti-British capital, and for industrial expansion in Argentina, or it could represent the status quo. If it chose the latter, electoral frauds of colossal dimensions would be necessary and it was questionable whether the Castillo government could bring them off. Castillo chose to make the attempt and backed the candidacy of Robustiano Patron Costas, one of the most unpopular men in Argentina. The tension increased and it was clear that there would be outbreaks at the election. At this juncture the GOU (Grupo de Oficiales Unificados or Group of United Officers), a clique of colonels who profoundly admired the direct-action tactics of the Nazis, took it upon itself to cut the Gordian knot. Castillo was overthrown. But Castillo did not fall because the GOU opposed his policies; *he fell because the continuity of his policies was endangered.*

III

THE coup d'état came on June 4, 1943, and the present military dictatorship was installed. By October 10th, according to Lewis L. Nettleton in the financial section of the *New York Times*, financial commentators in London had noticed the gains registered in the London market by Argentine railroad stocks "in view of the improved outlook for those companies."

In the middle of October, 1943, a British delegation arrived in Buenos Aires. It was made up of Messrs. John Montague Eddy, Harold Charles Drayton, and other

presidents and directors of the most important British railroads in Argentina and of the Bank of London and South America. Mr. Eddy, in an interview given to *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires, said, "The war will come to an end, and we must be prepared. We come to see what rolling stock is needed, and what material for tracks and other installations. We have to prepare the railways for the postwar period. The other war brought about the competition of motor traffic. This one may bring about air competition. It is a timely moment to discuss with the men in the government [Ramirez, etc.] ways and means to come to an understanding for that purpose, which means better service and *maintaining the usual channels for Argentine production*, which must surely expand considerably in coming years. We shall stay two months, although we are ready to continue here as long as it is necessary to solve these problems completely." [Italics ours.] A few days later a mixed commission of British delegates and Argentine functionaries was created, which at the present moment is deliberating upon postwar problems.

One of the items upon which Bunge dwelt in his consideration of a customs union was the "monopoly of the world's exportable production of iodine and tannin."

Neither in Argentina nor in the United States is the man in the street aware of situations of this sort. Therefore it created a sensation in both countries when the Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee's Subcommittee on War Mobilization, Senator Harley Kilgore, and the Assistant Attorney General, Mr. Wendell Berge, denounced the Argentine cartel which controls the production of tannin and limits the amount that is shipped to the United States.

What is this cartel? La Forestal Land, Timber and Railway Co., controlled by British capital, is responsible for the production of 89 per cent of all the tannin in Argentina and Paraguay. The Argentine Navigation Company, Doderer & Co., Ltd., controls practically all water transportation on the Paraguay, Parana, and Uruguay rivers, through which tannin leaves the country. This company is also British-controlled. Mr. Kilgore declared

that "this united front in quebracho operates with the authorization and acquiescence of the government of Argentina."

ANOTHER sector of the supporters of the dictatorship is made up of those who, while thinking that Germany will lose the war, believe nevertheless that the democracies, with their typical liberal tolerance, will either permit a renaissance of Germany after the war or will help promote a European economic bloc (the old customs union idea) which not only will *not* oppose Argentine expansion in South America but will need it for its own ends in that part of the world.

Through the Aunós Spanish mission, Argentina opened the doors of South America to all the dollar and pound sterling notes circulating in Europe at the outbreak of the war. In addition, a great current of European capital, chiefly German, has been funneling into Argentina and there expended mainly on public works. This capital is lent on a long-term basis. In one month the present government ordered highway construction worth 6 million pesos; it has announced plans for cheap housing to cost 50 million pesos. (A few weeks ago when an earthquake leveled the city of San Juan, General Ramirez announced that the government would spend 500 million pesos to restore the town; he did not say where the money was coming from!) It is estimated that the flow of this kind of European capital has reached a total of one billion reichsmarks.

The Black List furnishes the names of many of the enterprises (and their directors) engaged in work of this character. Siemens-Bauunion and Weiss & Freytag are in the forefront. Numerous outstanding personalities in the Ramirez regime were closely associated with these companies: General Basilio Pertine, mayor of Buenos Aires until the Axis break, is one; Carlos Ibarguren is another.

Incidentally, the publication of official statistics in Madrid presents an interesting sidelight on the present status of Argentine foreign trade. In 1939 Spain received, all told, a total of 115,682 tons of Argentine products. Spanish figures published at the beginning of 1944 reveal a startling

change: the Spanish imports from Argentina for the year 1943 included 496,-887 tons of wheat, 1,150 tons of frozen meat, 2,599 tons of wheat flour, 4,212 tons of lentils, 1,128 tons of powdered milk, and 7,184 tons of beans. It is not to be supposed that these imports were all absorbed in Spain any more than it is to be supposed that Spanish industries supplied, for example, the cargo of the Spanish ship, the *Monte Ayala*, that docked at Buenos Aires in January, 1944, with a cargo of 1,000 tons of steel and consignments of machinery, ink, and textiles.

IV

MEANTIME the GOU has been running Argentina. Since last June democratic institutions have been destroyed and a police-dominated state has been organized. Directly the dictatorship was installed, presidential elections were postponed indefinitely. Congress was disbanded. Home rule in the provinces was done away with and military governors appointed who are responsible only to the federal government. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press and of public assembly are denied. Political parties, labor unions, and democratic organizations of all sorts have been dissolved. Individual guarantees have been suspended; there is no longer a right of habeas corpus. Compulsory religious teaching has been decreed for grade and high schools in violation of the constitution. Concentration camps have been established in the territories of Neuquen, Santa Cruz, and Chaco. More than 3,000 political and labor leaders are in jail or concentration camps. Others have had to flee abroad. The only thing yet undone is the creation of a single, official political party and of a Chamber of Corporations; then the state machinery will be complete on the German, Italian, and Spanish model.

But this last is a difficult problem. The dictatorship doesn't have the popular following that Hitler and Mussolini had in their early days, the supporters who cheered them to power. For that reason the continental plans have had to be rushed. If the Ramirez dictatorship can deal successfully with those in the neigh-

boring countries whose interests coincide, the regime can buttress itself even though popular support at home is lacking.

So, building upon the foundations already laid during the Castillo administration, the dictatorship pushes ahead. To rivet the ties with Paraguay was no difficult task. Paraguay is a dependency of Argentina and of the European capital which functions through Argentina. Higinio Morinigo is a dictator of anti-democratic origin. He chose to destroy the bloom of "honoris causa" at Fordham University by also accepting a degree at Buenos Aires. This acceptance was the GOU's first victory in the Hemisphere. Significantly enough, there was an attempted revolution in Paraguay on January 26th, the very day Argentina broke with the Axis. General Morinigo suppressed the rebellion with ease and then telegraphed to headquarters—Buenos Aires—that the government and people of Paraguay had "joyously" received the news of the "transcendental Argentina decision whereby relations with the Axis have been broken."

Next, the Argentine Foreign Minister, General Alberto Gilbert, gave an interview to the correspondent of the Chilean daily, *La Hora* of Santiago. In this interview, which was given in the presence of the Chilean Ambassador, Conrado Rios Gallardo, General Gilbert suggested a customs union with Chile. After blaming the United States for the shortage of machinery and various articles badly needed in South America, he said: "War has opened our eyes to our own continental possibilities in South America, and the postwar period will give us an opportunity to explore them."

Present plans call for the building of highways and railroads and the drilling of a new tunnel through the Andes for motor traffic. The expropriation of the American-owned streetcar company in Tucuman, the various steps against the American-owned or -controlled electric companies, and finally the announcement of a possible nationalization of the telephone companies controlled by the International Telephone and Telegraph Company all lend strength to the belief that a definite plan has been in operation.

BUT there was one weak spot in the plan for the establishment of a Customs Union of the South as a focus of opposition to the United States and the nations in the hemisphere friendly to the United States. That weakness lay in the fact that Argentina was short of military equipment while other South American nations—notably Brazil—were arming with great rapidity. As a first move, Argentina last August blandly asked for American arms, via Lend-Lease. The request was abruptly refused. Next it was publicly stated in Santiago de Chile that Argentina was sounding out Spain with a view to obtaining arms in exchange for agricultural products. It is now known that arms have been coming into Buenos Aires and that these arms do not come from Spanish or Axis sources. Toward the end of 1943 several elaborate air-raid drills were conducted in Buenos Aires. These served the purpose of exhibiting publicly all kinds of modern weapons. The drills had to be cut short because the city was flooded with anti-Ramirez leaflets during the blackouts.

Then came the overthrow of Peñaranda in Bolivia and public opinion in the United States was at last jolted into paying attention. But here again the papers were so absorbed with "Nazi plots" that they failed to grasp the significance of what was going on.

Meantime the propaganda of the GOU has been denounced in the Chilean parliament; it is charged that the GOU is attempting to foster a Chilean coup d'état. Similar rumors are flooding Uruguay, where the finger points—we could say through force of habit—to Luis Alberto de Herrera and the fascists who are his followers. There is no country in Latin America that does not harbor some groups, however small, that sympathize with the GOU, Ramirez, and the anti-United States policy of the present Argentine government.

The great mass of the Argentine people has seen the cost of living soar to unprecedented heights, while wage and salary increases have been hardly noticeable. Farmers, medium and small manufacturers, laborers and clerks, professionals and public servants had been clamoring for raw materials, measures against speculation, co-operation with the United Nations, and similar steps. In such co-operation these people saw a possible solution for the problems arising from fifty years of an economic policy tied to the European market. These hopes were smashed by the coup d'état and they are in no way raised by the break with the Axis. The union between native fascists and foreign finance is as strong as it ever was.

SUCH is the danger that confronts the Hemisphere.

The same forces which helped destroy the Weimar Republic, which stopped sanctions against Italy during the Abyssinian crisis, which supplied Japan for its attack on China, which helped Franco against Spain, are now all hearts-and-flowers toward the fascist regime in Argentina. They encourage it; they lend it diplomatic aid; they put their money there in order to establish a bridgehead in the Americas against such forces of honest democracy as may be.

Argentina is not a country isolated from the world, nor is its foreign policy—or its domestic policy either—native to the southern shore of the River Plate. On the contrary, it is now, as it always has been, dominated by what happens in Europe. It is conceivable that this tendency might be reversed; that Argentina might grow in stature and influence in free association with the nations of this Hemisphere. But as things are now there is no promise that this will occur.

For 20 vital seconds, the pilot isn't human!



N American bomber approaches its target, there are seconds that determine the success or failure of the bomber's run.



During the vital 20 seconds of the bombing run, the pilot's hands are off the controls.

SECONDS! This is the time it takes for the bomber to complete its run and drop its bombs.

SECONDS! To make these seconds count, the bomber pilot was trained two years. For these, they have fought against arms of enemy fighters and thick clouds of flak.

Now . . . unless the plane is exactly on the course that the gyro pilot directs . . . the bombs miss, and all the hours of the war will be wasted.

During these 20 seconds, the pilot of this bomber isn't human. It's a machine—the Sperry Electronic Gyro Pilot. American fliers call it Elmer. The British call it George.

The Sperry Gyro Pilot holds the

bomber on its bombing run with nerveless precision. Its errorless control is one of the big reasons for the accuracy of American high-level bombing.

Surprisingly enough, this amazing device is not new. Sperry invented and built a workable Gyro Pilot before the first World War. In 1933, Wiley Post flew around the World alone with the aid of a Sperry Gyro Pilot. Soon after that, Sperry Gyro Pilots became standard equipment on American transport planes. When the present war came, the device was quickly adapted to give it the precision needed for bombing work.

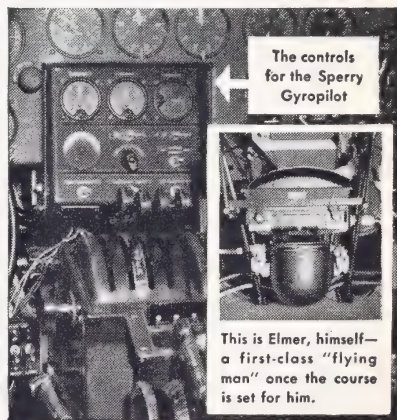
Today, in addition to Sperry, A.C. Sparkplug Division of General Motors, Electric Auto-Lite Co., and Eversharp, Inc., are turning out various types of Sperry Gyro Pilots in large quantities.



Birth of the Gyro Pilot. The late Lawrence Sperry and his mechanic leave the controls, while the Gyro Pilot holds the plane on its course. (France, 1914.)

The Gyro Pilot is but one of several hundred precision devices, for

war and peace, developed and manufactured by the three Sperry companies. Solving difficult technical problems through research, invention, and precision engineering is Sperry's business, and we work at it constantly.



Section of instrument panel on a Consolidated B-24, showing controls for the Sperry Gyro Pilot. Once set on a course, nothing less than destruction can affect its efficiency.

When the war is over, the Gyro Pilot, along with many other products of Sperry, will return to peacetime work.

**Let's All Keep Backing
the Attack**

SPERRY

CORPORATION

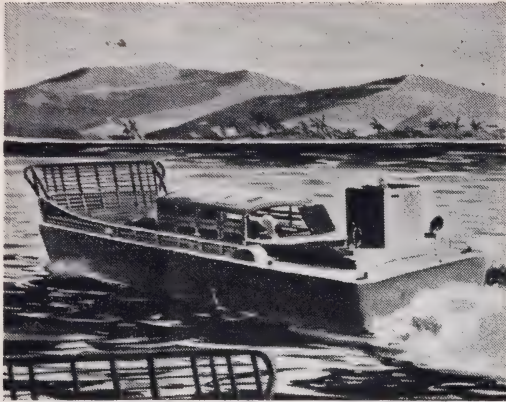
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

FORD INSTRUMENT CO., INC.

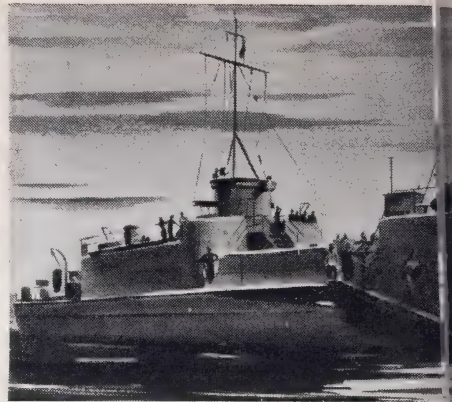
SPERRY GYROSCOPE CO., INC.

VICKERS, INC.

Waterbury Tool Division, VICKERS, INC.



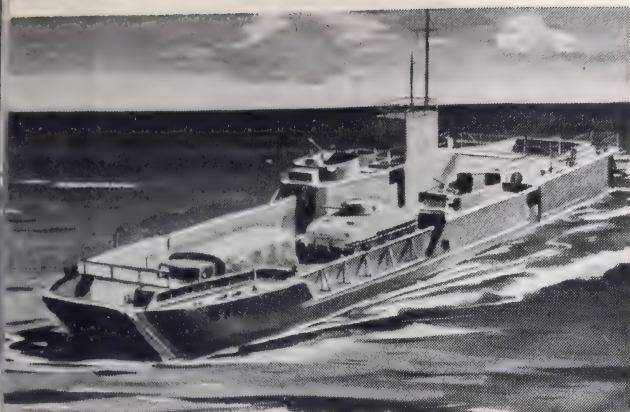
• LCM (Landing Craft Mechanized) 50 ft.



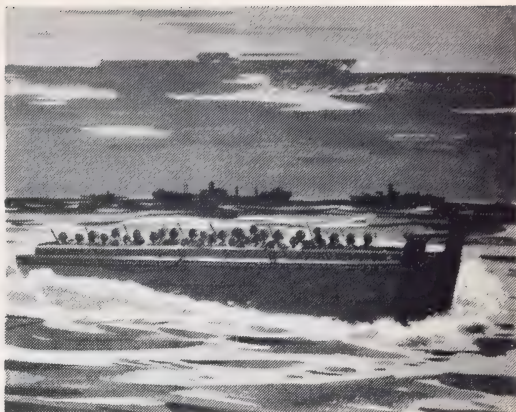
LCI (Landing Craft Infantry) 157 ft.

LST (Landing Ship
Tanks) 328 ft.





LCT (Landing Craft Tanks) 105 ft.



LCV (P) (Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel) 36 ft.

AMERICA'S FIGHTERS MOVE IN —WITH GM DIESELS

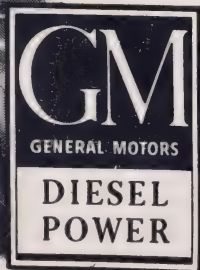
In the face of enemy fire these remarkable invasion boats nose in on enemy shores and pour out America's tough fighters and fighting equipment.

They move on split-second orders—must get in and out again by themselves—on the dot, come hell or high water.

It's the kind of service that calls for utmost reliability, maneuverability and quick response.

In these capable craft—from the 36-foot LCV (P) to the big 328-foot LST—you find the engines America and our Allies know so well, General Motors Diesels.

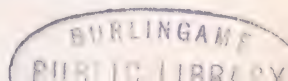
To these engines are assigned the jobs that call for the greatest dependability the engine world knows.



ENGINES . . . 15 to 250 H. P. . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.
Engines of this series power the LCI and all the smaller landing craft

LOCOMOTIVES ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.
Engines from this Division propel the giant LST vessels

ENGINES . . 150 to 2000 H.P. . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio
More than 40 types of Navy vessels are powered by engines of this Division



PERSONAL AND Otherwise



LAST STRAW

In November *Harper's* there is one of the most outrageous articles we have yet read on those recent happenings ["The Truth About the Detroit Riot"]. In today's mail we had a notice that our subscription to *Harper's* is out. We threw it in the wastebasket and we threw it hard.

—*Delta Democrat-Times*, Greenville, Mississippi, November 21, 1943



SOMETHING GONE WRONG?

READERS of C. Hartley Grattan's "Beveridge Plans Are Not Enough," published last year in the March issue, will be interested in this advertisement which appeared in the classified columns of London's *The New Statesman and Nation* for November 27, 1943:

Personal

SOCIAL Security League (President: Sir Wm. Beveridge) urgently needs funds to keep campaign going. 51 Tothill St., S.W.1. ABB. 3377.



FINALLY . . .

THE Moment of Attack" consists of two reports of action in the war, written by participants. **Harold Azine**, author of "Bougainville Landing," was with the Marines when they landed on the island of Bougainville on November 1, 1943. The Editors' headnote explains in what circumstances Mr. Azine wrote his story. At the time the author was a Marine Corps combat correspondent with the rank of Technical Sergeant. Some time later he was recommended for Officers Candidate School and he is now in training at Quantico.

Captain William D. Banks wrote "Target: Ploesti," in collaboration with A. B. C. Whipple of the Washington office of *Time*, who, after the Captain had written his first draft, rewrote and polished it in consultation with him. Captain Banks was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1918. He attended Ohio State University and for a while worked for the Ohio Finance Company. A friend has this to say about him: "He never was any more of a bug on flying than the rest of us, but enlisted in the Air Corps because he liked the idea of flying better than plowing through mud on foot. He trained in about every camp in the United States, watched many a friend wash out, and somehow managed to get through all the red tape to the job he wanted—bomber pilot. He went overseas in the early spring of 1943 and stayed at the little field in Libya from which he took off for the missions over Rome and Ploesti. By a quirk of luck and the exigencies of maneuvering, Bill's plane, the 'Sad Sack,' happened to be the first U. S. bomber over Rome. This does not mean that Bill led the mission. As the group swung in over the target, Bill's element was in the lead. A short while after the Ploesti mission, another crew took the 'Sad Sack' on a mission and didn't come back. Bill and his crew had to use another plane thereafter until they had finished the required 300 hours of combat flying. At the last count they were all back in this country.

"He was a first lieutenant at the time of the Ploesti mission, was awarded the Silver Star for his part in it, and was promoted to captain soon thereafter. His citation for the Silver Star reads: 'As a pilot of a B-24, Lieutenant

His home town
of Mt. Carmel



treats Howard Barlow to a

Foretaste of the future



THE world of music was alive with news of a great "miracle" instrument developed at Mt. Carmel, Illinois...

And Howard Barlow, symphony conductor—one of the great American-born music masters of his time—was to be first from the outside world to break the mystery surrounding the music room at Mt. Carmel high school—where the new instrument is on loan "for the duration."

Rightly so, too, for Howard Barlow was "a home-town boy." And, as he waited in the pre-audition hush, he prepared himself for what he feared most... *disappointment!*

Instead, as Howard Barlow himself described it: "The room was suddenly filled with the music of my own orchestra—amazingly real, crystal clear—as all-pervading as if the instruments were no more than a baton's length from my own hand. I heard recorded music reproduced *exactly* as my orchestra played it. What a gift to mankind, to music, is this new science... *electronics!*"

Howard Barlow had just been listening to the only Meissner electronic radio-phonograph in existence—the final laboratory model perfected just before war turned all of Meissner's skill and knowledge to the manufacture of electronic war equipment.

This priceless set will have its luxurious post-war counterparts for all who enjoy the good things of life... for all the lovers of artistic perfection who have long been irritated by the "missing elements" in much of today's recorded music. For them, Meissner offers these and many other important advantages:

Automatic Record Changer—plays *both* sides of a record in sequence, *one* side only, or *repeats* a record just played... *avoids* record breakage. Provides 2 hours or more of music without your touching a record.

Frequency Modulation—plus advanced electronic features for fidelity and tonal range greatly surpassing such qualities in home radio-phonographs now in use.

Super Shortwave... Distinguished Cabinets... New Ideas in a host of other advancements already being engineered into Meissner electronic equipment for our armed forces around the world.

For tomorrow—

A NEW WORLD OF SOUND

AT YOUR FINGER TIPS

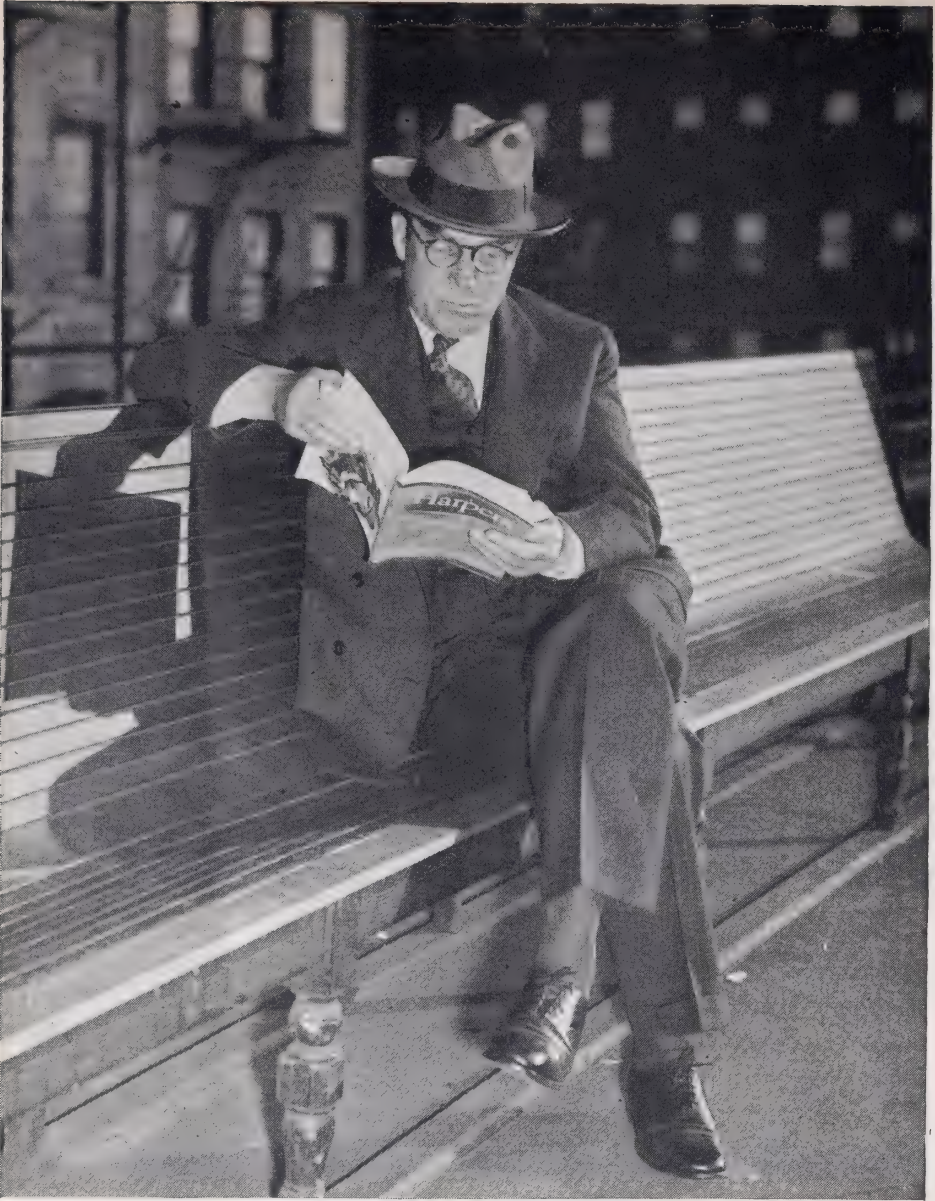


MEISSNER

MANUFACTURING COMPANY • MT CARMEL, ILL.

ADVANCED ELECTRONIC RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURE





CATCHING HIS BREATH

Wendell Willkie on the station platform at 125th Street, New York City.
The picture was taken during the 1940 campaign

Banks flew his plane into the heavily fortified target area, undaunted by a hail of anti-aircraft fire, barrage balloons, and enemy pursuits which attacked persistently. Skimming in at 200 feet he passed over the objectives so that it was possible to bomb them with great resulting destruction. The courageous and able way in which Lieutenant Banks did his duty in this mission of international significance was such as to win for himself, and for the Army Air Forces, great and lasting honor.”

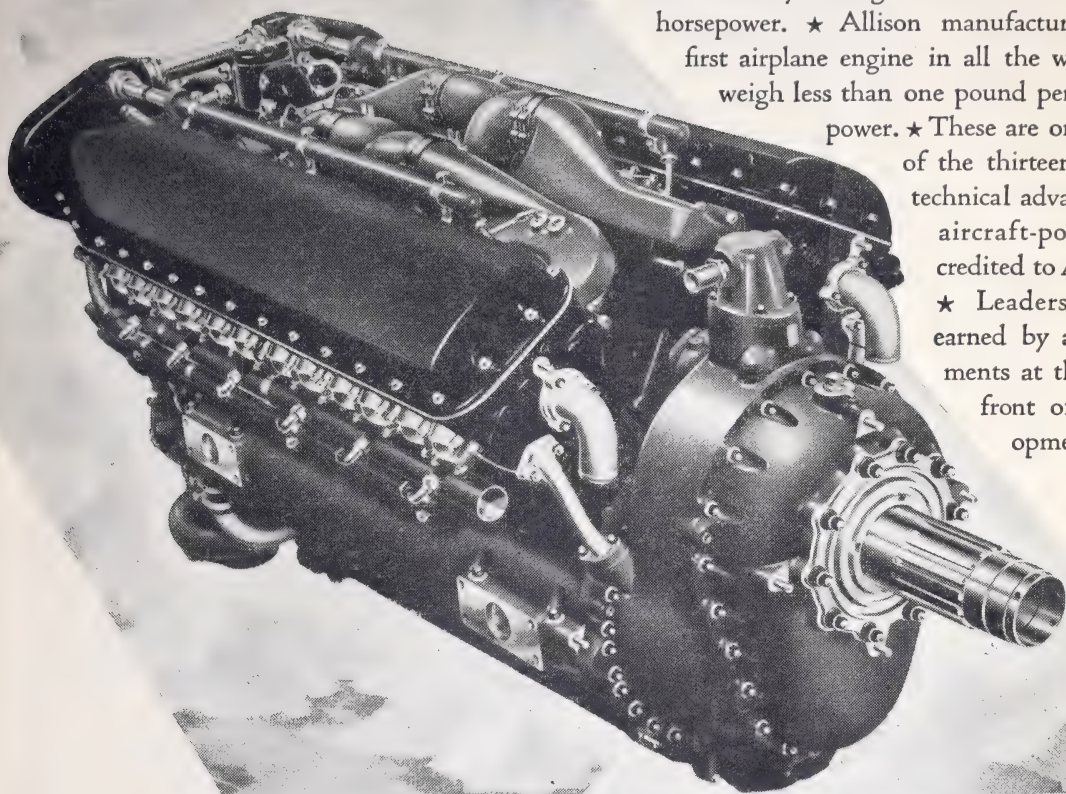
CANDID CANDIDATE?

“IT MAY be,” says **Fred Rodell** in “Wendell Willkie: Man of Words,” that Willkie “is fated to go down in history as a voice forever crying in the wilderness of the electorate, as a twentieth-century Henry Clay, as Wall Street’s William Jennings Bryan.” Mr. Rodell first began investigating Willkie in 1940. During the summer of that year he was engaged, with two assistants, in digging out the facts of Willkie’s record and the story of Commonwealth & Southern for a

(Continued on second page following)

LEADERS DO THINGS FIRST

Leadership rests upon the ability to foresee, to develop, and to achieve — first. ★ On that critical basis, weigh the position of the Allison engine. ★ Allison built the first aircraft engine in the world to receive official military rating of more than 1,000 horsepower. ★ Allison manufactured the first airplane engine in all the world to weigh less than one pound per horsepower. ★ These are only two of the thirteen major technical advances in aircraft-powering credited to Allison. ★ Leadership is earned by achievements at the forefront of development.



Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY
OF THE AIR—NBC Network

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison
DIVISION OF



POWERED BY ALLISON:

P-38—Lightning • P-39—Airacobra • P-40—Warhawk • A-36 and P-51—Mustang

KEEP AMERICA
STRONG
BUY WAR BONDS

series of twenty-four articles for the *Chicago Times*. A portion of his present portrait is based on those researches.

Mr. Rodell is Professor of Law at the Yale Law School. He is thirty-seven years old. He was born in Philadelphia and educated at Yale. He commenced teaching at the Yale Law School in 1933 and has been at it ever since, except for a year (1937-38) when he served on the editorial board of *Fortune*. He still maintains a writing connection with the Luce publications, however, and has written some of the articles in the "Background for Peace" series which have appeared in *Time*. In addition to his work for *Time* Mr. Rodell writes for other periodicals. He is a regular contributor to *The Progressive*. Readers may recall an icy piece of dissection he did for us in October, 1941. It was called "Felix Frankfurter, Conservative."



THY ROCKS AND RILLS THY WOODS AND TEMPLED HILLS

Bernard DeVoto's charming—that's a fair word for it—sketch of the life and ideas of Henry Gilpin is called "Geopolitics with the Dew on It." And, upon reading it, damned if one doesn't feel that Columbia isn't haggard and doddering and crippled. No. There's life in the old girl yet. It must be true. Where in the world but in the United States of a century ago could a man like Gilpin have lived and thought? Well, as the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined. It is hard to believe that a century can kill off the vitality of the society that produced Gilpin. During the depression years and following the outbreak of the war, patriotic and American themes took so hard a beating that most people wanted to hear no more for a long while. But Gilpin is bona fide and it's reasonable to let the eagle scream a little.

Incidentally, this article produced something of an argument in the editorial sanctum. Webster defines *geopolitik* as a German word meaning "a science concerned with the dependence of the domestic and foreign politics of a people upon the physical environment." If true, said one of the editors, why doesn't Jefferson as a geopolitician antedate Gilpin—referring to Jefferson's connection with Louisiana, the Lewis and Clark expedition, and the political implications of the same. The opposite argument was: No. It isn't geopolitics unless it's global. But Webster says nothing about any global connotations.

Mr. DeVoto, as all hands know, is the occupant of "The Easy Chair." The most recent of his many books is *The Year of Decision*, a historical work about the decisive character of the events of 1846 in American history. It was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection last year.



REPLY FROM THE FIELD

THE Editors' headnote explains how we came by **John B. Voris's** "The Kind of Freedom We Need." Mr. Voris is a Technician, Fifth Grade, in the United States Army overseas. He is replying to Henry M. Wriston's "Why Not Try Freedom?" which we published last August.

In compressing Mr. Voris's letter, many excellent bits had to be discarded. We salvage one of them and print it here—the reflections of a man who is conscious of the mutations of history and can discuss them in simpler and more convincing terms than those employed by our more pompous and sententious foreign correspondents:

"It is pointless to call in man's willingness to sacrifice in war as evidence of his willingness to sacrifice for freedom's sake. Of course he is willing, but neither our Revolution or the Second World War was fought with the idea that in twenty years we would be poorer than if we had not taken up arms. They were fought to maintain our freedom and our economic position. To sacrifice one is to lose the other at the same time. The two are inseparable.

"And the maintenance of both is essential to progress and any form of life satisfying to such men as we are. I have been newly impressed with this fact as I have walked over these old countries with their narrow, limited, and poverty-stricken daily life, and their ancient ruins, monuments to a bolder life that has long been dead."



LOOKING WESTWARD

"SAN FRANCISCO Looks West" is a report by **John Dos Passos** of his impressions of San Francisco in wartime. This marks the end of Mr. Dos Passos's travels for us. He can't go farther without falling into the water. He began this job more than a year ago. We had "Downeasters Building Ships," which was about Maine; we had "The Men Who Make the Motors," which concerned Detroit; then in "Gold Rush in the South" Mr. Dos Passos

Tick...Tick-Tock... NOW TASTE WHAT TIME HAS DONE!



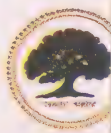
IMPORTANT WAR-TIME NOTE

The Old Charter that you can still enjoy has been taken from our inventories of pre-war whiskeys. Our distilleries have not made whiskey since October, 1942. Since that date their full capacity has been converted to production of alcohol for war use by the Government.

STILL FEEL that silkiness, mellowness, smoothness are just ad- words . . . chances are you've never tasted Old Charter! If you e no real choice between brands of whiskey . . . chances are you've sted Old Charter. If your own palate has never told you what leasured years of ripening can do for a noble whiskey . . . chances ve never tasted Old Charter — and you ought to, soon!

OLD CHARTER

**A SUPERB
AMERICAN
WHISKEY**



BUY MORE WAR BONDS—TODAY



"Oh, What a Beautiful Morning

YOU will say many nice things about SCHENLEY Reserve. But *One thing all who taste it agree upon: this fine smooth flavor is like morning sunshine in your glass . . . so mellow and light . . . a work of genius . . . each sunny amber drop a glowing part of a magnificent whole. Over all others, SCHENLEY Reserve is America's first choice among whiskies because we made it America's finest. Be sure to try it. Soon!*

Mellow and light as a perfect morning!

The whiskies in Schenley Reserve are supplied only from existing stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since Oct. 1942.*

**BUY MORE
WAR BONDS!**



SCHENLEY

Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY



Schenley Distillers Corp. New York City 86 proof - sixty per cent Neutral Spirits Distilled From Fruit and Grains *

To the Girl he
left behind him...

These are lonesome, waiting days for you. The telephone is strangely silent. No door bell rings.

Across a thousand, thousand miles of straining heartstrings, his hand rests on your shoulder.

"Keep your chin up," he seems to say. "I'll be back."

With all your heart, you wish he were back—*now!*

Bringing him back *sooner* is what we, too, are living for and working for. Your man and our men. Back! Safe!

So we're making carbines—powerful, lightweight guns—for your man...instead of shiny, new, smooth-touch typewriters for you.

We know you're glad that's the way it is. We know you could use a new Underwood. It would help you do your work faster, easier, better. We'd like you to have it, too—if it weren't for him.

Like you, we're mighty proud to be working *hard* to speed the day when he'll come back to *you!*

Underwood Elliott Fisher Company

One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

★ We are now in war production on—U. S. Carbines
Caliber .30 M-1—Airplane Instruments—Gun Parts
—Ammunition Components—Fuses—Primers and
Miscellaneous Items.

Copyright 1943, Underwood Elliott Fisher Company



went to Mobile, and on to Texas for "New Industries Make New Men." He doubled back to the Potomac for "Washington Evening" which we published last October. Now with San Francisco he reaches the end of the line.

Mr. Dos Passos's most recent novel is *Number One*, published last spring. In addition to *Manhattan Transfer*, *The 42d Parallel*, and all the other well remembered novels, he has also written essays, poetry, and plays and a book called *The Ground We Stand On*, an investigation of "the basis of the present American conception of thought."



COMMUNICATE, MOTHER-IN-LAW!

Rudolf Flesch, author of "How Basic Is Basic English?", says: "Since I wrote the article I have discovered that simplified language, like everything else, has become involved in the war effort. Manufacturers of Army and Navy equipment are required to furnish instruction books in plain, nontechnical English and, for some months now, have been finding out that this is not as easy as it seems. One company, apparently persuaded by an enthusiast, has actually put out a manual in Basic English."

Mr. Flesch says about himself: "Trained as a librarian, I worked for some time in the Readability Laboratory of the American Association for Adult Education, and have been fascinated by the possibilities of simplified language ever since. When the Laboratory folded up, I carried on with my research, published some articles in library and psychological journals, finished the work for my Columbia University Ph.D., and finally wound up with a statistical formula by which language simplicity can be measured and systematically increased. This formula has just been published by Teachers College, Columbia University, in a book called *Marks of Readable Style*. I spent most of the past year applying the formula to all kinds of material, from Department of Agriculture leaflets to radio forums. At present I am working for the Columbia Broadcasting System."



FAR AWAY AND BLOODY

IT was the French explorer Bougainville who named the islands Land of the Assassins—an identification that seems very apposite right now—but two hundred years before they had been seen by a Spaniard sailing from

Peru. He called them the Solomons because of their luxuriant vegetation. It seemed to him that untold riches might come out of this distant archipelago. Eventually riches did come, for Lever Brothers set out coconut plantations there and used the coconut oil for soap. Recently we have seen photographs of those groves after they had been used for a battlefield and no picture of the French devastated areas of the last war ever looked more desolate than the views of the tattered, smashed coconut farms of the Solomon Islands.

"Bloody Island" is the first of a series of articles by **Fletcher Pratt** about "The Campaign for the Solomons." The next installment will appear in the April issue.

This is the second series by Mr. Pratt to appear in *Harper's*. The first, called "Americans in Battle," was completed last month. The nine installments dealt mostly with naval action in the Pacific, but included also "Caribbean Command" and "Memorial of the *Wasp*." Both series will be included later in a book by Mr. Pratt.



FASHION PLATE ON SKATES

I AM presently editor of the *Charlotte News*, says **Burke Davis**, the author of "Senator Bob Reynolds: Retrospective View," adding modestly that this is "a wartime measure in the absence of the boss. I was associate editor for a short time in 1942 and, before that, had been sports editor since 1939."

Mr. Davis got his schooling at Duke University, Guilford College, and the University of North Carolina. At the moment he is working on a biography of George Luks, the artist.

By the way: Wilbur J. Cash, who wrote *The Mind of the South*, Marion Hargrove, author of *See Here, Private Hargrove*, and Tom Pridgen, author of *Tory Oath*, all were members of the staff of the *Charlotte News*. (adv.)



I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

THE Stage Coach" is the first story by **Griffith Beems** that we have had in a long time. (Nearly six years, to be exact: the most recent was "Bond Salesman" which appeared in the December number, 1937.) Mr. Beems was born in Iowa and subsequently lived and wrote in New York City. In 1938 Mr. Beems went back to Cedar Rapids to grease the gears of a wholesale business, but

Listen, Chipper...

This is your old man talking.

We've got big plans for you, son. Nothing's going to stop your being a *big man* in life . . . not if I can help it.

Oh, you'll get a few bumps along the way—everyone does—a black eye from some husky playmate or a reprimand for the way you scuff your shoes. But if lots of love, a happy home, and a good education can develop a fine boy into a healthy, well-adjusted man who's going places . . . then, little man, that's your future.

Just to be *sure* that nothing prevents your getting this good start in life, today I've taken enough life insurance to protect you and your mother in case anything happens to me. Now I

know you'll both be taken care of. You see what I mean? I'm taking no chances on *your* future.

It is a prime purpose of The Prudential to provide the protection this father wants for his son—and you want for your loved ones in time of emergency. Not only does Prudential life insurance provide a safe future . . . it does so at low cost. For 68 years there has been no safer way of protecting your family.

Buy War Savings Stamps from your Prudential Agent



THE PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

A mutual life insurance company

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

RENAULT

Extra Dry American Champagne



Pour it into your finest stemware, this pale gold of the vintner's sun. Twirl the glass and catch its delicate bouquet. Then sip it reverently.

Nearly three quarters of a century's experience has gone into the making of this delicious champagne, naturally fermented in the bottle. Write for a free copy of our 24-page Wine Recipe

Book. Address Dept. 33,

L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc.,

Egg Harbor City, N. J. Distributed through McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York.

Buy War Bonds

Enjoy Renault—the Wine without Fault

in 1943 he quit to give his whole time to writing.



NO TANGO THIS TIME

THE casual reader of American newspapers would suppose that the recent coup d'état in Bolivia and the subsequent turmoil in Argentina had been brought about exclusively by the plotting of Nazi secret agents. Such is not the case and, in "Some Real Trouble in South America," **Ricardo Setaro** undertakes to tell the truth about the Argentine crisis. Mr. Setaro, who now lives in New York, was formerly a reporter for the Buenos Aires *Critica*. He reported the Spanish Civil War and the Chaco War between Bolivia and Paraguay. He is the author of three books: *La vida privada del Periodismo* (The Private Life of Journalism), *Imagenes Secretas de la Guerra del Chaco* (Secret Pictures of the Chaco War), and *Secretos de Estado Mayor* (General Staff Secrets). The last named also was concerned with the Chaco War.



LESS-THAN-A-PAGE

ATTENTION: State Department" is by **Karl P. Schmidt**, Chief Curator of Zoology at the Chicago Natural Museum. In addition to various technical papers, Mr. Schmidt has written two books for children: *Homes and Habits of Wild Animals* and *Friendly Animals and Whence They Came*. He lectures in zoology at the University of Chicago; he is contributing editor to *Copeia* and the *American Midland Naturalist* and section editor (amphibians and reptiles) of *Biological Abstracts*.



POET

THE only poet this month is **Martha Keller**, a frequent contributor. Miss Keller has written poetry for numerous periodicals besides *Harper's* and is the author of a book of verse called *Mirror to Mortality*. She is married and is the mother of two children. She is fond of hunting and fishing but says that she doesn't see much of it now, what with the gas shortage and a husband away, working for the government.



SOLDIERS' FAITH

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL, who wrote the letter to the churches called "Before the Men March Home"—published in the January *Harper's*—sends us a letter:



THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE U.S. MERCHANT MARINE

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." (Public Act 835)



MARY'S TRIP TO INDIA

On every U. S.-flag ship that lifts its bows to the Indian Ocean swells, Mary is a passenger—in spirit. For her job and her salary depend, in part, on her company's overseas business.

Her company may have built that particular ship or some of its equipment, supplied it, clothed the crew or furnished a part of the cargo. And Mary herself probably wears or eats or uses a number of things that this ship and others have brought in from foreign lands.

In such direct and indirect ways, every American has a stake in our merchant marine. Congress recognized this, and in the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, called for all-American shipping sufficient for "service on all routes

essential for maintaining the flow of (our) domestic and foreign waterborne commerce."

War emphasized this need as a matter of national defense—and today we have, for the first time, shipping enough to secure our foreign trade. Many of the new ships are operated, under the War Shipping Administration, by American Export Lines, utilizing our experience in Mediterranean and Indian Ocean trade.

Now our cargoes and destinations are chosen by military necessity . . . after Victory, they will be selected by the needs of Mary—and the needs of the millions of farmers, miners, office and factory workers who will share the benefits of America's new security of the seas.

American Export Lines

N. W. AYER & SON

25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY 4



"CONTACT" -with sunshine!



Set your course due southwest for the sunniest point on the compass—for Phoenix, of course, in the friendly, fascinating Valley of the Sun. Even if wartime tasks and travel have tied you down for the duration, this delightful *Certified-Climate** is well worth waiting for! Meanwhile, you can at least begin dreaming of your Valley of the Sun sojourn—and buying more Bonds to hasten the day of your liberation.



..."Certified"* when the Valley of the Sun was chosen by the U.S. Army as one of America's foremost aviation training centers because of its unexcelled climate and weather conditions.

For free, profusely illustrated booklet and cartograph map, write Valley of the Sun Club, 524 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Phoenix.



Phoenix Arizona

In the Valley of the Sun

Get the 1944 Edition of the

Magazine of Wartime Travel

The GIMLET

GIVES PLACES
AND PRICES

Hotels and Rates, Restaurants and Prices — Where to Go — What to See. The Costs, Recommendations Canada to Florida, includes N. Y. City. Postpaid 50c. The Gimlet, 551 5th Ave., N. Y. City 17.

Typical Hotels Recommended:

New York
WALDORF-ASTORIA
Boston, Mass.
KENMORE
Philadelphia, Pa.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Wilmington, Del.
HOTEL DUPONT
Hot Springs, Va.
THE HOMESTEAD
Wilmington, N. C.
CAPE FEAR HOTEL
Savannah, Ga.
GENERAL OGLETHORPE
Brunswick, Ga.
OGLETHORPE
Waycross, Ga.
WARE HOTEL

Pensacola, Fla.
SAN CARLOS
Pointe Vedra, Fla.
THE INN
Daytona Beach, Fla.
PRINCESS ISSENA
Palm Beach, Fla.
PALM BEACH HOTEL
Hollywood, Fla.
SEA CREST MANOR
N. Miami Beach, Fla.
GREEN HERON
Miami, Fla.
EL COMODORO
Fort Myers, Fla.
FRANKLIN ARMS
Bradenton, Fla.
DIXIE GRANDE

Dine at Olney Inns, N. Y. C. & Miami Beach



*The School — the College —
the Junior College —*

or the SUMMER CAMP you seek will probably be found in the "Schools and Colleges" Section of this issue. If the one you want is not listed our School Bureau will be glad to help you. Address

SCHOOL BUREAU, *Harpers Magazine*
49 E. 33rd Street, New York

"Comments on my January article still continue to pour in—the most interesting of them from chaplains to the forces. And, somewhat to my astonishment, not one finds fault with the main thesis. Incidentals seem to some to be defectively put by me—and several have suggested that the chaplains, too, will come out what they went in, so that while most of them will have discovered that something is terribly wrong, they will have neither brains enough to know what it is exactly nor guts to do anything about it. There may be something to that. A lot of chaplains will, alas, be concerned after the war chiefly with getting parishes and pulpits and with pleasing those of the laity who did not go to war but stayed home and by neat profiteering got together some cash. So say a few of the commentators.

But the encouraging thing is the penitent reaction of the clerical commentators.



THOSE COVERS

SUBSCRIBERS who get their copies by mail are complaining bitterly. The Magazine is now rolled tightly before wrapping and mailing—this is done to save paper—and sometimes copies arrive scuffed around the edges. We feel badly about this but we can't do anything about it. The paper shortage has a hammer lock on us and though we do the best we can, we can see nothing for subscribers to do about this wrapper question but grin and bear it.



BUTTER ON THE RUN

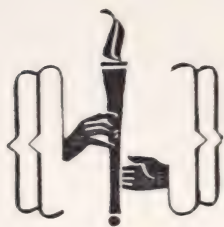
REMEMBER Wesley McCune's "The Oleo-margarine Rebellion" that we printed in the December issue? We have just noted with some relish the most recent oleo-margarine production figures. For 1943: 610,131,000 pounds. For 1942: 423,277,000 pounds.

BACK THE THE ATTACK

Every Bond you buy is a blow at the enemies who would destroy your home, your family, your future. Start saving now for all the things you cannot buy today which will be plentiful when Victory is ours!

Harper's Magazine

VOL 188 No 1127 April 1944



OCCUPY JAPAN?

NATHANIEL PEFFER

IT is no particular secret that we are now planning what to do with Japan after it is defeated. It is no particular secret, either, that the trend of opinion in both official and unofficial quarters is toward military occupation—a prolonged occupation in force, government through an AMG, disarmament of the fighting services, dismantling of heavy industry to keep the country from rearming, supervision of education, and regulation of industrial production. The point I want to make in this article is that the whole idea is fantastic and had better be dropped. Occupation of Japan is not necessary for our purpose and, most of all, is not practicable. Even if it can be imposed at the beginning it can be sustained only at a human cost that will be harrowing and self-defeating in the end.

What is it that we want with respect to Japan? What is it that we have to be sure of? *Only that it be so thoroughly crushed*

in defeat as to be beyond capability of recovery for a long period—so long a period that the rest of the world can have time to regain equilibrium and, if possible, establish an international system or at least an alignment of power that will prevent future infractions of international decency such as the Japanese and German infractions of the past few years. That is, if not all we want, at any rate all we need. A democratic system in Japan would be added assurance or insurance. So also would be the disestablishment of militarism and the inculcation of a new scale of values, one that did not elevate the martial virtues above all other qualities and the warrior caste above all other social classes. But these are not indispensable to us. All that is indispensable is that Japan be unable to embark on further aggressive adventures, no matter what its internal condition and the thought of its people may be.

As a matter of fact we are now compensating for our previous underestimation of Japan by overestimating it. Therefore we are needlessly complicating the question of the postwar settlement. In the first place, false analogies are being drawn from the quick recovery of Germany after 1918. Actually Germany's recovery was not so quick: it took twenty years. Furthermore, Germany had less to recover from than Japan will have. Its soil was untouched. Its physical structure was left sound. Its industrial plant was worn but intact. And then we of the victor countries, America and Great Britain in particular, lent Germany the money with which to replace its worn plant with the newest and most efficient implements of production—better implements than we ourselves had, since they were newer. Still further, Germany is as technically proficient a country as the world knows, with an industrial establishment and industrial experience going back a century. Japan is not Germany. It will have to rebuild, not renew, and it will not be able to call on the human resources that Germany did. For if we can defeat Japan at all it will be only after at least the modernized, industrialized part of the country has been devastated.

I am assuming now, as I think it can be assumed, that we shall not make a compromise peace, that we shall continue until Japan sues for peace on any terms. And Japan will not do this until it has felt American blows on its national body. All Japanese energies, therefore, will have to be expended for at least ten to twenty years just in rehabilitation, first physical rehabilitation and then economic rehabilitation. Japan will not be ready for more adventures in twenty years even if we never set foot in Tokyo. And unless we give it financial help in the form of credits—which can be made conditional on good behavior—it will not begin to attain real strength for twice twenty years.

False analogies are drawn also from Japan's almost miraculous rise to power between 1870 and 1920. That was brought about by a fortuitous combination of peculiar circumstances that will not recur. It constitutes an almost unique chapter in political history. Japan was

the first Oriental country to modernize and industrialize, and thereby it acquired potentialities of power while all around it lay countries still somnolent, unchanging, and weak. By 1910, indeed, Japan had a preponderance of power in its own environs such as no other country has ever enjoyed. The only check against Japan was interposed by the great Western empires—Great Britain, Russia, Germany, and France—and they were just at the beginning of their decline, for they were in the preliminaries of the world wars. And since 1914, of course, even that check has failed to operate. Hence Japan's apparently miraculous rise to power. But the conditions which made it possible have passed, never to return.

Never again can Japan enjoy an unchallengeable preponderance of power in its environs, never again will it alone be strong among the weak. First, there will be China, now modernized and industrializing too, now responding to the drive of nationalism, now possessing strength and conscious of its strength—400,000,000 people who are aware of national identity, who are learning fast to produce modern weapons, who have learned how to fight. Second, there will be Russia, now fully industrialized and extended in modernization and potentiality of economic and military power across Asia to eastern Siberia. Under no conceivable combination of circumstances are *both* those countries likely again to fall into helplessness or negligibility simultaneously—as they must if Japan is ever again to be able to run riot with ease as it has for thirty-five years. Whatever it aspires to do, it will have to do with circumspection and then only with the consent or partnership of its neighbors. All this apart from the fact that Great Britain and America will not be negligible in the near future.

In short, no matter what happens, Japan cannot be again what it was in the past thirty years. Indeed, it is more likely that Japan's sun has set, not to rise again in this period in history. It had a fleeting moment of resplendent glory that was as false as it was dazzling. We are worrying overmuch about the future Japan. There may be no need to worry at all, if she is completely beaten now.

II

IF THIS is true, or even if there is only a reasonable chance that it is true, then it would be sheer masochism to undertake a task of the dimensions of occupying and governing Japan, especially at the close of a long war in which the losses in American men will already have been such as to leave the country shaken. Let there be no illusion about one thing: it will be one of the most difficult undertakings in military history. It will mean the occupation, pacification, and administration of a country on the other side of the globe; not a "colonial" country inhabited by a backward and helpless population but a nation of 75,000,000 people, highly organized, technically advanced, fanatically patriotic, with an old warrior tradition and military experience second to none. The Japanese died to a man on Attu, Tarawa, and Munda, barren or malarial spots far from their homeland. Is it to be expected that they will meekly lay down their arms when it is their own soil they defend against the invader? If Japan is bludgeoned until all hope is demonstrably gone, it may surrender, disgorge its territorial and economic spoils, and accept what fate decrees—provided its own soil is inviolate. But if Japan is invaded and the invader gives evidence of desire to remain, then by all that can be read in its history and all that it has revealed of its psychology, it can be expected to continue to struggle until few but the aged and halt are left.

A distinction must be drawn between landing an army in Japan in the last stages of the war to force surrender and landing an army to occupy and administer the country. In the first case, presumably we shall have no choice; we shall have to land. But it will be wise to make sure beyond doubt that there really is no choice, that there is no other way of bringing about complete defeat. For what has happened in Italy, under easier circumstances, is an indication of what can be expected in Japan. Geography is an ally of the defender in Japan even more than in Italy, and even if we have bases in China, the difficulty of establishing and holding beachheads in Japan will be far greater than in Italy unless Japanese

strength has already been well sapped. If we have bases near enough Japan to make landing operations practicable, we shall also have bases from which the pulverization of Japanese cities, industries, communications, and the whole mechanism of resistance also can be carried out. In that case, if at the same time Japanese troops have been driven out of the other areas they have conquered, we have a more than good chance that the Japanese will lay down their arms, accepting terms such as were stated at Cairo. That is, they will evacuate all the territories they have conquered, not only since 1937 but since they went out for expansion. There will be an even better chance of getting a surrender if we do not insist on formal occupation or if we stipulate only a token occupation of short duration and limited extent for the limited purpose of negotiating the formalities of surrender and peace.

This sort of occupation is one thing—and even this should be avoided, if possible, in order to save the lives of our own men—but to go in with a large force in order to take over the country is another. It is, indeed, fantasy. To hear a discussion of the application of the principles of an AMG to Japan on the pattern of Sicily and Italy is like listening to a dialogue out of *Alice in Wonderland*.

As has already been said, Japan is ideally suited for defense. It is, in fact, a guerrilla's paradise. Within an hour of Tokyo the hills rise, and in the hills there are ravines, gulches, pockets in which guerrillas could hide with security. They could hide in the day, and at night make sudden forays on small American garrisons. Or in the day they could work as peasants in their rice paddies, and after sundown meet at an appointed rendezvous in some ravine, take the rifles, swords, and daggers hidden there, and swoop down on the nearest American headquarters. In the morning they would be back in the mud of the rice paddies again. And how would American troops, newly come to the East, still unable to tell one Japanese from another, be able to distinguish—even if they had caught a glimpse of the guerrillas in the dim light—which was guerrilla and which the peasant from whom they bought vegetables?

In emergency the guerrillas, a few at a time, could fold themselves imperceptibly into a village; they could not be detected, or if they were suspected, no villager would give them away. Positively or negatively, every man's hand would be against us. In every town Japanese suicide companies would be left behind; they would be ferreted out in time, but not before they had blown up American munitions and supply depots or American barracks.

IN OTHER words, if we attempt to occupy Japan, our situation there will be like that of the Japanese in China after the Japanese invasion, but worse; for the Chinese are not a warlike people and the Japanese are. In China the Japanese could hold the larger towns and move with freedom along the main railways but did not dare go outside those zones except in large numbers; so the Americans in Japan will have to fortify themselves in large garrisons and move out of them only in force. And like the Japanese in China, the Americans in Japan will have to be fighting continually against little pin-pricking attacks—a punitive action here and a punitive action there. There will be a flare-up in one district which will have to be pacified; after it is pacified there will be another flare-up elsewhere. And when our troops move from one district to the other, the railway tracks will be blown up between them and two companies will be ambushed. *I think it is estimating conservatively to say that we shall have to keep half a million troops in Japan for as many years as we wish to remain in occupation at all.*

And even so the country will never become genuinely pacified; our orders never will be executed as the process of government. What the Japanese could not do in China, what the Germans have not succeeded in doing in Yugoslavia and in France under easier circumstances, we shall not be able to do in Japan. It must not be forgotten that the Germans had the advantage that they could put hostages to death in France and exterminate Lidices in Czechoslovakia. That advantage will be denied us by ourselves: after the passions of war have eased, it is not likely that American opinion will sanction Lidices in Japan.

IS IT psychologically and politically practical to set up a plan that will require hundreds of thousands of American young men to remain thousands of miles away from home after a war in which they will already have been away from home for years? Can anyone really doubt that there will be an irresistible outcry to bring our boys home from Asia, to offer them some other opportunity in life than acting as policemen for rebellious Japanese? How long could any American administration resist this pressure? And how long ought it to resist the pressure?

It is in recognition of these questions that there has been serious discussion already of a proposal to relieve ourselves of part of the obligation by first conquering Japan and then installing the Chinese army to do our policing for us under our supervision. This proposal is too preposterous to be taken seriously. For if the presence of American invaders will be an invitation to assassination, the presence of Chinese invaders will be an invitation to mutual extermination. To suffer rule by the Chinese, of whom they are morbidly jealous and for whom they have felt the scorn of a modern people for a "backward" people, would be such an insufferable blow to the self-esteem of the Japanese that they would fight to the death of the last Japanese or the last Chinese. And if they did, with what would the Chinese fight unless we provided arms and supplies, transported them, and continued to train Chinese troops? In effect, we would have to remain there in what would be participation rather than supervision. And when the Chinese had to be stiffened up, as they would have to be, we should have to send more troops, and then we would elect to take the whole job over. This proposal is artificial, as a matter of fact, since the Chinese have not shown the slightest desire or intention to undertake any such enterprise.

III

THUS far I have been talking only of occupation and pacification. When it comes to actual government and administration, to setting up an AMG to function as the mechanism of Japanese

society, it is almost impossible to talk seriously. For what is included in this conception is not only running the government but deciding what kind of government there shall be and setting it up. It means deciding whether there shall be an emperor and what his powers shall be. It means deciding what kind of constitution there shall be, drafting it, and imposing it. It means deposing militarists and instituting democratic parliamentary government. It means policing industry to make sure that no heavy armament is produced. It means supervising education to prevent the continued indoctrination of the old militaristic ideas and to indoctrinate democracy instead. It includes such functions as conducting civil and criminal courts, collecting taxes, running public utilities.

Manifestly we shall not have an AMG large enough to discharge these functions directly. Our only hope will be to operate through a Japanese administration under puppets chosen by us and amenable to our authority. But our chance of getting Japanese puppets, of high enough rank, who will survive assassins' bullets is approximately nil—unless, perhaps, it is on the understanding that we shall evacuate in a few weeks. And anyway, how shall we know whether our puppets in high offices are transmitting our orders or sabotaging them? And when, for example, we send a supervising judicial officer to an inland county court to inspect trial records, how many United States Marines will have to go with him to protect him from assassination?

Furthermore, in what language will all these functions be discharged? In Japanese presumably, since the Japanese, being Japanese, do not speak English. But there are not twelve men in the United States who can write a Japanese proclamation in the proper official style that would not make all Tokyo guffaw because it contained half a dozen Milt Grossisms. Only the highly educated Japanese could do so, for that matter. It is true, as everybody knows, that hundreds of young Americans are now going through intensive courses in the Japanese language. In most cases they are getting just enough of the written language to read a newspaper article,

if it is fairly simply written, and to get the gist of a page in a not very difficult book. This is as much as can be expected of them in the time that they have. As for the spoken language, they will get enough to make their wants known, to engage in conversation about things but not about ideas, to give simple instructions. They will not get enough to understand a Japanese when a Japanese desires that they should not understand. Japanese is a language of literary allusions, of expression through connotation as much as through word, of indirection and ellipsis. Anyone who has lived in the Far East and studied a Far Eastern language knows how easily a conversation can pass over his head even after he has acquired a certain mastery.

Take the matter of schools. Who is going to rewrite the Japanese history textbooks? How are we going to make sure that the textbooks are followed by the teachers? Suppose we do make unannounced inspections: how many inspectors will know enough Japanese to make sure that the teacher is not interpolating into the Gettysburg Address an oblique reference to a Japanese legend? Shall the inspectors stay in school every day to make sure that in the civics recitation on the benefits of democracy the teacher does not insert one reference to the heroic days of Hirohito and the samurai who bled and died for the glory of Yamato Damashii?

Consider the Emperor. Suppose we decide to abolish the monarchy and intern Hirohito on Staten Island or any other contemporary St. Helena. Shall we stay in Tokyo for fifty years to see that the monarchy is not restored? What more effective way could there be to endow the dynasty with sanctity than to have it abolished by an occupying enemy? There has in truth been an unwarranted exaggeration in this country of the power of the Emperor. He does not rule; he reigns. There is no evidence that the acts of Japan in recent years have been on his decision; there is some basis even for inferring that they have not. In any case, it can be said that the final disposition of the Emperor will not determine what sort of country Japan will be in the future.

Whether or not there ever can or will

be a democratic system in Japan—and regardless of the fact that a new conception of government and human rights in Japan is essential to harmony in the Far East—democracy cannot be inculcated by the order of an alien conqueror. That is a truism to be drawn from a reading of elementary history. The surest way to prejudice any idea in the consciousness of a people is to force it on them by alien bayonets, or even to associate it with defeat by an alien. Suppose, for example, we appoint one of the products of our teachers' colleges as superintendent of schools for Kyoto; will he say to the assembled high school pupils at the beginning of the year, "Now, boys and girls, we are going to study democracy and by the end of the year you are going to believe in government of the people, by the people, and for the people or we are going to knock your heads off," and imagine that by June they will be convinced Jeffersonians?

Still more, the surest way to make a people idealize what has been, to endow the past with glamour, is to have the things associated with the past outlawed by foreign fiat backed by force. To deport the Emperor is to make him a martyr, symbol of a lost cause, a glorious cause. In the same way, to impose foreign restraints on the military, to forbid Japan to have an army and navy, is to fortify the power of the military caste within the country. It will live in Japanese legend as the shield and buckler of the race in its time of glory, a time that will return. Militarism will come to be associated with a golden age, democracy with humiliation, and the resolve to restore the one and banish the other will be the flame to be kept alive in the breast of every Japanese youth.

IV

IF THERE were no other reason for not attempting a prolonged occupation of Japan this one would be enough. If we only let events take their course after a thorough defeat there is a reasonable prospect that the Japanese military caste will be unhorsed by its own failure. The main asset of the military caste has been its prestige, and its prestige has derived

not only from the feudal heritage but from its success. It led the country from obscurity to seeming omnipotence in fifty years. In the last few years before Pearl Harbor there had begun to develop a vague uneasiness from the general perception of the risks to which the army was exposing the country. But repeated successes appeared to vindicate the army. Then it cast everything on one throw in the attack on Pearl Harbor—and the test of strength with America had come, the test which Japanese with any knowledge of the world had always dreaded. If now it is demonstrated that the recklessness of the militarists has visited ruin on the country they may be discredited. We shall do much to redeem their credit for them if we try to rule the country as conquerors. It will be as if we were proving to the Japanese people what their army and navy had been trying to protect them from and why they should try to have a big army and navy again. Thereby we shall be killing the sturdiest hope for a change within Japan.

By every calculation of reason it is the part of wisdom for us to defeat Japan, defeat it thoroughly, make it acknowledge defeat by surrender, and then let well enough alone. If we are not willing to do that, if we think the risk is too great, then let us have no nonsense about governing Japan and bringing it up in the way it should go. Let us instead have a military expedition and military occupation pure and simple, with rule by command enforced with bullet and bayonet. Let us shoot Japanese when disobedient, not inculcate social consciousness by moral precept. Let us make them safe for us by keeping them down, put sergeants over them and not civil affairs officers, no matter how many men that will take and for how long. . . . If, that is, we are conscious of the price that will be exacted of us and are willing to pay it.

Since, however, I for one believe that the price is demonstrably too great—too great in American boys killed—and that we shall not be willing to pay it and should not be, I propose that the whole idea be dropped. Occupation of Japan is neither practicable nor feasible. It will defeat its main purpose. Forget it.

VITO MARCANTONIO: MACHINE POLITICIAN, NEW STYLE

RICHARD H. ROVERE



ON October 12, 1942, a sharp, brief drama was acted out in the House of Representatives. A bill to abolish state poll taxes, introduced shortly before his death by Congressman Lee Geyer, had languished for months in the Judiciary Committee—not by accident but through the express desire of the Southern delegation. Eugene Cox of Georgia was trying desperately to keep the bill where it was. Now there is one sure way to free a bill that is locked up like this. If a majority of the House members sign a petition to discharge the bill, out it comes. This is difficult to accomplish, but it was done with Geyer's bill. Through the long months while the petition lay on the Speaker's desk in the well of the House, persistent jockeying was going on behind the scenes. Slowly the signatures accumulated and the man responsible for getting most of them was Vito Marcantonio, Congressman from New York City.

At last there were enough names and the bald-headed Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House, signified that he was ready to entertain a motion to bring up the bill. The Southern Democrats, who had been riding high throughout the session, were beaten. Wrath welling in his heart, the gentleman from Tobacco Road rose in his seat and looked across the House at the gentleman from Little Italy.

"Let me make one statement . . . to . . . the gentleman," Cox said. "I salute you, sir. I salute you for having at last attained that burning ambition which you carry in your soul of becoming for one moment of your life the master of this House. You bring it to you, sir, on its knee, and again I congratulate you."

In point of fact, Marcantonio's victory, although it drove Cox to one of his finest flights of outraged rhetoric, was more apparent than real. The Geyer Bill passed the House only to be filibustered to death in the Senate. At the opening of the next session, Cox and his confederates were still powerful enough to bar Marcantonio from any important House committee. But the incident brought together, on the basic issue of suffrage, two of the most ill-assorted products of constitutional democracy. Cox, from the piney woods of Georgia, with the aid of the poll tax, goes to Congress every two years on the vote of three per cent of his adult constituents. Marcantonio, from the sidewalks of New York, is a fellow-traveler of the Communists who has built an all-party machine supported by practically everyone but Jehovah's Witnesses. Cox, of course, is an old-style operator, of a sort familiar ever since the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment. Marcantonio is something new in American politics.

AT FORTY-TWO, Marcantonio is well on his way to becoming a first-class national figure, though one of a most unorthodox sort. Heretofore, his influence in the Congress has been that of a gadfly, not a leader. Because he has so consistently been a mouthpiece for the Communist Party, his support of any measure has generally been more embarrassing than helpful. Lately, however, he has shown real genius in turning his liabilities into assets, in playing the political interstices for all they are worth.

For example, when the Seventy-eighth Congress convened, seven new anti-poll tax bills were introduced. Three were sponsored by Republicans, three by Democrats, and one by Marcantonio, who, although he runs on both old-party tickets, is registered in the American Labor Party. The seven bills were identical; six, obviously, had to be withdrawn. Since Marcantonio is easily the most reviled of all his colleagues, his bill, according to Congressional protocol, should have been the leading candidate for the scrap pile. But as it happened, his bill survived and all the others were allowed to die in committee. The strategy was simple. Marcantonio and the left-wing lobbyists who were backing him played on party rivalries. To the Democrats, all Northerners of course, they argued that a Republican bill would further antagonize an already angry South; to the Republicans, they pointed out that it would be absurd to hand the Democrats the credit, and the accruing Negro votes, for poll-tax repeal. When the legislators had retired each other's bills, all but Marcantonio's, his was offered as a "coalition" bill, and the other sponsors were magnanimously given roles in pushing the bill through the House. By this stroke, Marcantonio acquired the prestige associated with leading the fight against the poll tax; and with the same payment, he acquired the prestige of the other Congressmen, without whose respectable support the bill might not have passed the House last year. If it becomes law, in this Congress or another, Marcantonio will stand as a kind of latter-day Lincoln in the affections of the Negro community. Already he has received what his unhappy

colleagues must admit is \$100,000 worth of free publicity in the Negro press.

The last holdout among the six sponsors was Joseph Clark Baldwin, a Manhattan Republican. Baldwin probably yielded to the pressure in Washington, but, had that failed, another argument might have proved equally compelling. If he had persisted with his bill, a Democrat might have warmed his seat in the House next year. Marcantonio could have attended to this simply by running a candidate of the American Labor Party against Baldwin in the coming election, thereby splitting away enough of Baldwin's vote to elect a Democrat.

Although he has been read out of the American Labor Party by its state officials, Marcantonio remains as chairman of the New York County organization, outlaw child of the state body. Actually, the county ALP is controlled by Communists. It has executed every turn in the Moscow line with as much speed and as little grace as the Communist Party itself. The New York Communists moved into the ALP in 1938, when their own party was thrown off the ballot. They number no more than ten thousand, but they are a tight little band. Fire, flood, and pestilence could not keep them from the polls on primary day. They can elect no candidate of their own, but by entering one, and illicitly claiming for him the prestige of the state ALP, they can drain considerable support away from the more liberal of the major contenders. Or, by giving their own nomination to a Republican or a Democrat, an illegal procedure in most states but permissible in New York, they can in many districts guarantee election. As chairman of the county ALP, therefore, Marcantonio is in a position not only to obtain Republican and Democratic assistance in his own district but also to influence nominations and elections throughout the city.

To prove his strength, Marcantonio once warned the Democratic County Committee, better known as Tammany Hall, that unless it nominated a Negro or an Italian for a vacant sinecure in the city judiciary, he would see to it that its man was defeated. Tammany ignored him and put up an Irishman. The ALP

nomination thereupon went to the Republican candidate, a Negro, who won by a small but safe majority. Experts predict that this year Marcantonio will tip the balance in four or five Congressional elections. Four or five representatives will make a lot of difference in the next Congress. By controlling a handful of Communists, Marcantonio has become a pivotal power in a pivotal state.

MANY of Marcantonio's Italian constituents celebrate their Congressman's political virtuosity by referring to him as "the Honorable Fritto Misto"—Mixed Fry. His personal attributes are as manifold and as delusive as his political connections. He looks at least ten years younger than he is. He is shorter than average and wiry in build. His eyes, hair, and complexion are dark. His face is well-molded and attractive. His most noticeable feature is a pair of broad but badly stooped shoulders. Because of this his head is constantly tilted forward. The stooped shoulders can give the appearance of a frail and overworked person, a younger statesman bowed early by the pressing affairs of the republic. Horn-rimmed glasses, which a nervous habit leads him to adjust every few moments, add to this effect. But at other times, when he is bearding an adversary or haranguing a crowd, the forward thrust of his head makes him look tough and belligerent.

When he mingles with the Bohemian intellectuals who are his friends, he looks like an earnest young law student, wearied by hours over Blackstone but eager nonetheless for every word that is said. In ordinary conversation, he talks in the reasonably clear and precise accents of a New Yorker who has tried hard to cultivate a good speaking voice. When he speaks before his constituents, however, he moves quickly into the vernacular, mugging and shrieking in a manner not unlike that of his political mentor, Fiorello H. La Guardia. When he discusses questions of no great moment to him as a politician, his logic is sound, his sense of humor excellent, and his manner pleasing on the whole. But on subjects close to his heart—the virtues of the Russian state,

for example—he grows harshly dogmatic and makes no pretense to reasonableness.

Marcantonio denies that he is a Communist. "Anyone who says that I am a Communist," he has written, "is a liar and a scoundrel." He always has a lot of protesting to do. Unquestionably, he does not belong to the Communist Party. He would be foolish if he did. It is true, moreover, that he has often made gestures like a fascist and that he once praised Hamilton Fish as "that fine liberal Republican." But those are the gestures of an adroit politician whose constituents are Italian and mostly Republican. Otherwise, his policies are invariably those of the Communists, and if this is, as he says, to be explained as "pure coincidence," then it is a coincidence that passes all understanding.

The touchstone of Communist conduct is foreign policy. In his first term in Congress, Marcantonio was pacifist and isolationist; his chief concern was the abolition of compulsory military training in land-grant colleges. In his second term, the party line changed, and so did his; he demanded that the Neutrality Act be interpreted to allow shipments of arms to Loyalist Spain. In the beginning of his third term, when the Russo-German pact was in force, he was isolationist again; he demanded rigid interpretation and enforcement of the Neutrality Act; he was the only Congressman who voted against every measure not only for aid to Britain but also for national defense. But as soon as Hitler invaded Russia, he wanted repeal of the whole Act; he became, months before Pearl Harbor, one of the first Congressmen to call for an open declaration of war and the immediate dispatch of an expeditionary force. "Hitler may soon be within rowboat distance of our country," he said, meaning that if the Nazis got to the Bering Strait, small craft could ferry them to Alaska. Explaining himself to the House, he said, "I still believe that . . . up to June, 1941, the war was an imperialist war. However, I maintain that . . . the invasion of the Soviet Union by Hitler transformed that war which was essentially imperialist into a war which is now essentially one of national defense."

In the early thirties, the Communists opposed Roosevelt. "The WPA," Marcantonio said, "is doing more to destroy the American standard of living than any group of reactionary industrialists in the country." In 1938, when the Communists supported Roosevelt, he made a campaign promise to "fight the reactionary movement to scuttle WPA." At about this time he became president of the International Labor Defense, the American branch of the Comintern's International Red Aid. "I am not and never have been a Communist," said Marcantonio, a contributing editor to the *New Masses*. "I say flatly that Red-baiters are the very worst type of criminal."

II

MARCANTONIO represents the Twentieth Congressional District, known in New York as East Harlem. East Harlem is a huge and verminous slum area that runs from the edge of the Negro district to the wharves of the East River. Its largest racial group is Italian. Next come Puerto Ricans, then small settlements of Negroes and Jews. This is the district which, in years gone by, Fiorello La Guardia represented in Washington.

The present Congressman has been able to offer something to each racial group. To the Italians it was enough, for a beginning at least, that his name was Marcantonio and that he had been blessed by the Little Flower. He ingratiated himself with the Puerto Ricans, who harbor no love for Romans, by championing their nationalism, by flying to their island to defend some rebels beleaguered by the law, and by writing a bill to grant Puerto Rico immediate independence with staggering indemnities. Both the Italians and the Puerto Ricans are Roman Catholic, and Mother Church plays an important part in politics. On certain feast days Marcantonio can be seen, a lighted taper in hand, walking barefoot through the district with the pious. He seldom fails to put in an appearance at the annual celebration for the Madonna of the Miracles, Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Negroes and Jews in the district were won by his spirited denunciations of Jim Crow

and anti-Semitism. On his staff of five or six secretaries, each race is represented.

The Congressman and his district have known each other well for many years. He was born there on December 10, 1902. His father was a carpenter and the family lived in the heart of the district. At eighteen Vito became a leader of the Harlem Tenants' League and managed a strike against the landlords. He acquired the first part of his machine twenty-two years ago when he attracted the attention of La Guardia, who was then trying to break Tammany control of the district and get into Congress himself.

Marcantonio was still in law school at the time, but La Guardia had been impressed by his work in the Tenants' League, and he spotted the young man as sound political timber. Marcantonio has enjoyed La Guardia's favor ever since. The Mayor usually refers to his protégé as "Vito, my good son," and when the younger man displeases him, which has been often since Vito took up with the Communists, the Mayor shrugs and speaks ruefully of "my erring son." Some genuine feeling may still lie beneath this pose of the long-suffering parent. But it cannot fully explain why La Guardia never bucks Marcantonio, while Marcantonio frequently defies the Mayor. La Guardia, like so many other New York politicians these days, needs the support of the American Labor Party, which Marcantonio can give or refuse. Indeed, La Guardia is more beholden than most, for Marcantonio controls not only the ALP but the machine on which La Guardia first rode to power.

When La Guardia was in Congress himself, his association in Washington with men like Smith Brookhart and the elder La Follette was a source of constant irritation to Republican leaders in New York. He knew that his party standing was never better than shaky. To build up independent strength, he started the F. H. La Guardia Political Club, an association of young Italian professional men who would follow him no matter what the party did. Marcantonio was put at its head. For further security, La Guardia organized a couple of local parties of his own invention. These were to assure him

a place on the ballot any time the Republicans failed to. Marcantonio presided over them also. The La Guardia Club, known in the district as "the Gibonis," an affectionate equivalent for "the wops," became the basis of the La Guardia machine. Now it belongs, as do the paper parties, to Marcantonio. They are important parts of his machine, and he could, if he wished, turn them against La Guardia at any time. The Mayor knows this and even when Marcantonio was vehemently isolationist, and the Mayor just as vehemently interventionist, he could always find reasons for endorsing his wayward son. He has even had to support Marcantonio at the expense of others of his backers. When, in 1942, some members of the city administration threatened briefly to make a fight against Marcantonio, La Guardia told the press that if this happened, he might be forced to trim the payroll a little.

When Marcantonio first ran for Congress, he had only the Republican nomination and the blessing of his patron and predecessor, La Guardia. In that year, 1932, Marcantonio won by 247 votes. In 1942 he ran as the regular candidate of the Republican, Democratic, and American Labor Parties. No other candidate's name appeared beside his on the ballot. He won by 19,049 votes. (The Board of Elections reports one write-in vote against him!) The machine that has thus withered all opposition bears no resemblance to the traditional steam roller fueled by patronage and party regularity; it is instead a homemade jalopy, assembled from parts he has pried loose from other machines. Nevertheless, it is one of the strongest machines in the country, opposed by no organized group of any consequence, and it stands at the service of the Communist Party, whose members in the district could meet in the cloakroom of any Republican club. The feat is probably without parallel in American political history.

III

LIKE all slums, especially those inhabited by immigrants and their children, East Harlem seethes with politics. Party feelings run high. On almost every block,

Republican and Democratic clubs outdo each other in providing amusement for those who, because of poverty and the language barrier, cannot use the entertainment facilities that serve the city as a whole. They offer the people the legal and economic counsel they need for survival in the hostile world outside. The clubs compete with each other, and the churches compete with all. Recently the trade unions have joined the fray. But none can compete with Marcantonio.

Every Saturday noon, when the House recesses, he flies home to New York. He may make as many as ten speeches over the week end, but Sunday afternoon is reserved for oiling the machine. The scene in the La Guardia Club after one o'clock on Sunday looks like nothing so much as a busy day in the clinic of a great city hospital. Marcantonio and three or four secretaries sit at desks on a platform in the front of the main hall. Before them on wooden camp chairs are about a hundred constituents, many of them cradling infants in their arms. A guard stands at the door and seats new arrivals. As many as four hundred may come and go in an afternoon. This is the Marcantonio machine at work, gathering in Republicans, Democrats, anarchists, fascists, anything.

One by one the constituents shamble up to their Congressman's desk and tell him their troubles. They speak in Spanish, Italian, English, and various mixtures of the three. Marcantonio can always answer in kind, throwing in a little Yiddish if the need arises. Mostly their problems concern money or jobs. During the depression, the majority were relief applicants; sixty per cent of Harlem was then living on public funds and at one time unemployment rose to eight-five per cent. As attorney for the Workers' Alliance, the powerful union of unemployed and relief workers, the Congressman was in an excellent position to help. Today the same people are back for Army dependency allotments. Many want government or war-plant jobs. Some need legal aid, and Marcantonio always keeps a good lawyer on the payroll.

Sometimes the problems are considerably more complicated. Several months

ago a troubled couple came to him. Their daughter had become pregnant by a British sailor and they wanted him to marry the girl. They knew his name but not his present location. Marcantonio said that he would see what he could do. With small hope of success, he wrote the British Embassy explaining the case and asking the whereabouts of the mariner, provided this was not a military secret. A few days later he got a call from the British Embassy. His Majesty's Government, an Etonian voice said, wished to apologize to the American Congressman for the damage done to Miss So-and-So by a member of the Royal Navy. While His Majesty's Government, the aide went on, could not order the young man to marry the girl, it was hoping that the problem would solve itself when the seaman was given an immediate leave of eight weeks in New York. The problem did solve itself, and on the wedding day His Majesty's Government sent over a complement of sailors in full regalia, who formed a guard of honor outside the church.

ALTHOUGH he can seldom deliver so handsomely, Marcantonio sees personally about thirty thousand voters in the course of a Congressional term. So large an investment naturally pays huge dividends. But while grateful constituents can win general elections, they cannot always secure party backing for their friends, nor can they be counted on to win primaries against well-organized regulars. Marcantonio began his career with the enmity of Tammany Hall, which had not yet been brought to its present low estate by La Guardia. When he sought re-election in 1936, he lost, for the first and last time, to a Democrat. His own party had not really been behind him. Never very enthusiastic about him in the first place, the Republicans dropped him, temporarily, when they saw that he was voting with the New Deal and consorting with Communists. One of his principal supporters, Luigi Antonini, Italian leader of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, had been alienated by his Communist proclivities. Shortly before the primaries in 1938, the Republican

county leaders read Marcantonio out of the party. Soon after that the ALP disowned him, though not before a fight had taken place in which a clubhouse was wrecked and Marcantonio lost some teeth. In such a fix the average politician would have reasoned that the jig was up.

But not Marcantonio. In 1937 he began putting together an entirely new machine. He had retained the support of the Mayor and a good many Republican district leaders. He was getting considerable financial help from the left-wing CIO unions, and the Communist Party saw to it that he had a good staff of experienced canvassers. Organized virtue, in the form of social workers and settlement-house directors, of which his wife, Miriam Sanders of Harlem House, is one, continued to regard him as a dauntless adversary of Tammany corruption. When he entered the Republican primaries in 1938, he won easily against the machine. The ALP primaries and the general election were still easier. The Republican machine that opposed him then is now in his hands. Although he still stands excommunicated from the Republican Party, no Republican leader in the district has mentioned the matter for years. And he controls the city ALP, lock, stock, and pork barrel.

IV

"TAMMANY HALL," Marcantonio once wrote, before it was supporting him, "has been an enemy of the people ever since it was founded by a traitor, Aaron Burr." Now he lies in the viper's bosom. Tammany came around shortly after his third election in 1940. In 1938 he had entered the Democratic primaries and walked off with thirty per cent of the vote. In 1940 he had won the general election by his fattest margin, and Tammany could see that future opposition was useless. Besides, Tammany's cupboard was getting very bare, and it was nodding courteously to the American Labor Party. He won the 1942 Democratic primary by a thumping majority. The primary election was hardly a contest. A local ward-heeler had entered the race, supposedly with official backing, but he

somehow forgot that he was a candidate. He did not make a single speech. When one of the Tammany leaders was cruising around the polls on primary day, he discovered a misguided precinct captain who was actually working for the dummy candidate. He took the man around the corner and gave him a good cuffing. No precinct captain is likely to be so thoughtless again.

Marcantonio now enjoys the enthusiastic support of Clarence H. Neal, Jr., perhaps the most influential Democratic leader in Manhattan. When Frank Costello, the numbers and slot-machine operator, was called into court last year to explain how he had influenced the Aurelio nomination,* he proudly boasted that he had worked through Clarence Neal. Neal has survived the infamy, however. He recently consolidated his power by leading a successful palace revolution in which Michael J. Kennedy was removed as head of Tammany Hall and Neal's candidate, Edward V. Loughlin, was elected as his successor. One of Neal's protégés, James Pemberton, a young Negro, has become the major-domo of the Marcantonio machine. Pemberton, a Tammany district leader, is personally devoted to Marcantonio, and, since his clubhouse chores are few these days, he spends nearly all his time working for the Congressman. On week days, when the House is in session, Pemberton keeps the machine going; he spends his week ends traveling with the Congressman and conferring with him between speaking engagements. Through Pemberton, Marcantonio can always get his point of view across in Tammany executive meetings. Marcantonio used to retain a former prizefighter as a bodyguard, but since Pemberton, a powerfully built man who must weigh close to three hundred pounds, has been accompanying him everywhere, his political and physical needs are ministered to at the same time.

In his isolationist phases, Marcantonio relied heavily on the argument that we ought to clean up our own backyard first. Captious critics might say the same to him. East Harlem is one of the centers of New York vice and racketeering. In

prostitution it ranks second only to Negro Harlem. It is headquarters for the policy racket. Dutch Schultz, Owney Madden, Lucky Luciano, and Arnold Rothstein had large holdings there. Lepke Buchalter used to keep his Trigger Mike Coppola busy along upper Lexington Avenue. Most shopkeepers in the neighborhood are victimized by protection rackets; their stores are made to serve as "drops" for the policy lotteries. Those who sell protection to the businessmen buy or demand it for themselves from the police and politicians. Gangsters have made East Harlem a headache for the city administration and a paradise for venal officers of the law.

Marcantonio, a hard-riding Paul Revere when he sees "international gangsterism" on the march, has had little to say about the gangsters who gouge East Harlem. Once in 1933, when he was seeking a district leadership for himself, some thugs got rough with several of his workers, and he complained to the District Attorney. Since then he has shown no zeal for changing conditions in East Harlem, nor has he ever spoken publicly about them. Floating crap games move undisturbed from one political club to another, but the candidate of the settlement-house workers does not appear to be outraged. The truth is that a state of neutrality exists between him and the racketeers. His machine could not possibly operate in the face of their opposition. Few of the voters whom he helps at his Sunday afternoon Good Will Hour would get to the polls if the gangsters decided that East Harlem needed another Congressman.

BEFORE the war fascism was a delicate issue among the Italians of East Harlem. Few of them were fascist by conviction, and almost none was evangelically fascist, like the German Bundists. But most were ardent Italian patriots, and fascism was the form of their country's government. An attack on Mussolini was an attack on the Italian genius. Marcantonio, whose anti-fascist oratory endeared him to the Communists, has always managed to avoid any mention of Mussolini and the corporate state, at least in East Harlem. Indeed, he has often been

* See "Aurelio: the People's Choice," by Ferdinand Lundberg, in *Harper's* for January, 1944.

forced to pay tacit tribute to Il Duce by gracing with his presence the meetings of the large Italian societies that became powerful in East Harlem through the gratuities of the consulate. One day in the middle thirties he was arrested in the morning for leading a Communist demonstration that threatened to become a riot; after bail was provided, he went uptown to a fascist banquet, where his arrival was greeted by a band playing the "Giovinezza." A group of Italian trade unionists has published a brochure on Marcantonio replete with pictures of him in the company of fascist government officials. The point is not that Marcantonio was ever a fascist, but that the fascist vote was indispensable to the machine. The Roman of old times came to bury Caesar, not to praise him; his namesake has been careful to do neither—in East Harlem. During the Italian war in Ethiopia, for example, he was a leading member of the American League Against War and Fascism. But in East Harlem, at the same time, he was addressing the local leagues for war and fascism. No word of explicit approval for the Italian legions ever passed his lips. But he did talk about "the agents of the racketeering League of Nations, the big salary-grabbers," who, in their anonymity, might easily be taken for the anti-fascists seeking League sanctions against the Italian government.

NEXT fall the Marcantonio machine will face a difficult test. The twentieth Congressional District no longer exists. The New York Legislature, dominated by upstate Republicans who have nothing to fear from Marcantonio, has reapportioned the state and tried to gerrymander Marcantonio out of office. In the new Eighteenth District, he will still have most of his East Harlem Spaniards and Italians, but life will be complicated by the addition of vast German and Irish hordes from the adjoining Yorkville area. Since Yorkville is almost wholly Democratic, the Republican and Labor parts of his machine will remain intact. He may have difficulties in the Democratic primaries, but Clarence Neal's recent victory in Tammany Hall was Marcantonio's

victory also. Tammany may not dare to support him openly, but it will probably praise him with faint damns. His campaign for Democratic support began early in February, when he handed the Labor Party nomination to James Torrens, a Tammany candidate for Congress in a contiguous district.

Even if he should fail to be re-elected for a term or two, his power will increase rather than diminish. At this writing he controls the ALP only in Manhattan, but by April he should be boss of the entire state apparatus. The Communist wing of the ALP last year acquired control of the Brooklyn organization, and it will try to win a majority on the state committee in the spring primaries. Prospects look so glum to the present state leaders that they have had a hard time deciding whether to resist the Communists or resign without a fight and start a new party. They have determined to make a fight, but they admit that they have almost no chance of winning.

If the Communists capture the state ALP, a good many of its supporters will move into the Democratic Party, whence they originally came. On occasion the ALP vote has been as high as 500,000. Under Communist domination, not more than half that number will vote with it. But the right-wing leaders of the party have never used their 500,000 votes as effectively as Marcantonio has used his 10,000 Communists. They are professional trade-union leaders and, although they have never been averse to what they call "honorable reciprocity," their simple minds could not conceive the kind of elaborate deals that Marcantonio has rigged in Manhattan and Washington. In his hands the ALP will be considerably smaller, but its trading power will be used to greater advantage. Marcantonio's future is bright.

When Earl Browder, the Communist leader, recently announced the mass conversion of his followers to the two-party system, he probably had in mind the strange case of the Honorable Vito Marcantonio, who runs with the Republican and Democratic hounds but holds with the Communist hare.

THE TALL MAN

A Story

THOMAS SANCTON



ON TOP the mountain in the clear twilight the trees and houses looked very small, but clean and sharp like miniatures. I peered at the crest from the dusty window of a day coach speeding north, a thousand feet below in the valley. The late red sunlight was behind the mountain. If a man had walked across the skyline I think I could have seen him.

This was Lookout Mountain, at Chattanooga. Eighty years ago, on a hazy day, bloody Chickamauga had been fought against that crest. For years afterward Southerners called it the Battle Above the Clouds. On that day the people in the valley could see little. Only the pounding of artillery had told of the fighting that raged on the mountain.

I looked from the train window until the mountain vanished in the darkness. The lights of Chattanooga were lost in the curving distance. The lights in the coach came on. There was a shuffling and restlessness among the passengers. Many who had been riding all day got up to stretch their legs. Some drifted to the water cooler. Men walked to the lavatory room for a smoke and a pull of strong, cheap whisky. Across the aisle a soldier nodded. His head drooped forward. Finally he toppled to the shoulder of his wife beside him and went to sleep. In the

seat before me a young blonde woman settled her two little blonde girls on the long end lounge and covered them with flimsy overcoats. The heat came on with a dry hiss. I could feel it flowing from the vent against my leg.

A Negro porter dug beneath the seats with a broom, sweeping an accumulation of trash into the aisle. He pushed a pile of litter down the coach—newspapers with dusty footprints, newspapers printed in Chattanooga, Birmingham, Memphis. The New Orleans newspapers had long ago been swept away. Tomorrow, before the train reached New York, the coach would be strewn with journals that copyreaders and typesetters were laboring over now in Washington and Baltimore. There were crushed paper cups, the ends of dry, train-made sandwiches, paraffin milk containers, greasy cardboard boxes, whisky bottles, cigarette stubs, orange peel, banana skins. The trash filled the coach with a sweet, choking odor. A Negro in a white jacket came through with a chromium tray full of sandwiches and a steaming kettle of coffee. In the past two hours or so he had made many trips through the car crying "Last call for sandwiches!"

In the rear of the coach a party of soldiers was playing poker on a suitcase turned endwise. Two soldiers stood in

the aisle talking to a group of college girls. Behind me two soldiers were drinking. Their heavy woolen collars gaped open beneath their flushed faces.

The car was almost-filled. There were middle-aged women with daughters who resembled them. There were traveling business men with fountain pens in their pockets. Their suits were neat and cheap. There were farmers and hillsmen with black coats and starched buttoned shirts without ties. Some of the passengers were talking and laughing in the patient way of travelers. Some slept with their heads resting back on the cool windowpanes. The couplings rolled and jerked with monotonous rhythm.

I bought a cup of coffee and a sandwich in a crackly paper cover. The sandwich was made of dry, stiff bread with a wafer-thin slice of ham. The coffee was weak and very hot and lacking sugar. I was hungry. The sandwich and coffee made a wonderful mixture.

This was my tenth trip between New York and New Orleans in Southern Railway day coaches; my tenth in three years. I had spent almost a month of my life traveling on these trains. The novelty was gone. I was wishing I had spent my money on a Pullman fare. But I worked in New York for a newspaper salary, and kept returning to the South two or three times a year. To travel so far and so often I could afford to ride only in coaches.

During these years I had come to know my companions on the journey. Not counting the soldiers—who more than any of us had been wrenched from their civilian background—a good half of these passengers were being uprooted. Somewhere, in some city or village or on some farm, a former way of life had come to an end for them; and they were going to some other place to start anew. We had sat up through long nights telling our stories. Some were widowed parents who were going to join their children in the North or South. Some were young men with hopeful faces who were taking their families from Alabama perhaps to a sprawling industrial city in New Jersey; the big promotion, the long-awaited, exciting transfer had come at last. And some of these

passengers were loyal and yet enchanted brides, who were going to live in the shambles of a cantonment village on a husband's newly acquired lieutenant's pay. And some, like the blonde woman in the seat before me who spent her time making nests of packages and overcoats for her two little girls to sleep in warmly, were going to join the soldiers or workers they had mated with, and to struggle with instinctive courage to re-establish the mammalian routines of their young, strong years. There were old farmers, burned by sun and wind, courteous and timid in their movements, proud and rigid in their talk; men who were being summoned by final illness, in some instances, to the bedside of a brother or a father they had not seen or written to for thirty years. Often the only barrier between them had been a journey across two states and the price of a fifteen-dollar coach ticket.

I was thinking about these things that night in a half-asleep, dreaming fashion. As I remembered the earlier trips they all seemed to merge together. Towns and farms and movie houses went by like scenes on an endless roll of background. Sometimes the hills were covered with trees in autumnal color, and red sumac bushes waved by the railroad tracks; and sometimes green summer foliage choked the river valleys.

There is a tiresome interval for day-coach riders after nightfall. The countryside vanishes in darkness. Outside the fields may lie hauntingly beautiful in moonlight, or rain may beat through the woods and shine like fire in the locomotive headlight. The traveler sees nothing. The inside light shuts out the darkened landscape. He settles back on hard cushions to wait through the hours till midnight. Passengers grow weary with talking. They settle with their thoughts or read listlessly or stare through force of habit through the darkened windows. One by one they wrap in overcoats and try to sleep. The coach grows quieter. Somewhere the drinkers are still contending, and their voices grow loud in the stillness. At last the conductor comes in to reach into the switch box and turn on the dim night lamps.

A few restless men get up and walk

stiffly down the swaying coach to the lavatory. They settle on the lounge to smoke and talk. This is the hour when stories are told. A halting country voice begins a narrative and goes on and on, late into the night; it is the voice of a countryman on a speeding train hurling through time and space, suspended in a timeless moment. Ideas and memories well up inside him. An impulse makes him speak. He is with men he has never seen before and will never see again. Together they are cut off from reality. Somehow he knows these men. They are his brothers. He gropes to tell them the deepest memories and meanings of his life.

SOMETIME after ten o'clock that night, far out of Chattanooga, I went into the lounge to smoke. There was a tall man sitting there. We said hello. His legs were crossed before him and he slumped against the seat with an air of weariness. He was a man of indefinite age. His face was gaunt and weathered. His hair and eyes were shiny black. His frame was sparse, but his hands and wrists were bony. His teeth were sound, but two or three had been knocked out and were replaced by bridgework. One of the false teeth had vanished from its crown. When he spoke this piece of empty metal sparkled. I could not guess how long that crown had been empty; yet I thought it would be empty forevermore. He had paid the dentists about all he intended to pay. Somehow I knew this man.

His suit was cheap and neat and black. It fitted his gaunt frame in a way that a tailored suit could never fit a stout man. Doubtless he had walked into a clothing store one day, in a little town somewhere in the South; had selected a suit from the rack, put it on, counted out eighteen dollars to the clerk, and walked out.

We lighted our cigarettes and began to talk. We talked at first about the train schedule. He seemed to know it like a railroad man. He thought the engineer was going to make up the fifty minutes he'd dropped before Chattanooga. This was a good stretch of road. The weather had been good and the roadbed was hard. The tall man was going back home to a town in north Tennessee. He was tired

but couldn't sleep on trains. The jerking kept him awake. . . . I knew he would tell his story.

We talked of the war. He had two sons in the Navy and one in the Army. He had another son he hadn't heard from since 1927. He expected he was in the service somewhere—if he was still alive. Maybe he had children and wasn't in the draft; he wondered about that. His oldest son—and his son's two boys—they were home helping him farm a few acres. I looked again at his unwrinkled face, at his crisp, thick black hair. His hair was fine but remarkably thick and black. It spoke of an indestructible, orderly vitality within him.

"How old are your grandsons?" I asked.

"Let's see. The little boy—he's about twelve. I expect the other's fourteen or fifteen. Before long the Army will get them too, I reckon."

A long silence passed.

"I thought you were under forty," I said.

"Hell," he said. He sat there immobile, slouched against the seat, thinking. "I'm fifty-five. I was born the sixth day of April in 1887."

"You don't look it."

"Hell," he said again. A puzzling, bitter smile came into his face. "I haven't got but another fifteen years to live.

"No, sir," he said at last, "I run into a piece of hard luck. I expect I could have lived to be about ninety-five like my daddy. But I can't do it now. I got busted up on a water tower, right up here at a little town we'll pass soon. This here train is the one that done it, Number Seventeen.

"Yes, sir. Everything's busted through here." He laid his arm across his abdomen. "Bones and belly. It'll take me five minutes to get on my feet when we come to my stop. I'll have to get on my legs and work the pain out miles this side of town." And then he began to tell me of his life.

In his early years he had been a farmer in a barren, hilly county in northern Tennessee. But when his oldest children were grown he had moved, some twenty years ago, to the outskirts of a town to work as carpenter. He continued to farm

a few acres and sometimes he did ordinary day labor. He worked occasionally for the railroad, painting and repairing water towers and tool sheds. He had traveled up and down this hundred miles of track, but had never been out of Tennessee. But his story was not about these things. It was really the story of an injury.

"Last spring," he said, "at this little town of Ooltewah, is where it happened. We were painting this water tower, me and a pardner. I reckon we were thirty feet high in the air. I always have been careful about my scaffold, and this here scaffold was fixed good. I don't work any other way. I check them ropes and pulleys every day before we begin at work. If I see a raveled piece of rope or a loose bolt I don't do nothing more until I fix it. Some fellows don't bother much, just rig up any kind of outfit and start in painting; jump around, walk up and down on a sorry rig, and then they wonder why it is they get hurt. I don't work that way. We had this good three-quarter rope, almost new, and a good scaffold under us. We were working there safe as if we were working in a field.

"Well, it's a funny thing," he said. "Just let a fellow figure he's got everything taken care of, and that's when something has got to happen. Damned if I know why it is. I've seen it happen a hundred times. Take a man who's worked a lifetime to get out of debt, why just when he's done fine and paid off a mortgage and made a good crop—why, he'll go hunting and trip on a root or something and blow his head off. Let a man build a new barn and fill it with feed and livestock, and like as not some plain mean devil he never even saw before will come along and burn it down. That's the way it was with the scaffold. We fixed it sound as you can fix a scaffold. The ropes was good, the pulleys was good, the hooks was good. But something was meant to happen. Damned if it wasn't. You see, we had this long lead-rope from the pulley, and it reached all the way to the ground. When we was thirty feet up in the air we don't want no rope hanging on the ground. Matter of fact, it reached farther than the ground; the higher we pulled the scaffold the longer the rope

was. So we drew it up and coiled it and rested it on the end of the scaffold.

"Well, my pardner, he walked down to the end to pour some paint. And I was standing in the middle working. He reached down for the bucket and shoved the coil of rope away not to get paint on it, and accidentally the rope fell over the side. And there's where he made his mistake. He should have pulled the rope up and coiled it first thing, and got it out the way. But he leaves the rope down and goes on a-pouring paint.

"Well now, wouldn't you know this damned train would have to be coming down the track just then? It's the same train as this one, but running through in the morning instead of at night—twelve hours' difference. I told you Number Seventeen done it but what I meant was Number Nineteen. It's the same train but twelve hours' difference. And not only that but the mail hook had to be sticking out. The hook should have been pulled in before he left the town. Them hooks are supposed to be pulled in as soon as the mailbags are picked up. Ought and is is two different animals. And here's this hook sticking out, and here's Number Nineteen picking up speed out of Ooltewah, and here's this rope been dropped from the scaffold—just that minute, I tell you; just like that!

"My pardner was standing on a line with the train and he seen the hook about to grab into the rope and he could see what's about to happen. So he yelled a warning to hold on, and jumped on the scaffold ropes and locked his arms and legs around them before the jerk came. That saved him.

"Well, the hook hit the rope and jerks the scaffold clean from under me. Gives it one big jerk and slammed it way out in the air, like a swing. The paint bucket splashed in my face and I'm sprawling all which-way in the air. Can't see a thing any more. I figured the train was going to cut me up. But I hit the ground on my spine—and side. Right here." His arm fell across his abdomen again. "My bones busted like eggshells. That's the damndest feeling there is. You just can't believe what I'm telling you. You hear your bones break and your belly bust wide

open on the inside. And there I was with paint in my face, couldn't see a blessed thing, and knowing I was all stove in through here. I could feel the blood bleeding on the inside of me. Could feel my belly filling up. And pain—good God! It was like someone took an anvil and mashed me with it. I done kicked many a rat in a barn and heard them kind of squeak and crunch. That's about how it felt to be lying on the railroad track."

He looked at me and the bitter smile came across his mouth. It was merciless and utterly lacking in self-pity. There was a trace of amusement in it. In his ruddy face the silver of the empty dental bridgework sparkled. His black eyes were not unfriendly; yet they gazed into mine with a cold inner fierceness, with something of the fierceness they must have held that day.

"How would you like that?" he asked, reluctant to let the cruel image fade. "Legs broken, pelvis broken, guts busted open, paint in your mouth and eyes? How would you like it?"

"Were you conscious?" I said.

"Just like I am now." The tempo of his speech quickened as he remembered the excitement of his agony. "Conscious as I ever was in my life. I lay there on the ground and I give a moan; it just come out of me. I knew this here railroad track was my deathbed. I knew the rope fell, that all those things happened to kill me. It was just meant for me to die. When I give that moan the pain was hurting so much I was hoping to die.

"And then," he said, and his eyes were shining, "something all of a sudden came over me. I said to myself: 'They can't kill me. I just won't die.' I knew I was supposed to die, see. But I was supposed to have died under them train wheels. That's the way it was meant to happen. But something had made a mistake. That's the only way they could kill me and damned if something hadn't slipped up. I had hit on the embankment instead of under the train wheels. Sometimes it happens like that—you get a run for your money. And it happened to me that way. I was lucky."

He bore no personal feeling against his partner and the train crew; but in another

part of his mind he considered them the agents of his fate.

"The pain began to make me dizzy. But over and over I kept thinking: 'I'll live in spite of hell! By God, I wouldn't give them the satisfaction of seeing me die if my head was cut off! I'll pick my own time to die and ain't a man will pick it for me and least of all this damned old engineer. I don't care if I bleed ever' drop of blood I got in my body. I don't care if my back is broke. The man don't live that can kill me!' And I kept thinking that, over and over. And I ain't stopped thinking it yet. Then my head started to whirling and I got sick to my stomach. I threw up blood all over the embankment."

AS HE talked we smoked our cigarettes and shifted wearily on the seat. A heavy-eyed man with a stubble of blond whiskers came through the green curtain, paused for a moment, swaying with the train, and went into the small toilet compartment. Then he washed his hands and turned to us to listen, without interest. He smoked a cigarette and lurched back through the curtain. The tall man went on with the story.

"My pardner," he said, "he had got the hell scared out of him. But he wasn't hurt. The scaffold swung back against the tower and sprung his ankle, but that was all. So he come down to me—down the rope. He wiped the paint out of my eyes and I could see a little. I was lying on the embankment; half of me was on the tie ends and half on the slope. I was twisted up like a scarecrow. And he says, 'Good God, you busted right in two!'

"He reached down and took hold of me and made like to straighten me out. I said, 'Get your hands off me. You'll kill me sure.' I said, 'If you want to help me, go get a doctor damned quick in the town.' He says, 'I can't just leave you lying here busted up on the track.' I told him to quit talking and to go get the doctor. And he run off and in a little while brought me a doctor and some men from the town. The doctor put me on the stretcher and they lifted me up.

"Well, they take me to this little hospital—hell, it ain't but ten beds in it. And they wire the railroad office to rush a

specialist from Chattanooga. This Chattanooga doctor comes and looks at my legs and belly. They was swollen like a balloon. And he takes me in the operating room. I was going unconscious. My head was spinning—Lord, the room was going round. But I could hear this doctor talking. He told the other one I was a goner.

"This Chattanooga doctor come to me and says, 'Listen, can you hear me?' I said sure. He says, 'Then listen to what I'm telling you. We sent a man in an automobile to fetch your family. If you've got anything to say to them you'd better say it when they get here. You ain't going to be here tomorrow.'

"I says, 'You think so?'

"He says, 'I know so.'

"I says, 'Hell, doctor, I'll be walking in six weeks.'

"... I says, 'Hell, doctor, I'll be walking in six weeks,' and I was. In just two days longer than six weeks I got out the bed and walked. And in eight weeks I walked out the hospital."

He told me of his days in the hospital. He had survived a grave operation and once, as his wife leaned over his bed, he had said: "Listen, I'm in a sinking spell and about to die. Don't do a thing now, don't tell me a word, just run tell the doctor if he don't pump blood in my veins damned quick I'm a dead man." The doctor came running. The tall man could feel life pouring in his veins as the transfusion was begun.

"A few days after the operation when I begun to heal a little and it looked like I wasn't going to die right offhand, this doctor comes to me and sets a bowl of plaster on a table and begins to mix it. I says, 'Hell, you're not mixing that stuff to put on me, are you?' He said sure, I had to wear it, I was a dead man without a cast. I said I may be one without it but I sure was one with it. 'If you try to put that plaster on me, in this pain, I'll roll out of this bed.' I said, 'Look, doctor, I want to live. Just tell me what to do. But no plaster. If you want me to lie still here a month without moving, I know I got to do it. Just tell me.'

"'By God,' he says, 'I think you're stubborn enough.'

"'Just tell me.'

"He says, 'You got to lay flat and not move for twenty-one days. One move will bust you wide open.'

"I says, 'Nothing's going to bust me open. I'll lie here twenty-one days.'

"And I laid there twenty-one days without a move. They put me on a bed that cranked open down the middle. And I laid there twenty-one days. The hot weather come. Sometimes I wished I had gone under them wheels. But I hadn't. I never thought of quitting. It got to be a joke with me, living in spite of hell. My muscles cramped up and my belly swole out like this. I said to myself: 'I'll lie here and put up with it. I done told that hard-headed doctor I ain't going to move.' And I laid there my twenty-one days."

"It must have been agony," I said.

He gazed into the distance and the cruel smile came into his face.

"It was a pill," he said.

"I ain't going to live very old," he went on finally. "I got about fifteen years left. That will put me about seventy. My daddy was plowing when he was eighty-four. My mother lived near as long as he did. They was happy in their old age too. I could have had me a long life. But this accident done me in. I just wore myself out in that hospital. But I picked my bones off this railroad track, and in six weeks I stood and walked, just like I said I would do. And the thought of it will give me satisfaction till I die."

He had said what he wanted to say. There was little more to talk about. We sat back in the seat dozing, swaying with the jolts of the coach. An hour or so later, in northern Tennessee, we arrived at his town. He had been striding back and forth across the washroom for a little while, trying to work the stiffness from his hips. When the train stopped he turned to me and said, "Well . . ." and picked up his cardboard suitcase and was gone. I went to the steps and saw him walk away, down the small darkened platform. Only the faint light of a single electric globe lighted the station. I could see a macadam street, a movie house, a block of small stores, and I knew that beyond the town, stretching into the night, were the farms and woods, and at last the foothills.

INFORMATION, PLEASE, ABOUT RUSSIA

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN



IT WAS once said that the worst imaginable torment for Lord Macaulay in hell would have been to force him to listen to friends misstating historical facts without being able to correct them. Educated Russians in this country and Americans acquainted with Russian history and the conditions of Russian life before and after the Revolution are often subjected to this kind of punishment. They encounter one demonstrable factual inaccuracy after another in books, magazine articles, newspaper articles, and allegedly historical films, without being able to offer adequate rebuttal and contradiction.

A list of such mistakes which have appeared in print, with the source and the corrective facts, forms the subject matter of this article. It is deliberately limited in scope. Expressions of judgment and opinion, however extravagant and ill-founded these may seem to be, are not discussed. Nothing is cited from the writings of avowed Communists, or from Communist publications, which by their nature would provide a quantity of dogmatic and controversial assertions about Russia.

The errors which are cited have been turned up by my own initiative, with a little volunteer aid from a few friends. A research institution, able to cover thor-

oughly the entire field of publications about Russia, could easily fill a book, perhaps an encyclopedia with similar material. However, the sampling that follows will, I think, prove the point that there is a regrettable lack of precise factual knowledge of Russia, past and present, on the part of some people who profess to write and speak with authority on the subject. In fact I doubt whether such a mass of sheer misinformation, on such a plane of authorship, could be compiled about any country of comparable political importance.

HERE is Dorothy Thompson, for instance, writing about Stalin in her syndicated column of November 24, 1943:

He was born in a tribal society in the remote Caucasian Mountains. . . . His tribe was ruled by feudal princes. . . . In his childhood the masses of the people of Greater Russia were serfs who could be beaten by their masters and even sold from one landowner to another.

Now Stalin was born, not in some remote Caucasian mountain fastness where the tribal organization of life persisted, but in the town of Gori, which is located in the southern foothills of the Caucasus in the center of a corn- and wine-producing country. By no stretch of the imagination could it have been regarded, at the time of Stalin's birth, as the seat of a

"tribal society." Nor is there the slightest evidence, in any biography of Stalin, that he ever owed allegiance to any tribal prince. And the full impact of the howler in the third sentence can only be gauged if one can imagine a foreign commentator writing of President Roosevelt, "His devotion to the cause of the underprivileged dates from the time when he saw men and women, in his childhood, being sold as slaves." For serfdom was abolished in Russia in 1861. Stalin was born in 1879.

Passing to a misstatement of a different type, one finds Emil Ludwig, in his *Stalin*, p. 81, misquoting Lenin's political testament as follows:

Comrade Stalin, having become General Secretary, has concentrated an enormous power in his hands, and I am sure that he always knows how to use that power with sufficient caution.

The correct version of this sentence in the testament, which may be found in Boris Souvarine's *Stalin*, p. 305, reads as follows:

Comrade Stalin, having become General Secretary, has concentrated an enormous power in his hands, and I am *not* sure that he always knows how to use that power with sufficient caution.

The omission of the word "not," in this case, is pretty important, and destroys the historical and psychological significance of the testament, which reflects suspicion on Lenin's part that Stalin was building up a personal dictatorship. Neither the authenticity nor the text of the testament is subject to question. Stalin himself admitted by implication the validity of this document, in which he is characterized as "rough" or "rude" (the Russian word is *grubi*), when he declared at a subsequent party meeting that he was indeed "rough toward those who treacherously break their word, who split and destroy the Party."

Every realistic observer and student knows that there was much poverty and social injustice in Tsarist Russia. But this does not excuse such a fantastically exaggerated caricature of prewar Russian agrarian conditions as one finds in Emil Ludwig's *Stalin* (pp. 144-146):

Even if he [the Russian peasant] had been a slave under the Tsars—without privileges, without culture, without hope—yet he had owned

his shack and his cow, together with a small piece of land. And, though he was not allowed to sell it, move away, or marry without his landlord's permission, the few square miles were his home. . . . The Russian peasant did not even notice any more that he was a slave. One half of all arable land—some people estimated it at 70%—belonged to a few hundred great lords, the Tsar, and the Church; the rest was divided among sixteen million peasant families, owning an average of six to eight acres.

Mistakes here are as thick as blackberries in a summer briar patch. To begin with, serfdom and restrictions on the peasants' freedom to move and marry without permission of their landlords were abolished in 1861. Under the agrarian legislation of Prime Minister Stolypin in 1907 the peasant was free to withdraw from the village communal organization and to set himself up as an individual proprietor. The non-peasant landowning class in Russia before the Revolution consisted of some two hundred thousand country gentry, not of "a few hundred great lords." The average size of the peasant's holding in 1905 was twenty-eight acres. (See Thomas G. Masaryk, *The Spirit of Russia*, Vol. I, p. 163.) The nobility as a class in 1914 owned less than a quarter of the amount of land in peasant possession, and the proportion was steadily changing in favor of the peasants. (See the tables in the scholarly work of Professor Geroid T. Robinson, *Rural Russia Under the Old Regime*, pp. 268-270.) The proportion of the arable land in pre-revolutionary Russia owned by the Crown and the Church was negligible. Much the greatest part of the Crown holdings consisted of undeveloped forest tracts.

WHEN a film is produced dealing with recent historical events, with the active participation of a former American Ambassador, and President Roosevelt is introduced as one of the figures, one is entitled to expect that reasonable standards of accuracy will be met. This was unfortunately and emphatically not the case with the widely shown film, "Mission to Moscow."

American moving-picture audiences were shown Marshal M. N. Tukhachevsky confessing guilt in open court, which he never did, because his fate was decided

behind closed doors. The German Foreign Minister, Von Ribbentrop, was depicted as publicly visiting Moscow and meeting Soviet officials and foreign diplomats before the last big treason and sabotage trials, in March, 1938. But Von Ribbentrop in actual life paid only two visits to Moscow, to sign the German-Soviet non-aggression pact in August, 1939, and to sign supplementary political and economic agreements in September of the same year.

The film showed Chinese wounded being cared for in Moscow hospitals—a most unlikely scene which has no factual confirmation. Mr. Davies is represented as conferring with the Polish musician, Ignace Paderewski, who is supposedly holding high office in the Polish government. Paderewski resigned as Prime Minister of Poland in November, 1919, and spent most of the last twenty years of his life outside of Poland.

Such anachronisms, of which only a few have been cited, might be permissible in an avowedly fictitious Hollywood production. They were unpardonable in a film put out under high official auspices, purporting to give a serious picture of actual recent diplomatic developments.

BRENDAN BRACKEN, British Minister of Information, in a press interview in New York after the Quebec Conference in August, 1943, declared that "Soviet Russia has never broken its word." Dorothy Thompson promptly endorsed this statement in her syndicated column.

The facts, unfortunately, speak a different language. For the Soviet government, as Mr. Bracken and Miss Thompson could have ascertained by referring to any competent diplomatic history or collection of treaties, concluded five treaties of non-aggression, pledging respect for existing frontiers, with its western neighbors, Poland, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania. The treaty with Poland was concluded on July 25, 1932, and extended for ten years on May 5, 1934. The treaty with Latvia was concluded on February 5, 1932, and extended for ten years on April 4, 1934. The treaty with Estonia was signed on May 4, 1932, and extended for ten years on April 4, 1934. The treaty

with Finland was signed on January 21, 1932, and extended for ten years on April 7, 1934. The treaty with Lithuania was concluded on September 28, 1926, and was twice renewed. The second renewal—April 4, 1934—was for ten years. All these treaties, it should be noted, were signed at the initiative of the Soviet government.

Moreover, the Soviet Union proposed a convention defining aggression and signed this with Estonia, Latvia, Iran, Poland, Turkey, and Rumania on July 3, 1933, with Lithuania on July 5, with Finland on July 23. This definition of aggression included the following points:

(2) Invasion by armed forces, even without declaration of war;

(3) An attack by any type of armed forces, even without declaration of war.

It is a matter of record that Soviet armed forces crossed the frontier of Poland, against the protest of the Polish government, on September 17, 1939. Soviet armed forces crossed the frontier of Finland on November 29th and bombed Helsinki on November 30th as the prelude to a war that lasted for three and a half months. Soviet armed forces moved into Lithuania on June 15, 1940, into Latvia and Estonia on June 17th, and into Rumania, occupying Bessarabia and northern Bukovina, on June 28th.

Whether changing political conditions justified this violation of treaty obligations is a matter of opinion. But the technical inaccuracy of stating that "Soviet Russia has never broken its word" is certainly clear. And the effect of this inaccuracy is likely to be harmful in conditioning the American mind to expect from Stalin a higher standard in keeping inconvenient obligations than we have much right to expect.

II

SO FAR I have analyzed in some detail sweeping misstatements of fact about Russia, past and present, which are likely to confuse and mislead public opinion. I now offer, in rapid-fire order, twenty pieces of assorted misinformation which lend themselves to more summary correction. The first few deal with Russian history:

Misinformation (Item 1)

"... Alexander Suvorov, who defeated Charles XII of Sweden at Poltava . . ."—Leland Stowe, "The Evolution of the Red Army," published in *Foreign Affairs* for October, 1943.

The Facts

The Battle of Poltava, one of the decisive battles of east European history, in which Peter the Great defeated Charles XII of Sweden, was fought in 1709. Alexander Suvorov, famous Russian general of the eighteenth century, was born in Moscow on November 24, 1729.

Misinformation (Item 2)

"Marjorie told me of a most interesting talk she had with Mme. Krestinsky the other day. In response to Marjorie's inquiry she [Mme. Krestinsky] said: 'The Government is not against religion as such. Our people simply had to take steps to prevent the abuses of religion from destroying our people. . . . Finally it became so bad that in the "Duma," the legislative body created by one of the Alexanders, almost a third of its members were priests and ecclesiastics.'"—Joseph E. Davies, *Mission to Moscow*, p. 115.

The Facts

The Duma was established after the proclamation of a constitution by Nicholas II on October 30, 1905. The largest number of priests elected to membership in any of the four Dumas which met before the Revolution was 46 (out of a membership of 422) in the Fourth Duma.

Misinformation (Item 3)

"Evil genius was Tsarina's friend, the malevolent priest Rasputin."—Soviet issue of *Life*, March 29, 1943, caption 51, p. 97.

The Facts

Rasputin was never ordained as a priest.

Misinformation (Item 4)

"Pushkin, poet-aristocrat, joined officers' conspiracy against the Tsar, was exiled to the Caucasus, killed in a duel."—Soviet issue of *Life*, caption 27, p. 94.

The Facts

There is no definite proof that Pushkin, Russia's most famous poet, was involved in the conspiracy of the Decabristi, the group of liberal officers who led an abortive revolt in 1825. Pushkin was never exiled to the Caucasus, though he visited there during his exile. The duel in which he lost his life was fought near St. Petersburg. Probably there is some confusion with the experience of Russia's other great lyric poet, Lermontov, who was banished to the Caucasus and killed there in a duel.

Misinformation (Item 5)

"The Government at St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) sent many of its convicts and political prisoners to Yakutsk. Alexander Pushkin was exiled there."—Wendell L. Willkie, *One World*, p. 37.

The Facts

Pushkin was never within three thousand miles of Yakutsk. The places to which he was sent to reside under police surveillance were all in European Russia.

Misinformation (Item 6)

"Reviewing briefly the history of Russia from the time of the last war, Sir Bernard pointed to 'the filthy, sexual beast Rasputin' as the reason for the revolutionary movement against the church in Russia. The movement was against a church headed by such a person as Rasputin, 'it had nothing to do with Christianity,' he said."—Excerpt from an account of a speech by Sir Bernard Pares before the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal in the *Montreal Gazette* of December 8, 1943.

The Facts

Inasmuch as Rasputin was murdered before the Soviet regime came into power his sins of the flesh are a rather brittle peg on which to hang the anti-religious policies of the Soviet government. As he was not even an ordained priest, or a member of any recognized monastic order (he was married), he could not and did not "head" the Orthodox Church. Karl Marx's phrase, "religion is opium for the people," was uttered decades before Rasputin was heard of and finds an echo in

many statements of Lenin, of which the following is typical:

"All contemporary religions and churches, all and every kind of religious organization, Marxism has always viewed as instruments of bourgeois reaction, serving as a defense of exploitation and the doping of the working class." ("Lenin on Religion," cited by N. S. Timasheff, *Religion in Soviet Russia*, p. 13.)

Misinformation (Item 7)

"Alexander III . . . died of terror."—Caption 38 on p. 95 of Soviet issue of *Life*.

The Facts

Tsar Alexander III died as a result of a much more familiar and medically recognizable malady than "terror," namely kidney trouble.

Misinformation (Item 8)

"Tsar Nicholas, like his cousin, George V of England, came to the throne through the untimely death of his elder brother."—Walter Duranty in the *New York Times* of March 14, 1937.

The Facts

Nicholas II had no elder brother. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Alexander III, in 1894.

WE come now to some errors on the subject of pre-revolutionary conditions:

Misinformation (Item 9)

"The last statistics published under the Tsars have shown that 79% of the population was illiterate. In 1937 this figure had dropped to 10%."—Emil Ludwig, *Stalin*, p. 138.

The Facts

Izvestia, official organ of the Soviet government, in its issue of January 3, 1936, stated the proportion of literacy in Russia on the eve of the Revolution as 33 per cent and asserted that 25 per cent of the Russian people were literate in 1897. Some non-Soviet sources estimate literacy in 1914 as high as 40 or even 45 per cent and recall plans of the Ministry of Education which, if realized, would have largely

eliminated illiteracy in the thirties. The latest Soviet census, of 1939, showed that 81.2 per cent of the population was literate at that time, the figures being 89.5 per cent for the cities, 76.8 per cent for the country districts. (Cited in the Soviet publication *Planovoye Khozyaistvo*, No. 5, for 1940.)

Misinformation (Item 10)

"Eighty per cent of the soldiers in the armies of the Tsars were illiterate. . . . The ragamuffin army of the Tsars . . ."—Wallace Carroll, *We're in This with Russia*, pp. 109, 135.

The Facts

"From 1902 on, in the infantry and field artillery, obligatory literacy schools for recruits were made the order of the day. This was no mean task: in 1905 there still were 59% of illiterates among them as against 95% in 1865." (D. Fedotoff-White, *The Growth of the Red Army*, p. 258, citing as source of information an authoritative work on the old Russian army by General A. I. Denikin.)

A "ragamuffin army" could never have made as good a showing, relatively speaking, as the old Russian army made against the German and Austrian forces.

III

WE proceed with some errors about Stalin:

Misinformation (Item 11)

"Joseph Ilarionovich Stalin was host to a hundred or more diplomats, soldiers and sailors from the United States and Great Britain. . . . Stalin . . . frequently lapses into Biblical or religious phraseology."—Wallace Carroll, *We're in This with Russia*, pp. 140-142.

The Facts

Stalin's patronymic is Vissarionovich. A careful study of his speeches and writings reveals no traces of Biblical or religious phraseology.

Misinformation (Item 12)

"His [Stalin's] integration with his countrymen is the result equally of cir-

cumstances and of art—of circumstances because he is one of them, a Russian workingman.”—Arthur Upham Pope, *Litvinoff*, p. 268.

The Facts

Stalin's only trade or occupation before the Revolution was that of a professional revolutionary. And strictly speaking he is not Russian, being a Georgian by origin.

AND now some errors on the subject of Soviet policies, institutions, and conditions:

Misinformation (Item 13)

“The total revenue (profits) from industry in 1934 was approximately thirty billion rubles; in 1935 this had increased to approximately fifty-one billion rubles, and in 1936 to sixty-two billion rubles.”—Joseph E. Davies, *Mission to Moscow*, p. 184.

The Facts

The contribution to the national budget from the profits of industries (all state-owned in the Soviet Union) was 1.7 billion rubles in 1935, 3.2 billion rubles in 1936. Mr. Davies apparently confused two very different figures: the gross value of industrial production and the revenue from the profits of the nationalized industries. (See statement of Professor Michael T. Florinsky in *The Russian Review* for April, 1942, pp. 105–106.)

Misinformation (Item 14)

“It [the Soviet Union] consists of six federated Republics.”—Dorothy Thompson in her syndicated column of January 12, 1944.

The Facts

The number of Union Republics (the highest administrative units in the Soviet federative system) in 1939 was eleven, as follows: Russia, Ukraina, White Russia, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Tadzhikistan, Kirghizia. Since that time the Soviet government has proclaimed the existence of five more such republics: the Karelo-Finnish, the Latvian, Lithuanian, Estonian, and Moldavian.

Misinformation (Item 15)

“Bolshevism is a form of society under which everyone is working seven hours a day, reduced to six in the case of dangerous occupations. For 80% of the workers every sixth day is free, for the other 20% every fifth.”—Emil Ludwig, *Stalin*, p. 196.

The Facts

The publication date of *Stalin* is 1942. The eight-hour working day and the seven-day working week were made the rule in Soviet industrial establishments by government decree in June, 1940.

IV

SOVIET-POLISH relations offer a wide-open field for inaccuracies:

Misinformation (Item 16)

“Perhaps with some reason they [the Poles] feared that if Soviet armies entered Poland, even for its defense, the eastern part of Poland might be lost for good. The population of the region was predominantly Russian, and Lord Curzon, acting in behalf of the Supreme Allied Council, had prudently assigned that section of the country to the Russians.”—Arthur Upham Pope, *Litvinoff*, pp. 448–449.

The Facts

While there is no reason to question the accuracy of the first of these sentences, the second is a medley of inaccuracies. In the first place, if the term “Russian” is used exactly, it is evident that there are very few Russians in eastern Poland, and that by any method of computation the Poles form a large proportion of the population. The latest census figures for the area occupied by the Soviet Union after the German-Soviet pact are as follows: Poles, 5,250,000; Ukrainians, 4,500,000; White Russians (in the racial, not political sense), 1,100,000; Jews, 1,100,000; Russians, 130,000; miscellaneous groups, 500,000.

Furthermore neither Lord Curzon nor the Supreme Allied Council ever assigned the territory east of the so-called Curzon Line (with the drawing of which Lord

Curzon had little to do) definitely to Russia. It was considered a minimum, not a maximum eastern frontier of Poland.

Misinformation (Item 17)

"Britain, by the Treaty of 1939, is committed to restore an independent Poland with its pre-war western frontiers. When the Treaty was made the British government was trying to make an alliance with Russia, and did not dream of encouraging Russia's suspicions, already aroused by Munich, that Poland might become part of the anti-Soviet bloc."—Dorothy Thompson, in her syndicated column of January 11, 1944.

The Facts

No distinction between Poland's western and eastern boundaries is recognized in the text of the Anglo-Polish Treaty of August 25, 1939, pledging each party to give the other "all the support and assistance in its power" in the event of either "becoming engaged in hostilities with a European power in consequence of aggression by the latter against that Contracting Party." (Art. I.) Inasmuch as the Soviet-German pact of non-aggression had been signed two days earlier, on August 23rd, the British government could have cherished little hope, just at that time, of "making Russia an ally."

Misinformation (Item 18)

"The Russian position with regard to eastern Poland rests on three main arguments:

"(1) The inhabitants of the disputed territories are racially identical with those of the White Russian and Ukrainian Soviet Republics; (2) the inclusion of these lands in Poland was accomplished by *force majeure*, when the Western powers, ganging up on the struggling Soviet Union, compelled it to sign the Treaty of Riga in 1920. . . .

"The first and second of these propositions are indubitably true."—The *Nation*, January 15, 1944.

The Facts

Far from being indubitably true, both these propositions are demonstrably false. For the facts about the very mixed racial

composition of the territory in Poland seized by the Soviet Union in 1939 the reader may refer to Item 16. As for the second proposition, the Treaty of Riga, in its final form, was signed not in 1920, but on March 18, 1921. (See Taracouzio, *War and Peace in Soviet Diplomacy*, p. 317; the *Encyclopedia Britannica* article on Poland; or any standard collection of diplomatic documents.) Nor is there any evidence from Soviet or other sources that the Western powers interfered with the Polish-Soviet negotiations that led up to the signature of the Treaty of Riga.

AND now let us look at a couple of miscellaneous items:

Misinformation (Item 19)

"The Treason Trials which took place in the thirties, not only of old Bolshevik comrades of Lenin and opponents of Stalin's subsequent policy, but also of the best known commanding officers of the Red Army, many of whom had been Tsarist Generals . . ."—Beatrice and Sidney Webb, *The Truth About Soviet Russia*, pp. 67-68.

The Facts

Eight men were put to death after the only reported military treason trial, in 1937, which was held behind closed doors. They were Marshal M. N. Tukhachevsky, and Generals I. E. Yakir, I. P. Uborevich, A. I. Kork, V. M. Primakov, B. M. Feldman, G. K. Putna, and R. P. Eideman. Not one of these men had held the rank of general in the Tsarist army. Some, like Tukhachevsky, had been officers in the army before the Revolution, but with rank lower than that of general. Others, like Primakov, were revolutionaries who developed military talent during the Civil War. All emerged into national prominence as leaders of the Red Army, not of the Tsarist army.

Misinformation (Item 20)

"We searched in vain for Kuibyshev on our maps. Finally we decided it must be the Volga city once called Samarra. All that I knew of Samarra was its use as a part of the title of the book, *Appointment in Samarra*."—Larry Lesueur, *Twelve Months That Changed the World*, p. 18.

The Facts

Samara, the Volga town which has been renamed Kuibyshev, is in the Soviet Union. Samarra is in Iraq.

V

HERE, then, are a number of demonstrable misstatements of fact about Russia that have appeared in print in America over a comparatively brief range of time. If time and place permitted, the list could easily be expanded tenfold or even a hundredfold. But the examples that have been cited certainly drive home the point that the uninformed American reader is often not getting a square deal in this important matter of factual information about Russia, past and present.

The character of the misstatements varies from slips on names, dates, and identities to sweeping misrepresentations of historical facts and social and economic conditions. But I do not think it can fairly be regarded as quibbling to point out what might seem to be minor blunders. Very often these reveal and reflect a depressing lack of thorough background knowledge of the subject. We would certainly, and justly, be disposed to question the credentials of a foreign writer on America who would place General Grant in command at the Battle of New Orleans, or describe the Union as consisting of twenty-eight states, or mix up important facts about the lives of two of our leading poets, such as Whitman and Poe.

Most of the howlers that crop up with such disconcerting frequency in our references to Russia can be set down to our national vice of writing too much too fast, combined with our general unfamiliarity

with Russian history and institutions, Tsarist and Soviet. Two conscious or unconscious propaganda patterns can also be discerned in some of the blunders which have been listed. There is sometimes an effort to build up synthetic goodwill toward the Soviet Union by misrepresenting historically indisputable facts, even of very recent occurrence. And some writers get into the habit of trying to exalt the Soviet regime by indulging in exaggerated and indiscriminating disparagement of Russia before the Revolution.

Neither of these techniques seems to me admirable in itself or likely to serve any good purpose. The case for amicable future relations between the United States and the Soviet Union is so firmly rooted in the interests of the two peoples that it needs no support from false testimony. And false testimony, especially in a country where there is freedom of speech and of the press, is likely to backfire.

Just now, when the Soviet Union is becoming more nationalistic, more conscious of its debt to the Russian past, educated Soviet Russians would probably feel amused or even offended, rather than flattered, by exaggerated blackening of their country's condition before the Revolution. Ignorance is seldom, if ever, a source of effective goodwill.

Perhaps we may hope that a postwar period of closer contact with Russia, of wider American study of Russian language, history, and literature, will produce the wholesome effect of purging our writing about Russia of the crude factual errors that are still so numerous. Meanwhile, it seems clear that the watchword for the independent seeker for truth about Russia should be: "On Guard!"

THE SOVIET WOOING OF PALESTINE

Russian-British Competition in the Middle East

ELIAHU BEN-HORIN



IT is likely that from now on Americans will be more sharply observant of Soviet foreign policy than they have been in the past. For twenty years practically all discussion about the Soviet Union in the United States was devoted to the question of whether or not the Soviet "experiment" was the hope of mankind or a conspiracy of devils.

It is different now. The Soviet Union has ceased to be an experiment. Russia will emerge from the conflict the largest nation in the western world, the most spectacularly victorious and aggressive, and presumably the most expansionist in its foreign policy. From now on that foreign policy will be the concern of every American interested in the fate of the world—a world in which America finds itself constantly included.

By now Russia's intentions in respect to the Baltic states and Poland are tolerably clear. Russia's postwar predominance in the Balkans is accepted as a fact. But Russian plans about the Middle East are not clear at all. It is in this area that the aspirations of Russia and Great Britain conflict. Britain is satisfied if somehow the balance of power can be maintained on the Continent. There she will concede, compromise, or do whatever seems best.

But in the Middle East she has no choice. That strategically placed area, linking three continents, dominating waterways and land routes alike, and controlling world communications and trade, has become the most important single area in the structure of the British Empire. As the *London Times* put it recently, "No single factor is more vital to Britain's status as a great power than her power and prestige in the Middle East. . . ."

Britain is not likely to become involved in a major conflict with Russia over Poland or Yugoslavia or any other Continental country. If these two powers do clash in the future, the Middle East will be directly or indirectly the bone of contention. Back in 1892, when old Russia wanted to stake a claim in the Middle East, Lord Curzon spoke out in unmistakable language: "It can only be prosecuted in the teeth of international morality, in defiance of civilized opinion, and with the ultimate certainty of a war with this country that would ring from pole to pole." Today, as in 1892, without the Middle East there is no British Empire.

Under these circumstances the recent rapprochement between Russia and Palestine merits more than casual notice, especially in view of the steady deterioration

in British-Zionist relations. The Palestine policy of Great Britain, set forth in the White Paper of 1939, cancels past pledges and calls for a stoppage of Jewish immigration into Palestine. Furthermore, it severely restricts Jewish land purchase in ninety-five per cent of western Palestine. As a result, the Zionists and the Zionist supporters are up in arms against Britain's colonial policy, and the way is open to the Russians.

II

FOR years Zionism was taboo in Soviet Russia. All through the Bolshevik revolution, the Red terror, and afterwards, Zionism was persecuted more severely than any other national movement. The beloved epithet of the Soviet official literature and propaganda for the designation of Zionists was "the lackeys of British imperialism." Zionist leaders were sent to prison and Siberia, or driven out of the country. Furthermore, the Hebrew language held the distinction of being the only language considered by the Bolsheviks as counter-revolutionary *per se*. Hebrew, the language of the Bible, had been revived in Palestine and formed one of the main spiritual ingredients of Jewish national renaissance as sponsored by the Zionist movement. For this reason the Soviet regime, among the many languages spoken and studied by the peoples of Russia, officially outlawed Hebrew. In 1920 the Commissariat for Public Education issued an order prohibiting the teaching of Hebrew in all schools. Offenders were subject to imprisonment and exile. Needless to say, the Jewish religion was as relentlessly persecuted as other religions.

The reasons for the special attention paid by the Bolsheviks to the Jewish national movement were clear. From the Bolshevik viewpoint the Zionist enterprise in Palestine represented a deal between Jewish nationalism and British imperialism. There was no denying the fact that Zionism was to function under the aegis of Great Britain and in harmony with British imperial interests. Soviet Russia, on the other hand, laid much emphasis in those years on revolutionary propaganda among the backward masses of the East. In

fact, for a number of years, the main efforts of the Comintern were directed toward the East, and this was the chief source of irritation in British-Soviet relations. Britain could not forgive the Moscow revolutionaries their attempts to undermine the established order and British prestige in Persia, India, Afghanistan, and other lands of the East and the Middle East.

With the liquidation of all internal anti-Bolshevist forces in Russia, Zionism had become the only movement with external connections officially maintaining a kind of an alliance with Great Britain. This in itself would suffice to prejudice the Soviet regime badly against Zionism. But there were also other factors at play. In February, 1917, after the democratic revolution in Russia, there was a burst of pro-Zionist sentiment among the millions of Russia's Jews. With the Bolshevik revolution the halfway ideologies and political parties lost all ground with Russian Jewry. Only two forces remained, competing for the souls of the Jews: Zionism and Bolshevism. Given an equal chance, Zionism would probably have won the day, both numerically and spiritually. But very soon Bolshevism had all the power, and Zionism was driven underground. The Communist Party, and particularly its "Jewish Section," entrusted with the management of Jewish affairs, never forgot nor forgave the Zionists their past competition.

In addition, the Soviet regime encountered considerable difficulty in applying the Bolshevik doctrine to Jewish realities in Russia. The three million Jews in Soviet Russia had no territory of their own. Accordingly, they could not be treated as a separate national group. On the other hand, however, they undoubtedly formed a very distinct group not easily assimilable among the Ukrainians, White Russians, Great Russians, and the other numerous peoples of the Soviet Union, among whom they lived as minorities. Traders and middle-class people in overwhelming majority, the Jews, given full equality of rights and economic opportunity by the new regime, soon flocked into the factories, free professions, government employment, the schools and universities. Anti-Semitism was outlawed by

the Soviet government, but there was little doubt that an increasingly disproportionate participation of the Jews in the government machinery and in free professions would lead to a new upsurge of anti-Jewish feelings. The Soviet government then decided to revise its Jewish policy, and embarked on an experiment which had all the earmarks of an imitation Zionism. They tried to establish autonomous Jewish settlements, first in the Crimea, then in Biro-Bidjan, which, if successful, would have brought about a territorial concentration of the Jews. The Crimean and Biro-Bidjan ventures failed, while at the same time the Zionist colonization in Palestine was flourishing. This added fuel to the flame of anti-Zionist feelings.

In line with this definite anti-Zionism of the Soviet government and Russia's natural objection to British predominance in the Middle East, Soviet Russia backed the Palestinian Arabs against the Jews. Comintern funds were lavishly spent to foster anti-Zionist and anti-British intrigues and revolts in Palestine. Acts of hooliganism and murder performed by Arab bands under the leadership of the Jerusalem ex-mufti were welcomed in official Bolshevik publications as legitimate deeds of "the vanguard of the Arab liberation movement fighting against British-Zionist capitalistic exploitation. . . ."

It seemed as if no bridge could ever be built over the abyss dividing Soviet Russia from Zionism.

III

IT is a long way from Bolshevik political comment of this character to the remarks made in 1943 by a leading Soviet diplomat to a Jewish delegation. "Back in the twenties," he is reported to have said, "we could not but consider Zionism as an agency of British imperialism. And we were bound to treat you accordingly. Now, however," the Soviet diplomat continued, "the whole situation has changed. Not only Britain and Zionism seem to be at a constant variance, but our outlook, too, has undergone a serious evolution. Should Soviet Russia be interested in the future in the Middle East, it would be obvious that the advanced and progressive Jews of Palestine hold out much more

promise for us than the backward Arabs controlled by feudal cliques of kings and effendis."

This was a very important pronouncement, and was soon followed by several other indications of Soviet Russia's changing interest in Palestine and Zionism. Early in October, 1943, Ivan Maisky, the former Soviet Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and now Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs, visited Palestine, a significant event in itself. It was the first time a Soviet dignitary had paid a visit to what the Russians had formerly called the land of "Zionist-British capitalistic exploitation." And it was not a purely formal visit. Mr. Maisky toured the Jewish colonies, settlements, and industries, and discussed with Zionist leaders the problem of Palestine's absorptive capacity and the postwar solution of the Jewish problem. There is little doubt that, upon his return to Moscow, he submitted a comprehensive report both on Jewish achievements in the Holy Land and on Palestine's potentialities. It is also worth mentioning that according to rumor Stalin raised the Palestinian question at the Teheran Conference, thus serving notice on Churchill that henceforth Soviet Russia is no longer disinterested in the future disposition of Palestine and the Middle East.

A series of earlier developments had helped to break the ice in Soviet-Zionist relations. With the German invasion of Russia and the marked changes of the spirit of the Soviet regime, Russian Jewry had been allowed—for the first time since the Bolshevik revolution—to acknowledge and openly proclaim the ties linking the Jews of Russia to world Jewry. If it were not for the fact that the progress of the war absorbed so great a share of popular interest, this revolutionary change in the Jewish policy of the Soviet regime would have, no doubt, attracted considerable excited attention. Appeals of Russian Jewry to world Jewry were published and given much prominence. Later, in June, 1943, a special Soviet Jewish delegation was dispatched to America and England. Even if their primary aim was to mobilize help for the Soviet Union, there remained the significant fact that they spoke "in behalf of the Jews of the

Soviet Union to their American brothers." In their numerous statements and speeches, in the United States and in England, the Soviet Jewish delegates spoke of that brotherhood as of an undeniable fact. One had to live through the revolution in Russia and closely follow the developments there since, as I did, to appreciate fully the significance of this change. Soviet delegates, whether Jewish or otherwise, do not indulge in impromptu pronouncements. What Professor Solomon Michoels and Colonel Itzik Feffer, the Soviet Jewish delegates, declared in New York had been previously approved by Moscow.

The Michoels-Feffer delegation was not the only expression of this radical change of attitude. The Soviet government has given numerous other signs of its mounting interest in Palestine. Late in 1943 it was announced that a special Soviet Jewish delegation may soon visit Palestine. Early in January, 1944, an exhibition showing the progress of Jewish colonization in Palestine was admitted into Russia. This in itself was an extraordinary concession to Zionism, as the Soviet government had not previously allowed any demonstration of Zionist achievements. The courtesy of the Soviet authorities went so far as to have the Palestinian exhibits flown in a Russian plane to Moscow. A few days later, Moscow announced the establishment of a special Bureau for Jewish Religious Affairs. Another small news item may be even more indicative of Russia's revived interest in the Middle East. Late in January, 1944, the Soviet government opened negotiations with the Egyptian government with regard to the status of eight hundred Russian Jews living in Egypt. If we bear in mind that these eight hundred Jews have been living in Egypt many years, the timing of the negotiations is not without interest.

IV

AN OUTLET to the warm seas is one of the main traditional objectives of Russia's foreign policy, both in Europe and in Asia, where the policy dictated the acquisition of Port Arthur. No state of Russia's size and interests can agree to be at the mercy of another power in such a vital

matter as free admission to the waterways of the world. This, however, is the situation in which Russia finds itself in southern Europe: the Bosphorus, the only opening in the Black Sea, leading through the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, and the Aegean to the Mediterranean, is controlled by Turkey. Hence the traditional and persistent scheming and fighting of Russia for the possession of the Straits, and Turkey's fear of Russia more than of any other power under the sun.

In the general postwar settlement, Russia may get a certain preferential position in the Straits that will safeguard the freedom of Russian navigation in war and peace, and secure the shores of the Black Sea. Soviet Russia may also succeed in obtaining free access to the Mediterranean via the Adriatic. If one assumes that Yugoslavia may be granted her demand for the annexation of Trieste and Fiume, and that postwar Yugoslavia will be both Pan-Slavic and pro-Soviet, Russia may be able to use the Yugoslav harbors almost as her own. Yet even under these very favorable circumstances Russia will still lack a foothold or a sphere of influence anywhere along the shores of the Mediterranean. Russia has no standing whatsoever either in Africa or in the Middle East.

As it is today, the Mediterranean is likely to be after this war, more than ever before, a "mare nostrum" of Britain. With the collapse of Mussolini's empire, Britain took full possession of all ex-Italian colonies in Northern Africa, including Abyssinia. AMG administration, based on an American-British partnership and envisaging a wider co-operation of all Allied powers, was introduced in Sicily and Italy, namely in liberated Europe, not in Africa. There the administration is exclusively British. Abyssinia, by the terms of her treaty with Great Britain, was made practically a British protectorate.

A look at the map will make clear the unbroken line of Britain's complete predominance in the Mediterranean up to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. From Tunisia all along the African coast to the Suez Canal, then along the Canal and the Red Sea to the Arabian Sea, the whole area will be under British control. The same applies to the strategically placed



PALESTINE: COLLISION POINT OF EMPIRE

islands in the Mediterranean and to Palestine. Furthermore Syria and Lebanon, with the weakening of French prestige and influence, are bound to depend on Britain and fall under her influence. The map also shows that in the general Middle Eastern picture, Palestine occupies a position of singular strategic importance. Palestine, small as it is in size, is the virtual link between the three continents; it not only lies on the Mediterranean but is close to the Suez Canal; it serves as an outlet for Arabian oil and is the natural harbor for all the outgoing and incoming trade.

It is obvious that any demand by Russia for a share in the African continent would encounter great opposition on the part of Britain and the other powers dominating

Africa. This opposition would be strengthened by the fact that Russia never had any interests in Africa and has no direct maritime access to Africa. One may assume that Russia will not raise such demands at present.

The situation is totally different as far as the Middle East is concerned. The Middle East offers to Russia all she wants—a foothold on the Mediterranean, a central place in world trade and communications, and an enviable strategic position. The southeastern possessions of Russia extend to the borders of the Middle East. Russia is the only great power situated so close to the Middle East. Furthermore Russia has always been very active in Persia, where she has had con-

siderable political and economic interests. As to Palestine, prior to the revolution Russia was very diligent in building religious institutions there. The number of Russian pilgrims to the Holy Places was very large in pre-Bolshevist days.

Certain other objective conditions may favor a Russian penetration via Palestine into the Middle East. One of them is the social structure of the Jewish colonization in Palestine; another is a matter of language and culture.

The Jewish colonization in Palestine was predominantly socialistic in character. Many agricultural settlements are built either on communal or co-operative principles. In fact, Palestine can boast of better achievements in the field of economic communism than Soviet Russia. Certainly the "Kwutzah" settlements in Palestine, based on absolute comity of property and income, were a more perfect performance than the "Kolkhoz" in Soviet Russia. In industry, transport, banking, and trade, co-operative methods also were widely applied. The labor movement is strong in Palestine, and the Labor Party is predominant in world Zionism. If Palestine were independently Jewish today, she would have, like Australia and New Zealand, a Labor government.

The second consideration, language and cultural heritage, is also of importance. Of the 550,000 Jews in Palestine, those born in Russia or in countries of Russian culture form probably the largest group among the foreign born. Russian is still widely spoken and read in Palestine. A Paris Russian newspaper—the *Posledniya Novosti*, edited by the late Paul Miliukov—

before the war had a daily circulation of about 8,000 in Palestine, which approximately equaled the average circulation of a Hebrew daily in Palestine. The Zionist leaders of distinction, almost without exception, have been Russian born. In the past there were Vladimir Jabotinsky, Nahum Sokolov, Leo Motzkin, and Menahem Ussishkin—all Russian Jews, as are Chaim Weitzmann, David Ben-Gurion, and most of the other contemporary leaders of Palestinian Jewry. If language and culture have had a share in America's alliance with Great Britain in this war, they may yet play a part in Russian-Jewish rapprochement over Palestine.

In conclusion, one more factor, and not the least important, should be mentioned. Unfortunately, British imperialistic policy has been disposed to align itself with the most reactionary and backward elements in the colonial world. In the Middle East, British conservatives have preferred an alliance with the feudalistic cliques of Arab notables to an alliance with the European colonizer, the Jew. These circumstances may push Soviet Russia into an active alliance with Palestinian Jewry, giving unconditional support for a Jewish Palestine. By pursuing such a policy, Soviet Russia might not only gain the everlasting gratitude of many Jewish groups throughout the world and the approval of the various nations in Europe interested in the emigration of the Jews living in their countries, but would also create for itself an excellent position in the Middle East.

The latter argument would probably count most in the calculations of the Soviet statesmen.

THE ARMY QUILTS THE COLLEGES

ROBERT G. HAWLEY



ON THE 18th of February the War Department abruptly announced that the Army Specialized Training Program would be slashed; 110,000 of the 140,000 soldiers who were attending classes at 222 colleges and universities as guests of the United States Army were to be shifted back to line duty.

The outcry from educators and colleges was instant, loud, and bitter, even though 35,000 men taking advanced courses in medicine, dentistry, and engineering would be left behind along with some 5,000 pre-induction students. At Niagara University it was said that the Army's step "will clean us out." Rutgers University, where Army trainees formed three-fourths of the student body, foresaw the dropping of instructors. New England colleges were going to lose 5,425 students at one swoop. Chancellor Harry Woodburn Chase of New York University recalled that many colleges had made contracts for faculty, housing, and feeding arrangements on the basis of earlier Army promises and that "the moral obligation to the colleges which now rests upon the War Department is definite and clear." It was clear enough that the anguish and pain in many a bursar's office was going to be acute. Although the Army said that it would reimburse the colleges for the unexpired parts of contracts covering the students who would be withdrawn, Dr. George F. Zook, president of the American Council on

Education, sorrowfully noted that the contracts generally were for only ninety days.

If, last year, you had asked a trainee why he was in college, he was likely to crack: "Oh, we're sent here to keep the colleges from folding up." The accuracy of the crack might be judged from the consternation of the educators when the cut was announced.

Still, it appeared as though that was not the whole story. The War Department said that the move was caused by "imperative military necessity," since, among other things, the draft had left the Army short 200,000 of the goal of 7,700,000 set for the close of 1943 and the college trainees were needed to fill the gap. This raised the question as to whether the technical training judged to be so badly needed in the Army was not of greater importance than the problem of draft stopgaps; 110,000 men are not so many in an army of more than seven million engaged in fighting a mechanical war. Further examination of the statements issued both by the Army and by the schools provoked still another question: Has the program been a failure?

WHEN the draft age was lowered to eighteen, back in 1942, the colleges became acutely worried about their future for the duration—and well they might, for except for a few 4F's and the girls there wouldn't be anybody left to go to college.

A group of high-powered educators took their problem to Washington and debated it with the military authorities.

The educators argued that it would be short-sighted of the Army not to keep replenishing its supply of future medical officers, engineering officers, technically trained men. They cited the example of England, which was keeping in college the brilliant students in various technical subjects. They argued furthermore that these young men would be better officer material, and also more valuable to the country after the war, if they received, along with their specialized instruction, at least some general education.

The military authorities replied, in effect, that there was a war on, that the prime need of the moment was to give military training to every available young man, and that it didn't propose to abandon its system of taking these men via Selective Service and putting them all through Basic Training. This would insure that they would all be of some military value if there developed a desperate shortage of military personnel, and incidentally would protect the men themselves against all imputations of favoritism. Clearly the Army wanted the disposition of the men under its own complete control. But the Army also realized that it needed the educational facilities that the colleges could offer—and realized what a desperate future many colleges faced without its aid—and accordingly worked out a compromise. It would let all the boys be drafted, would put them all through Basic Training, and *later* would send carefully selected contingents of them back to the colleges for special work.

Practically all the educators were skeptical of this solution. They wondered whether a boy who had spent thirteen weeks transforming himself from a civilian into a soldier would relish going back to college. Wouldn't he be pretty well conditioned against scholarship? They wondered whether the right men would be picked; it was easy to imagine the unwillingness of Army commanders to let go of their best soldier material, to imagine a hard-boiled sergeant saying, "All pantywaists who'd like to go back to college raise their hands." They thought it would

be better if the Army decided what boys should continue their technical training and permitted them to continue it uninterruptedly where they were, perhaps in uniform.

But the Army insisted on its compromise, the colleges were grateful for small favors received, and the result was that on December 18, 1942, the Army Specialized Training Division was set up under the jurisdiction of Lieutenant General Brehon H. Somervell, the Commanding General of the Army Service Forces. Staff supervision was assigned to Brigadier General Joe N. Dalton, Director of Personnel, Army Service Forces, and actual direction of the Division was given to Colonel Herman Beukema, former professor of history and government at West Point.

This seemed a happy solution to two problems: keeping the colleges and universities afloat during wartime, and providing facilities for certain types of training needed by the Army for which it had neither adequate instructional staffs nor physical equipment. General Marshall, the Chief of Staff, explained the objective as follows:

The Army has been increasingly handicapped by a shortage of men possessing desirable combinations of intelligence, aptitude, education, and training in fields such as medicine, engineering, languages, science, mathematics, and psychology, who are qualified for service as officers of the Army. With the establishment of the minimum Selective Service age of eighteen, the Army was compelled to assure itself that there would be no interruption in the flow of professionally and technically trained men who have hitherto been provided in regular increments by American colleges and universities.

Arthur L. H. Rubin, a civilian who had served as Director of the Institute of Military Studies at the University of Chicago, was appointed Curriculum Coordinator; and the Army Specialized Training Division began work to set up the curricula, with the hope of getting the first units started by the middle of March, 1943.

II

FOUR main divisions of training were projected: Engineering; Area and Language Study; Pre-medical and other Pre-professional Training; and Personnel Psy-

chology. Of these Engineering accounted for by far the largest group—eighty per cent or more of the total number of trainees. Personnel Psychology was abandoned after the last groups finished in December, probably because the peak need for these men to assist in Army testing and classification had passed. The Pre-medical and Pre-dental programs were delayed for various reasons and did not begin in any considerable numbers until the end of 1943. The Area and Language Study program trained some 12,000 men—picked for their background and aptitude in languages—in the language, customs, history, and geography of certain areas in Europe and the Far East where the Allied Armies are expected to operate; most of these men had had a year or more of college work.

Because the so-called Engineering Training was the predominant part of the whole program it is interesting to examine it in some detail. This program was originally divided into two phases, Basic Engineering and Advanced Engineering. (The Basic Phase was the chief casualty of the Army's announcement of February 18th. The Advanced Phase will be continued.) Each phase consisted of three twelve-week terms, with the exception that in the Advanced Phase of Electrical and Sanitary Engineering a fourth term of twelve weeks was added. The Basic Phase, for the great majority of men, embraced seven courses: English (reading, writing, and speaking), American history, geography, mathematics, physics, chemistry, and engineering drawing (in the third term only).

You will notice at once the striking thing about this Basic Phase: that for most men it wasn't—except for the inclusion of engineering drawing—a technical curriculum at all, but a general college curriculum preparatory to engineering study. The natural assumption at the outset was that those men who successfully completed the Basic Phase would move on into the Advanced Phase, which consists of three terms of civil engineering, three terms of mechanical engineering, four terms of electrical engineering, or four terms of sanitary engineering. The courses in these Advanced fields are theoretical and compare, in subject matter at least, with the

courses offered in engineering schools. But as the first units approached completion of the nine months' Basic Phase it became more uncertain how many would be allowed to continue beyond it.

In a new directive sent to the colleges in January, 1944, it was apparent that the ASTD had reversed its original plan. "Currently," said the directive, "only a relatively small number" will go on to the Advanced Phase. "For the majority of trainees . . . the training of the Basic Phase is terminal. The first two terms of the Basic Phase must be viewed, therefore, as furnishing pre-medical or pre-engineering training for one group of trainees and as supplying part of the 'general' or 'background' training for a larger group." In other words, most of the soldiers—after having been removed from active service to engage in a rather hurried academic freshman year—would be through.

What then? Well, that was the catch to it.

In spite of the thousands of words both written and spoken that have come out of the Army about the AST Program, the objectives have never been clear. At least, the students didn't know what they were headed for, the instructors in the colleges didn't know what specifically they were training them for, and a general confusion of purpose resulted.

It is obvious that even the men who finish the Advanced Phase are not going to be engineers. At best they may have, with many reservations, sophomore standing in an engineering school; nor will they qualify as skilled technicians, because there is little or no practical application in the work. They will be cut off in the middle of a theoretical engineering education, the four-year college counterpart of which itself has often been under attack by many students and educators because of its lack in practical application. Those men who were not "promoted" to the Advanced Phase—unless they were among the small groups taking terminal courses in surveying, communications, etc.—are even further away from a practical use of their training in the Army. The only real engineering course they have had is engineering drawing.

Where, then, will this training be used?

Nobody, not even the Army, seemed to know definitely at the time of the February slash. In general it was understood, at least among the college faculties, that the men would be technicians, technical corporals and sergeants, but if this was the real objective many college engineering instructors felt, and still feel, that the curriculum was unsuitable. The men were naturally somewhat confused. Many were dissatisfied because they had thought this training would lead to a commission, which in most cases it will not, as the Army Specialized Training Division indicated that only about five per cent would be admitted to Officer's Candidate School, and graduates of the program must compete with all the other enlisted men for selection to fill the limited quotas in the OCS. Many, after they got into the program, wanted to get out and do some fighting, and many didn't want to get in in the first place. All this confusion didn't make for very good morale.

III

PART of the trouble was undoubtedly brought on by the college pressure group itself in steering the curricula into the channels of regular college work. Whether the Army, if the pressure to keep the colleges alive had not been exerted, would have used these institutions for more practical training purposes is a question nobody except the official circle can answer. Certainly there was at the outset some dissension as to the value of the program to the Army. At the start, pressure had to be brought to bear by the General Staff, in some cases, to get the Service Commands to send their qualified men up for this training.

Most of the planning was done by college rather than military authorities. Arthur L. H. Rubin of the University of Chicago was an early and continuing driving force. At Chicago he had been in charge of a pre-induction program designed for men who would shortly be called into the Army. He wanted the Chicago program adopted by the Army as a complete and workable setup. Though this did not go through he did become Chief of the Curricula and Stand-

ards Branch of the ASTP and as such had a principal voice. There was an Advisory Committee of nine college presidents and a historian: Wilbur of Stanford, Bowman of Johns Hopkins, Doherty of Carnegie Tech, Dykstra of Wisconsin, Gannon of Fordham, Hetzel of Penn State, Morley of Haverford, Tigert of Florida, Compton of M.I.T., and Guy Stanton Ford, Secretary of the American Historical Association.

When the main lines of the curricula had been blocked out the Army Specialized Training Division asked the American Council on Education to suggest college professors, qualified in the various fields to be covered, to serve on panels or committees for the drafting of the courses. These panels were quickly and intelligently filled and the men on them worked hard, under a good deal of pressure because the time was short and there were many problems to solve. The courses, when written, were submitted to the Advisory Committee for approval, and there some changes were made.

Some of the improvements were doubtful, at least for their intended purpose. A case in point was the English course, which was originally planned by its authors as a simple course in direct communication, and later emerged as a much broader and more loosely knit course, subject to widely varied interpretation. This course rapidly got out of hand, with some colleges teaching English literature, some American literature, and some both, and with powerful speech departments in some universities demanding half of the course time to teach public speaking.

As for the geography course, it was in a state of mysterious confusion from the beginning. Each change in the directive—and there were several—seemed to deepen the mystery of what the Army really wanted done. The trouble was chiefly with the third term, which the Army insisted should deal with geopolitics. This is a subject that few understand thoroughly and fewer are equipped to teach, especially on an elementary level and in one term of twelve weeks. There were no suitable textbooks available and though the Army promised one of its own, it still hasn't appeared. (An atlas was

finally published and was distributed to the units in January.)

ALL this planning, in its early stages, was carried on in an atmosphere of great hush-hush and military secrecy, which was a constant irritation to many of the college instructors and administrators who were not in the official circle and would shortly be called upon to do this work without knowing what was expected of them. Rumors flew thick and fast, many of them contradictory. In the meantime a Joint Committee of the War Manpower Commission, the Army, and the Navy was appointed to select the colleges which would receive units of the Army Specialized Training Program, the Navy V-12 College Training Program, and the Army Air Forces College Training Program. (The War Manpower Commission played an important part because it had assumed jurisdiction of the whole matter of manpower for the Army and Navy when enlistments were stopped.) On February 7, 1943, this Committee released to the press a list of several hundred colleges and universities which had been approved for consideration of contracts as units in these three programs. This approval was based on questionnaires which had been sent to the colleges, and the fact that a college's name appeared on the list did not mean that it would necessarily get a contract; the colleges had to be physically inspected first and formally approved as to housing and dining facilities, classroom space, etc. But at least it served notice on these institutions that they might be chosen.

The announcement came to many colleges as a bolt from the blue—and the start of the program was only a few weeks away! Naturally there was a mad scramble to Washington for information. What would the courses be? How many men would be sent? They found that the curricula were not yet ready. Instructors still didn't know what courses they would be called on to teach and hence couldn't prepare for them; administrators still didn't know how many men they would be expected to house, feed, etc.; and textbook publishers with stocks low because of paper curtailment still didn't know what type of books would be needed.

The Army Specialized Training Division expected the Advanced Phase of Engineering to get started on a fairly large scale first, because it was assumed that there was a large number of men in the Army with a year or more of college training who could skip the Basic Phase and move directly into the Advanced Phase. Eleven engineering colleges were finally selected to begin this training about March 15, 1943, some with quotas of 500 men. In most cases these colleges had been in possession of the curricula only a few days before the men were expected to arrive. There had been frantic attempts to adjust schedules, assign classrooms and teachers. In some cases textbooks had had to be selected within twenty-four hours. Fortunately most of the work in the Advanced Phase was to be handled by experienced instructors, for they had been forced to plan their courses on a few days' or, in some cases, a few hours' notice.

When the men finally arrived on these campuses they were unexpectedly few in number; in most cases the quotas were not half filled. And they turned out to be an odd and ill-assorted lot. They ranged all the way from Ph.D.'s to men who had never graduated from high school. Many were over forty years old and hadn't been to school for fifteen or twenty years. They had been selected in the camps on the basis of Army tests which apparently were in no way suited for this particular purpose. The colleges that received them tried to classify the men themselves and in some cases found that as many as three-quarters of them were unable to do the work in the Advanced Phase. These men had to be put in a refresher term before they could go on with the work. Others defied any classification and the colleges didn't know what to do with them.

After this first comparatively small group had been sent out it was found that there weren't any more available for the Advanced Phase. Many of the college-trained boys in the Army camps preferred to aim directly at Officer's Candidate School. Boys who had already made non-com ratings were at first required to give them up on entering the program, with the resulting loss in pay (these ranks were later restored, when the protest became

too loud), and this fact added to the unpopularity of the program in the camps. As had been anticipated by some of the educators, many officers were reluctant to give up the best men in their outfits. So it appeared that there would be few if any more men available for the Advanced Phase until the Basic began to feed it.

THE first unit of the Basic Phase opened at Princeton about the middle of April, 1943. By this time a number of colleges had been offered contracts, though none knew when they would actually receive the men or how many there would be. Some colleges received telephone calls from their local Service Commands asking if they could accommodate 300 or 500 or 600 men in the next week or two. In most cases answers were demanded in twenty-four hours. Administrators made frantic arrangements, in some cases ousting their regular students from their dormitories and contracting for space elsewhere, only to find that when the time came, the men didn't arrive—and sometimes they didn't show up for months afterward.

All this, of course, didn't help to endear the program to the college faculties. Many were frankly disgusted with the whole procedure, especially when they saw their regular students still in college (in the Enlisted Reserve Corps) being called up without being allowed to finish, though some were within a few months of graduation. College presidents and deans, except for the few on the Advisory Committee, were as much at sea as their faculties, as rumors were about their only source of information at this stage. It is doubtful if even the Advisory Committee knew more, as the assignment of men to the colleges was at this point the Army's job—and one which it was almost impossible to discharge efficiently in the time allowed.

The obvious inadequacy of the Army classification procedure for this purpose led to the establishment in June of the STAR (Specialized Training Assignment and Reclassification) units in each Service Command. Here the men were sent from the camps for a period of from one to thirty days to be tested and classified and then sent on to the college units for instruction. The Army still controlled the

classifying but it was done in collaboration with psychologists and others on the college faculties, and after this system was put into effect there were fewer misfits than before. Men selected for the Basic Phase had to be between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two years and must have graduated from high school—a requirement which the colleges naturally welcomed.

IV

THE Basic program was running much more smoothly by February, 1944, than at the start. The Area and Language group had been better selected, had had less curriculum trouble, and had done the colleges a service by introducing them to new and in some cases very effective methods of language study. But there were still some major problems which remained unsettled. One of these was the matter of standards, and it continues to be vexing even now that most of the soldier-students are leaving.

The Advisory Committee at its November meeting passed the following resolution: "It is recommended that all students of the ASTP, while in residence, be registered in the institution as regular students and be given academic credit in accordance with the rules and standards adopted by the institution, with the understanding that these standards be those of the various recognized accrediting agencies." This is a point of concern to many educators.

The colleges were told that the matter of grades was an academic one and that each institution should adhere to its own standards in the matter of passing or failing the men in these courses. If a man failed in only one course he was dropped and returned to the troops. But the work in many respects has not been on the level of regular college work. The men were allowed only one hour of study for each class hour of work, and the English and history courses seldom got that much, as the men naturally spent the most time in preparation for the more exacting courses in mathematics, physics, and chemistry. There was little or no leisure time for contemplation or library reading, as the men were on a rigorous schedule beginning at 6:30 A.M. and end-

ing in the late afternoon. And some courses were taken concurrently which normally would be prerequisite one for another, such as mathematics for physics and chemistry.

If the normal college standards were applied under these circumstances it was only natural that large numbers would fail. Some colleges compromised, realizing it would defeat the purpose altogether to fail a majority of the men, and yet they had nothing to go on because the Army established no norm for the program. It will be difficult to adjust credits on this basis after the war, and the colleges know it.

That there has been much that is worth while in this program, especially from the students' standpoint, is undeniable. Many boys got a portion of a college education who might otherwise never have had a chance at it. Many turned out to be excellent students, and undoubtedly many will return after the war is over with a great desire to go back to college and finish. That a grateful government will help them to do this through some kind of subsidy is an already accepted fact.

But whether either the continuing program for those retained or the completed program of those now returned to active service has been satisfactory, from the Army's standpoint, is questionable. Certainly there has been a need for trained technicians in a mechanized army such as we have today, but it is conceivable that a more direct and practical program with more clearly defined objectives might have filled this need more quickly and more efficiently than the truncated college engineering program adopted.

The dean of a Midwestern university recently told me that he felt now that he had given his students bad advice. After Pearl Harbor, when a majority of his boys wanted to drop out of college and enlist in the Army, he urged them to stay as long as they could because the country expected the colleges to provide the upper ten per cent in leadership and ability so much needed in officers. His plea was echoed also by the Army and Navy and the President. Those who didn't take his advice are lieutenants and captains now, while many of those who did were put in the Army Specialized Training Program. Their

chance to become officers is very slim and many have been trained as technicians who would undoubtedly be better soldiers in other capacities.

The colleges and universities in this program took—and still take—their responsibilities seriously and have done their utmost to make it a success. It has not been an easy job. With the teaching staffs of most institutions badly depleted by the war this heavy load has fallen on those who remain, many of them older men and women. Many have been teaching twice their usual number of hours and many have had no vacation or rest for a long time. There have been many courageous teachers, for whose special fields there was no demand during the war, who took refresher courses themselves to enable them to help with the peak loads in mathematics and physics.

Much wear and tear could have been saved these people if there had been less confusion all around and if the directives sent them by the Army had been less vague. Most of them accepted these difficulties in good spirit, realizing that they were inevitable in any task as huge as building an army of 8,000,000 men practically from scratch. But they had to spend inordinate amounts of time trying to decide what the Army wanted them to do; they groaned over the difficulty of teaching groups of men who manifestly didn't belong in the same classroom; some of them wondered whether the whole program wasn't misbegotten at the outset.

Now that the major portion of the ASTP has been abolished, the colleges involved in it will be right back where they were a year and a half ago, with their own destiny for the duration to work out. Something may be done for them by the government but just exactly what is now uncertain. Whatever their future relations with the government may be, at any rate college administrators and professors will be virtually unanimous in the hope that, when the war ends, whatever provision is made for government aid to soldiers who want to go to college will be based on a clear and workable plan, developed well in advance, and adapted to educational realities. Once bitten, twice shy.

THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



You may remember the Lost Generation. It was primarily a literary phenomenon, an invention of novelists. It was a myth cultivated because it gave fine effects in prose. The Lost Generation was supposed to consist of men whose souls had been so maimed by the ugliness of war that they saw quite through life's hollow shams, and of women who caught the contagion from them, presumably as the supreme benignity of love. The phrase itself was an invention of Miss Gertrude Stein, whose art had no connection whatever with life or death, love or hate, rejoicing or grief, success or failure, belief or doubt, any other emotion of mankind, any experience of anyone, or any of the values that enable people to live together—an art which floated freely in a medium of pure caprice sustained by nothing except its awareness of its own inner wondrousness. The literary development of the phrase was almost exclusively American, and its first, perhaps its greatest prophet was Mr. Ernest Hemingway, who has lived to recant. Mr. Hemingway epitomized the entire meaning of his time in symbols of sexual impotence. He believed with a full heart that the symbols were altogether tragic, though a sounder judgment would be that they expressed a first-rate literary criticism.

The idea of the Lost Generation was sickly and unclean. No one has ever known how many soldiers of the last war, or how many contemporaries of theirs who had not known war at first hand, identified themselves with it. I do not think that many did. In the variety, vigor, and optimism of the American people following the last war there is no evidence that

any considerable number thought of themselves as lost, and literature is far less able to persuade people to imitate it than writers like to believe. It may be, however, that literary praise of a moral depletion said to have been induced by the ugliness of war persuaded some people to act on it. If so, I suggest that we may include among the problems of reconversion a study of therapeutic and even preventive measures. If it is possible it is certainly desirable to dispense with a Lost Generation altogether this time, both in literature and in the populace at large.

MILITARY physicians and psychiatrists have lately issued to the general public some suggestions concerning attitudes toward crippled veterans. We are advised—wholly for the sake of the crippled—to avoid expressing excessive sympathy. We are told to ignore their handicaps, to make as little fuss as possible, to treat them as a matter of course so far as we can. In this way, the Medical Corps says, we shall be helping them to acquire a sense of reality and, by helping them to be casual toward themselves, shall be helping them to triumph over their handicaps. If that is good therapeutics for the wounded, it is also an excellent attitude to adopt toward veterans who have not been crippled. Certainly it is an excellent attitude for them to adopt toward themselves.

What I say implies no failure to understand that the debt which the United States owes its defenders, crippled or whole, is beyond payment. Even the hastiest reader will understand that I am not proposing any skimping of our obliga-

tions to those who have been physically or mentally wounded in the service of the country. For the incapacitated everything possible must be done. For the wounded everything must be done that can heal their wounds, help them to overcome their handicaps, and so far as possible make up to them for the satisfactions and achievements which their wounds may have denied them. And those who emerge whole will have an imperative claim on the nation for whatever education, training, or guidance can enable them to resume life in the commonwealth on the most favorable terms. No compensation could be enough for the strain, hardship, and suffering undergone, the time lost, the dreams and ambitions forfeited, the sacrifice made in our service.

Nevertheless, if a tough-minded realism is essential to the soldier in war, it is equally essential to the ex-soldier in peace. The hard decree of nature is that he has got to live his life out to the end. Either he is going to make as much as he can of that life or something is going to frustrate him, and the easiest possible frustration is a paralysis of will engendered by self-pity. Certainly it is too bad that he was not permitted to make what he could of his personality and capacities, as the years of peace promised he would be able to. Certainly it is too bad that the years of his youth were spent in a war he never asked for, that the fulfillment of his promise has been delayed or quite forbidden, that he has had to experience horror and brutality and filth. But in peace as well as in war, time and chance happeneth to them all, the conditions of life are not what any of us would choose. It is too bad that we grow old, too bad that we prove less admirable than we thought, too bad that love fails, ambition peters out, friends die, dreams come to nothing. Given only omnipotence, any of us could create a world more kindly than the one we have to live in, but man must live in the world that is. He has always had to live in it, and he will have to live in it henceforth whether or not he has gone to war. He will live in it more successfully if he will understand that he has no claim on its tenderness, that none of its rigors will be relaxed for him because he has been a soldier.

I say nothing about the compensations which are any soldier's. They certainly exist—self-mastery, the knowledge that one has met and passed the ultimate test, the knowledge of dedication and sacrifice, the fellowship of men fighting in contempt of death—and in every war there have been some who counted them worth more than all the rest. But, disregarding them, there is no realistic philosophy for the ex-soldier except a recognition that fortune turned out the way it did. On him happened to fall the sternest obligation of citizenship as it fell on other Americans in three major and three minor wars. That turn of the wheel may have been, if you will, hard luck. It was hard luck that war prevented him from being the garage mechanic, radio announcer, or physician that he designed to be. It was hard luck that he had to serve a term in hell. It remains hard luck that memories of unspeakable horror will abide with him, that he has lost more than he can regain, that part of his life has been, in private terms, wasted. But it is hard luck in the peacetime world that we accomplish less than we hoped to, that a wife or a child dies, that our personalities erode, that we deal less than magnificently with the assigned task. Like the civilian, the soldier and the ex-soldier have had hard luck—and that is that. The waste or failure of any individual does not mean that God had it in for him, and no private pain in the bowels proves that the world is evil.

THE Lost Generation mistake was to generalize individual failure into a law of God and to suppose that a private pain in the bowels revealed the nature of reality. Every soldier has to learn a personal discipline of courage for war. The ex-soldier has got to learn an identical discipline for peace, since the inexorable condition is that the world's work will go on. Either he will take such a part in it as he best can or he will get in its way and be run over. Either war is an interruption of it or else we are all fools—and no fool greater than the soldier. War was not gentle with him; peace will not try to be.

Literature would do well to clarify its

understanding. Following the last war it gave us, and gave us worshipfully, the image of a hero crying into his gin because he had seen more than he could bear. A hero sneering at fools who tried to make something of their lives because he had come to understand that there is no use in effort, the mourners go about the streets, and desire must fail. It gave us, that is, the image of a hero who was either a craven fool or a desperately sick soul. It gave us this image, either base or diseased, and bade us not pity but admire. Well, one thinks of the returning doughboy of 1919 who had no time for tears because he was too busy trying to get his job back and pick up where he had left off. One thinks of an earlier war that had more victims than Mr. Hemingway's, a war much more comparable to this one. Of a man making his way homeward from Appomattox in ragged and stinking shoddy and without shoes, to get the field plowed, the kids fed, and the shattered South rebuilt. Or making his way homeward to Vermont or Iowa with the best years of his youth devoured by war, no fine thing done, no fine thing possible in the time remaining. Both had known lice and the fire of dysentery in the bowels, hunger and panic, the private filth and public feculence of war. Both had seen friends blown to bloody shreds beside them. Both were items of helplessness, victims of the evil fate which twists the lives of men quite irresponsibly. War had left neither of them any intelligent choice except to recognize that they were lost, to renounce effort, and to rise superior to the illusions of labor and free will. So they went out and sowed the crops, repaired the barn, begot children, served on the school board, and sat with their shoes off at the end of a hard day. They broke the prairies, dug the mines, occupied the West, built the railroads, manned the industry that remade the world, tugged the United States to the forefront of civilization, and laid up the wealth that was later to support literature while it found all this an illusion. A defect in them was that they offered prose too little chance for exquisite effects. That was also a defect in their grandsons who came back from Château-Thierry

and the Argonne with a feeling that they had done an unpleasant job rather creditably, and straightway got to work as near as possible to the place where they had left off. Coarseness of soul, economic Puritanism, or mere vitality prevented them from understanding that they were lost.

The Lost Generation, that is, was a cliché, one of the formulas, superstitions, or stereotypes which the pressure of literary fashion is apt to substitute for ideas. This time it would be wise for writers to avoid thinking of the returning soldier as lost. And there are other components of that old cliché which it will be desirable not to repeat. As, for instance, thinking of the returning soldier as a dupe. We went to war in 1917 to defeat a threat to our national existence—to crush institutions, even conceptions of mankind, that were a mortal danger to our own. But after the war was won it became strangely fashionable to believe that we had gone to war to secure the principal of Mr. Morgan's loans to Great Britain or (this with no apparent sense of incongruity) to earn profits for the death merchants, the makers of armament who were above nationality. If that were true, then the returning soldiers had indeed been dupes. The logic was unimpeachable—only the premise was wrong. At the present moment it seems impossible that anyone outside the fools' paradise of Peace Now will ever be able to persuade anyone that we went to war in 1941 for anyone's bonds or anyone's profits. Too many, one thinks, will remember the years we lived through on the way to war. Too many will remember the rising of the flood, the onrush of Nazism, the ghastly summer of 1940, the stunned hours following Pearl Harbor. But though quite as many could remember the autumn of 1914 and the early spring of 1917, the cliché of stupidity and betrayal formed nevertheless. This time we ought to do what we can to prevent its forming. We are supposed to learn from experience.

WE ARE supposed, I repeat; to learn from experience. In the literature of the Lost Generation it was

orthodox to deride such attributes as patriotism, courage, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and the resolution to die in defense of values greater than oneself. Such virtues were sternly shown to be snares, traps, or tricks of illusion by which unscrupulous, clever persons were able to manipulate the stupid to their private gain. John Doe was an uncritical fool whom an international banker or a merchant of death could delude into dying gallantly for his profit balance. As time went on this exalted understanding changed somewhat and it became evident that John Doe lacked gallantry altogether. Back in the world's lost springtime there had perhaps been such virtues as courage and self-sacrifice, but clearly they did not exist now, not at least in the brutish citizen of everyday life. The modern world had brutalized John Doe, coarsened his soul, softened his nature; he was scum and a menace, incapable of greatness. Only a little while ago, so recently that every bystander remembers it, the manipulators of these clichés woke with a shock that verged on panic to the dilemma which the outbreak of war horribly unmasked. The virtues of patriotism, courage, and self-sacrifice, which had lately seemed fetishes proper to inferior people only, were essential to the survival even of the literary cliché, and there was no possible place where they could be sought except among the people who had lately been proved to have no capacity for them at all.

Read your morning newspaper. The chronicle of patriotism, courage, fortitude, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and willingness to die for matters greater than oneself—the chronicle of ordinary, unpretentious heroism has no end. Apparently such vir-

tues are the ordinary endowment of people everywhere, apparently they are attributes of the human race, and we may assume that they cannot be inspired by literature or even implanted by a crisis. John Doe has always had them. He is a different person from the literary portrayal of him in the Lost Generation, and he always was. For the time being literary thinking is admitting as much. It describes him with a nauseous phrase, a phrase that reeks of condescension, the Common Man. But, reading its morning newspaper, it is willing to concede that the Common Man is endowed by nature with heroic virtues.

Precisely that amendment of opinion must be remembered in the period of reconversion. The day will come when the graveyard shift can check out for the last time, writers can retool, and literature turn to examine an ended war. Hopeful new ideas will bud and glistening new clichés begin to form. So, if there should be another impulse to portray the ex-soldier as a fool duped by cleverer men, if it begins to appear once more that the run-of-the-mill citizen is a boor and a craven enemy of all good things—let us remember that literature formally decided otherwise while the heat was on. We may be able to forestall or discredit another literature of the Lost Generation.

John Doe can remember too, when as an ex-soldier he takes up citizenship again. He has had the empirical proof. When the heat went on he found that he possessed courage, fortitude, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and all the rest. He found that they sufficed for war and may intelligently decide that they will suffice for peace. If he reaches that decision his generation will not be lost.

HOUSEKEEPING AFTER THE WAR

PRISCILLA ROBERTSON AND
HAWLEY JONES



THOSE postwar houses we read about are all very well, but what about postwar housekeeping? Will it be the same old routine in a new shell? Will the majority of American women still have to spend their lives in what Elizabeth (*Why Women Cry*) Hawes refers to, somewhat heatedly, as "the Hitlerian routine" of being mere servants for their husbands and children? Or will some system be devised which will enable them to do a good job of housekeeping and still have time to hold down an outside job if they want to, or at least to engage in the sort of outside activities which gives them a share in the world around them?

Right now the difficulties of housekeeping are especially acute. Many of the services which used to make the job less grim are curtailed in wartime. Commercial laundries collect and deliver less frequently than they did, if they haven't quit altogether. It takes forever to get a vacuum cleaner, or iron, or leaky faucet fixed. The grocer and butcher have in many cases stopped delivering. Shopping—with fewer clerks in the stores and with many transactions complicated by ration coupons and tokens—takes longer than ever. Getting to market, taking small children to school, and many other errands which used to be done easily and quickly by car now have to be done on foot, or by bus or trolley. And the supply of domes-

tic workers is drying up so rapidly that fewer housewives than ever have anyone to help get the work done.

Nobody knows just how many of America's thirty-odd million families now have full-time servants; but even before the war boom began only 10 per cent of them did (according to a 1936 *Fortune* survey) and—judging from the communities we know—less than half of that 10 per cent still do. By July, 1942, the supply of applicants for sleeping-in jobs had so completely evaporated in the metropolitan area of New York that the United States Employment Service there stopped handling requests for workers in that category. In many communities, especially in the suburbs, a home with a maid is rare indeed. It has got to the point where the editors of *Harper's Bazaar* devoted a whole section of a recent issue to the theme of housekeeping without servants. There was a "chins up, girls!" air about it, but you couldn't help feeling that this top-drawer slant on how exhilarating it is to do all the work oneself was a kind of whistling in the dark. It's a safe bet that most of the *Bazaar's* readers would be glad to take off the apron and turn the kitchen over to the first biddy who came along.

BUT even if the end of war production throws a number of former domestic workers back into circulation, as it prob-

ably will, the problem of housekeeping will not be solved even for those comparatively few people who can afford to employ them. It certainly won't be if the job continues to be, as it has always been in this country, so poorly paid and unattractive that only exceptionally will a capable and self-respecting American citizen submit to it. Since 1890 at least, in spite of the wave of immigration in the first decade or so of this century, there has been a pretty steady decline in the percentage of the country's total population who were engaged in domestic service (from 2.8 per cent in 1890 to 1.6 per cent in 1940).

And why not? As recently as 1941 the average wage throughout the country for domestics was only \$6 to \$8 for a week of 75 hours. A survey made by *Fortune* in 1938 revealed that the average wage paid to general houseworkers by the magazine's subscribers (51 per cent of whom had incomes over \$10,000) was only \$10 a week. A survey of 564 houseworkers in Washington, D. C., made by the Y. W. C. A. in 1940, showed that the median weekly wage in that city, which isn't the worst in the land by any means, was \$8.10 (white and colored workers averaging about the same rates) and the median hours per day more than twelve; that less than half of the workers were given any vacations at all, and that less than half of those who got them received vacations with pay. Add to this the lack of privacy, the sense of social inferiority, and the lack of opportunity for advancement, which the job usually entails, and it becomes clear that the whole setup of domestic service must be improved if it is to be any good for either the employers or the employees.

In recent years there have been various attempts to raise the standards of domestic service. The Y. W. C. A. has worked hard at the job, as the WPA did in its day and as the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor was doing until wartime problems took up its entire time. Most of this work has centered in efforts to extend the benefits of social security legislation to domestics, who are not covered in most existing laws. Only one state (Wisconsin) has set minimum wage rates for houseworkers, and only one (Washington) has a law regulating their hours of work.

In no case are domestic workers included in state or federal laws governing workmen's compensation,* old-age benefits, or unemployment insurance. Every time the subject has come up for discussion it has been shelved on the grounds that it is too complicated to frame and administer laws governing so many separate employer-employee relationships. The whole question is now up for discussion in Congress again as a result of the Wagner-Murray-Dingall bill, which proposes to broaden the Social Security Act to include domestic, agricultural, and other workers who are not now protected.

In time that problem will be solved and social security will be extended to domestics. But this is tied up with another problem, which must also be solved. For even when hours and wages are controlled by law, the law is very difficult to enforce. State officials in Washington, for instance, where an hours law is in effect, find that the worker is reluctant to invoke the law's penalty clauses against an employer for fear of losing the job. Without a strong union or other organization to back the worker up, legislation will accomplish little.

Yet unionization of domestic workers is hindered by the same separateness that delays social security for them. It is difficult to organize widely scattered workers, and only a strong faith in the benefits of a union would persuade individuals with so little time off to spend that time at union meetings. Several unions have been formed in spite of these difficulties, but none has been notably successful. There were two locals in New York at one time, both affiliated with the A.F. of L. Building Service Employees International; but both apparently degenerated into mere employment bureaus and social clubs, and their charters were lifted. In Baltimore and in Washington, D. C., there are small CIO unions (both of which seem to have drawn their membership largely from Y. W. C. A. Industrial Clubs) which are trying to build up their membership now, while wages are somewhat better than they were, so that they will be strong enough to hold some of the gains that domestic workers

* Connecticut's law applies only where an employer has five or more servants.

have made in wartime, when and if the squeeze is put on them afterward.

Employers, too, have made some defensive moves to improve the conditions of domestic service. Operating independently, or in collaboration with local Y. W. C. A. branches and union groups, a number of women's organizations—notably in Chicago and New York—have experimented with standard written agreements or contracts, tailored to local conditions, between employers and maids. These cover hours, duties, wages, and recreation and living facilities. According to the industrial secretary of the Chicago "Y," the plan accomplishes something for both employer and employee, but "it can't be called revolutionary or a solution of the problem."

Probably there is no solution, at least if we continue to think in terms of a setup which resembles the old days when houseworkers were plentiful and subservient. Given unions, and social security, and expert training in the highly skilled techniques of cooking and housecleaning, we may someday have a supply of expert domestic workers. But they will be well paid, and their job will command respect, and their services won't be available to more than a small minority of American homes. Most of us will have to give up the idea, if we ever had it, that the way to cope with the drudgery of housekeeping is to hire someone to move in unobtrusively and do it for us without our noticing it.

II

THERE have always been two ways of living pleasantly without servants: either you learn to do things very well yourself or you organize some community plan of getting work done for you.

A hundred years ago Louis Napoleon and other visitors to America were surprised to meet women who were doing their own housework in New York, without making any bones about it, and were still more astonished when these same women met guests as graciously as a European hostess who had a staff below stairs. Of course there were not many things which a lady was permitted to do outside her home in those days; if she

didn't work at home she didn't work at all. Since then women have, through necessity or otherwise, come to engage in many more outside activities and jobs. But if they have no servants they can do so only by running their houses much more efficiently and quickly than their grandmothers or else letting a lot of the housekeeping slide.

If they have young children their problem is so much the more complex—in some cases insoluble for a few years no matter how energetic they may be and no matter how adept they may be at reducing everything in their homes to simple routine. In some ways modern methods do not save time; having to sterilize the baby's bottles takes as much time in the kitchen as the electric mixer saves, and so on.

Which raises the whole question of just how much the house of the future and its equipment can be counted on to help. Obviously the architects can be of some assistance by working out floor plans which eliminate unnecessary steps for the mother (or for the general houseworker, if the mother can employ one) who runs the house and minds the children single-handed. We obviously won't build any more houses with kitchen in the basement, dining room on the first floor, and children's playroom on the second floor, as was true in the days when two or three servants were assumed as "given" in even moderately well-to-do residential districts. And in addition to improved layouts, we can reasonably expect that new materials and simplified designs will make cleaning and maintenance easier. But many of the ideas advanced for the postwar house by publicity-seeking architects and designers have been as silly as the "hot and cold folding doors" which are ridiculed in a recent advertisement of the National Gypsum Company.

The manufacturers of household appliances and gadgets can help too, but there are limits which we may as well accept. Better and cheaper vacuum cleaners, toasters, electric mixers, washing machines, and so on will be a blessing, of course. Maybe someone will even turn out a really efficient, simple, and sturdy dishwashing machine (though the ones that were around before the war took so

long to stoke, and left so much egg on the plates, and got out of order so easily that the public has reason to be skeptical). In the end, however, mechanical aids are subject to the law of diminishing returns. The number of mixers, squeezers, grinders, pea shellers, ice crushers, bread slicers, cleaning and washing machines, can openers, and waffle irons which any one housekeeper can cope with in a compact house is limited not only by the amount of time she can spend in taking care of them, getting them out, setting them up, cleaning them, and putting them away again, but also by the amount of space they require.

MORE promising than these mechanical and architectural aids to the individual housekeeper are the projects which involve some attempt at commercial or co-operative organization on a community basis. This isn't a new idea by any means. A century ago Alexander Herzen, the Russian socialist whose distaste for the mutually depraving master-servant relationship didn't make him any the more willing to wash his own teacups or light his own fires, was delighted with the way you could live in Paris apartments. The secret of their comfort lay in the bell-pull which led from every room down to the concierge's loge.

The concierge was always at the service of the tenants. He it was who brushed your clothes every morning before you arose, polished your boots, cleaned the rugs, and washed the chandeliers. He fetched tobacco or wine for you, delivered your mail, received your visitors' cards, lighted your hallway, locked your door. But could you count on him? Yes, said Herzen, like a rock, because he was extremely well paid, receiving something from each of perhaps twenty-five tenants, and something from the owner too. And so he did not need to cheat you and did not dare neglect you.

Then there were plenty of other people ready to offer service. It was simplest to go to a café for coffee and a look at the papers, but for a franc extra a lazybones could have these sent up to his apartment. Dinner was managed the same way. Everything from cutlets to wine could be

served from across the street with no bother to you at all. If you had children, of course, they might need a cook and a nurse—but according to Herzen most children did better put out at pension than at home watching all that went on under the paternal roof.

Nowadays we do not need and cannot expect to get people to post our letters or light our fires for us, but it's reasonable to argue that an industrial civilization like ours ought to be able to provide at least as much comfort as pre-industrial Paris.

To begin with the problem of cleaning. A good thorough weekly cleaning is the most backbreaking part of housework. Other jobs may be more tedious and more recurrent—but many women feel that if they could just get their heavy cleaning out of the way they could handle everything else with ease.

Cleaning a house should be a skilled job. Those who do it should be as professional as a radio repair man or beauty-parlor operator, with just as much skill and training. They need to know the difference between waxed, oiled, and shellacked furniture, and how to treat different wall surfaces, as well as good techniques for washing windows and dusting. Training girls for such highly skilled domestic work as this is being done in the public schools of Niagara Falls and perhaps elsewhere, and some people have high hopes for such courses, though others claim that girls don't get very much out of them until they are really up against the job of running a house themselves.

But perhaps the single worker, even trained, is not the final answer to cleaning houses. There is a wartime phenomenon in England which suggests that some aspects of the job might become municipal functions. After a house has been blitzed in London, for instance, the government sends around a truck with a huge vacuum cleaner on it, which sucks up all the debris and broken glass so that the houseowner can start fresh again. After the war these trucks could be used to take away the peacetime dirt of moving day, the soot and ashes of winter's fires, and October's fallen leaves. Why could not this be as normal a service as garbage removal?

IT is more immediately practical to talk of a commercial cleaning service. Under such a plan a firm would contract to clean your house every week, whether you were at home or out shopping or at your office. Every Wednesday at ten, say, a team of bonded workers would arrive, equipped with vacuum cleaners, metal polish, rags, mops, and whatever they needed besides, and go to work. Such a team might consist of a man and two women. The man would do the required lifting and reaching, the dusting of high places, the cleaning of walls, windows, and floors. Meanwhile one of the women would work on the mirrors, silver, and woodwork, while the other would dust and clean the furniture. Occasionally the team would wax the floors and wash the windows, and there might be other jobs that would not need attention every single week. Shelves, closets, and bookcases could be done in rotation so as to eliminate the need for "turning a house out" every March in an orgy of spring cleaning.

No one knows how long it would take such a team of workers to do up an average house until it has been tried, but it is likely that they could do two or three in one day. Even so the job would undoubtedly cost more to the individual houseowner than having an unskilled day worker come in and clean up. Each house would have to be specially analyzed, with a notation on cards of just what was to be done, and the price would have to be estimated accordingly. Then each job would have to be inspected. Part of the job of a housekeeper in a hotel is to inspect every room every time it is done up, and nothing less thorough works.

In an apartment house these jobs of analyzing and inspecting would be much simplified, so this sort of service might find its easiest starting point there. As a matter of fact something approaching it has already been put into effect by several commercial outfits. One agency in New York, for instance, was started in 1940 by two young men who had the notion that cleaning apartments could be done on a scientific basis. They confess to having made the preliminary mistake of consulting a home economist about the proper

procedure. But this was a passing phase and they soon went at the job of cleaning apartments themselves—their own and those of their friends—and timing the operation. Then they interviewed maids and timed them on similar routines. When they had systematized the jobs required in a typical apartment (they specialized in the four-room size), they set up shop and began taking on clients. They pay their maids by the job rather than by time and provide social security, workmen's compensation, and unemployment insurance, give a week's vacation with pay, and offer bonuses for keeping customers and for perfect attendance. The scheme has been sufficiently successful to indicate that expanded commercial service of this kind may some day be provided.

There is no reason why in time it should not spread to suburban houses too. If enough people subscribed to the service so that workers did not need to spend much time in getting about but could go from one house to another in the same block; and if people were willing to accept a standardized job without any fancy touches; and particularly if they weren't always calling up to say, "I can't have you Tuesday; won't you come Thursday this week?" and if they realized that this service would spare them the expense of keeping their own vacuum cleaners and tools—if all these conditions were met, having one's house cleaned professionally might get to be no more of a luxury than sending one's clothes to the laundry. And with the new easy-to-clean houses, and the new gadgets (like Westinghouse's electric air cleaner, which collects all the dust—even the tobacco smoke—from the air of a house and which may sell for less than \$200 after the war) the job of housecleaning may become so much simpler and less frequent that the cost of commercial service will be within the reach of many of us.

FOOD preparation and marketing are also jobs which may increasingly be handled professionally or on a community basis. For some people there would be real advantages in the development of communities of houses, each built with a minimum of kitchen facilities and all grouped (as Mrs. Hawes suggests in her

book) about a central building where everyone could eat, except on those occasions when families preferred to cook for themselves, much as summer cottages in the Adirondacks and elsewhere are often grouped about a central dining lodge. A single well-paid chef could take care of cooking for such a group at a cost per family much lower than the wages of a sleep-in cook, and there would be considerable savings resulting from wholesale purchases of supplies. But in planning such house-communities it must be remembered that relatively few people are eager to mix so intimately with other families, and that no arrangement of the kind is likely to work for anybody unless it makes a maximum allowance for privacy.

The war has accelerated experiments with "factory feeding." For example, in some war plants a mother emerging from her eight-hour shift can buy ready-cooked, hot meals which are packed to be carried home to her family. In New York and a few other cities there are commercial services which prepare and deliver and serve meals to subscribers, like similar services which were set up in Louisville, Brookline, and other places after the last war; but meals provided on this basis are very expensive. In general, however, there has been a continuous increase over the past twenty years, in the cities especially, in the sale of ready-to-serve food, notably at delicatessens and at chains like New York's Horn and Hardart retail shops, and the trend will undoubtedly continue.

BUT the field where there is the greatest opportunity for organized service undoubtedly lies in the expansion and improvement of nursery schools and child-care centers, for it is small children who make the largest demands on a housekeeper's time. Much has been done along these lines during the war by federal, state, and local agencies, and thousands of women who would otherwise have been unable to get away from home have taken on war jobs, for pay or as volunteers, while their children were enjoying expert care and supervision.

There are still many shortcomings in the nursery school setup, of course. One of

the problems which has been most troublesome stems from the fact that the more careful a school is about sending children home when they have running noses the harder it is for a working mother to keep on her job. But even this problem may be licked. The Scranton Child Care Center in New Haven, for example, has made up a list of women who are willing to serve as housekeeping aides in the homes of sick children. These women are on call, more or less like substitute teachers in the public schools, so that if a child develops the sniffles on Tuesday afternoon, the person in charge of the nursery looks over her list of women available on Tuesdays and calls one of them to take the child home and stay with him until his mother gets back. The same woman will usually come every day until the child is well enough to go back to school, thus permitting the mother to go on with her work. The housekeeping aide is paid by the family of the sick child at an hourly rate. Since children, especially sick ones, are often unwilling to go with strangers, some nursery schools are trying to work out plans whereby these women may get training in child care plus an acquaintance with their possible charges by doing some of the work around the school on a part-time basis.

But there is more to the nursery school problem than the mere difficulties of running the schools effectively. Even in wartime, when the children of working mothers have become a subject of national concern and federal funds have been allocated under the Lanham Act to provide day-care centers for them, only a small percentage of parents have made use of these facilities. In Buffalo nine child-care centers with a capacity of 2,000 children were set up, but the number of children who came was so small that all nine were closed. In Detroit only 700 out of a possible 50,000 children of working mothers have come to the centers.

To some extent this is doubtless the result of ignorance of what the centers can provide for small children, but it is also to some extent based on prejudice. Many people simply dislike the idea of having their children cared for by "an institution." But more and more are discover-

ing that a well-run nursery or play school is not just a place for a selfish or irresponsible woman to dump her kids while she does something she likes better than looking after them. In all kinds of communities, from wealthy suburbs to the slums, there is certain to be an increase in the number of well-equipped, privately operated or community-sponsored centers where small children can play and learn together under trained supervision. And as such facilities increase there will be more and more women who will reorganize their domestic routine to take full advantage of them.

III

HERE, then, are a few of the notable contemporary trends toward making housekeeping and family-raising a job which, with all its demands upon a woman's intelligence and interest, need not become the kind of drudgery which discourages all other interests. Of course the imperative demand for some of the organized services we have mentioned will slack off after the war. It was the consensus of a group of newspaper women from all parts of the country who met recently in New York that though many women are gladly working in war industries and as volunteers for the duration, there will be a general exodus from these outside activities back into the home when the war is over. If that is so, the industrial plants and some of the government agencies which have supported nursery schools and factory-feeding projects, for instance, may lose interest in them.

On the other hand, not all women who have kept their homes running with one hand, as it were, while working eight or more hours a day on outside jobs will return meekly to a routine of housework and children and nothing else. For one thing, many of them through force of circumstances have learned ways and means of streamlining the housekeeping job. The women's editor of the *Denver Post* is convinced that what women have learned during the war about marketing and foods will contribute to better-run homes for years to come, and she is probably right.

There undoubtedly are many ways in which habitual housekeeping routines could be simplified and reorganized to save time and effort. There have been any number of attempts in this direction lately. The Extension Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture reported recently that farm women in many states are now being asked "to study their household tasks with a view to applying factory speed-up methods" in an effort to save time for the work of the Women's Land Army this coming spring and summer. Industrial engineers, we are told, are analyzing and breaking down household jobs in the same way that factory jobs were broken down to speed up production, and farm women are co-operating by making time and motion studies of the jobs they do. Purdue University, Michigan State College, and the University of Iowa are all working on these matters, too, and have published several bulletins containing suggestions. And a New York home-management specialist has discovered that if you iron a man's shirt on a twenty-inch board instead of a regulation fifteen-inch board you have to move the shirt only four times instead of twenty-two times, and lift or set down the iron only twenty-six times instead of seventy-two.

Well, probably the American ironing board *should* be redesigned (though we hope that the experts don't prove we ought to have a different-sized board for every item in the laundry). And doubtless many other improvements can and will be made, as they have been in the past. But we're suspicious of the general notion that the house can be, or should be, run like a factory. It strikes us as more of the same sort of rot which the starry-eyed apostles of the great Swiss architect Le Corbusier went in for ten years ago when they picked up his catchword about the house as "a machine for living." A house obviously is not a machine—it is a home. The more machines you can get to do the dirty work in it, the better; but it is not itself a machine, and as long as people live in it, it can't be run like one.

We're inclined to think that the housekeeper's best hope lies in the same two directions that were open a century ago:

learning to do the job more and more expertly, and encouraging the organization of more and more outside agencies to take over parts of the job. The former, as Charlotte Adams makes abundantly clear in a book called *The Run of the House* (which deserves to be—but isn't—more widely read than the book by Mrs. Hawes which we have already mentioned) is principally a matter of education. By all means let's have all the new mechanical and technological aids we can get, and develop all the improved techniques we can; but in the meantime there is a tremendous job to be done in learning how to use the facilities we already have.

As for the outside agencies, even if the wartime trend toward increased dependence on them slacks off, there is probably no field which is so wide open for exploration. Organized services are a real need, and they will inevitably be developed, either as civic projects, or as co-operative ventures among individuals,

or as commercial enterprises—depending on the kind of service which is involved and the kind of people for whom it is intended.

Fundamental changes in housekeeping techniques come slowly. Families that have been used to keeping a maid usually stick to this luxury through thick and thin (if they can find one) no matter what else they have to give up, just as other people who become quite rich still do not engage help because they have not the habit. It will not be easy for the families that have always had servants to accept the more professional, less personal, and very likely unionized help that will be available in the future; nor will those who have never had help take immediate advantage of the organized services that will be offered. But there seems to be no other course in a country where no citizens want to be menials and where women are increasingly determined to live a part of their lives outside their homes.

FOURTH DIMENSION

MARTHA KELLER

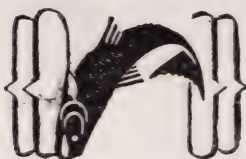
THIS is the arm beneath my head
 Foregone so long. Forever this
 Is resurrection from the dead
 By reason of excessive bliss.

This is the fever nothing stills,
 The moonlight of the mind—that burns.
 This is the happiness that kills
 Except the risen ghost returns.

This is geometry defined
 In logic as exact as stone.
 This is a passion of the mind
 As well as gospel of the bone.

THE GREAT GOLD CONSPIRACY

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN



IN WARTIME a nation's currency is at once its powerful weapon and its Achilles heel. Currency control must be stringent. The nation's gold must be kept at home; its currency must be safeguarded. Since the war began the United States Treasury Department's Secret Service has been watching for an enemy attempt to flood the country with counterfeit money. Foreign agents within the United States might manufacture spurious currency on the spot or might smuggle it in, or an enemy power might send into the United States some of the millions of dollars in genuine but old-sized American bills which, though outlawed here, still are floating around Europe. And likewise there might be an attempt to ship part of the enormous U. S. gold reserve to an enemy power, which might find it vastly useful in paying for war materials elsewhere.

Late in 1942 it looked to the government as though some such plot were afoot in Chicago. Government agents went into action. Three men were indicted on charges of conspiring to: (1) acquire gold in excess of 1,000 ounces in violation of Executive Order 6260, issued by the President under the Trading with the Enemy Act; (2) earmark for export gold in excess of 1,000 ounces; (3) export gold in excess of 1,000 ounces to the government of the Third German Reich; (4) counterfeit \$20 gold coins; (5) possess dies to counterfeit

\$20 gold coins. At a subsequent trial two of the men, Elbridge Gerry Bates and Frank S. Smith, were convicted, and Kurt Erich Schimkus was acquitted. Bates and Smith have appealed and are out on bond. This article was prepared entirely from testimony at the trial.

The case is unusual in that it is a pure conspiracy case. None of the defendants actually did anything; what the government charged was that they just conspired to do things. According to the charge, most of the action took place inside the heads of the plotters. So shadowy and elusive were their designs that to this day even the government is not quite sure it knows the whole truth about what happened. Was there a tie-in with the Reich? Or did these men, like many indiscreet Americans without criminal intent, simply do a lot of harmless talking? The case is one of the minor, not-quite-solved mysteries of this war.

EARLY in October of 1942 a government informer, Myron Landau, told the Secret Service in Chicago that he knew a man who wanted to obtain a large amount of gold and dispose of it through a foreign agent named Kobelt. Karl Kobelt (the name is spelled variously) was known to the authorities as a key German espionage agent; having been manager of the Chicago office of North German Lloyd, he had been interned at Pearl Harbor time and

deported on the *Drottningholm*. The Secret Service now thought that Kobelt might have returned to the United States secretly. At about this same time—October, 1942—six persons were scheduled for trial in Chicago on charges of sheltering Herbert Haupt, executed Nazi saboteur, after his submarine return to the United States; and so it was natural that throughout the investigation of this gold conspiracy the Haupt case should be much in the minds of the agents, for every now and then a parallel element would appear tantalizingly, only to dissolve into nothing.

The informer Landau said that the man who wanted to get hold of gold in order to dispose of it through Kobelt was one Elbridge Gerry Bates. Bates, small, bald, gentle, mustached, glib, was a salesman of electrical apparatus and had maintained an office at 549 West Randolph Street, just west of the Chicago Loop, for about fourteen years. He lived in Glen Ellyn, an upper-middle-class suburb of Chicago, with his wife and two children; he was born forty-three years ago in suburban Elmhurst. His mother's parents were born in England and his father's parents in Massachusetts. In this background the Federal Bureau of Investigation could find no German or criminal connections, and by Bates's own account he had never previously been involved with the law. Yet in the fall of 1942 he met Myron Landau, a small, dapper, mustached man who was then on probation following a conviction on a Federal gold charge; and according to Bates's own subsequent testimony, this is what happened:

Bates and Landau met in a Loop saloon, Fogarty's Grill. They were introduced by a mutual friend named Louis Piquette, whom Bates had known for several years. (Whether he was the same Louis Piquette who was an attorney disbarred for his connections with a follower of the outlaw John Dillinger does not appear in testimony; he was not indicted in the present case.) Piquette had previously told Bates (again according to Bates's testimony) that if Landau should ask him if he had ever sold gold, or if he had contacts, he should say yes. When the men were actually introduced, Landau motioned Bates to silence and led him up-

stairs and asked him if he "really had gold contacts." Bates replied, "Sure I do." Landau said he had access to an enormous quantity of gold, so much that no private party could handle it, and that he wanted the gold sold outside the United States.

For Bates's reply to this—and his subsequent interpretation of it—we turn to his own testimony on the stand. "My mind," Bates testified, "dictated a foreign agent; I manufactured one . . . I said I had contacts and told him about Mr. Kobelt; that is what he wanted to know."

This was the burden of Bates's defense—that, being a salesman, he would reply "yes" if anybody asked him if he could sell anything; that he did not have any gold contacts at all; that "the matter was a fabrication from start to finish." "I never saw Kovelt [Kobelt] in my life . . . and would not know him if he popped up in the middle of my lap. I got the name off the window of the North German Lloyd's on Randolph and La Salle. I used to pick up literature for my children to make books at school in geography, and I had been in that office for literature, just as I picked it up at every other steamship company in Chicago."

Bates said that, having mentioned Kobelt's name to Landau, he thought he had better find out a little more about Kobelt, so he went to Kobelt's office; apparently it never occurred to him that the North German Lloyd's office would have been closed by this time, since Germany and the United States had been at war nearly a year. He even inquired after Kobelt of the building manager, who thought Bates was from the FBI. Bates said he wasn't from the FBI and left. Throughout his testimony Bates pictured himself as a man who, glib but innocent, was put into a false position and, to maintain it, heaped lie on lie. "I lied my head off," he testified. He denied the indictment item by item, and ended, "I never had in mind the shipment of gold to the Third German Reich. I do not have or hold any loyalty or love for Germany; I loathe them. I loathe Hitler, the Nazis, and others associated in the party." Nearly all his actions which looked so suspicious to the government he explained as innocently as he explained the Kobelt connection.

BUT naturally the Secret Service was interested when Landau, turning informer, first brought in the tip on Bates. In wartime, anybody who claimed that he had contacts which would enable him to export large quantities of gold from the United States must be followed up closely. So Thomas J. Callaghan, Supervising Agent, assigned one of his best undercover investigators, Harry A. Schaetzel, to the case. Schaetzel was introduced to Bates by Landau as Harry Dexheimer, and it is as Dexheimer that we shall know him. Landau called Dexheimer "impetuous," and this was apparently an understatement: at least one of Dexheimer's associates has spoken of him as "a wild man." He cannot be described physically here, for obvious reasons, but his manner and personality can be read in his numerous successful attempts to obtain evidence against experienced criminals by consorting with them and gaining their complete confidence. Landau pointed out Bates to Dexheimer and Supervising Agent Callaghan about October 15, 1942, in the lobby of the Morrison Hotel, in the Loop; and five days later he introduced Dexheimer to Bates in the quiet paneled lobby of the La Salle Hotel, near the south entrance. At Bates's suggestion they left Landau in the lobby and went to the north mezzanine and sat down about a hundred feet to the left of the stairway.

This is how the conversation went between Dexheimer of the Secret Service and Bates, according to Dexheimer's testimony:

Bates asked, "Did Myron [Landau] tell you about my connection?"

Dexheimer said, "Yes, he did, but I would like to know more about it. I would like to have you tell me in person."

"Did he tell you about the gold, the twenty-dollar gold coins?"

"He did. But let us start from the start of it and go all the way through."

"Where were you from?"

"I am from Dakota."

"What kind of business?"

Dexheimer said he was interested in the mining industry.

Bates said, "Now one thing. Of course, you have to be very careful of what I am going to tell you, because if we got caught, it will be so very serious of a nature, and

we could be tried the same as the Nazis were tried—the saboteurs were tried in Washington, and executed."

"What are the facts of it?" Dexheimer asked. "What are the details?"

"Well, I have a connection, I made a connection through a Mr. Kobelt, and through Mr. Kobelt and his connections I sold \$83,000 worth of gold to the German agents in New York." He added that he had received \$32.60 an ounce. Bates said that his connections now wanted to buy from one to five thousand ounces. (As the plot progressed it sometimes appeared that the gold was to be sold as bar gold, or bullion, while sometimes there was talk of counterfeiting it into \$20 gold coins.)

Dexheimer asked, "What about the dies for making the coins?" and Bates replied, "We will make that after we get rid of this other deal I have in mind."

Dexheimer wanted to know how payment was made and Bates said, "Well, I got paid in old-sized currency I [they?] brought to this country by submarine and they took this gold out of the country, loaded the boat, the submarine, thirty-six miles off the coast of Massachusetts, where they will be met by a boat. . . . I suppose they will . . . bring some more of that money over but we will have to be very careful. . . . We don't want to get caught in changing the old-sized currency to new denominations."

Dexheimer said he wanted to meet the foreign agents personally, especially Kobelt. Bates replied, "Well, Kobelt is a very much wanted man. I have not seen him since last January, but . . . I know people in Chicago that know his present whereabouts and we will try to see if we can make the necessary arrangements." Dexheimer and Bates agreed to consult their respective connections as to price and to confer again.

The matter of price, Bates testified, was crucial: he saw a chance to make \$1.40 an ounce and "We were talking in terms of . . . thousands of ounces, it became a fabulous amount of money. . . . I told him it would run into millions of dollars. . . . I could envision making more that way than I could the rest of my life, even if I lived to be a hundred."

During the conversation Dexheimer

posed as a "fabulously wealthy" mining man, though he must have appeared to be an eccentric one; according to Bates's version of the conversation, Dexheimer said that the gold "was his life blood; that he had worked for it and no one was going to take it from him." Bates reassured him. Bates wanted to know where Dexheimer was staying but the agent replied only that Bates could reach him through Landau.

They separated. Dexheimer reported to Supervising Agent Callaghan and then went to the FBI, where agents were assigned to shadow Bates and investigate him secretly while Dexheimer developed his direct contact.

Now, as we watch the negotiations progress, we must always bear in mind one point: *none of these men ever actually possessed any gold at all* (except, of course, a few bars which the government agents used as "props" when they baited their trap). Yet so involved did the negotiations become and so realistic the play-acting of Agent Dexheimer and Bates and his acquaintances that at times it must have seemed even to Dexheimer that he was, in truth, a mining man from Dakota with gold to sell, as he pretended to be.

As might be expected, double-dealing entered into the price negotiations. Dexheimer cut the price for the gold he was supposed to be selling to Bates from \$33.50 an ounce to about \$22; in this Bates did not see a warning but only a chance for more money. They said they would split the difference three ways among themselves and Landau. Dexheimer said this arrangement must be kept secret from his "boss," whom he described as "one of the biggest people in Chicago," a "big broker on the Board of Trade [dealing] in millions of bushels," a man whose initials were C. I. Landau later told Bates that C. I. was one Charley Ingram; when Bates could not find Ingram in the telephone directory or the Board of Trade's membership roster he concluded not that Dexheimer was trying to trap him but that Dexheimer simply was concealing, reasonably enough, the identity of his "boss."

The attempt to coax Bates into disclosing just what he was up to continued at

meeting after meeting. Landau was with Bates almost constantly, urging him to produce his foreign agents. "He was forever shivering," Bates testified. "He was always wanting a cup of coffee." Bates liked Landau and later even made him a partner in his electrical business; he explained that Landau possessed shrewd business acumen, and thus complemented Bates, who was primarily an engineering man.

At various meetings Dexheimer, too, put pressure on Bates to produce his higher-ups. Finally in the Morrison Hotel, late in October, Bates told Landau and Dexheimer that he had made arrangements to sell the gold and that they would have to go to New York to meet the buyers. Dexheimer wanted assurance that the trip would be worth while and Bates said he had arranged to sell 25,000 or 30,000 ounces the first time.

The trail seemed to be getting hot.

The negotiations now went into details. Dexheimer, who was supposed to be producing the gold which Bates would help him sell in New York, said he would send the gold from his mine to New York by car. Bates wanted to go to New York October 31st, but Dexheimer held out for November 1st so that they might arrive on a day when the banks would be open; thus he sought to create the impression that he was taking no chances that the gold buyers would try to pay him in counterfeit currency. Bates agreed to this and asked Dexheimer to take with him some samples of the gold to show to the buyers.

Bates said he had called his people in the East, had told them his plans, and had asked them to have in readiness new currency in denominations not larger than \$50. He added that the captain of the submarine would come in with the large-sized American bills "that had been seized from the captured people of Europe . . . the gold was to be left in a room in the hotel, protected by the machine guns they [Dexheimer's people] had brought with them. I did not see any machine guns, but was assured [by Dexheimer] there were plenty of them there, and if anyone got the idea he would steal this gold, it would be very unhealthy for him. They would leave the gold on the table,

and my people would walk in with the money to purchase that gold. We would give them that money on the side of the counter; then we would walk out with the gold and leave the money there. After having taken the gold, they could check up and determine whether or not it was the type of gold they were going to give us. They could go out and check the money. After we found the gold was all right, we could leave the money and walk out with the gold. That same thing would be repeated until thousands of ounces of gold had been negotiated." (The change of person used here by Bates, apparently unintentionally, is curious.)

Bates admitted later he could not figure out how the old outlawed currency was to be exchanged for new money. He showed Dexheimer a large-sized \$10 bill and said it might be the kind that the gold purchasers would bring. (He later testified that he had carried this bill as a curio for about four years, having purchased it from a numismatist because it was printed the year he was born.)

The transaction promised to be an enormous one. According to Bates, "The amount of gold that was involved was between \$750,000 and \$1,000,000. How much that would be in size or packages I cannot estimate . . . I never saw that much money."

II

AT LAST the three men, Bates, Landau, and Dexheimer, set out upon the journey to New York that Dexheimer must have thought might bring him to the end of his trail, with the German agents caught red-handed. What did Bates think? What was he really up to? That is the puzzle we confront as we follow the developing evidence in the case.

The three men left Chicago for New York on the *Commodore Vanderbilt* at 3:15 P.M., November 1st. Also on the train but in another car—and unknown to Bates—was Agent Marvin W. Lewis of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, who had been assigned to shadow Bates. In deference to Dexheimer, Landau and Bates gave him the lower berth while they shared an upper. The three of them spent most of their time in the club car. Dexheimer

(according to Bates's testimony) said he had shipped the gold to New York in three automobiles, each protected by machine-gunners in case Bates intended to have the load hijacked. They exchanged unpleasanties. (Dexheimer denied the various references to machine guns and gangster methods.) According to Dexheimer, Bates warned him to beware of being followed in New York. Then, leaving the club car, Bates said, "After a minute, stop by and I will show you something." On their way to the diner Dexheimer and Landau stopped at Bates's Pullman space and he displayed a bar of gold and silver about two and a half inches long and an inch and a half wide. It was inscribed "J. Myra to Mary" and bore the state seal of Virginia and an assayer's seal. Bates told Dexheimer (the agent testified) that "this bar was given to him by Kobelt's connection for identification with the people in New York."

But Bates, in his own testimony, had a different story about this bar of gold. He declared the truth was that he had obtained the bar, a collector's item, from a numismatist in Chicago, Frank S. Smith—the codefendant who, like Bates, was convicted of conspiracy. And here we run into another puzzling element in the case. For Smith too had a curious story to tell.

It appears that Smith, born Frank Sawrosobyz (a name he can't spell) in Lithuania, had come to the United States in 1909 when he was seventeen and had gone to live in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, where he worked in a chair manufacturing plant. He became a citizen of the United States and by 1943 his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, and his grandson lived with him above his own factory at 2267 Clybourn Avenue. In addition to manufacturing furniture he bought and sold coins, a hobby which began when as a youth he found a tin can of rusty coins along the shore of Lake Michigan. Smith first met Bates about 1938, when Bates sold him \$283 worth of coins. (Bates has claimed that this odd sum of \$283 suggested the figure \$83,000 which he told Dexheimer was the amount of gold he had sold, not to a numismatist, but to German agents.) After 1938 Bates and Smith saw each

other about twice a year on numismatic business.

In October of 1942, according to the testimony, Bates asked Smith to come to his office and told him he represented wealthy acquaintances who had millions of dollars in gold ingots and bars for sale. Smith asked if the bars bore government markings and Bates said they did not. Smith testified, "I told him I could not handle that kind of bars; he asked if I knew of anyone that could handle them. I told him this kind of business is different from other business, it is sort of a confidential business, and you have to look around to find who can handle it." He gave Bates the address in Philadelphia of Ira Reed, a large and reputable coin dealer. Then, apparently to safeguard his own commission, Smith telephoned Reed. When Smith told Reed that the gold did not bear federal markings, Reed said he wasn't interested.

Smith tried to relay this intelligence to Bates, but Bates already had gone to Philadelphia. Here he induced Reed, ill with a cold, to open up his shop on a Sunday, but when he told Reed that he had bar gold to sell, Reed replied he did not handle it. Before leaving, Bates asked the price of a set of china in the showcase, and when Reed quoted it, "I nearly fell over." From this came Bates's suggestion that Reed use the word "china" as code for "gold" if he ever wrote to Bates telling him of anybody who could handle the big gold deal. Bates then returned to Chicago and told Smith that Reed wasn't big enough, and Smith suggested a New York dealer named Max Berenstein.

Thereupon Smith telephoned Berenstein long distance and told him that he was in touch with people who wanted to sell millions of dollars' worth of gold; Berenstein said that no transaction was too large for him. (Bates later testified that one point bothered him: if Berenstein consented to buy the gold, how could Bates convince Dexheimer that Berenstein, a Jew, was a Nazi agent?) On the occasion of this phone call Bates procured from Smith for \$55 "on a memo" the little bar of silver and gold which he displayed to Dexheimer and the informer Landau on the train bound for New York. Smith

identified it as a collector's item, made sometime between 1832 and 1841.

These efforts of Bates to find a legitimate buyer for the gold he thought he could get from Dexheimer appear excessively naïve. Certainly they are not the actions—if they can be accepted at face value—of a foreign agent. It is difficult to reconcile them with Bates's known shrewdness. Yet testimony did not suggest the possibility that Bates might simply have been lining up alibi witnesses in case he were caught.

WHEN the train stopped at Harmon two more FBI men swung aboard. At New York Landau and Dexheimer went to the Governor Clinton Hotel, where the government had made reservations for them, and Bates went to the Commodore, where he had to wait in line at the desk to get a room, so many FBI men had got there ahead of him.

About an hour later Bates called Dexheimer and told him he believed he had been followed from Grand Central Station to the Commodore, and he warned Dexheimer to be very careful "because he was going to meet his people." With FBI agents shadowing him Bates went to the office of Max Berenstein, the numismatist. Bates said he had gold to sell and Berenstein asked him what kind. Bates replied that it was bar gold and Berenstein said he was licensed to buy only DE's (\$20 double eagles). Bates asked what DE's were, and Berenstein asked him what business he was in. Bates told him he was in the electrical business and offered his gold at \$28 an ounce. Berenstein said he wasn't interested. Bates left. (Later in the day he returned and cut the price to \$24, but Berenstein, using the word "illegal," advised him to drop any such transaction and to go back to Chicago and take care of his electrical business.)

From Berenstein's office that morning Bates walked south on Madison Avenue and bought a couple of neckties and some socks; then he went to the New York Central general offices on Lexington Avenue and bought a model locomotive for his son, paying \$3.30. After depositing this at his hotel he went by subway to the Battery. Either at this time or later in the day he eluded his FBI shadows by changing sub-

way trains quickly. (Bates himself claimed he got lost and, discovering he had boarded the wrong train, got off and took another. But since testimony hinted that the Navy might have been guarding New York Harbor that morning against the possible entrance of the submarine which Bates had mentioned, it is easy to see why Bates's disappearance somewhere between midtown and the Battery caused consternation among the numerous government agents.)

Dexheimer, waiting at the Governor Clinton, did not hear from Bates till about three that afternoon, when Bates telephoned and said "he was with his people waiting for the arrival with the money from across, but that for some unknown reason there was delay. . . ." Dexheimer asked where he was but Bates said he couldn't tell.

By Bates's own account he spent this afternoon in calling on officials of the Anaconda Copper Company and the International Telephone and Development Corporation in regard to some inventions in which Bates was interested with an inventor named Kurt Erich Schimkus (who was to become another codefendant with Bates in this gold case).

Bates telephoned Dexheimer about seven o'clock in the evening and, Bates testified, Dexheimer demanded, "Where the hell have you been?" and told him to come to Dexheimer's "very beautiful room," as Bates described it. There, in Room 2446 at the Governor Clinton, Dexheimer tried to find out if Bates was taking him and Landau "on a wild-goose chase," if he was "putting us on the spot." Bates denied it and "said that he could not control the arrival of the submarine." Bates said he had spent the day waiting in a warehouse near the waterfront. "They looked at me askance and said we would go out and eat."

They went to Dinty Moore's restaurant on West 46th Street and ordered corned beef sandwiches and Bates paid the check, about \$10. They left and went to a movie, "The Moon and Sixpence," but, Bates testified, "it was a morbid picture and we did not stay there long." Through the dimout they went back to their respective hotels and went to bed.

ABOUT 10:30 A.M. next day Bates told Dexheimer that he had contacted his New York connection and that this man was "very suspicious," "afraid something had happened." So Bates had telephoned his connections in Chicago and had been instructed to return to Chicago at once. Therefore Bates had made three reservations on the Pennsylvania Railroad's *General* for that same afternoon. Thereupon Dexheimer and Landau upbraided Bates—"their speech was forceful . . . not the same nice cajoling voice"—and Dexheimer said indignantly that Bates was "full of hot air," that Bates had come to New York on private business, that he never had anybody to buy the gold, that he had put Dexheimer to the useless expense of shipping the gold under machine-gun guard, and that "he thought it a lousy trick."

Bates attempted to placate Dexheimer, who left the room and returned in a moment with a bar of gold under his dressing gown. (He had procured it from an FBI man stationed by prearrangement in a nearby room.) Dexheimer threw the gold down and accused Bates of not knowing Kobelt.

Bates and Dexheimer exchanged more sharp words but in the end they returned to Chicago that same day. On the way Bates played pinochle with Landau for stakes of 25 cents a hundred, double on spades—"if you do not know how to play it, it is disastrous"—and lost \$30 or \$35 to the informer. Dexheimer continually brought up the expense of this fruitless trip to New York and wanted to know who was going to pay for it, Bates testified. His tone, Bates said, was threatening on this and subsequent occasions. Dexheimer denied this. Bates, to appease him, promised to introduce him to "Kobelt's lieutenant" on their return.

III

IN CHICAGO the next morning Dexheimer telephoned Bates, who said that he had contacted Kobelt's lieutenant, that this man would not meet Dexheimer because he had been ill, but that he would telephone Dexheimer at a public phone booth which would be designated by Bates if

Dexheimer would call Bates at 9 A.M. the next day.

Dexheimer thought he saw here an opportunity to nab Kobelt's lieutenant. So he conferred with FBI Agent Lewis and with J. R. Harmon, Special Agent of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, and they made the necessary arrangements. The next morning, when Dexheimer called Bates at 9 o'clock, Bates told him to be at a public phone, the number of which was Dearborn 4944, in the concourse of the Northwestern Railway Station at precisely 11 A.M., two hours later, and said he would receive a call from Kobelt's lieutenant, who would be identified by the code phrase, "This is it." Dexheimer immediately passed this information on to Lewis and Harmon, then went to the designated phone booth at about five minutes before eleven. From here he called Harmon again as a precautionary measure. Then he hung up and waited.

At exactly 11 A.M. the phone rang and Dexheimer answered it and heard Bates's voice say, "This is it."

Another voice came on, a voice with a guttural accent which sounded German, and this voice said, "My name is Otto; I don't know you. You have to be—we have to be very careful of our meetings and of our conversations in this kind of a business . . . if anybody would catch us it would mean death." According to Dexheimer's testimony, he asked Otto if he were a German representative there in Chicago, and Otto said he was; he asked Otto if Otto would handle the transaction in Chicago and when the money would arrive, and Otto replied that he would notify Bates when it arrived so that arrangements for a face-to-face meeting could be made.

Meanwhile, of course, Lewis and Harmon had spotted the source of the telephone call. Bates and "Otto" had made it from a public booth at the Milwaukee Avenue National Bank at 1200 North Ashland Avenue. Lewis hurried there and, by questioning various bank employees, established that "Otto" had been none other than Frank S. Smith, the numismatist.

That, at least, is Dexheimer's version of the episode. Here is the defendants' ver-

sion: that Bates went to Smith and told him he was afraid of Dexheimer and his machine-gunners and that Dexheimer demanded reimbursement for his expenses to New York; that Smith, in reply, curtly advised Bates to cease associating with "gangsters"; that Bates said he would be glad to do so as soon as he could get them off his neck; and that finally Bates induced Smith—partly by appealing to his friendship and partly by hinting that Smith too was in danger—to make the phone call, posing as Otto and speaking a few rehearsed lines which were meaningless to Smith. Smith testified that, as Otto, he only disclaimed responsibility for the expensive New York trip and told Dexheimer that the deal would go through if they but had patience. Smith denied that anything was said over the phone about Nazi agents; he added that later that day he asked Bates to leave him alone. Bates testified he once had known a bartender named Otto and that this had suggested the name. As for the credibility of this version, as compared with the other, you will have to judge for yourself.

During the next couple of weeks nothing much happened. Part of the time Dexheimer pretended to be out of town. Landau saw Bates almost daily and, according to Bates's testimony, told him that Dexheimer was a "‘deadeye Dick’ and could shoot dimes off telephone poles at a couple of hundred feet." Dexheimer was mysterious, Bates testified. On one occasion Bates showed Dexheimer a letter in German, mailed to him from Germany and purportedly signed by a "Mr. Goering." (This, Bates testified, had been sent to him about 1933 when, after several American oil companies had declined a device designed to conserve used motor oil on grounds they were in the business of selling, not conserving, oil, Bates had offered it to the German government.)

On November 14th Agent Lewis of the FBI, apparently acting on advance information, went to the Chicago Municipal Airport at 6:25 P.M., and at 7:00 Bates and his wife and two children came there. At 7:20 an American Airlines plane came in, and Smith got off and met Bates in the airport lobby. They shook hands and went to a corner and talked "out of hear-

ing of anyone else for about five to ten minutes." Subsequently Bates told Dexheimer that he had met "Otto," who was going "to a designated place" to make arrangements for the gold purchase. The defendants later explained it all this way: Smith, the numismatist, had gone to Washington on November 9th to deliver to the Egyptian Legation nearly \$10,000 worth of rare coins which the King of Egypt had ordered from him; when he returned by plane he only chanced to meet Bates, who had gone to the airport to arrange a reservation for the president of the St. Louis electrical equipment manufacturing company whose products Bates sold.

Five days later Bates told Dexheimer that he knew he was being followed by FBI agents and that, to cover up, he was going to the FBI office and was going to ask why agents were snooping around his house. Bates did this, and the FBI Agent-in-Charge, A. H. Johnson, asked him if he had a guilty conscience. Bates said "he was going to use a shotgun on anyone peeping in there again."

IV

ABOUT this time the third man who later was accused (but acquitted) in the conspiracy arrived on the scene. He was Kurt Erich Schimkus, and he was a German alien, the only German alien among the defendants or witnesses. Moreover he was the inventor of a "death ray" which works and which is at present a war secret. It was in regard to this "scheme to explode powder at a distance without any connection" that he first came to the United States in 1930, when he was about twenty-four years old, at the invitation of the Patent Exploitation Company. He had been born and educated in Germany, and he was a chemist specializing in electrochemistry. However, his invention was abandoned temporarily and he remained in America only four months, returning to Germany, where he remained until 1933. Then he returned to Chicago and went to work as a research chemist for the Utah Radio Products Company. Here, about 1934 or 1935, he met Bates. Except for a brief visit to Germany in 1935 Schimkus had remained in the United States thereafter,

marrying; he had lived most of the time in Chicago.

Apparently Bates had secured a "gentleman's agreement" to promote Schimkus's inventions, and in 1942 Bates was instrumental in obtaining a research position for Schimkus with the George A. Stutz Company. Bates was interested in several of Schimkus's inventions, in one of which he invested about \$500, and Mr. and Mrs. Bates were entertained several times by Mr. and Mrs. Schimkus in their home at 141st Street and Blue Island Avenue on the far South Side. Once, in June of 1942, Bates gave Schimkus a specimen of mineral to examine for gold content. It was iron pyrites, or fool's gold.

On at least one occasion Agent Lewis, trailing Bates about Chicago, saw him and Schimkus call at the United States Army Ordnance Department, in the First National Bank Building. Ordnance officers were interested in a rust-proofing solution and in other of Schimkus's inventions, and visited him in his jail cell after his arrest in the gold case.

He first was drawn directly into Bates's activities in the conspiracy on December 14th. Ten days earlier Bates had told Dexheimer that arrangements were complete for the purchase of up to a quarter-million dollars' worth of gold in amounts of \$25,000 to \$30,000 every other day, but that his connections wanted to see samples of the gold. Dexheimer refused to let Bates or his associates drill one of the bars but said he would drill one himself and submit the drillings. Dexheimer then went to a smelting company and obtained some drillings, which he placed in two small envelopes and took to Bates's office on December 14th. Outside, Agent Lewis was waiting inconspicuously in a parked car.

At 5:10 P.M. Lewis saw Bates appear in front of his office building, holding in his hand a small envelope (which Lewis, of course, had been told about in advance). Almost immediately a trolley car stopped at the street corner. Bates stepped to the rear of the car and handed the envelope to Schimkus, who was waiting on the rear platform. The trolley car moved off at once.

Again the defendants had an innocent

explanation for a seemingly suspicious act: they claimed they made the arrangement to save time for Schimkus, who was in a hurry to get home.

Schimkus made a superficial test which indicated that the drillings were gold, and he so reported to Bates, who gave the drillings back to Dexheimer and promised that the actual transaction would take place very shortly. After a certain amount of pressure which, Bates testified, included arguments by Dexheimer that he needed to put the deal through before Christmas so he could visit his aged mother, the long-anticipated meeting was arranged for December 22nd, in the Morrison Hotel in Chicago.

V

AT THE Morrison Hotel the government rented an expensive suite, No. 1531, for Dexheimer, and agents littered it with empty liquor bottles, including some which had held champagne, in order to create the impression that Dexheimer had lived there quite a while and that he was a wealthy man of the world. Agent Lewis hid in an adjoining room behind a door from which a strip of molding had been removed to afford a view of 1531. Other agents were in nearby rooms, well supplied with bars of gold. Dexheimer and Landau went to the suite, and about 4 P.M. Bates arrived. He brought a bottle of whisky with him, apparently the only full one in the room; the defense made much of the drinking which went on.

Once more the government seemingly approached the verge of triumph. Dexheimer's elaborate play-acting as a Dakota miner had not succeeded in trapping the Nazi agents in New York; but now Bates, the supposed go-between whose actions had been so consistently mysterious, appeared ready to produce them. Everything was ready for a mock sale of gold to them in order that the government might learn just who they were and how they operated. The stage was set.

And what happened? Let us begin with Dexheimer's account. According to Dexheimer's testimony, Bates told Dexheimer and Landau "that he made arrangements for one of the Nazi repre-

sentatives to come to the room and have a final discussion as they were now ready to make purchase of gold." Then Bates made a telephone call, left the room for nearly an hour, and came back with Schimkus.

Bates had a different version of this episode. He claimed that a good deal of pressure was put on him by Landau and Dexheimer to "dig up somebody" who, as Landau put it, would do as a German agent; and so Bates called Schimkus and asked him to come to the hotel and meet some friends. Schimkus didn't want to but Bates talked him into it and went out to meet him at the elevated station. There Schimkus accused him of having been drinking and asked whom Bates wanted him to meet. Bates named Landau, whom Schimkus already knew, and another man. Schimkus wanted to know what was going on and Bates told him that "I wanted him to go up and tell them he was my contact; that I wanted him to tell them he was a Nazi agent, that that was what they expected to meet. I told him he should tell them he knew all about the transaction . . . and that everything would go through O.K."

To this (according to Bates's testimony) Schimkus replied, "My God, how can I do that? I am a German. I am an alien." But Bates pleaded with him, telling him, "I am in trouble and I got to get out and you have got to do it," and so, reluctantly, Schimkus went to the room with him and was introduced to Dexheimer.

Schimkus's own version of all this differed slightly from Bates's; he said that Bates told him he had led a wealthy mine owner to believe "he had a contact man for the International Banking Trust"; that Bates told him he would have to do nothing but answer affirmatively the questions which would be asked; that Bates did not use the word "Nazi," that Bates said he needed a man with a German accent, and that he, Schimkus, somehow got the idea that Bates was "playing detective" for a U. S. Alcohol Tax Unit man whom Bates professed to know. Schimkus protested unavailingly he didn't know how to act as a contact man.

Scarcely had he entered the suite when Bates and Landau led him on an inspec-

tion tour, opening closet and bathroom doors and assuring him that "everything is all right." This baffled Schimkus, he testified, but Bates whispered something to the effect that "this has to look real." They all had a drink, and Schimkus "went to the washroom because I felt ill." He heard Bates assuring Dexheimer that "I [Schimkus] was the man."

According to Lewis, the FBI man who was listening from the next room, Bates said to Schimkus, "I have done everything you have told me, told everything to Mr. Dexheimer and to Mr. Landau. Now we have come to that point where it is impossible to go further. I have tried to keep your identity out of this as much as possible; now it appears if we are to proceed any further, the next move is, I want you to tell these men everything that you have told me and I want you to tell them who you are, what your connections are."

Then, Lewis testified, Bates said, "And we don't want to have any witnesses to this transaction . . . if anybody tries to prove a conspiracy against us"—and so, mentioning the showing of the gold, Bates led Landau out of the room. They went across the street and bought two quarts of whisky and returned to the second room of the suite, where they waited.

According to Dexheimer this was the conversation between him and Schimkus:

Dexheimer asked if Schimkus was the Nazi representative who would handle "this transaction" and Schimkus replied, "Yes, I know all about it."

Dexheimer asked, "Do you know about the trip, our trip to New York, my conversation with Otto? . . . Who is Otto?"

Schimkus said, "Well, that is a man that Mr. Bates refers to in this picture. He is one of the men that knows about this whole transaction."

(Schimkus testified that, when Dexheimer asked him if he knew Otto, he replied, "What Otto?")

Dexheimer testified he then asked, "Mr. Schimkus, did you make the test for the gold, or do you know about it?"

"Yes, I know all about it, and I made the tests, and that is gold, the stuff that we want."

"How much [do you want] to pay at this time?"

"We will take \$250,000 worth, but no one will trust anyone with that much money at any one time, but will make buys of twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars every other day until the \$250,000 purchase are made." (Schimkus did not testify to this.)

Dexheimer asked what would become of this gold and Schimkus gave an answer which Dexheimer thought had something to do with international transactions. (Schimkus, testifying, was equally vague.) Dexheimer testified that Schimkus expressed doubt about "whether there would be that much gold," and Dexheimer left the room three times, returning each time with a bar of gold worth seven or eight thousand dollars which he obtained in Room 1503 from another agent. Schimkus examined the bars and said, "This is the stuff we want. That is nice."

With the exceptions already noted Schimkus did not contradict, in essence, this version of the conference. He added that, when Dexheimer said he knew Schimkus had made munitions in Persia for the German government, he acknowledged it, although, he testified, he actually had been in Persia a long time before, making cosmetics. Schimkus also testified that he denied he belonged to the Nazi party and said he told Dexheimer that "the Nazis and Republicans were fighting all the time" and that he himself was interested in an international banking trust which disregarded nationalities.

After this conference Bates and Landau came back into the room and, according to Dexheimer's testimony, "Schimkus spoke up and said, 'Why all of this fooling around? You could have got hold of me in the first place instead of running around and I could have had the deal over a long while ago.'" Bates poured a drink. Dexheimer and Lewis testified that Schimkus proposed "Heil Hitler"; Schimkus denied it was he who proposed this but added that "it was said, more than one said it"; Bates claimed they all said it and that he himself added "a little appendage" which delicacy prevented him from repeating in the courtroom but the initials of which were "S. O. B." They played pinochle and had a few drinks and, Schimkus testified, "I went a number of times to the

washroom and threw up." About midnight the party broke up.

Nothing more happened. Perhaps Dexheimer, fearful of arousing suspicion, did not want to force the situation at this first meeting with Schimkus. Perhaps, as the defense seemed to hint, the liquor contributed to the negative result. However, such inconclusiveness is not unusual at meetings of this type; usually it can be attributed to mutual distrust, feigned or real.

Dexheimer saw Bates only once thereafter; on this occasion he accused him of stalling and threatened to drop the matter. Bates pleaded that he would turn over to Dexheimer the dies for stamping twenty-dollar gold coins; the Germans would pay \$60 for each twenty-dollar coin. But Dexheimer said he was disgusted, and left.

After that Bates did only one thing more of interest: one cold morning he took the informer Landau on a long streetcar ride out to 95th and South State Streets. They had made the trip at Bates's suggestion to pick up the dies, but these did not materialize; instead the two men simply breakfasted at a dining car and went back to the Loop, transferring to an elevated train en route because Bates thought they were being followed. It must have been about this time that, Schimkus testified, "I told [Landau] to try to get Mr. Bates to forget playing detective and similar things, and to try to settle down to do something for the rust-proofing process, to sell it."

Bates was arrested on March 16th in his office. Landau was with him at the time, and Bates thought Landau and Dexheimer were arrested too. To explain his activities he told a fictitious story about having negotiated with Dexheimer for the purchase of some real estate; he later testified that Dexheimer had suggested this story, and he stuck to it until, several days after his arrest, he learned from Landau that Dexheimer was actually an undercover agent for the Secret Service. Schimkus was arrested at about the same time; while awaiting trial he lost fifty pounds or more, and, Bates testified, "Mr. Schimkus is now so emaciated, my heart bleeds when I look at him; I didn't know what I was

doing to him when I led him to the Morrison that day."

The trial began on October 4, 1943, before Federal District Judge John P. Barnes and a jury. Assistant U. S. Attorney Maurice V. Walsh prosecuted the case, under the direction of U. S. Attorney J. Albert Woll. Bates and Smith were convicted; Schimkus was acquitted. On October 19, 1943, Judge Barnes committed Bates and Smith to the custody of the Attorney General for a year and a day. They are now at liberty on appeal bonds. Schimkus, of course, is free.

SURELY this was an extraordinary case. A Secret Service agent, suspecting a man of having contact with German agents for the disposal of American gold to the enemy, poses as a miner who has illicit gold to sell, and tries to get his suspect to produce the German agents. He is taken to New York to meet them, and the trip fizzles. Then the suspect produces by telephone what he has said would be a German agent, and the man proves to be a non-German numismatist. Again, after further negotiation, the suspect produces what he claims is a German agent, and this man (Schimkus) proves to be so unconvincing as a gold-buyer that a jury subsequently acquits him. That the Secret Service agent was play-acting throughout was quite natural: that was his job. It is Bates's defense that he too was play-acting. Was he? Did Dexheimer play so convincing a part that Bates stalled him along with the idea of improvising some way of making a profit out of this strange charade? Did he actually invent his "German connections" for this purpose? Was he doing what he said he was doing on the trip to New York? Later, why did he produce Smith, and then Schimkus, and why did they let themselves be produced in such a dangerous connection? What was actually going on in Bates's mind during all this elaborate maneuvering?

You will have to guess for yourself. For this case was not an invented detective story; it was real; and there is no omniscient author to explain everything at the end. The complete truth may never be known.

HORSES IN THE SKY

JAMES BOYD



THE ex-Cavalry Colonel stood with the other officers at the edge of the pine wood and looked at the blackboard.

"This, gentlemen," a staff major was saying, waving his piece of chalk in one hand and his pointer in the other, "represents the wood where we now stand. This is the small sandy field in front of us with its farther border of pine woods. We will assume . . ."

The ex-Cavalry Colonel looked away across the faint pattern of old furrows under the broom straw and the tumbleweed to the dark dense wall of pines and then up to the North Carolina sky. He was tall and slim and the gray hair of his head fitted him like a close furry cap as he held his hat under his arm and stood quiet and straight. He had not wanted to come here to observe a demonstration of air-borne tactics, even though it brought him back to his own state. He had been a young cavalry officer in the days when the horse still carried prestige, and though now he had become G2 of a large new impressive cantonment he was without enthusiasm for modern warfare. Why had the ancient profession of arms had to pick his particular lifetime in which to turn mechanical? Why, of all people, had he been sent to see this show? Cavalry was what he knew.

As the Colonel thought about this the Staff Major continued to talk in a precise, military way. The observers were to as-

sume, it seemed, that the fields were in rear of the enemy lines and near an enemy airfield and subsidiary base. They were to assume that the various elements to be employed represented larger elements; that, as employed, they were not to be considered as a normal tactical force. There would be a simulated attack on the assumed enemy base. "Assumed," the Colonel thought, "simulated." He mastered a yawn.

PRESENTLY the Staff Major had vanished and also the blackboard. Nothing stood between the group of observers and the faint mist of wire grass in the old field and the darkness of the pines beyond and the brightness of the sky and the small round clouds.

Overhead, then, a light hum seemed to come and go and soon to fill the sky. The Colonel made out a flight of heavy-shouldered transport planes, group after group, in triangular formation, making long columns in the sky. The drumming rose to bursting as the formation seemed to hang almost motionless; then came in front of a cloud and was seen to be moving. As the Colonel looked it passed two more clouds; the leading elements dove down with a wheeling motion, leveled off, and burst into simultaneous bloom. Like blossoms the parachutes showered down in a dense white cloud; a second cloud followed and a third, all white except for

here and there a canopy of red or blue. The canopies and the swinging dots of men below them sank behind the trees. Through gaps he saw men strike the ground and stumble or run or roll while their luminous chutes tugged at them and rocked and wallowed, collapsing slowly. Then the dots were free, were running together into the woods and firing, except for one or two who lay still on the ground.

Signal Corps men were dragging their wires and strange devices around close to the Colonel's legs, and soon there was a radio loudspeaker quacking forth another modern young officer's dry voice. "Gentlemen," it said, "you have just seen the paratroops go into action on what is marked Drop Zone A on Photographic Aerial Mosaic Map II. Similar attacks, but in less strength, are being made on Drop Zones B and C. The attack which you are witnessing is being made by a brigade plus the following elements: two batteries of paratroop artillery, one company of engineers, one signal company, one medical detachment, one ordnance detachment, one military police detail. . . ."

While he spoke they began to hear the faint popping of carbines coming to them on the light breeze. There were mysterious sounds in the loudspeaker and then the young officer's voice again. "Gentlemen," it said, "please do not intrude on the edge of the field. Please do not circulate. The glider troops are about to arrive in support. The first tows have cut loose at 2:34; they should be here in three and a quarter minutes."

The Cavalry Colonel waited, standing withdrawn. Suddenly a shadow fell on him: enormous. Over his shoulder, brushing the treetops, a great silent shape skimmed down; its wheels touched in a flurry of sand; its tail came up like a fighting tarantula and there was a slight hollow rumbling in its belly as it rolled over the broken ground. It lurched to a stop. Instantly, little men—looking little, at least, under the wingspread—were running out of it, their helmets strapped down, their wicked-looking carbines in their hands. Behind them there was another shadow, another hollow rumble: another glider pulled up, gently rocking.

The scene then lost cohesion. The

gliders were coming in from everywhere now, at all angles to the wind, sliding up fast over the treetops in front, behind, right, left; great glassy-headed dragonflies that ran high-tailed or stopped with grinding brakes. One spewed out a small white parachute from its tail to check its speed; others, having cast their wheels, came in on their long ski-like skids and coasted down the field in fountains of dust. All the while, more close-helmeted men with carbines were running into the woods.

In the middle of this almost silent violence, the Colonel heard the thump of .75 pack-howitzers and saw, across the field, a drift of light blue smoke. Men with long gun barrels and tripods were running out of the holds of the gliders that were slipping in, and soon there was the crack of anti-tank guns.

Still the gliders came into the little field. One drew his bead too fine and ripped the tip off his neighbor's wing. There was a crackle as a small pine was mowed down by another. In the open space still left, still another set down. Two men of its crew ran forward and lifted the cowl high; like a rabbit from its burrow a jeep popped out and scuttled toward the firing in the woods. The Colonel laughed.

By now the incoming gliders were crowding the field like a parking lot. Engineers were unloading small bulldozers, and signalmen had broken out a reel of wire and ran it forward toward the firing in the trees. Two last gliders came in and settled, rocking slowly, in the last open space.

"Well, well," thought the Colonel, "this is quite a circus. Quite a show."

"**S**ITTING ducks." A hard voice was in his ear. "Duck soup, Colonel. Just when they come in. One machine gun could get a dozen of 'em."

He was a young pilot, a chunky, ruddy, black-haired captain with wrinkled hat and leather jacket, and he was as familiar in his manner to the Cavalry Colonel as he would have been to an Air Force colonel.

"Are you an observer, Captain?" the Colonel inquired stiffly.

"Me? Not much, sir. I just flew some of those generals down from Washington. I'm a pilot."

"And know all the answers, I suppose," the Colonel said.

"Well, sir," the pilot answered promptly but judicially, "most of the answers in the air. And in the air, those kites are sitting ducks."

The Colonel turned away. He was disposed to watch the maneuvers of these curious people from the sky who by now, among other amenities of warfare, had set up a dressing station and an ordnance repair shop complete with power tools. The ordnance men spun their air compressor a couple of times to show that it worked, then waited disconsolately to be of service. Meanwhile litter-bearers began to appear with simulated casualties. Great was the dressing station's zest when a white-faced private was brought in with an actual broken leg.

The loudspeaker was quacking again. "Attention please, gentlemen. This concludes the afternoon's tactical performance. Your transportation will arrive shortly. It is requested that each officer take pains to occupy the vehicle assigned to him."

II

THAT night after supper it was dark—not totally, but the darkness of a starlight night without a moon. In a long line of jeeps they bumped over old furrows to another field, smaller than the one they had watched that afternoon. Soon after their lights were put out they heard the towplanes overhead and saw their small red lights and the small white lights of the gliders that rode astern. These disappeared and they were left again in the silence and in darkness broken only by two hooded lights in the little field beside them, lights too faint to be seen on the ground at two hundred feet. Gradually they resumed talking until cut off by the loudspeaker's voice: "No matches, gentlemen; no cigarettes from now on, and also silence, please."

They searched the sky then, but never saw a sign. At last, however, they heard a faint whisper not far off the ground and then the faint hollow rumbling that they had heard this afternoon. That was all—no more. But at its end they were con-

scious that right before them, not thirty feet away, a great shape had come to rest. Another followed shortly, landing close beside it. Then there was quite a pause; it was only when they heard the bump of a canteen against a carrier door that they realized that a third glider had come in and that the troops were leaving it.

Two more followed, much like the first, and the Colonel and the other observers had given up trying to see them, either on the ground or in the sky, when far above they heard celestial music; at least it was coming from heaven and was faint and high and unearthly. What it actually played, up there in the sky, was "They Cut Down the Old Pine Tree." A few supposed that it was some trick of radio, but the music kept moving through the heavens and they realized that there was a sixth glider and that in that glider a band was playing for their entertainment. The tune changed to "Coming In on a Wing and a Prayer" and the music swung great circles under the stars and finally came to rest in the little field beside the other gliders.

For the first time, there was a comment from an observer: "Great day," a flat Western voice said, "ain't that Americans for you? Who else," it explained plaintively, "would think of a fool thing like that?"

THERE was applause then and the lights came on and the ten-piece band marched up and so did the glider pilots and the air-borne infantry, and all the visiting officers closed around them and asked them questions. Flight lieutenants and even privates were being closely listened to by persons of rank. The ex-Cavalry Colonel overlooked one circle and cocked an ear.

"The lights on the field are infra-red," a pilot was saying to the ring around him. "And we have infra-red goggles. So we see them for miles up there. No, sir," he said, "we can't see the ground; oh, sometimes you kind of think you see it. But what you do," he said patiently, "is to feel for it with your wheels." He stopped as though that ended it.

"Well," a general asked, "and then what do you do?"

"Then you come forward with your stick," the pilot said, "but of course you want to be quick."

There was a thoughtful pause. "Do you mean to say," the General said, "that you can do this anywhere?"

"Oh yes," the glider pilot said tonelessly, "wherever we have two lights. On any field. Or by moonlight without lights," he added. "On any field."

"All right, you're down," the General said; "then what do you do?"

"Unless the CG is to be picked up again, we go into action with the men."

"General," an Official Voice said, "we consider our glider pilots about the most all-round fighting men in the world today." An Official Finger pointed at the glider pilot. "He is trained to fly powered ships," said the Voice, "then to fly gliders; he receives full infantry combat training; he flies his men to the fighting front and leads them into action when he gets there."

Thus exhibited, the glider pilot hung his head and, seeing that the General was momentarily distracted by the Official Voice, he seized the opportunity to back crabwise out of the circle.

The old Cavalry Colonel smiled to himself. Nice boy, he thought.

He looked at the men again, at the pilots in their flying helmets, at the infantry in their close steel hats. The faces, impassive, showed up sharp in the beams from the jeep headlights or were half hidden in the shadows between. These were the world's newest foot soldiers. The newest version of the oldest arm. The paratroopers with their pants tucked in their boots were dashing fellows: thought well of themselves and had a right to. But here were men who with no extra pay, no different uniform, had simply been assigned by authority to sail fantastically through the skies. The paratroopers broke legs and sometimes spines, but when these men had trouble it was apt to be final—when something happened, as it did now and then, to a glider, there was no way out.

Having just arrived, at some risk, out of the void, the men stood around now patiently waiting for orders. The eternal infantry: the sort of men who had formed the Army of Northern Virginia, and also,

for that matter, the Army of the Potomac. The Colonel's heart warmed to these men: he knew them of old and understood them.

But mostly, as he stood there, it was cavalry that he was thinking about. He sought out the pilot who had called these air-borne troops duck soup.

III

IT WAS late and empty in the officers' mess when the Cavalry Colonel and the pilot came in. The Colonel sat down and rapped on the table. The barman, walking in his sleep, came round the corner of the bar. The Colonel turned back to the pilot and drew in his long, thin legs. "Sit down, my boy," he said.

The pilot sat down, very upright and chunky, and looked at the Colonel with bright black eyes.

The barman was standing muffled in sleep like a cold hen.

"What will you take?" the Colonel said.

"Oh, anything," the pilot said, "anything at all."

"Then," the Colonel said, "I think we will have some bourbon."

"Sir," the barman said, "we got nothing but beer."

There was a long silence.

"Very well," the Colonel said quietly, "beer." He turned to the pilot. "Well, what did you think of it this evening?"

The pilot shot back a half-grin. "Still sitting ducks," he said. "It's been all gags, Colonel. Tonight, trick stuff with hooded lights; this afternoon, the gliders and the paratroops coming down—like Christmas tree ornaments."

"They are not, I am told," the Colonel said, "so easy to hit as they seem. Like Canada geese."

"Give me an M1," the pilot said. "And I'm not even supposed to know how to shoot."

"But from five hundred feet," the Colonel said, "the carriers come in hedge-hopping; suddenly they jump, the canopies open, and they're on the ground and out of their harness in seconds."

"Shucks, Colonel," the pilot said, "I'd get them."

"But would you be there?" the Colonel said. "That's also a part of war. To be there. How can you know where to be? They may land anywhere."

"Even if I missed them, sir," the pilot said, "there they are in the rear of our lines without support. I'd get them sooner or later."

"But between sooner and later is all the difference," the Colonel said. "To get there first with the most men"—which is actually what Forrest said: he was no total illiterate—between that phrase and the phrase 'too little and too late' lies all the science and all the accident of war. We can seldom get there both first and with the most. If we did, few actions would be fought. But we can often do very well if we get there first with the fewest." The Colonel eyed his beer distastefully. "Even to get there second with the fewest will sometimes do," he said, "if the surprise is complete. You've heard the news from Italy," the Colonel said, "about the German tank park?"

"No, sir." The pilot spoke as if the news could not be much.

"One of these fellows this afternoon told me that during the crisis at Salerno it was decided to drop a parachute battalion behind the enemy's lines. Air reconnaissance picked a suitable field—'drop area' I believe they call it—and the men were jumped at three o'clock that morning. Everything went off as planned. But they landed"—the Colonel's mustache bristled in a faint smile—"on top of a German tank park that had moved into the field during the night. The surprise, of course, was mutual, but with this difference: that the Americans were armed and awake. So they killed the Germans and destroyed the tanks.

"They could do this more readily," the Colonel added, "because the Germans had set up machine guns to protect the park. When our men landed, the machine guns' crews opened fire. But they were firing blindly in the dark and since the guns were set to traverse against attack from outside, they had no effect on our men but they did prevent the Germans in the park from getting out.

"A hint there, maybe," continued the Colonel cheerfully, "of what a problem

the defense will have to face from now on! Attack may come from inside as well as from outside, or from inside *and* outside. It's something the defense has never tried to handle before and it will take quite a lot of figuring." The Colonel stopped talking and appeared to be doing some figuring himself.

"Well, Colonel," the pilot said, "what happened next?"

The Colonel roused himself. "By the time the enemy headquarters had organized measures," he said, "the Americans had taken to the hills, from which they contrived to raid the German lines at night until they made contact with our Army. It was an affair"—the Colonel's voice trailed away reflectively—"that would have pleased Jeb Stuart."

The pilot seemed amused at this. "Jeb Stuart, yes," he said. "Cavalry raids." He imitated galloping horses by patting the table and then emitted a muffled rebel yell. "But, Colonel, what does it add up to?"

"More than you might suppose," the Colonel said. "I have inspected some of the stuff they are jumping here today—.75 pack-howitzers, 37-millimeters, trench mortars; medics and cooks and signal companies, engineers with light tools and even gasoline saws and air compressors. They can jump all that. And we have seen what they can land in gliders."

"Why, Colonel," the pilot said, "they'll be scattered all over the place."

"They are being scattered now," the Colonel said. "By the high command."

"How did you find that out, sir?" the pilot asked with some respect.

"I found out nothing," the Colonel said, "just guessed. All high commands are the same. They always, if I may use the term, piddle away a new tool. Look how the British wasted the tank, how the French wasted the anti-tank gun, how we were wasting our Air Force."

"By gosh, you're right, there," the pilot said. "They had us sprawled all over."

"CONCENTRATION of force," the Colonel said. "Why do they suppose that law will ever change?" He pointed toward the panes of the window, black except where two stars showed. "Already

we have enough stuff out there to strike a blow. The paratroops come down and then the gliders. Or perhaps they come together, the heavy stuff in gliders, the men jumping; they form a front, they take or build an airstrip; then the transports land. And air support."

"Well, but, Colonel," the pilot said, "what's the enemy doing all this time?"

"He may not have spotted us in time," the Colonel said. "After all, there are a hundred places we can land."

"But if he is set to stop us?" the pilot said.

"Then, of course, there will be a fight. Our bombers will have to smother his defenses."

"If they can," the pilot said.

"If the enemy cannot stop us from bombing Berlin, how can he stop us coming in a mere ten miles? And what are *we* also doing? Attacking his front opposite where we have landed. As he resists our frontal attack, our paratroops and glider troops attack his front in its rear. In rear," the Colonel said, "the great dread of all soldiers."

"Well, Colonel," the pilot said, "how will we keep those air-borne troops supplied?"

"You might ask," the Colonel said, "how will the enemy keep his own front supplied where we have occupied its rear areas? It is *his* people who are cut off, because they are supplied overland and we have dropped an army across his supply line. But *our* people can be supplied because we will supply them by air. The way the British supplied their Burma raiding force."

"All I can say," the pilot said, with professional detachment, "is that I'd like to have a crack at them."

"You would have a crack," the Colonel said, with equal detachment. "But by the time you concentrated your air force we would be dug in. And our air force would be laying for you. You could easily be too late."

"No army," the Colonel continued emphatically, "can be always ready everywhere. The problem has been bad enough in the past. But now—" The old Cavalry Colonel gave the pilot a blazing distant look. "Everywhere back of your lines,

for hundreds of miles, no field, no open space, no wide place in the road would be safe from attack. You would have to watch these places, to dilute your forces, to spread them so thin that the bubble finally would burst.

"**A**LL today," the Colonel went on, "as I've watched these people and what they were up to, I've been thinking about horses."

The pilot looked puzzled. "How's that, Colonel?" he said.

The Colonel ignored him. "The plane," he said, "is a horse, inferior in all respects to a true horse except that it can fly."

"Colonel," the pilot said, "have you ever ridden a P38?"

"*Except that it can fly*," the Colonel repeated, "and can, therefore, ride over the enemy's flank instead of around it. Now what is the history of the horse in warfare?"

The pilot shook his head.

"First he was used for scouting," the Colonel said. "A quick look over a hill, then scamper away and tell the news. Then," the Colonel said, "he was used for raiding and his firepower was built up with bows and javelins and lances. Next came the mass attacks—the Scythians, I suppose, and the Tartars—and the heavy cavalry of Napoleon's time: the heavy dragoons, big horses, big men, the cuirassiers armored against attack, all these squadrons riding in close formation, rolling the enemy under. At least demoralizing him, if he could be demoralized." The Colonel smiled. "Otherwise accomplishing nothing decisive. But Nashville—" The Colonel checked himself. "Did you ever hear of the Battle of Nashville? Or General James H. Wilson?"

"No, sir," the pilot said, "never did."

"They represent," the Colonel said, "one of the most dramatic moments in the War Between the States, and a landmark in the history of warfare. Yet no one seems to have heard of them."

The pilot had nothing to say.

"Sherman's march to the sea is now accepted as obvious," the Colonel said, "but it was not so regarded at the time. At the time," he said, "he and his army simply disappeared on an unheard-of wild-

goose chase. While this army was lost, Hood, who had opposed Sherman, moved up against Schofield in Tennessee and drove him out of Franklin. If he could also defeat Thomas at Nashville he could free all of Kentucky and Tennessee and have time to turn on Sherman before Sherman could help Grant's siege of Richmond. It would at the least prolong the war indefinitely and the North was about getting ready to quit. There was talk of a compromise peace."

The Colonel rapped on the table absent-mindedly. "Two bourbons," he called out. "No ice, plain water."

The barman with his shoulders hunched and his eyes on nothing came out from the bar and halted by the Colonel. "Sir," he mumbled uneasily, "we got none. We got nothing like that."

"Beer, then," the Colonel said with restrained exasperation. "So Hood shut Thomas in Nashville just as Grant had shut General Lee up in Richmond and the North waited to see what would happen. So did we." The Colonel paused.

"Well, sir, what did happen?" the pilot said.

"Nothing," the Colonel said. "Finally, the North could not stand it. They began telling Thomas he must fight. Thomas refused to fight. Said he was waiting for horses for his cavalry."

The barman arrived with the two glasses on a Coca-Cola tray.

"The North never trusted Thomas," the Colonel said, "because he was a Virginian. Absurd, of course." He looked severely at the barman, who stood waiting as patiently as a horse. "Finally, as weeks passed without action, everybody up there lost their nerve. Grant himself started for Nashville with orders relieving Thomas. On the train he got word that the battle had been fought. The Battle of Nashville." The Colonel dropped two dimes on the barman's tray. The barman woke up with a start and moved away. "Hood was a good general," the Colonel said. "I suppose no first-class general has ever taken such a whipping. He went into the fight with 63,000 men and came out with 15,000. Lost his trains, his guns, everything. He never had an army again. What had happened?"

"Colonel," the pilot said, "I don't know a thing about it."

"Wilson," the Colonel said. "James H. Wilson. He was Thomas's cavalry commander and Thomas let him carry out his ideas of how to use cavalry."

"Now, Wilson's first step was this: he got nine thousand cavalry together and kept them together. That was what he and Thomas had been waiting for: to build up that enormous supply of horses. The next step was firepower. He armed the men with Spencer repeating carbines: the newest, fastest-shooting thing. But above all, he taught them to fight on foot. So"—the Colonel leaned forward—"the morning the action started, Wilson's nine thousand cavalry rode round Hood's left flank—and remember the position was thoroughly fortified—dismounted and, before Hood could reinforce, rolled it up with an infantry attack. Then"—the Colonel tapped the table sharply for emphasis—"they were back on their horses and in pursuit. Every time Hood tried to make a stand they would dismount and attack him again. If the rains had not flooded a river or two Hood could have lost every man he had."

"**D**ID it ever occur to you to ask"—the Colonel tapped the table again—"why Sherman's march should have knocked the whole Confederacy out of the war? He ran off the stock and burned the crops on a forty-mile strip, then he was gone. Why should doing that paralyze a country as big as Europe?"

"I don't know, Colonel," the pilot said. "I've heard about Sherman, but I never thought much about him."

"No one has thought about him to any purpose," the Colonel said. "Otherwise they might have wondered why the South's defense collapsed because Sherman had stolen some Southern ladies' tableware. The fact is that while Sherman was marauding, the South was being finished by this Wilson. It was Wilson who snuffed out any attempt to reorganize forces in the South. And what," the Colonel said, "was Wilson's notion?"

The pilot did not answer. He waited, expectantly.

"To use the horse as transportation for firepower."

"He was a smart guy," the pilot said.

"It is because you don't know the past," the Colonel said, "that you cannot see the future. But I see it. This new horse of yours, the plane, follows the tracks of the old horse. First he was used for scouting, then for raiding, and now you boast of your massed charges across the sky. But these people here"—he waved at the blank window—"are using your horses to put the fighting men where they are wanted; and in warfare, to the end of time, the place where the fighting man is wanted is on the ground. That," the Colonel said, "is where war is decided; everything else is a preparation for it.

"So what you have is a horse that can put the fighting man on the ground, around the flanks, over the flank, anywhere, faster than ever before. The enemy must guard every open space, every field, every depot and base. And guard them pretty heavily because he will have no time to move troops up after the attack starts. Hood's infantry could move at two and a half miles an hour, Wilson's cavalry at five. Only twice as fast. And look what he accomplished. But these sky divisions move at a hundred miles an hour. Forty times as fast."

"But what about panzer divisions?" the pilot said. "Air-borne don't move forty times as fast as panzers."

"Panzers are always limited in numbers and by roads and terrain," the Colonel said, "but in any case their best speed is twenty miles an hour. So that even if all the enemy's troops were motorized, we would still have an advantage of five to one. He will need reserves close to all important forward points in order to meet the threat of our hundred-mile-an-hour infantry.

"Yes," the Colonel said, "the new horse is here. But whether we know what to do with him depends on two things. On two men rather. We must have a Wilson to forge the tool. And we must have a Thomas in the high command who will let him forge it and let him use it."

The Colonel reached for his glass. "I propose a toast to the James H. Wilson of this war."

"Well, Colonel," the pilot said, "I declare I never expected to hear you propose a toast to a Yankee general."

The Colonel looked on the pilot sternly. "General Wilson may not be a Yankee this time," he said. "Any more than General Thomas was a Yankee last time."



RELIGION AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

VIVIAN T. THAYER



THE issue of church and state, long dormant in American life, is coming to the fore again. For the depression and the war have brought a steady and accelerating growth of religious instruction in our public schools, and this new trend brings into conflict large bodies of earnest people who want it to go still further, and other citizens who fear that it will foster division and disunity in a population as varied in creed and background as ours.

Various methods of introducing religious education into the public schools are already employed. In some communities, predominantly of one denomination or one faith, the churches and the public schools join in selecting religious teachers who thereupon conduct regularly scheduled classes on school time and often in the school building. In other communities religious education is recognized as a normal function of the regular teacher. For example, a city school system in the South reports as follows:

Assembly is held three times a week, opened with Bible reading and prayer; usually the Lord's Prayer is repeated in concert. For variety Bible verses are memorized and repeated in concert. Once a year the minister of each denomination is asked to speak at assembly period. Each Monday the children are asked if they attended any Sunday School or church the preceding Sunday. A record is kept.

Still a third method is more sensitive to the American conception of the separa-

tion of church and state. This is the method of "released time." For example, in a number of states, children of parents who request it are excused from school at a given hour once a week to attend religious classes in church schools. Probably a thousand or more communities in the United States have in operation plans of this sort.

On the surface the method of released time seems to avoid the constitutional difficulties that have prevented school officials and church authorities from joining forces for the religious education of children. Nevertheless in ten states (California, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York, Oregon, South Dakota, and West Virginia) it has seemed essential for the legislatures to approve specifically a released-time program. Elsewhere such programs have relied upon decisions rendered by school officials, in accordance with the general provisions of the law, or on rulings of state attorneys general. (The rulings have been by no means unanimous: in eight states the attorneys general and court decisions have authorized the release of pupils from school for religious instruction, while in three states the attorneys general have ruled against it.)

IF WE are to understand the nature and significance of this re-emerging issue we must look into its background.

First we should remind ourselves that public schools represent a relatively late development in our educational history. American schools originated as sectarian, religious institutions. Not until roughly 1830, in the period of Jacksonian democracy, did public education at public expense become an accepted policy; and not until the court decision in the famous *Kalamazoo* case in Michigan, in 1874, was it clearly established that taxes might be levied in support of public high schools as well as public elementary schools.

It was natural that the states, in providing for public education, should insist upon the principle of separation of church and state; for this principle was commonly embodied in state constitutions and had become generally accepted as a cardinal principle of American life. It had not been abruptly arrived at. The first settlements in America had been religious settlements undertaken by people who wanted to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Only gradually did they come to see that the right they claimed for themselves was a duty they owed to others. The governments that they set up were originally Congregational in Massachusetts, Anglican in Virginia, Catholic in Maryland. But new settlements brought new religious sects, religious tension increased, and only the tolerance and the foresight of men like William Penn in Pennsylvania, and the practical need for finding ways in which diverse groups could live together with some semblance of harmony in a polyglot religious community, gave birth to the concept of religious freedom. In order to insure this freedom the colonies and later the states gradually adopted the policy of benevolent neutrality toward all religious groups and special favors toward none—the policy that we characterize as the separation of church and state.

Naturally the schools reflected this development. They, too, began as narrow sectarian institutions, designed to instruct young people in the tenets of the true faith and to breed fear and hostility toward unbelief and unbelievers. But denominational schools were difficult to finance, so gradually they opened their doors to children of various other Protes-

tant sects, and accordingly the instruction tended to become less sectarian. By 1830, when Jacksonian democracy gave impetus to the development of public schools, publicly supported, the principle of non-sectarian instruction was already fairly well established.

From nonsectarian instruction the next step was to secular instruction. The change came slowly, but by the beginning of the present century a combination of factors had succeeded in altogether eliminating religious instruction from the public schools in most of our states. These factors were (1) the objections registered by Jews, Catholics, and nonbelievers to "non-sectarian" instruction that was essentially Protestant in character; (2) a belated recognition on the part of liberal religious groups that the forcing of religious doctrines upon children of alien mind was an ineffective method of promoting these doctrines; and (3) the widespread secularizing influences in American life that tended to divert men's minds from religious preoccupations.

DURING the period from 1830 to the present the tide of court decisions on this question has ebbed and flowed. While the constitutions of many states forbade religious instruction in public schools, common practice and court decisions were slow to interpret these prohibitions as applying to the reading of the Bible or the repeating of the Lord's Prayer. For example, a Maine court in 1854 sustained the expulsion of a Catholic child from school because of his refusal to read from a Protestant Bible; and both a Kansas and a Texas court, in 1904 and 1906 respectively, refused to consider the reading of the Bible and the use of the Lord's Prayer as running counter to the Constitution or to statutes prohibiting religious worship and sectarian instruction in the school-room. An annotation of the Wisconsin Statutes of 1898 was typical of a general atmosphere in which non-Protestant, agnostic, and atheistic groups fared badly. It stated that Constitutional prohibitions against sectarian teaching referred exclusively "to religious doctrines which are believed by some religious sects and rejected by others," but that "to teach the

existence of a supreme being of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, and that it is the duty of all men to adore, obey, and love him, is not sectarian because all religious . . . sects so believe and teach."

On the other hand, there was a steady drift toward secular instruction during the last quarter of the last century and the first quarter of the present one. In 1872 the Board of Education of Cincinnati forbade the reading of the Bible in public schools. In 1890 the Supreme Court of Wisconsin held that the reading of the Bible was unconstitutional on the ground that it constituted sectarian instruction. In 1902, 1910, and 1915 respectively the Supreme Courts of Nebraska, Illinois, and Louisiana rendered similar decisions. Soon other states began to follow suit in practice if not in law. As Howard K. Beale points out in his *History of Freedom of Teaching in American Schools*, liberal groups, including liberal Protestant ministers, united in the 1870's with Catholics and Jews as well as agnostics in a campaign for public schools that would be truly free of religion. Gradually these efforts bore fruit; whereas, for example, as late as 1903 ten states still required the reading of the Bible in the schools, by 1913 only two insisted upon it.

Naturally this trend was affected by the arrival in America of great numbers of immigrants with new and strange religious views. In many localities these immigrants were greeted with suspicion and fear; hence the insistence of many of the older American groups upon defining nonsectarian instruction in Protestant terms. On the other hand, the objection of Catholics and Jews as well as liberals to defining nonsectarian instruction in Protestant terms appealed to fair-minded people and gave impetus to the exclusion of all religious teaching from the schools. Gradually many came to believe that a principle which barred the teaching of material in dispute between Protestant sects should also bar the teaching of material in dispute as between Protestants, Jews, Catholics, and even nonbelievers.

The same motive of fair play to Catholics, Jews, and others led gradually also to the provision that no public funds should be used to support denominational or private schools. In 1875 President

Grant suggested the adoption of a constitutional amendment that would forbid the teaching of religious tenets and prohibit "the granting of any school funds or school taxes . . . either by legislative, municipal, or other authority, for the benefit or in aid, directly or indirectly, of any religious sect or denomination." The purpose of advocates of strict neutrality was not antireligious; Grant and others were equally insistent that the Constitution be altered, if necessary, in order to insure that the schools be safeguarded from "pagan" and "atheistic" tenets. But some of these advocates were animated by an impulse less generous than that of fair play: they wanted to exclude Catholic and other "foreign" sects from the benefits of public support. As a result of this mixture of motives, laws were enacted and clauses written into state constitutions prohibiting the use of public moneys on behalf of sectarian schools. By 1903 state aid for religious schools was forbidden in thirty-nine states.

IT is interesting to observe the attitude of Catholics toward these developments. As Howard K. Beale indicates in the volume mentioned above, Catholics were torn between a desire to keep their children in parochial schools and a desire to free both Catholic children and Catholic teachers from the necessity of using the Protestant Bible in public school classes. Consequently, in the third quarter of the nineteenth century Catholics joined with Jews, freethinkers, and other dissidents in opposing the reading of the Bible and all compulsory nonsectarian religious instruction in the public schools, while at the same time they strove to secure public funds with which to develop parochial schools; and in cities where Catholics won political power they succeeded both in eliminating the Bible from the schools and in securing the employment of Catholic teachers.

On the whole Catholics have consistently maintained the position that the state should support denominational schools. It is fairly generally accepted Catholic theory that schools should be administered by the churches and supported financially by the state. Thus at a meet-

ing of the American Federation of Catholic Societies in 1906 the following declaration of policy was adopted:

First, let no public moneys be paid out for religious instruction in any school; secondly, let the educational per capita tax be distributed for results in purely secular studies only in our Catholic schools, our teachers receiving their salaries as other teachers receive theirs; thirdly, to obtain these results let our schools be submitted to state or city examinations.

Evidently this is still an accurate statement of Catholic policy and accounts for repeated efforts on the part of Catholics to secure financial assistance from state governments with which to ease the expense of maintaining parochial schools.

THE attitude of orthodox Jewish groups toward the public schools is different. In general, they have united with opponents of religious instruction in the public schools because they considered this instruction biased. Consequently, they have preferred on the whole to use the weekday synagogue school for religious education as well as for instruction in the Jewish heritage. They have thus tended both to avoid the parochial school and to oppose the idea of a released-time program.

It is clear from all this that religious instruction has never been barred completely from the public schools in the United States. Nor is it wise to infer that it is any longer on the wane. Anti-evolution laws in Southern states represent one means for insuring a religious interpretation of the origin and nature of man. The prohibition against sectarian instruction, where this prohibition exists, is variously interpreted, meaning often in homogeneous communities merely the elimination of items upon which Protestant sects disagree. At the other extreme we can find school systems, particularly in heterogeneous communities, that interpret strictly the principle of separation of church and state. In these schools all mention of religion is carefully avoided, textbooks or discussions in history or the sciences that relate to controversial topics are carefully eliminated, and the suggestion that a program of released time be introduced is interpreted as a reversion to an unenlightened past.

II

How shall we explain the new trend toward religious instruction under public auspices?

The most potent factor is doubtless psychological: fear of impending change—change in manners and morals such as that which characterized the “revolt of youth” in recent years; fear of fundamental alterations under way in our economic life; fear of changes in government, particularly those threatened by foreign “isms” such as fascism and communism; fear on the part of organized religious groups that without state intervention large numbers of children will grow up strangers to religion.

Seldom do fears operate singly. Particularly are men adept at utilizing the fears of their neighbors in order to ward off threats against their own sacred preserves. Accordingly, economic conservatives see in religious instruction one means of teaching respect for traditional property rights; religious groups, fearful of the effect of science upon conventional religious ideas, and incidentally upon church membership, say that there is a necessary relationship between religious belief and adherence to the democratic form of government; and political conservatives, citing the attacks upon religion that followed the adoption of communism in Russia or national socialism in Germany, use religious orthodoxy as an instrument with which to ward off both political radicalism and political liberalism.

Nor should we lose sight of the traditional notion, so commonly accepted uncritically, that religious belief is essential for moral development.

A simple statement of this attitude appeared a few years ago in a letter to the *New York Times*, when the proposal for a released-time program was pending before the Board of Education. Said the letter:

A good Catholic can never be a bad citizen. Likewise, neither can a good Protestant or a good Jew fail in his civic or moral obligation. If, as one authority has said, there are hundreds of thousands of “spiritually hungry and spiritually naked” children in New York City alone, then a challenge exists that must be met promptly and fully. These children, to be good citizens, are in desperate need of religious orientation.

A similar line of reasoning prompted the legislature of the state of Maine in 1939 to authorize provision for moral instruction of pupils in the public schools in accordance with their religious faith.

Naturally church authorities see certain practical advantages in tying religious education to the public schools. In the first place, it constitutes an easy and effective means for reaching the children of the unchurched as well as the church. For example, W. Dyer Blair wrote in the *Church Monthly* of the Riverside Church of New York City for May, 1940, "Neither the Sunday, the vacation church school, nor the young people's societies, nor all three combined, reach as high a percentage of the total youth group in a great many communities as does the weekday church." And in the second place, weekday instruction enables religious groups to provide better-trained teachers and better teaching than was possible under the Sunday-school plan of volunteer instruction.

RECENTLY an influential group of liberals in religion has brought forward a new argument against secular education. They say that it offends against the fundamental tenets of modern education by not meeting the needs of the whole child. Affirming a fundamental weakness in Western culture—that it is shallow and superficial, lacking an integrating spiritual principle—these liberals argue that we need to provide a more adequate framework of values for men to hold in common.

These people also contend that the present secular character of education tends to perpetuate the weakness and superficiality of our culture by setting religion apart from the rest of life. This group, in the words of Professor F. Ernest Johnson of Columbia University, would like "to see the same attention given to the religious life of the community as is given in the social studies to business, politics, art, and public welfare." If the curriculum is to be built around "life experiences," they say, how absurd to leave out religion, as if it didn't rate inclusion!

When we ask ourselves precisely what sort of ultimate program these people wish we do not receive an altogether clear

answer. Obviously they would like the schools to be more willing to introduce *knowledge about religion*: to include comparative religion on the higher levels, to refrain from excluding material touching upon religion and religious institutions in history and the social studies, and certainly to inform children about the religious life and religious groups within their own communities—all as an inherent part of the school curriculum. But evidently this is only one step in the total program suggested. Professor F. Ernest Johnson, for example, writing in the *Information Service* of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, distinguishes sharply between sectarian and religious education, arguing that state laws exclude the former and not the latter from the schools. Religious education, he holds, does not consist of doctrines which divide religious groups from each other, nor does it include necessarily specific doctrines. Religion concerns itself rather with those "assumptions concerning the good life which hold society together; with belief in the value of reverence and in the importance of belonging to a worshiping, working, religious community; with devotion to the ends that find their meaning outside the scope and span of the individual life—in short . . . spiritual values that make for the unity of a dynamic culture." Consequently, he argues, religion should assume a central role in the education of every child.

It is obvious, of course, that religious education of this character cannot be provided for adequately by released time. Indeed, Harrison Elliott and other religious educators, who view religion as a community experience, criticize the plan for released time precisely *because* it constitutes a divisive element in the child's experience and introduces still another atomistic element into the already broken-up experiences of children. "Children," says Mr. Elliott, "are nurtured in Christian life and experience, not by knowledge of the Bible or the creeds of the church per se, but through their choices and their experiences in home and school and community." Consequently, Mr. Elliott departs from the proposals of many of his colleagues in religious education and urges

(1) that provision be made for dismissed time for which the school is in no way responsible; and (2) that within this time (considerably more than one hour per week) the churches should organize an adequate program that involves children within the life of a church community.

III

WILL religious education under public auspices realize these worthy aims? There is little in our past to sustain such a hope.

Indeed there is grave danger that the opposite will be true: that a revival of religious instruction within the schoolroom—or under conditions that require school officials to check and control attendance upon religious centers—will keep alive or fan into flame old religious and racial animosities. Certainly in the past the unfortunate tendency on the part of many zealots to identify morality with conformity to their own religious presuppositions has by no means fostered “assumptions concerning the good life which hold society together.” On the contrary, as Charles and Mary Beard have pointed out in *The Rise of American Civilization*, it was the bickering and rivalry between religious sects that constituted one of the original motives for the establishment of secular schools.

Since those days our public education may have failed in many respects, but one thing it has done. It has contributed much toward unifying children of diverse racial, national, and religious origins. In recent years, serious fissures have occurred in American life. There has been an insidious growth of anti-Semitism. Conflicts between blacks and whites have flared into race riots. Intolerance of minorities has been widespread. Our American unity is sorely tried. Is it not an unfortunate time in which to use the school as an instrument for calling attention to the differences between children of Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish faith?

And what of the rights of the child who falls outside these conventional groupings? Many parents have severed their church connections or retain only a technical church membership. They wish to post-

pone, if not to eliminate, the religious issue for their children. These unchurched parents are required to face an unfair dilemma. Shall they expose their children to the charge of being “queer” or “godless,” or shall they conform and insist that their children receive instruction in a context to which they object?

Nor is this danger confined exclusively to the unchurched. It applies wherever a child belongs to a conspicuous minority. In overwhelmingly Catholic sections the finger of deviation will point to the Protestant. In a Protestant locality all non-Protestants will be identified as unbelievers. It requires little insight into the principles of mental hygiene to realize that this situation is charged with psychological as well as social danger.

It is commonly assumed by those who oppose our secular schools that religious instruction is a necessary condition for the moral education of children. But surely there is little evidence that moral fiber is dependent upon orthodoxy of any one kind. Who will contend, for example, that the principles we admire in an honest business man, an incorruptible judge, or a faithful public servant derive from convictions that mark him off as Baptist, Presbyterian, or Methodist, or as Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or skeptic? Indeed, one could even argue that religious education as commonly provided has very little influence at all upon morality; witness these excerpts from a recent paper by Dr. Negley K. Teeters, Professor of Sociology at Temple University:

Some years ago, Dr. George Rex Mursall, chief psychologist of the Ohio Department of Welfare, examined comparable groups of boys in the Ohio Reform School at Lancaster and of supposedly law-abiding children outside. He found that the inmates of the reformatory had received fully as much religious training as those outside. He concluded that “it seems safe to state that there is no significant relation between religious training and delinquent or non-delinquent behavior. . . .”

Professor Hightower of the University of Iowa, after testing 3,000 children for lying, cheating, and deception, concludes that “there appears to be no relationship of any consequence between Biblical information and the different phases of conduct studies. . . . It indicates very definitely that mere knowledge of the Bible is not in itself sufficient to insure character growth.”

I am not saying that religious belief is unrelated to morality. Obviously faith can sustain and anchor our moral ideals as well as move mountains. But this does not mean that adherence to any one religious belief or to any faith at all, as religion is conventionally conceived, is indispensable for moral character. The popular notion puts the cart before the horse.

Character, moral behavior, grows out of a way of life which people not only profess in common but practice in common; and where profession is sincere it is the practice rather than its conscious formulation that is primary in educational growth. Accordingly, if we are genuinely concerned that our children shall acquire habits and ideals of honesty, fair play, self-control, generosity, and respect for the personalities of others, we will have to create conditions of living in home and school and community that embody these ways of acting, feeling, and thinking. In short, moral ideals as moral practices evolve out of the culture in which men participate. They are rooted in the common and approved ways in which people deal with one another. In so far as religious ideas give body and substance to these assumptions of living, they do so after the fact. As John Stuart Mill long ago pointed out, it is not religion that sustains morality, it is the moral life which men live that prompts them to create, each one for himself, or each group for itself, a religious justification for this behavior. Certainly in a land to which people have come from all parts of the earth in order to better their own lives and the lives of their children, it is a condition of mutual freedom to recognize that morality derives from what men hold and value in common rather than from what distinguishes them as Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Mohammedan, skeptic or atheist.

If this position is sound, the introduction of religious instruction in the schools for the purpose of improving morality may have the result of encouraging the school to neglect or to delegate responsibility for a task that is uniquely its own: that of character development.

Among the profound changes that have taken place in our modern schools in re-

cent years, the most widespread and most valuable has been the attempt to transform schools for schooling into schools for education. The emphasis has shifted from instruction in matters largely verbal to the guidance of boys and girls into experiences of varied types, academic and nonacademic alike, that reorganize and reconstruct experience; that give new quality and substance to their lives; that encourage intelligent ways of seeing, feeling, and acting toward man and nature. The modern school, the progressive school, may have erred at times in practice but its heart has been in the right place. It conceives the primary function of education to be that of providing opportunities for children under guidance to create and recreate their lives.

It is this idea that gives validity to the insistence that the history of American culture should receive more serious attention than of late; provided, of course, that this history be used to refine and temper our standards of living. It likewise sustains the position of those religious liberals who insist that education should develop a framework of values which men can hold in common. But it does not sustain their contention that religious instruction is indispensable for this purpose.

IV

FINALLY a word needs to be said about the complications with which religious instruction confronts the school administrator.

Suppose he wishes to maintain the scrupulously neutral attitude toward the interests of religious groups that the public character of his school requires. His first problem relates to the enrollment of children in classes in religion. How shall these classes be established and conducted without improper encouraging of one denomination as against another? How can he safeguard the interests of those parents who dissent altogether?

In one community known to me, the school at the beginning of the school year sends a card to the home of each child with instructions for parents to check their preference between two statements: (1) "I wish my child to receive religious instruc-

ion"; (2) "I do not wish my child to receive religious instruction." There are, however, only two well-established religious denominations in this community, Roman Catholic and Lutheran. What reply, under the circumstances, should a parent give who does not belong to either one of these church groups? And by what right is the school put in the position of exerting pressure upon minorities on behalf of one or more dominant religious organizations? In this particular community the small number of deviant children in the school are subjected to taunts and jeers on the playground and the street from the children of the major religious groups.

Nor should we overlook the fact that one purpose of the weekday religious school, as its advocates see it, is to bring into the church fold the children of the unchurched. Toward this end, in many a community, the schools are expected to "co-operate." How can the administrator do this without abandoning his neutrality?

Then, too, there is the problem of providing substitute experiences of an educational character for those children who do not attend the religious classes. In some communities the school provides special periods in the arts and crafts, or dramatic play, or special assistance in academic work. But this commonly brings forth objections from religious groups to the effect that it constitutes unfair competition. Similarly the attempt of some schools to provide instruction in ethics during this hour has been interpreted as an unfriendly effort designed to undermine religious instruction.

These objections may seem small-minded. They are; but unfortunately it is the lot of the school administrator, all too often, to encounter molehills endowed with a tendency to develop into mountains.

If it is hard for the school as a whole to avoid entangling alliances in connection with religious instruction, it is equally difficult for teachers, who are in intimate contact with the children, to deal wisely with the issues raised. A recent survey of the operation of the released-time program in New York City, conducted by the Public Education Association, cited many

violations of neutrality on the part of teachers—instances in which teachers brought pressure to bear upon children to enroll in religious classes, despite the severe injunctions of administrative authorities to the contrary.

As a result of its study of the actual operation of the released-time program in New York City, the Public Education Association has recommended that the public school be freed from direct responsibility for the enrollment of children in religious classes conducted in religious centers. It suggests that parents and the religious schools should take the initiative in these matters, thus relieving the school of responsibility for the recording and the checking of daily attendance—a task that now consumes hours of public school time and involves considerable expense.

In accordance with these suggestions, parents would request the public school authorities, at stated intervals, to excuse their children from school to attend the church schools. The public school would honor these excuses and dismiss children for the purpose indicated on the days indicated. (In New York this is the last period of the school day on Wednesdays.) At this point the church school would be asked to assume its responsibility as a school, and to become responsible to the parents for the attendance and the conduct of all children enrolled with it.

This arrangement would enlarge the authority and responsibility of the church school, would encourage it to develop closer relations with parents, and would free the public schools from the embarrassing duty of enforcing attendance upon classes over which they have no authority or control.

This plan might reduce the attendance at religious classes, especially in communities where the attendance has depended upon the police power of the public school rather than upon the quality of teaching in the religious school. But by what authority can private agencies use the public schools to maintain their existence? Certainly it is both fair to religious organizations and a matter of plain justice and kindness to the children involved to insist that religious classes survive only so long as they can maintain the loyalty and

the co-operation of the parents and the children for whose welfare, presumably, they exist.

V

THE introduction of religious instruction into the public schools has been accompanied by attempts, on the part of many Protestant and Catholic groups alike, to secure state support for private and parochial ends. For example, religious forces succeeded, in 1938, in persuading the President's Advisory Committee on Education to recommend that federal funds be used to provide services, such as transportation, for children in non-public schools. Since then state legislatures have been urged—not without success—to pass legislation of this sort: New York State, for instance, has actually authorized the use of state funds for the transportation of children to parochial schools; and efforts have also been made, in New York and other states, to permit state funds to be appropriated for the purchase of textbooks to be used in parochial schools.

Thus are we called upon to define anew the relation of church and state in the sphere of education. An issue that seemed well on its way toward settlement a few years ago elbows its way once more to the fore.

But it is not altogether a case of history repeating itself. Several elements in the problem are new.

For example, the position of the Catholics is different. Some years back it was the objection to the reading of the Protestant Bible in the schools that led Catholics and Jews as well as agnostics to fight for schools free of religious complications. Today Catholics in many localities are endorsing the released-time method of religious instruction, and some of the most vociferous attacks upon our secular schools have come from Catholics. This gives significance to the following words in the Pope's Encyclical addressed to the Church Hierarchy of the United States in October, 1939:

We raise our voice in strong, albeit paternal, complaint that in so many schools of your land Christ is often despised or ignored, the explanation of the Universe and mankind is forced within the narrow limits of materialism or of rationalism, and new educational systems are sought after which cannot but produce a sorrowful harvest in the intellectual and moral life of the nation.

And there is another difference between the contemporary situation and that of a few years ago. As we have seen, it was jealousy and fear on the part of Protestants toward Catholics and Jews that led to early restrictions upon the use of state funds in support of private and parochial schools. They were determined that our government should not aid religious sects which they feared. Today these objections are disappearing as religious groups begin to see advantages in all sharing alike in the bounty of the state. Accordingly many Protestants as well as Catholics are looking to the state for financial assistance for schools of a religious persuasion. Under these conditions it is important to observe that the principle of the separation of church and state in the United States has often meant in practice merely an insistence upon a neutral attitude on the part of the state toward all denominations, not a condition of non-intercourse. In other words, constitutional restrictions and legislation have hitherto grown out of disagreements between sects. Will they survive a period in which private and parochial schools unite in pleas for assistance with which to solve their financial as well as their religious problems?

A few years ago the secular school was enthusiastically acclaimed as an American answer to the problem of educating children of diverse religious, racial, and national backgrounds in a spirit of peace and unity. Today the integrity and validity of this secular school are being challenged. It would be tragic if the challenge succeeded and the result were friction and disunity; and no one, perhaps, would be more dismayed than earnest men and women who are the present proponents of the change.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE SOLOMONS

NO. 2. THE TOKYO EXPRESS

FLETCHER PRATT



In the first article of this new series Mr. Pratt told of the landing of our Marines on Guadalcanal and Tulagi on August 7, 1942, our defeat at sea off Savo Island on the night of August 8th, and the Battle of the Eastern Solomons on August 24th which frustrated a Japanese attempt to retake Guadalcanal. He now resumes the story at that point.—The Editors

WITH the opposing fleets rocking north and south from where the carrier *Ryujo* burned to her doom and planes down all over the sea, the confused night of August 24th closed the first phase of the struggle for the Solomons. It left us with the possession of the field of battle, which is nine points of the law of war; but it was a possession precarious. The appearance of seven Jap destroyers in Sealark Channel that same night marked the beginning of a new effort to shake loose our grip which was to turn the whole campaign into the nightmare pictured in Tregaskis' *Guadalcanal Diary*.

Could that nightmare have been exorcised or prevented? The strategic thinkers who have dealt with the operations have largely assumed that it could have been, and have severely criticized Admiral Kinkaid for not pursuing the Japs to the death after the Battle of the Eastern Solomons, on the ground that this was the missing element in our tactics. Or they have criticized Ghormley for not using his cruiser-carrier forces to break up the enemy concentrations among the upper Solomons, which comes to the same thing.

It is an injustice; Kinkaid steamed south through the dark with only a single carrier in fighting trim and no reserves behind till repairs were completed at the terminus of a long journey. The cruisers? It does not appear that Admiral Ghormley, commanding the area, had any cruisers to speak of beyond the necessary escort for his carrier force. During those September days among the Solomons a damaged ship was for us a lost ship, with a thousand miles to tow. More cruisers, troops, airplanes, PT boats, supplies, were on the way; but for that time, at that place, our only game was to hold on, waiting for daylight. It takes ten days to load a freighter; from Frisco to the Solomons she must steam 6,000 miles, the distance across the Atlantic and back.

Per contra, the Japs had all their goods in the front window. At the southern end of Bougainville among the upper Solomons, they had established a seaplane base and depot for stores in the area of Buin-Faisi. During August it was fortified, extended, and developed. At Munda in northern New Georgia they had hacked an airfield out of mangrove

swamps with prodigious labor; beyond it they had a naval station at Vella Lavella on Kula Gulf, and another at Rekata Bay on the north side of Santa Isabel island, with a support point on Choiseul. To all these from Truk and Rabaul came a stream of small freighters with everything needed. Behind them other freighters bore goods and men to Truk and Rabaul, and so the line stretched clear back to Yokohama Bay, always by short stages, always under good protection.

In the upper Solomons bases, goods and men were transhipped to fast vessels—light cruisers and destroyers or those Jap warship types intermediate between the two. ("Look," said a Marine aviator once who had fought a lot of them, "when you see them fourteen thousand feet down on the water you can't tell. So if it swings round a catapult and shoots a plane up at us, we call it a cruiser; if it don't, it's a destroyer.") During the day, while our planes were active, these ships would hide out with their loads under the overhang of the jungle. At night they would assemble from several points and come flying down "the slot" formed by two parallel lines of islands. At Cape Esperance they landed their cargoes and reinforcements; they pushed on to the area of Henderson Field, shelled it, and rushed back to be in hiding by day.

This was the "Tokyo Express," the basic enemy combination of the second phase of the campaign, designed to build up by inches strength enough to smash General Vandegrift's slender force of Marines on Guadalcanal; and pending that happy day "not so much to kill us as to drive us crazy" with devices compounded out of old Oriental experience in the psychology of horror and fatigue.

Our men were plagued by malaria and continual rain, they had nothing to smoke but Japanese cigarettes, "which is only not quite as bad as wearing Jap underwear," and food was short. Every night a single Jap submarine surfaced in Sealark Channel to see whether we had moved anything in, and shelled our lines. Between twelve and two a single Jap plane would buzz down, drop a single flare and a single ineffective but sleep-inhibiting bomb, then buzz off. Toward

morning there might be a flight of Jap bombers, high and fast, away before our fighters could get up for an air battle. In addition to explosives the Japs dropped propaganda leaflets with luscious nude blondes on the covers. From the Jap lines phonographs played "Home, Sweet Home"; the enemy caught names and used them ("Mr. Manning, withdraw!"); and all night they kept up a drizzle of sniping and small raids that prevented sleep as thoroughly as the bombers that came by day.

In due course there were so many breakdowns among our men that the psychiatric cases equaled those hospitalized for wounds, but this was later, after many weeks of fighting in the jungle slime without relief. For the present the Marines' defense was laughter. The Babu-English of the propaganda leaflets was irresistibly comic; they called the nightly sub "Oscar" and the plane "Louie the Louse" or "Washing-machine Charlie," making jokes about them as old friends. They held mock ceremonies in which they decorated newspapermen from the crate of Imperial medals captured in the first attack; they taught parrots to screech "Hello, Tojo." The prevailing atmosphere on the island was the slightly swaggering, hard cheerfulness with which Americans who know their business approach a difficult task. During August the men had learned the worst—heat, hunger, bombing, and nasty Jap tricks such as firing from under flags of truce and wiring their own dead as booby traps. T'hell with that stuff, said the Marines; the command was forward.

For it was evident to General Vandegrift that his position was militarily far from sound for withstanding the close siege that would evidently be clamped down on him. He held the rolling Lunga plain. Behind it the ground rose through a series of draws and steep ridges to the mountains that his men had dubbed "Kayo" as the nearest approximation to the native name. These mountains both gave artillery positions from which our holdings could be shelled and, by way of the draws, covered avenues of attack. In a series of little operations, each a campaign with all the appurtenance of

planning, scouting, lines of communication and movement, artillery support and infantry advance, he pushed southward to secure the outlets to the Kayo valleys.

Preferably our men operated by daylight to make the most of their cohesion and good rifle-work; always the fighting was hard, nerve-racking; the Japs did not give up and some of the movements failed.* But the Japanese system produces a soldier who, up to company command, is better prepared to die than to think how he may win without dying. By the second week of September General Vandegrift had chess-played his dogged, stupid opponents out of all the positions he thought he could hold against the inevitable counterattack.

II

YOU must imagine as the background of this warfare on Guadalcanal the constant running of the Tokyo Express by night and a series of tearing air battles by day. Our side ran a minor Tokyo Express of its own aboard some of the World War I destroyers which had been converted to fast transports, bringing in food, ammunition, and little contingents of Marines drawn from all over the Pacific islands.

On August 26th the Japs hit an oil dump which went up in smoky flame; a big bomb just missed the General; four Zeros were shot down. On the 27th the Japs lost seven bombers; on the 28th our dive-bombers knocked off a couple of enemy torpedo boats that had not quite hidden themselves along the shores of Santa Isabel; on the 29th four Jap bombers were downed and three Zeros. Next day our interceptors took the air in time to catch the Jap planes coming in, shot down eighteen of the fighter cover, and drove off the bombers before they could drop their bombs; but that night the Japs came back and in the falling twilight blew up our transport-destroyer *Colhoun* just as one of our other destroyers depth-charged a Jap submarine. "Oscar," the Jap submarine, did not shell the encampment that night and all the Marines celebrated by

eating the first bread on the island, baked in an oven that the Seabees had conjured up out of a captured Jap safe.

On September 2nd came another raid that knocked off a small ammunition dump with an effect like the Fourth of July. Three Jap bombers and five fighters were shot down, one of them by Captain Marion Carl, who thus ran his score to ten. "You have to hand it to those Jap bomber pilots," he said. "They hold their formation and fly right along, paying no attention till you hit one of them, and then the one behind closes up as if nothing had happened." He had been in the thundering tumult at Midway—"but their fighters aren't the same. Up there they had the first team in; they were as good as we. Now they just make one pass at you, and if they miss, pull out. Their work is rough on the turns, too; they skid and you can get inside them."

The enemy were employing the old Japanese strategy of using to the hilt every weapon they had, but they were also fighting the clock; they knew that one day our fresh forces would come pouring gigantically down from Pearl Harbor, and they could not wait to sharpen the blade that had dulled at Midway.

Yet the blades they had were sharp enough and deadly enough. On the night of September 4th their light cruiser *Yubari* with a couple of the heavy destroyers ran down the slot. Lying off Savo were our destroyer-transport *Little* and *Gregory*. Overhead a flare burst; the third salvo demolished one of the *Little's* two guns, the next one smashed the other, the *Gregory's* bridge and guns were hit, and what was left of their crews pitched into the black water. The *Yubari* swept the area with searchlights and turned machine guns on the swimmers before she left.

Next morning groups of Jap landing boats, small craft, were found on the beaches at both ends of the Marine position and there was a fight down near Taivu Point, where the newcomers tried to infiltrate. Our dive-bombers caught some of the boats on the water, full of people, and gave the sharks a feed to the number of a thousand Japs.

On the 7th an American convoy came in, a few small cargo craft with destroyers,

* John Hersey's *Into the Valley* is the story of one that did fail.

and a force of our raiders attacked from the sea a native-hut village where the Japs had landed a force, killing about thirty of them and capturing three 75's plus a lot of English^a cigarettes and some American-made ammunition with labels in Dutch. That day the Jap bombers slashed at Tulagi; several were lost. On each of the next four days there was a strong Jap air raid of twenty to forty planes; the first two were unopposed but on the 11th and 12th our fighters got in among them and shot a total of sixteen out of the formations, with another brought down by ground artillery.

That night messengers went through our encampment on Guadalcanal ordering everyone up to the ridge southward. The Japs had made several attempts to infiltrate and the flicker of their flares was now all round the horizon like heat lightning. They had some six thousand men ashore; a big attack was imminent.

III

THE Japanese do not use their submarines as we do—or as the Germans do—for raiding purposes in the war of attrition. They are fleet elements, employed in concentration against the warships of the enemy. It would seem that we had hardly landed on Guadal before they began to rush undersea craft to the area. Already by the time of the Battle of the Eastern Solomons they were a serious nuisance; planes from the *Enterprise* sank one during the action.

Now one of the main reasons why the Jap planes over Henderson Field were being slaughtered with so little loss to us was the presence of our patrols from carriers cruising out to the south. These scouts spotted the enemy in time for the slower American fighters to meet Jap formations high in the sky, where American firepower and protection made deified dead out of a lot of Jap aviators. There was, moreover, every reason for the enemy to suppose that when they launched a big land attack on Guadal our carrier planes would intervene with decisive effect. It was imperative for the Japs to drive those carriers from the northern Coral Sea. The submarines were assigned to the job.

They very soon learned through their periscopes that we had nowhere near enough destroyers to give our ships adequate coverage, and they attacked with that determined spirit of the Japanese fighting man which is so peculiarly manifest when he discovers that his opponent has some disadvantage. We know little of the ensuing struggle save that it was carried out at a pace and intensity equaling the campaign on shore. But we know some illuminating details. For instance, twenty-two torpedoes were fired at the *Hornet* during this period and on September 6th the pilot of a torpedo plane from the carrier spied a Jap torpedo headed for her side. He was loaded with depth charges; dropped one which exploded in time to deflect the torpedo and save the ship. When the torpedo planes, which are attack weapons, are used on anti-submarine defense, it can be taken that the situation is tight.

It is probable that the Japs lost a few good submarines during this period; attacks made in their fashion usually produce losses. It is possible that we had some damage; there are tales of vessels coming in for repairs. But the grand climax of their submarine war came in mid-September, just as the Jap land forces were closing round Henderson Field and the carrier *Wasp* was rushing through the patrol area to the rescue with a big convoy. The *Wasp* was torpedoed.

It was 3:09 in the afternoon. She had just flown off an attack group and taken in another; hangar and flight deck were full of planes, and her gasoline lines were running as they were refueled. Two Japanese torpedoes, the heaviest in the world, hit the *Wasp* in the same spot, a third near by. All the gas lines caught, her own bomb magazine exploded, and fires ran like hurricanes through the ship.

They could not be checked, since the mains were gone; the other ships of the force could give no help, for they were engaged in a desperate pitched battle against as formidable a force of submarines as the Pacific ever saw; torpedo wakes were burning the brilliant water and depth charges were shaking the world till down below on the destroyers the engineers could hardly stand. (Some of them

did not walk well for a week after.) One destroyer was hit, too—the *O'Brien*, which made port but broke up and sank later. The fight went on; toward evening they abandoned the *Wasp* under the pillar of smoke rolling from her side with (thank God) few casualties, since Captain Sherman had backed her clear of the area of burning oil. The fleet with its cripples and survivors turned sadly away from what was an effective defeat, even if half a dozen Jap subs had paid for it.

"We'll just have to develop better methods of detection," the Exec of the flagship remarked.

Said a younger man with the looped chevrons of a chief: "I'm thinking of those boys on Guadal."

He might well. On that day, the day of September 15th, the Marines were close to the edge. Just after midnight on the 13th the Japs had launched a triple assault, one prong across the bloody Tenaru, one from the west against the lines on that side, the main effort through a wide gap in the mountains to the south against the low Lunga Ridge, where Edson's Raiders were.

The group at the Tenaru was the one that had been cut up in its boats three days before; too weak for its purpose, it was pinned down, broken with heavy loss. On the other flank the Jap attack became involved in barbed wire and rugged ground, and petered out as an affair of sniping and counter-sniping that lasted for days. But in the center the Japs lapped round Lunga Ridge, firing Roman candles, burning flares, emitting wild yells and "a loud, blubbing shout like a turkey gobbler's cry" that was the *banzai*. There was savage knife- and grenade-work in the dark; one little party won through to General Vandegrift's CP, and killed a sergeant at his tent before they were downed. The whole front hung by a hair and was only saved by our artillery, which caught an attack forming and killed not far short of five hundred men. The attack was stopped but not altogether beaten; as it pulled back into the jungle with the dawn it left behind machine-gun parties which placed the precious airfield under fire and killed some of the mechanics.

Now our planes could not use the field on this, the day that saw the end of the *Wasp*. Tokyo broadcast the news that Guadalcanal was won, and so it might have been, had the enemy been able to make one more effort. But their last reserves were in; on the island their broken remnants were already streaming back through the jungle when Vandegrift's men counterattacked through clouds of snipers to wipe out their machine-gun posts in the afternoon. Their air loss had been such that they could support their land forces with nothing but half a dozen old, slow float-biplanes which were shot down by mere ground machine guns.

On the 16th our dive-bombers took the air again from Henderson Field and near Choiseul popped a Jap cruiser which seemed to be having trouble with her fuse-settings. On the 18th the *Wasp* did not arrive but her convoy did; food, guns, and ammunition came ashore in a flood, with thousands of Marines in new uniforms.

IV

THE Battle of Lunga Ridge was followed by what A. Hitler calls a "constructive pause." "Louie the Louse" was over the anchorage the night after the big convoy unloaded and left, but his playmates with the bombs did not come that night nor for many nights thereafter. They had been hit hard; and while we do not know the minds of the Jap admiralty or the distribution of their strength, it seems probable that they were so short of planes that they had decided to lay off air-raiding till they could send concentrations heavy enough to force our fighters into unremitting combat, attrition, exhaustion, and collapse. Meanwhile the Tokyo Express was to be speeded up, building a force of troops with tanks and heavy artillery against which there could be no argument.

Far back at Truk and Rabaul fleets were assembled. At the moment of impact these would come down in a typical Japanese fast-moving, two-finger attack; would drive our Guadalcanal planes temporarily into the ground and our ships temporarily from Sealark Channel; would

shell our positions into helplessness from the sea, and land men on the beaches while their forces on the island came down to recapture the airfield in one great concentration from all sides. Once gained, the airfield could be maintained by the troops who took it, while numerous planes swiftly flown down through the chain of bases in the upper Solomons would keep our floating air bases at arm's length.

This was the Japanese pattern, of which, it must be emphasized, our command knew no more at the time than that the Japs were using their constructive pause to build up their strength on Guadalcanal by means of the Tokyo Express. Our first efforts to upset its timetable were aerial, the work of Marine torpedo and dive-bombers, with a few Army Flying Fortresses which apparently came in from bases to the south and gassed up at Guadal before taking off to strike at the enemy in places like Buka Passage, where the distance is uncomfortable to an SBD.

In the days following Lunga Ridge our planes tapped at Rekata Bay and Gizo in the New Georgias without finding any targets but some small buildings under the coconuts. At night the Tokyo Express ran. On September 25th one of our B17's found new seaplanes on the water at Rekata,—a sign of revived Japanese air strength in the upper islands. Next day that air strength came thundering down in a big raid on Guadalcanal, new in its technique to the extent that it had really heavy fighter cover. There was an air battle over the island and on the 27th another, when 25 bombers and 18 Zeros came. The concentration method failed statistically on those two days, 33 Japs being shot down without a loss to us. On October 2nd they lost 4 fighters, and October 3rd (when they really came strong—30 Zeros to only 5 or 6 bombers) they lost 9 more Zeros against 1 plane of ours.

Not much of a showing for the Japs, one might conclude. But attrition in air war works through the accumulated fatigues that make pilots inefficient, and all this time the Japanese offensive against our men's nerves was being stepped up, with Oscar and Louie the Louse back every

night, with stabbings in the brush on the outpost line, and with the running of the Tokyo Express, whose shells were the most nerve-racking of all. We had some slight success against the Express on October 2nd when a formation of our dive-bombers caught four destroyers off New Georgia and left one stopped and burning, and again on the night of October 3rd when all the Guadalcanal planes boiled out to go for a particularly big train on the Express, got a torpedo hit on a cruiser, and smashed up some landing boats (with men in them) at the Cape Esperance beachhead. Nearly all the Jap troops got ashore, however—probably enough to balance the gain we had made by our convoy of September 18th.

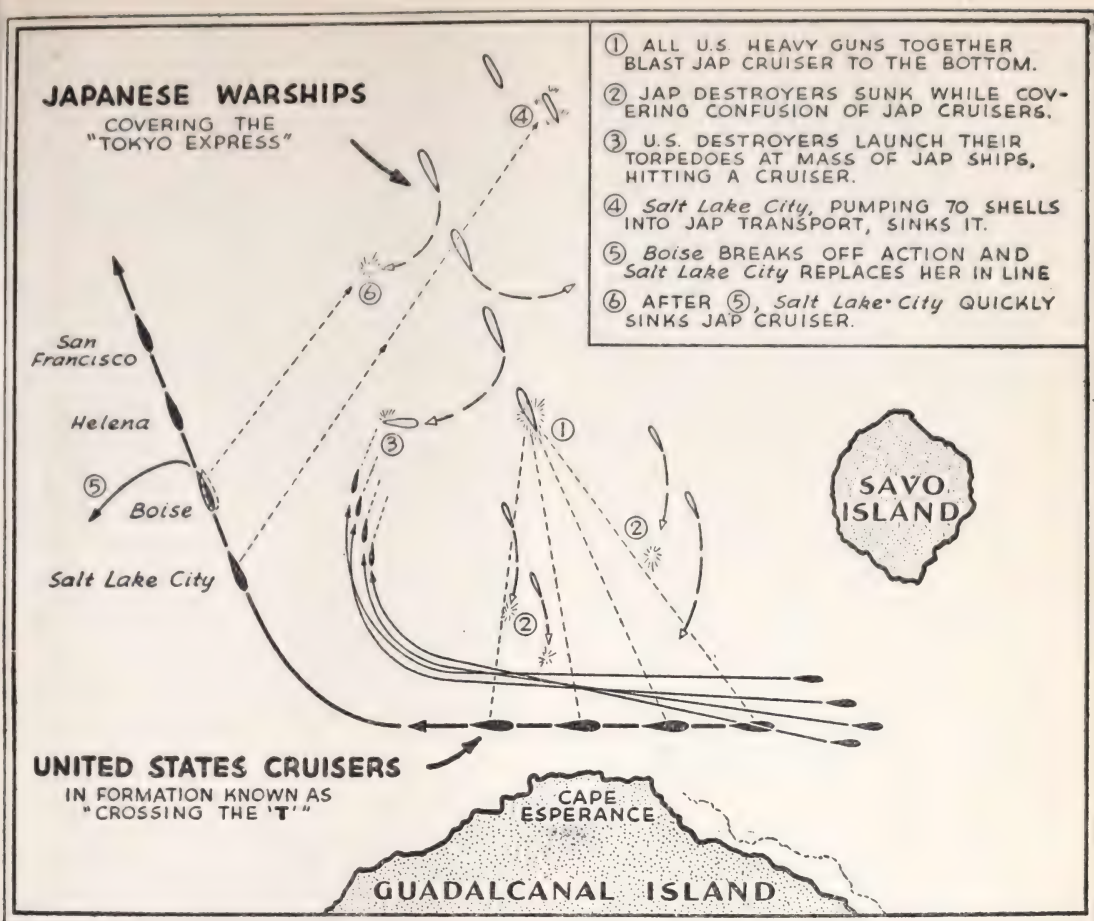
Clearly, the Japs were forging ahead in the game which they had played since the beginning of the war—the game of accepting material loss to build up a strategically impregnable position. Our forces on Guadal had only enough teeth to wound without killing. More violent American intervention was necessary.

Admiral Ghormley, back at his base with an inadequate staff and no benefit of hindsight, perceived as much even before the demonstration of the night of October 3rd. That night as the Jap soldiers struggled ashore through the rain of bombs to bed down near Cape Esperance, one of our few remaining carriers, the *Hornet*, was running fast, fast to the northwest, parallel to the Solomon chain, with her patrols well out. Before the day of October 5th her attack group left the deck; and while the fliers of the MacArthur command pinned down the enemy bombers at Rabaul, the *Hornet's* men swooped on the Bougainville anchorages.*

Buin was empty of anything but anti-aircraft fire and at the supporting airfield of Kieta there was not much to do but pit the runways and soak the dispersal areas; there was no Jap air opposition. At Faisi, however, there was a Jap force making up for the run south; the *Hornet's* planes hit a cruiser, a transport, a couple of cargo ships, and a seaplane tender, besides burning up the tender's planes on the water.

But that night the Tokyo Express ran

* See lower left corner of map facing page 476.



THE REVENGE FOR SAVO

as usual, the Guadalcanal planes had a fight with it, and the next night the Japs were back with a convoy at least as important as that of the 3rd. Our scouts spotted it in time for a lovely co-ordinated bomb and torpedo attack; one of the Jap *Kako*-class cruisers was slowed up by a fish, then was bombed till she blazed for two days, maybe a total loss; and one of the Jap destroyers was sunk then or the following day.

The fact remained that the Jap plan still worked and the *Hornet's* bold dash had done little to prevent it. Putting more carriers on permanent patrol south of the islands would be risking another *Wasp* tragedy. Something else was called for.

V

SOMETHING else was at hand; the Japs had lost the first round of their battle with the calendar. On the evening of October 11th, after dark, four six-hun-

dred-foot gray shapes slid up out of the water south of Guadalcanal and swung in line across Cape Esperance—*San Francisco*, *Helena*, *Boise*, *Salt Lake City*, cruisers of the United States fleet, two heavies and two lights, an assortment odd at any other time but not for those close waters and by night. *Helena* had been in the area at least since late August; it is probable that the others belonged to the wave of reinforcements. *San Francisco* led the line with the flag of Rear Admiral Norman Scott; *Boise* was the "reluctant dragon" of the Java Sea that had ripped her bottom or had some other accident whenever action was imminent until now. A few destroyers trotted along behind.

"I can still smell that heavy, lush tropical perfume," says a young lieutenant of the *Salt Lake City*. "The night was clear but dark and tense"—and into it the cruiser catapulted her planes. Something went wrong; one of them exploded in a burst of flame that lighted sea and sky

and the black shores, the presence of our cruisers was a secret no longer, and on the *Boise* they cursed and stamped the deck over another opportunity lost through sheer mischance.

But it was not lost. The black shores remained silent—not a spark, not a sound; either the Japs did not care or they failed to notify the Tokyo Express. For just before midnight down it came from the northwest, more ships than the Japs had ever used before: destroyers out in front; four, five cruisers all in line; and behind them transports to the number of seven or eight. Admiral Scott's line had just turned prows west at twenty-five knots; they were in that book position known as crossing the T, with the enemy as the vertical stroke of the letter, and only the leading ship able to bring her guns to bear.

"Pick out the biggest," said Captain "Iron Mike" Moran of the *Boise*, and all down the line the captains said together, "Commence firing!"

Forty-nine heavy guns went off at once. "I saw our salvos going in like red boxcars on a Jap heavy cruiser." She burst out in brilliant flame amidships—to stand revealed as one of the *Nachis*—before *Helena*, *Boise*, and *Salt Lake* sent her down in whirlpools of flaming oil, one minute after the first gun. The Jap ships plunged wildly in all directions trying to escape the trap of that crossed T, blobs of smoke from their funnels mingling with that of burning ships and exploding guns, in long level streamers that alternately hid and revealed the black charging shapes in the fitful glare of star shell, searchlight, and flame.

The first enemy shells were fragmentation, designed for the works on Guadal; their destroyers rushed to cover the uncoiling of the confusion with a torpedo attack. As Admiral Scott ordered a turn toward the enemy to avoid these missiles, *Boise* and *Salt Lake* each blew up one of the destroyers at a range of no more than fifteen hundred yards. *Helena* had caught another as it turned; "explosions occurred all over the enemy ship and it disappeared."

The Japs were shooting back; the *Boise* had taken an 8-inch hit in the captain's cabin amidships. There was a momen-

tary lull, in a blackness complete after the vivid illumination; into this darkness our own destroyers fired torpedoes at the mass of the enemy and saw a rewarding tall flame spring up beneath a waterspout at the side of an enemy cruiser that was probably the *Kinugasa*. Admiral Scott turned again to close the range.

The *Salt Lake* had found one of the Jap transports and pumped seventy big shells into her, sending the ship down by the head with its propellers dripping in the glare of the searchlights. Splashes from the *Helena's* guns walked after a Jap destroyer, caught her, and stamped on her as she tried to run. *Boise* was just opening fire on a smallish enemy cruiser when, from somewhere abaft the beam, one of the Jap heavy cruisers opened on her with 8-inch guns, "shooting beautifully."

Too beautifully: turrets 1 and 3 on *Boise* were hit and lost nearly all their crews; a big shell went through below her water line to explode right in the magazine of turret 2; and a mountain of fire sprang from the ship's foredeck as she swung out of action to port, her rear guns still shooting. "I thought we had lost her," said Admiral Scott. The *Salt Lake* leaped into the position the *Boise* had left, taking a hit that started a smoky fire amidships, but dealing out five quick salvos of which not a gun could have missed, for the first silenced the Jap cruiser and the other four sank her.

The disaster of Savo Island was paid for; what was left of the Japs had fled—but not to safety; for the next morning the dive-bombers from Guadal caught a cripple of the Jap armada near New Georgia and left her listing and afire, with the crew being taken off. Admiral Scott hunted for them a few moments, then spun his force on its heel and steamed south, regretful for the loss of the *Boise*. He could have spared his sorrow; for the *Boise's* damage control parties had worked one of the miracles of naval history and she came through the night to join them, steaming at twenty knots. When the checkup was made only the destroyer *Duncan* was missing (she sank off the island in the morning) and the Japs had lost, in addition to their transport, at least three cruisers, maybe four, and at least four destroyers.

It was an eventful night for more than one reason. Out at the fleet base Admiral Halsey, our best fighting leader, had arrived to relieve Ghormley, bringing reinforcements. Out somewhere on the ocean, approaching the Solomons, was a convoy with Army transports in it. They were to arrive in another twenty-four hours with more American troops for the relief of the hard-pressed Marines—including two hundred men, technically AWOL from units back at base, who had stowed away to get into the war. At the borders of Sealark Channel four American PT's were pushing through the dark toward Tulagi, their crews watching the gun-lightning on the distant sky. As they came in "I remember one haggard, red-eyed youngster with a Jap knife in his belt who said, 'Just teach those bastards to stay at home in bed nights where they belong. Just do that and we'll remember you in our prayers.'"

VI

THE Japanese is a fighting man of peculiar character; full of tricks and inventions, but singularly unwilling to depart from a plan once laid down; so persistent even in his mistakes that they sometimes bring success. The Tokyo Express had failed? By no means; it had only suffered some of the losses inevitable against an active enemy. On the night of October 14th it ran again, bigger and better than ever, with a fast battleship added to the cruiser cover. It landed troops and artillery and came down the slot to give our men more of that dreadful shelling which was the worst thing they had to bear.

As the Jap ships made their turn through the Channel the newly arrived PT's, the expendables, jumped them and sank one of those big cruiser-destroyers, getting away themselves by the ingenious device of dumping depth charges over their tails, which made pursuing Jap destroyers think they were running into a minefield. At dawn the Japs were bombed and lost a transport; but they treated the whole show as an incident and brought their Express back on the 16th, 18th, and 20th.

Had they been checked in the air? Not at all; they came down in bombing attacks heavier than ever, twice on the 14th, again on the 17th and on the 19th. Our new Lightning fighters struck nine of fifteen bombers on the first of those days; as the fragments rained down on Guadal our people remarked that there was no rust around the rivet settings, which told its own story of planes fresh from the factory; attrition had been eating the enemy down. But in exchange their torpedo planes got our new destroyer *Meredith* when she was convoying in some much-needed aviation gasoline, and one of their dive-bombers blew the stern out of our destroyer-transport *McFarland*, killing some wounded Marines who were being taken home.

Were the Japs beaten on the ground? Their patrols pushed hard along the Matanikau on the night of the 20th. From Kayo Mountain their new guns began to shell our encampment; a single piece that became known as "Pistol Pete" established itself to take pot shots at anything that moved in "Sleepless Lagoon" between Guadalcanal and Tulagi.

The fact was that the Jap had spent nothing he could not afford if he got Guadalcanal back. He was working up to a grand climax of exchanging pawn and knight for the winning position. All day and all night of the 21st and 22nd there was pressure and constant fighting along our outpost lines, especially along the Lunga River and in the district known as "Coffin Corner," and there were incidents like that of the Marine who was shot through the groin as he softly hummed "The St. Louis Blues" on post and had to lie there till his relief came forward. "If I'd shouted and the boys came, they would have got it too," he said later. On the 23rd there came a tremendous slam-bang bombing raid, the heaviest that Guadalcanal had seen since the beginning of the campaign. That night the Tokyo Express ran again—successfully, for our PT's were laid up with mechanical belly-aches.

Just after midnight the Jap attack came. It was no patrol action this time but the main event, with a furious artillery barrage, tanks leading the assault, Japanese howls and barbarity at the south side of

the airfield. The attack was broken up, but not until our green Army troops had gone in to the last man, including cooks and bakers. At dawn, with the stinking smoke of five burning Jap tanks drifting through the jungle, they tried once more and again were repulsed; but General Vandegrift had to use all his local planes in support of the troops, so there was no sortie against the concentrations of Jap shipping that day. The MacArthur command had been appealed to in this battle of desperation; while the struggle at Coffin Corner was at its height, their big bombers hit Rabaul Harbor, scoring on a number of Jap ships.

This must have been a support command that they hit, since the big train on the Tokyo Express was by this time far on its way toward Guadalcanal. Lieutenant Mario Sesso in an Army B17 picked it up in the slot during the afternoon and stayed with it, chased by Zeros till his plane was a sieve of machine-gun holes, reporting, reporting the numerous battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and transports. They came rumbling in after dark to Cape Esperance, landed any God's quantity of troops and supplies, and pushed on to give our beach-head the most violent shelling ever. "My God, my God, will they never stop?" an Army man remembers his buddy sobbing. They did not stop; those guns were a signal and the first element in an attack from the land side, where the Japs had for the first time superior numbers and all the planes that were overhead.

The Army men, who had begun to think themselves veterans, had never met anything like this. Some of them gave way; the Japanese rush carried through and took part of the airfield. When dawn woke on a battle where little knots of Japs and Americans were entangled in inextricable confusion, the Jap planes came back, and now there was almost nothing to stand them off. Most of our fighters had been smashed in the bays by the naval bombardments, all our men were tired, and some of them were beginning to be hopeless.

But so were the enemy. They had spent too many lives in getting that far. On the front occupied by our 164th Regiment alone there were seventeen hundred

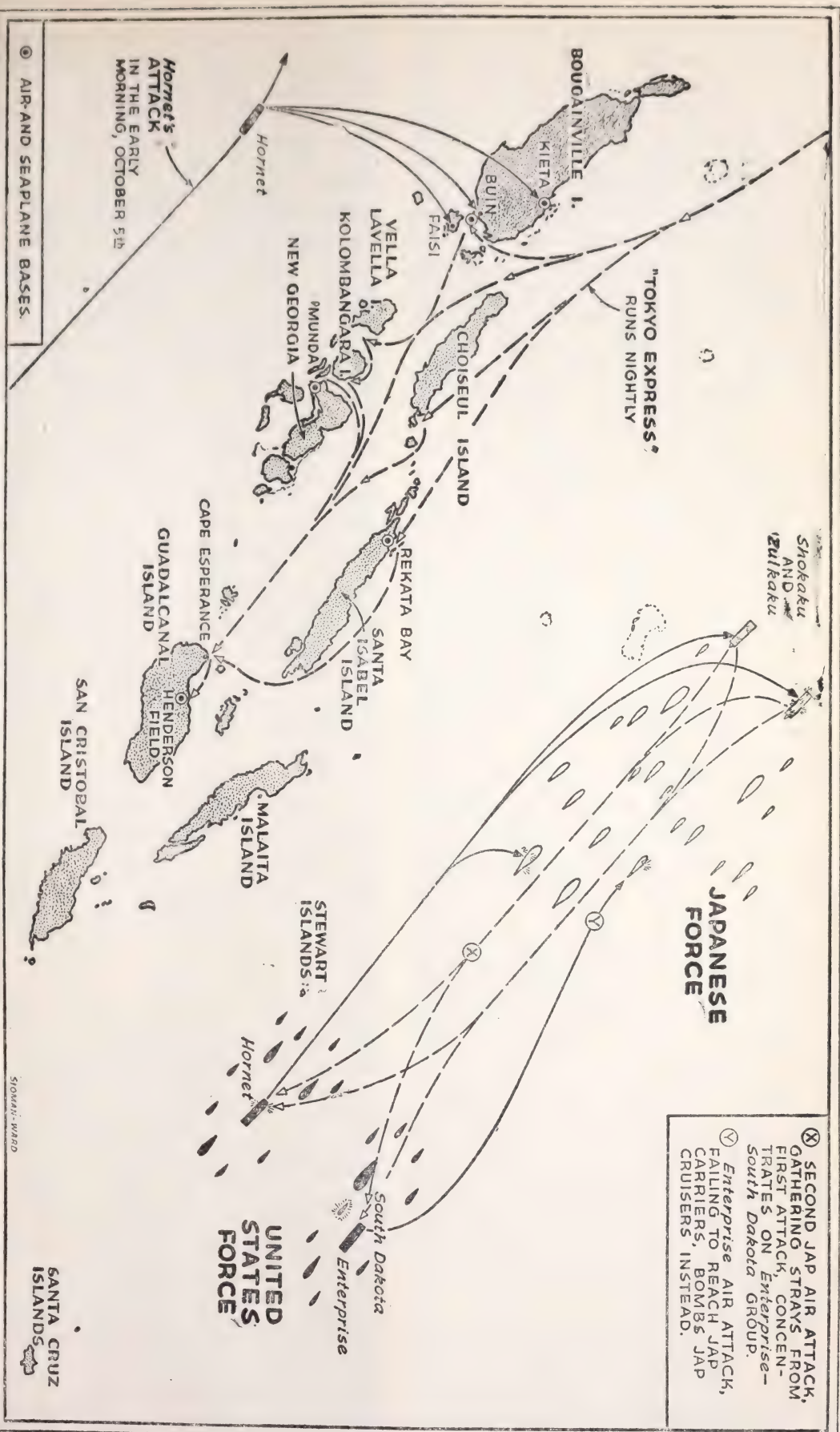
Jap dead. "You couldn't walk five feet in any direction without finding one of them." And "the last [Jap] charges were almost pathetic. Clusters of little men, all huddled together, would rise up and come forward, stooping over into our machine-gun bullets and falling down dead." To General Vandegrift came the report that some of those knots of Japs were crying, "Tojo make mistake, Tojo make mistake." With the coming of day he drew tight his shattered lines, summoned his men to one more effort, and with the 7th Marines leading, started a counterattack that not so much drove the Japs back to the edge of the jungle as killed them where they lay.

Yet our side was still at the lip of despair. The Jap troops that had come in during the big landing of the night had not yet fought, we were losing the battle in the air, and down from Truk in the north, huge and menacing, the main Japanese fleet was steaming with its carriers and battleships and cruisers. When they arrived—

VII

A MAN did not have to be able to see far into a grindstone to know that something like this was due after the Japs threw the book at us on Guadalcanal on October 23rd. Since that afternoon Admiral Halsey had had PBY's out all across the area north of the Solomons. Six of them were shot down, but not till they had sent in their reports. The reports were ominous: the Japs were coming with the strongest force since Midway, perhaps stronger even than that—four fast battleships, any number of cruisers and destroyers, their carriers *Shokaku* and *Zuikaku*, the best they had, with more on behind in an endless procession.

At the same hour when the big Tokyo Express was pulling out of Bougainville, Halsey's own task force was running northward, far east of the Solomons—the carriers *Enterprise* and *Hornet* at its center, the new battleship *South Dakota*, the new anti-aircraft cruisers *Atlanta* and *Juneau*, with a retinue of other cruisers and destroyers—all the fast ships, the best we had. The whole fate of the war was being staked on one single clash against odds.



Hornet's
ATTACK
IN THE EARLY
MORNING, OCTOBER 5th

● AIR-AND SEAPLANE BASES.

THE BATTLE OF OCTOBER 26TH

SOURCE: WARREN

The Japs, as usual, were running down a region of weather cover; as usual our fleet had a region of spotty clouds, through which now and again came Japanese scouts, which were almost invariably shot down but were able to get their messages away in their high-pitched peeping yap. On the afternoon of October 25th Mario Sesso's report was picked up; and *Enterprise* flew off an attack group of planes, which went a long way out, decided to go still farther since they had not made contact, and came riding in on the carrier with their last drops of gas, some of them making water landings in sight of the ship, where all the pilots were picked up.

A tense night; on the *Hornet* one of the lieutenants told a correspondent, "You better hurry and eat, it looks like action." Our ships were hurrying northwest toward the enemy, with the Santa Cruz islands 260 miles under their lee, and all night long PBY reports kept coming in to be repeated on the ticker in the pilots' ready room. The Japs had swung west and away from our fleet—willing enough to fight, but only after they had retaken Guadalcanal; they were now probably pointing for the sea passage north of Florida Island. But they were not moving fast enough to slip us and they knew it. Toward dawn they turned back to fight, since fight they must; they disposed their ships and flew off planes from the carriers.

In our fleet the combat patrols went up with the day. The ships spread, with *South Dakota* and some of the destroyers covering *Enterprise*, while the heavies and the new anti-aircraft cruisers were assigned to *Hornet*. Sure information on the position of the Japs came through the tickers; our own attack groups took the air at 8:40. Less than half an hour out from our ships they were crossed by a Jap attack group coming in, and the Zeros of its escort shot down one or two of them. Then the Japs were in on our carriers with as many planes as they ever had in action, 135 machines.

Our outer patrols had time to make only a pass or two. Our inner patrols, at fourteen thousand feet, slashed at the Japs as they came by from above and sent some of them spinning down, then snapped

aside in quick loops and wingovers to avoid the perfect wave of fire that rose from our dodging ships below.

Over the *Enterprise* one flier heard another gasp into his microphone, "My God, she's on fire!" but she was not; neither was the *South Dakota*, similarly aureoled in flame. In the fire of scores of our guns the Jap attack on this group withered and collapsed, one plane pitching so close in the water by the battleship's side that her Jap pilot crawled on a wing to fire a pistol (he was cut to pieces by a Filipino machine-gunner), and another plane dropping in the wake, with its torpedo just missing her stern. Still another plane, mortally hit, smashed into the fore-castle of the destroyer *Smith* and exploded there. The ammunition in the *Smith's* ready boxes went off and a column of flame rose a hundred feet high, but as the volcano shot past his face, Lieutenant Commander Hunter Wood on the bridge gave her full speed and hard rudder into the turbulent wake of the battleship. The destroyer pitched her nose under, a white-capped mass of water boiled across the foredeck, the fire was out, the *Smith* was saved.

The greatest fury of the Japanese attack was reserved for the *Hornet*—the carrier which, months before this, had flown off the planes for the bombing of Tokyo. They came in on her from four angles, bombers and torpedo planes together, in one of the most formidably co-ordinated attacks Japan ever made. Our men count fifty planes shot down in that attack, though how any count could be taken in that tumult is a mystery. It was not enough; an armor-piercing bomb hit the *Hornet* forward; from one of the covering destroyers sixteen torpedo wakes toward the carrier were counted, and two of them hit, in the engine rooms. A dying Jap bomber crashed the signal bridge and killed everyone on it, spreading fire across the flight deck and shedding a 500-pound bomb, which miraculously went down through three steel bulkheads without exploding. Another plane hit the *Hornet's* side beneath the flight deck, sheared its wings against the stanchions, shot across the hangar and burned inside, turning red-hot the deck above the gasoline storeroom.

The *Hornet* had no engines now and no fire mains. A bucket brigade was organized (the men sang as they handled the water); a destroyer came alongside to pump; the cruiser *Northampton* worked under her bows to take a tow. Above, levels of overcast had blown in; among them our fighters were wrangling with a few stray Jap planes which, for some reason unknown to those then present, did not seem wishful to return to their own carriers. At 12:15 another attack group of Jap planes gathered up what strays were left and came on in an attack of the same furious intensity as the first. *Hornet's* fires had been gotten under, but the towing cable snapped loose and was lost as the *Northampton* jerked in the renewed battle.

From their seats in the sky the Japs could see how crippled the *Hornet* was; they were after the *Enterprise* now, and the big black battleship covering her. The carrier took two bomb hits this time and plunged in the fountains of near misses till she had thirty feet of water in her forward spaces; the destroyer *Porter* was sunk. But the Japs did not even put *Enterprise* out of action and their attack on the *South Dakota* was a dreadful failure. Only one bomb hit—on the roof of number 2 turret, a splinter wounding Captain Gatch—and for that blow the battleship repaid them so heavily that out of twenty-four dive-bombers and nine torpedo planes in the wave, only one got away.

VIII

THE reason why the Jap bombers were so unwilling to go home after using up their missiles was that they no longer had homes to go to. Like their pilots, ours had been briefed for the carriers. On the way thither they passed a Jap battleship division, then one of cruisers. One pilot thinks these were decoys, to engage our planes and save their carriers. It worked to a certain extent; a group of torpedo and dive-bombers went for a battleship of the *Kongo* class, and it can be taken that they sent her to dock, for they hit her with two big bombs and a torpedo that left her ablaze and with a list, though the leader of the planes found the results "very disappointing."

Lieutenant Commander Gus Widhelm was leading the *Hornet's* group as it climbed to attack level into "a cloudful of Zeros." As he noted how the Jap cruiser-destroyer screen was disposed forty miles—too far—from the *Shokaku* and *Zuikaku* which they were covering, one of the Zeros put a bullet through his oil return line. Pressure dropped; Widhelm shucked his big bomb and went into a glide. Just before he hit he looked over his shoulder to see the *Shokaku* smoking through holes in her deck made by a pair of our 500-pounders, "while the other carrier was making frantic turns to avoid my dive-bombing boys. I saw eleven of them pour six heavy bombs into that carrier. Our bombs peeled the carrier's deck right back and the ship burst into flame from stem to stern. I got out my boat and the radio-man and I prepared to make the best of a tough situation."

Somehow most of the *Enterprise* men never reached the Jap carriers (orders? failing gas? uncertain information?) and turned to on the cruiser formation. We have no account of that attack; we know only its results. Widhelm in his rubber boat, now below the skyline from the ruined enemy carriers, saw those results—a cruiser crawling past with one turret blown right off, her catapult "fused into a mess that looked like a quart of taffy spilled over a kitchen range." They were steaming northwest and away now, away from the fight and away from Guadalcanal. Every now and then one more of their homeless planes would plash in the water beside an escaping ship, sometimes for the pilot to be rescued, sometimes not.

These planes evidently had not gas enough to reach the other Jap carrier, probably a converted job, that was somewhere in the rear. Its planes came over in the afternoon to the number of seventeen (of which twelve were shot down) and determined our Admiral to scuttle what was left of the *Hornet*. Another effort to tow having failed, the *Hornet's* planes had homed to the deck of the damaged *Enterprise* and most of them now left that refuge for Henderson Field.

Our fleet was hurt, no question, with practically all its carriers now out of the war. It had to go home to base. But it

went victorious and nothing else mattered. The Jap carriers were out of it too; their big force from the sea had never fired a gun at Guadal.

All day on that island and above it there was fighting as savage as any the world had seen, with one Marine plane ramming a Jap plane and the pilots trying to kill each other in the water as they struggled with their parachutes. But the *Hornet's*

planes came; they gave Guadal its air support; and they caught the Tokyo Express in the slot, sank two of its destroyers, and so battered the pair of cruisers that they took no more interest in the proceedings. Under the rapid red tropical twilight General Vandegrift's weary men counterattacked, and by another dawn the Stars and Stripes were everywhere going forward.

The Origin of a Style

"I . . . by being so long in the lowest form [at Harrow], I gained an immense advantage over the cleverer boys. They all went on to learn Latin and Greek and splendid things like that. But I was taught English! We were considered such dunces that we could learn only English! Mr. Somervell—a most delightful man, to whom my debt is great—was charged with the duty of teaching the stupidest boys the most disregarded thing—namely, to write mere English. He knew how to do it. He taught it as no one else has ever taught it. Not only did we learn English parsing thoroughly, but we also practiced continually English analysis. Mr. Somervell had a system of his own. He took a fairly long sentence and broke it up into its components by means of black, red, blue and green inks. Subject, verb, object; Relative Clauses, Conditional Clauses, Conjunctive and Disjunctive Clauses! Each had its colour and its bracket. It was a kind of drill. We did it almost daily. As I remained in the Third Fourth . . . three times as long as anyone else, I had three times as much of it. I learned it thoroughly. Thus I got into my bones the essential structure of the ordinary British sentence—which is a noble thing. And when in after years my schoolfellows who had won prizes and distinction for writing such beautiful Latin poetry and pithy Greek epigrams had to come down again to common English, to earn their living or make their way, I did not feel myself at any disadvantage. Naturally I am biassed in favor of boys learning English; I would make them all learn English: and then I would let the clever ones learn Latin as an honour, and Greek as a treat. But the only thing I would whip them for is not knowing English. I would whip them hard for that." — Winston Churchill, in *Roving Commission; My Early Life*

A LETTER TO THE EDITORS

FROM WENDELL WILLKIE

The following letter is in reply to an article about Mr. Willkie by Fred Rodell which was published in the March issue of Harper's. The letter arrived just as we were going to press, and there has therefore been no opportunity to get Mr. Rodell's comments on it in time for this issue.—The Editors

TO THE EDITORS OF *Harper's Magazine*:

Two interpretations of my life have recently been offered to the public, *One Man—Wendell Willkie* by C. Nelson Sparks, and "Wendell Willkie: Man of Words" by Fred Rodell.

The first is a smear; the second a distortion. The author of the first, an organizer of anti-labor vigilante committees, is one of a small group of Republicans who, as ardent co-workers with Colonel McCormick, believe that America should pursue a policy of extreme economic conservatism and narrow nationalism.

The author of the second represents that cult of thinking which finds excuse or artificial rationalization for the many illiberal acts, both foreign and domestic, of the present Administration or is sure that there is a patent on liberalism and insists that anyone who opposes the Administration or the patent is either of illiberal mind or insincere.

Since I have opposed the schools of thought represented by both authors, each seeks to destroy such public influence as I may possess by misinterpretation of my life and principles. From his study of my life, Mr. Sparks draws the conclusion that I am a "completely successful lawyer" of "superlative talents" devoting my energies to sinister purposes. Mr. Rodell's theme is that I am a man of nothing but words, my career to date adding up to a series of brilliant failures"—as a lawyer,

most ordinary; as a businessman, naïve; as a public figure, insincere.

Subsidized smears I never bother to answer.

Mr. Rodell's article, however, appears in the March issue of *Harper's*, a responsible magazine of high repute. In addition, it reiterates clichés of misinformation, some dating back to the campaign of 1940, and others of more recent vintage.

I am therefore availing myself of the courteous permission of the editors of *Harper's Magazine* to clarify the record where Mr. Rodell has misrepresented and distorted it.

It is of course not for me to say whether my life has been a success or not. Nor am I concerned with Mr. Rodell's conclusion that it has been a failure. But I am concerned that instances from my boyhood, my professional and my business career, upon which Mr. Rodell relies to prove his thesis, should be stated correctly.

For whatever it is worth, it is true that I taught history in the high school at Coffeyville, Kansas, for one year. However, I had no intention of making teaching a profession; nor did I give it up because of any temperamental dislike of scholarship and its processes, as Mr. Rodell says for whatever that is worth. I went into it to make some money with which to continue my law course. I left it because I was offered a higher-paying job which enabled me with one more year's work to return to my law course.

Throughout the World War I was a line officer. It is true, however, that after the Armistice I voluntarily defended before courts martial in France boys mostly from my own regiment, who, the fighting being over, relaxed their respect for some of the military regulations and saw no reason why they should not slip off now and then for a night in Paris. But this activity won for me no recommendation of promotion from my superior officer, as Mr. Rodell suggests. On the contrary, my immediate superior suggested that on account of it I was a nuisance and should be demoted.

Shortly after the war was over, as a restless young man I left Elwood and my father's law office and went to Akron, Ohio, where I landed without capital or acquaintance. At the Akron bar, from the age of twenty-six to thirty-seven, I spent eleven exceedingly busy years, the last nine of them devoted largely to the trial of cases in the Federal and State courts. I represented all sorts and conditions of people—individuals, corporations, and partnerships, involving every kind of problem—all those types of business that a lawyer in general practice in a city of 200,000 normally handles. The representation of the local utility, despite Mr. Rodell's statement that it was "most" of my work and involved Congressional matters, constituted only about a fourth of my business and income and had nothing whatsoever to do with legislative or Congressional matters. My work was almost entirely with the court cases of the company. It is true, however, as Mr. Rodell points out, that none of my cases was of national importance or made news in the *New York Times*, apparently his sole criterion of success. As a matter of fact there were no cases of national importance in Akron and I doubt if any made the *New York Times*. I did, however, get on well enough at the bar to keep me busy night and day, to accumulate a modest competence, and to win the respect of my fellow practitioners. At least they elected me president of their bar association.

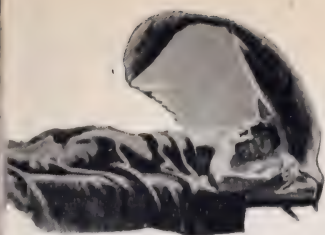
Mr. Rodell with diligence did find one reference to me in the *New York Times* during my Ohio days: my name was listed among the delegates to the national Democratic Convention of 1924. He did *not*, however, learn the reason for my membership in that delegation—at least he does not mention it. If he had searched the newspapers of Ohio, where

I was then living, instead of confining his efforts to the *New York Times*, he would have discovered that I went to that convention as a lieutenant of Newton D. Baker, mainly for two purposes: first, to put the Democratic Party on record against the Ku Klux Klan (Mr. Rodell somewhat grudgingly admits that I "loathed" and fought the Klan in Ohio); and, second, to secure a straight-out plank in the platform endorsing the League of Nations. The fight against intolerance we won; the fight for international co-operation we lost, and lost largely because the New York delegation, under the leadership of Franklin Roosevelt and others, voted two to one against it.

As Mr. Rodell says, in the fall of 1929, just before the panic, I came to the financial district in New York as a member of Weadock & Willkie, with offices, as Mr. Rodell does not say, across the street from Roosevelt & O'Connor. I have never, however, thought of either Mr. Roosevelt or myself as, in Mr. Rodell's words, a "kept" lawyer, even though both our firms were engaged in representing business interests and both did a material amount of utility representation.

My work for Commonwealth & Southern, before I became its president, was almost exclusively in supervising litigation of the operating companies of the system. I was out of New York, for the most part, helping lawyers in the field with their more important briefs and in the trial of what we, at least, deemed our more important litigation. But in saying that I helped to put through "the final stages of the formation of Commonwealth & Southern," Mr. Rodell misses a trick. I was not important enough for that. After I was president of the company, I was, of course, in charge of its financial and general business. Also, as a matter of necessity, I made many arguments before committees of Congress and frequently testified before them on legislation affecting utilities—*always in open and public hearings*.

Mr. Rodell's suggestion that as president of Commonwealth & Southern I did not manage the system would strike as exceedingly humorous those then connected with the company. It is true, however, that I did all I could to build up my subordinates by delegating authority and placing responsibility, by giving credit, by making clear the lines of authority. As a matter of fact I frequently said publicly and privately that no chief ex-



Twice in a lifetime

HE was just a little fellow a dozen years ago.

Too little to know — or care — that even as he slept, General Motors men in a distant laboratory were putting the finishing touches on a special new refrigerant later given the trade-mark, "Freon."*

Much too little to understand that the real reason for developing this new compound was the safety of just such sleeping youngsters as himself.

That it was important because it provided the last link in perfect safety for home or hospital refrigeration, ending even the remote risk of toxic harm in the unlikely event of leaks in the cooling system.

He is grown now, and off fighting for his country on a South Pacific island. He is old enough to know that one of his deadliest enemies there is the mosquito, carrier of malaria.

The interesting thing is that it is "Freon" that now comes to his aid. Twice in his lifetime, his one result of General Motors research is

paying off in personal protection for him and his kind.

For when mixed with chemicals to kill mosquitoes, this compound makes a new and better kind of insect spray. Unlike heavier sprays that fall to the ground, it evaporates almost instantly, leaving the mosquito-killing compounds floating suspended in the air.

"Freon" was not developed as a war product. It came about because General Motors, seeking to provide more and better things for more people, never stopped trying to make better refrigerators for American households.

But because it was known and familiar, it was available when the war need appeared — just as it remains at hand for future peacetime developments.

The idea that built America — the idea that men accomplish most when they can win a just reward for doing great things — has served the country well in war.

And the same idea will keep on providing more and better things for more people in a world restored to lasting Peace.

Trade-mark registered. "Freon" is made and sold by Kinetic Chemicals, Inc.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE
BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER
FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK AND COACH

KEEP AMERICA STRONG • BUY WAR BONDS



ecutive was worthy of his job who did not develop men who could succeed him and who didn't have the courage to be surrounded by men who knew more than he did. But the policies I determined, and the company I administered.

With the usual sophistry of his cult of thinking, Mr. Rodell finds it a matter for criticism that I fought with all my energies to prevent the value of my company's property from being injured by governmental subsidized competition. Certainly when I saw that the government was intent on its course, I did all I legitimately could to secure the best possible price for the property for which I was a trustee. The government, ably represented, was trying to get it at the lowest possible price. Even Mr. Rodell feels that I "made a good job of it." Perhaps it was the frequent references to the settlement in the New York newspapers that makes him consider it the "one real success of my career."

When I became president of Commonwealth & Southern the domestic electric rates of the system were far from the lowest among the major systems, and the use was far from the highest. When I retired, after seven years with the company, the rates were the lowest, and the use was the highest of any major private system in the country. Furthermore, though this may be upsetting to Mr. Rodell's conception that this condition was brought about by TVA competition, the decrease in rates and the increase in use were greater in the Northern companies of the system, unaffected by TVA competition, than in the Southern companies.

That these accomplishments were in part due to my predecessor and were made possible by the great abilities of my associates in the company, I publicly pointed out many times. Mr. Rodell finds in my appreciation proof of my own inability.

He has chosen an unfortunate instance by which to illustrate my "naïveté in the field of finance." He says that I often cited as an example of magnanimous dealing the following transaction: Commonwealth & Southern, with the approval of the regulatory authorities of Illinois, purchased a bond issue of Central Illinois Light Co., one of its operating units, of which it owned practically all of the common stock. It was at a time when the operating company needed money for construction and, because of market conditions, could not sell its issue at a reasonable price

elsewhere. Later, when market conditions improved, Commonwealth & Southern was able to sell those bonds in open market for \$700,000 profit. Instead of keeping the \$700,000, as it would have been entitled to do, it turned the whole profit over to the Central Illinois Light Co.

I did indeed cite this and similar transactions in testimony before committees of Congress and elsewhere. But Mr. Rodell seems to have missed the point. I cited them not as examples of magnanimous dealing. That would have been the height of naïveté. I cited them as obvious examples of good business and as an answer to the charge frequently, and sometimes justly, made at that time that holding companies milked their operating companies.

It is obviously impossible to take up all of Mr. Rodell's distortions of fact connected with the period when I was in the utility business. The examples I have cited illustrate his inaccuracies and misrepresentations.

As he has revived much misinformation from the battles of those days so he has warmed over some of the canards of 1940 political disputation. I am surprised, however, to find a law-school professor who admires so much the "exacting and painstaking" tasks of legal practice failing in the simplest task of research. If Mr. Rodell had turned to the *Congressional Record* for my Lend-Lease testimony, or the official stenographic notes of the same, he would have known how dishonest is his charge that I ever characterized either the principles or the policies or the pledges I made in the campaign of 1940 as "campaign oratory."

He would likewise have learned from examining the *Congressional Record* of the motion-picture investigation to which he refers—and which, incidentally, was not conducted by Senator Wheeler, as he suggests—that a United States Senator making the same charge as does Mr. Rodell, on my challenge consulted the record and had the good grace publicly to apologize.

The facts are: When I was advocating Lend-Lease before a Senate committee, in answer to questions about speeches I had made during the 1940 campaign, I specifically reiterated my belief in every principle, policy, and pledge which I had made during the course of the campaign. Senator Nye then asked one final question. I quote from the record:

*She is "Star of Stars"
He - a famous maestro*

THEY KNEW . . . THESE TWO! One had the longest commercial broadcasting career of any singer in the world. The other had directed great radio musical shows for nearly twenty years; had been head of a leading music recording company.

Their combined knowledge of the radio-phonograph field was unexcelled. Yet, in all their experience, Jessica Dragonette and Gus Haenschen had never heard anything like this . . .



... together they hear a miracle

THE music had stopped. Swiftly, a metallic hand moved, deftly picked up the record, safely deposited it into velvety softness. Even then, it was a moment before the words came tumbling forth.

"Wonderful! Marvelous!" exclaimed the golden-haired Jessica.

"Perfect—the finest reproduction I have ever heard," said Gus Haenschen. "More came out of that record just now than I ever thought could be put into one."

Jessica Dragonette and Gus Haenschen had just heard the only Meissner electronic radio-phonograph in existence—the final laboratory model perfected just before war turned all of Meissner's skill and knowledge to the manufacture of electronic war equipment. This "instrument-beyond-price" today is providing wartime musical inspiration for the high school pupils

of Meissner's home community, Mt. Carmel, Ill

Flying fast on the wings of peace, however, the experience now limited to so few will soon be shared and enjoyed by many. Then you, too, will know the utter purity and clarity of Meissner reproduction. No longer will you be irritated by the "missing elements" in much of today's recorded music. And you'll join with Jessica Dragonette and Gus Haenschen in welcoming these and many other important Meissner advantages:

AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER—plays *both* sides of a record in sequence, *one* side only, or *repeats* a record just played . . . *avoids* record breakage. Provides 2 hours or more of music without your touching a record.

FREQUENCY MODULATION—plus advanced electronic features for fidelity and tonal range greatly surpassing such qualities in home radio-phonographs now in use.

SUPER SHORTWAVE . . . DISTINGUISHED CABINETS . . . NEW IDEAS in a host of other advancements already being engineered into Meissner electronic equipment for our armed forces around the world.

For tomorrow -

**A NEW WORLD OF SOUND
AT YOUR FINGER TIPS**



MEISSNER

MANUFACTURING COMPANY • MT. CARMEL, ILL.

ADVANCED ELECTRONIC RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURE



A LETTER FROM WENDELL WILLKIE

SENATOR NYE [quoting from a speech I made at Baltimore during the last week of the campaign in which I was discussing the long list of the President's broken promises]: "On the basis of his [that is Roosevelt's] past performance with pledges to the people, you may expect we will be at war by April, 1941, if he is elected."

MR. WILLKIE: You ask me whether or not I said that?

SENATOR NYE: Do you still agree that that might be the case?

MR. WILLKIE: It might be. It was a bit of campaign oratory.

This statement to which Senator Nye referred was nothing more than an illustrative example of the logical expectancy that Mr. Roosevelt's promises in the 1940 campaign might prove to be no more dependable than many of his promises in previous campaigns had proved to be. It had nothing whatever to do with any pledge, policy, or principle of my own.

Since Mr. Rodell did not take the trouble to go to the source for his information, I can see how he may have been misled. For those opposed to Lend-Lease, to aid for England, and to any form of international co-operation have conducted over the past three years a systematic effort on a national scale to misrepresent what I said at the Lend-Lease hearing.

I had advance warning. At Trinidad, on my return flight from England to testify for Lend-Lease, I received a cabled message from a man who became one of the heads of America First that my reputation would be the subject of debasement in every town in America if I carried out my intention of testifying.

Every effort has been made to fulfill that threat and many people, like Mr. Rodell, who undoubtedly abhor the principles of those who have conducted this systematic campaign have unwittingly aided it.

It is easy for Mr. Rodell without any knowledge to suggest that I am a mere figurehead in my law firm and likewise with the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation. The facts are, as he could have learned from consulting any one of my partners, that I am active in the firm and that I have earned fees

much greater in amount than I have ever drawn from the firm.

He could likewise have learned that I sold the rights to *One World* to Twentieth Century after competitive bidding—not for \$250,000 as he says, though that figure was offered by more than one company, but at a lower price than any of the bids I received. Furthermore, he might have learned that to eliminate any element of personal political advantage, on my stipulation the picture is not to be shown until after the fall election. A little research would also have shown that I never said I was "at heart a Southern Democrat." What I did say at one time was that I was "at heart a Woodrow Wilson Democrat."

There is undoubtedly an end to the patience of the editors of *Harper's Magazine* and, under paper rationing, to their space. So let this suffice for the present by way of correcting the record.

I agree with Mr. Rodell that words are not enough. In 1940 I did my best to get into the field of action. Not having succeeded, I have tried with words to help make action possible in matters that seemed to me important—matters such as Selective Service, the destroyers for England, Lend-Lease, adequate taxation, international co-operation.

Mr. Rodell opens and closes his article with a question about me posed by William Allen White in the spring of 1940. Is Wendell Willkie "just a pretty smooth guy or has he really got something on the ball?" When Mr. White put that question we did not know each other. In the subsequent years we grew to know each other well and fought together in many causes. And I was proud to have in him a warm friend and enthusiastic political supporter.

A short time before his last illness he sent me some personal, intimate advice from which, with permission of his family, I quote:

"And please don't take too seriously the insults of the cowardly and solemn asses who never have the courage to really fight for anything worth while but find pleasure and pretense of liberalism in maligning others who do have the courage to fight."

WENDELL WILLKIE

Harper's Magazine

VOL 188 No 1128 May 1944



DEWEY: THE MAN IN THE BLUE SERGE SUIT

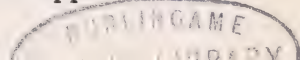
RICHARD H. ROVERE

{ Mr. Rovere is a New York free-lance journalist who formerly held positions on The Nation and Common Sense. }

AMONG one group of Republican statesmen close to Thomas Edmund Dewey, it is said with assurance that the Governor of New York, if he moves to Washington next January, will rely chiefly upon Herbert Hoover for advice on the conduct of foreign relations. The Great Engineer, they say, may even turn up as Secretary of State. Another school, equally intimate and *au courant*, maintains that Dewey is most likely to appoint John Foster Dulles, a prominent New York attorney, to that office and that Dulles would set the direction of Dewey's foreign policy. Since caution is a watchword with Dewey, the chances are that no one can yet speak with authority of his plans. Nevertheless, the fact that his friends mention both Hoover and Dulles as likely heads of the State Department

speaks volumes about Tom Dewey. Hoover is a hard-bitten mercantile nationalist who before Pearl Harbor took the America First point of view. John Foster Dulles is a pious Wilsonian, full of international amity, and was a guiding spirit in the Committee to Aid the Allies.

Whatever his cabinet plans may be, Dewey today frequently consults Hoover and Dulles, and both are among his ardent party supporters. In current terminology, one is an isolationist, the other an internationalist. Which, then, represents, or comes closer to, Dewey's own position? The answer, in so far as it can be gleaned from a diligent study of Dewey's record, is: neither. Dewey stands four-square and flat-footed in the middle. Protected aft by Hoover and afore by Dulles, he sails along in the lee of Walter Lippmann and



to the windward of Colonel McCormick. After twelve years in public life, with his sights on the Presidency for at least seven of them, Dewey has yet to make anything resembling a full and coherent statement of his views on world affairs. He has, to be sure, made a great many speeches on the subject, but to the citizen eager to learn what he actually believes they yield almost nothing. Last November, at the annual forum conducted by the New York *Herald Tribune*, he spoke eloquently of the many problems we shall face at the war's end. After listing several posers, and suggesting what sterling qualities of leadership will be needed to solve them, he reached the point at which some program, something definite, was to be expected. But right there Dewey brought his speech to a quick conclusion with this message of hope: "We need not be afraid of the future, for the future will be in our own hands."

Somewhat earlier, at a meeting of the Institute for Human Relations at Williams College in Massachusetts, he addressed his audience on "The World Tomorrow." After assaulting several of the world's acknowledged evils, he passed lightly over some American problems, such as the need to teach more civics in high schools, then ended with these words: "We shall have our freedom so long as we are all free!"

BROMIDES of this sort, if they came from other men, would be spotted at once and pickled for preservation. But Dewey has a way of putting them over. He piles up platitudes so neatly and with such roundness of phrase that the listener or reader is sometimes deluded into thinking that he is following a weighty argument. Dewey's trained baritone voice and his courtroom manner of presentation also help. The screaming eagle plays no part in his refined oratory. He is not a spell-binder but a master of the great American art called elocution. Then, too, his speeches have literary quality of a kind. Warren Gamaliel Harding used to give voice to commonplaces strikingly similar to Dewey's, but when Harding spoke his sentences, as Mencken said, were like a string of wet sponges. No one could say that of Dewey. His speeches, which are written for him by a battery of experienced

newspapermen and have been said to cost as much as \$3,000 apiece, say nothing in crisp and rhythmical prose.

Dewey dodges issues whenever he can and tries to hedge what he cannot completely ignore. Any public man, however, must sometimes come to grips with issues that agitate the public. When Dewey feels that the time may have come to say something unequivocal, he makes certain beforehand that his statement will be, as the clubhouse workers put it, "a sure thing." This ancient political practice is known variously as sniffing the breeze, playing it safe, tapping the grass roots, or keeping the ear to the ground. In the past, politicians have done it by correlating reports sent in by advisers who make it their business to move around the city wards or perch on cracker barrels in the country stores. If these worthies agreed that a certain position was popular with the masses, the leaders proceeded to state that position, even if it had never occurred to them before.

Times change. Dewey, who has proclaimed his pride in being "a child of the twentieth century," has streamlined the old technique and reduced it to something approaching exact science. For example, when he sought the Republican nomination in 1940, he was aided by a staff of professional poll-takers. These men were regularly employed at buttonholing the public for one of the large opinion-gathering agencies. But in off hours they worked for Dewey, their services paid for by one of his wealthy campaign contributors. When Dewey felt that he had to speak out on some question, he carefully phrased a statement and gave copies of it to the opinion-samplers. They tested it on representatives of many classes, sections, and special-interest groups. If response was good, Dewey released the statement. If response was poor, he withheld it or revised it to meet the objections reported in the survey. In each of his campaigns he has had the same poll-takers assay in advance his chances of nomination and election.

The Governor's famous statement at the Mackinac Island conference last September will also serve to show how he operates. As reported by the press, Dewey declared

in favor of a postwar military alliance with Great Britain as a desirable step toward world peace. Here was a definite declaration of policy; coming from him, it was sensational. He was set upon terribly for it by Anglophobes and by those who think that such arrangements will be meaningless if they exclude our other allies. But it was not Dewey's fault. He got his signals crossed.

The surrounding circumstances were these: Winston Churchill was in Washington at the time, and on that visit he paid particular attention to improving Anglo-American relations. He spoke of the two nations as "one family" and at Harvard advocated the worldwide use of Basic English. Prior to Churchill's arrival, the Gallup Poll had conducted a survey which showed that sixty-one per cent of the American people would favor a postwar military alliance with the English. The poll was not released until three days after Dewey made his statement, but advance copies are on many desks often as much as a week before publication. If Dewey did not know about it he was slipping. At any rate, just before his press conference, someone read him a story about the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting just off the wire from the Washington correspondent of a Detroit newspaper. As it happened, this story was not a report of actual agreements made by the two leaders but a speculative essay on what the writer thought might come of the meeting. But it was presented to Dewey as news. The writer listed several points, of which the first was military alliance. After hearing it, Dewey hurried along to his press conference and said that for his part he favored a military alliance with the British. So far as he knew, it was as safe as a denunciation of the man-eating shark. (Later he was asked if he thought that a place might be found for Russia and China in the scheme he envisaged. He replied that he certainly hoped so, and, for that matter, he also hoped that a place might eventually be found for Czechoslovakia and several other United Nations.)

DEWEY has been only slightly bolder in discussing his views of domestic policy. When, in 1938, he sought the Gov-

ernorship for the first time, he told his fellow candidates on the state ticket that they were not, in their campaign speeches, to discuss the New Deal or Roosevelt under any provocation. Since the New Deal was not a state issue, this was all right for Dewey, but it was hard for the Congressional candidates to swallow. If they were not to be anti-New Dealers, what could they be? But Dewey, realizing that the New Deal was popular at the time, did not wish to be associated with opposition to an Administration that two years earlier had been re-elected by the greatest majority in history. He even let himself be called a "New Deal Republican." Since that time, however, he has become increasingly outspoken in his opposition to Roosevelt, more and more so as each year has revealed new areas of public disenchantment. He is now a confirmed enemy of the Administration, but he has yet to give the country an adequate picture of what he proposes to do about the social and economic system. One gets the general impression that he is an orthodox Republican who would like to reverse as many of Roosevelt's policies as is politically and economically feasible. But he himself has never said even that much. When he does speak out on domestic issues, he is almost as coy as he is on foreign affairs: "Put experience, ability, and fair play in the SEC and other regulatory bodies. . . . Establish a fair parity between agricultural prices and industrial prices. . . . Improve the credit facilities for small business. . . . Establish sound and consistent national policies."

II

FROM all this, it might be concluded that Dewey has no thoughts of his own and perhaps that he lacks the mental equipment to make up his own mind. Neither is true. Though he never says anything that has not been double-checked for safety and propriety, he has an alert, highly disciplined mind. He is cautious, but never slow. In conversation he is generally two or three steps ahead of his companions, and he can, when he wishes, express himself with vigor. When he was prosecuting industrial rackets in New

York City, he commanded the respect of other trial lawyers for his resourcefulness in court. Many of his briefs remain as models of organization and legal exposition. He is as humorless as a man can be, and he once boasted that he kept abreast of literature by reading specially prepared condensations of current books, but he can absorb information rapidly and to good effect. He has no apparent interest in general ideas, but within the limits of practicality his mind works shrewdly and quickly. He is, in fine, an excellent politician.

Politics is a simple game once you get the hang of it, and politicians, as a class, are simple men. Most of them are extroverts who could never lead the public life if they were beset by doubts and inner conflicts. It is unlikely, however, that any other man in American life today is as devastatingly simple in character and motivation as Tom Dewey. Anyone, for example, seeking to understand Franklin D. Roosevelt is at once confronted with several Roosevelts: the lazy young patrician and the headstrong leader of the early New Deal; the uninspired New York politician and the militant liberal; the liberal of ten years ago and the conservative of today; the humanitarian and the militarist; the master organizer and the bumbling administrator; the stubborn fogleman and the smiling compromiser. Similarly with Wendell Willkie: one must contend with Willkie the young socialist; Willkie the corporation lawyer; Willkie the reconstructed liberal.

No such opposites must be reconciled in Dewey. Search through his life and you will find no part that is not consonant with every other part. He has wasted no years, sowed no political wild oats. He abandoned his only youthful enthusiasm, singing, when he was forced to perform with a sore throat; according to his mother, the thought then dawned on him that his earning power would always be dependent on two fragile vocal cords. If any profitless cause, wise or foolish, has ever lured him from the pursuit of his own career, the record does not show it. He had to be entreated for months before he would take up the lance against crime; he was making, at thirty, more than \$25,000

a year and was troubled at the prospect of having to scale down to \$16,995. Once he was won over to the crusade, however, he fell to with utter concentration. This single-mindedness, this refusal to be sidetracked, accounts for his phenomenally rapid rise in politics. He is no prodigy but an immensely hard worker who works for himself. When a man's life reveals only this—and no guiding principles, no ideas except strategic ones, no deep compulsions of any sort—it is impossible to conclude that the mainspring of his life has not been personal ambition.

Men of untempered ambition are seldom appealing human beings. It is no secret that Dewey does not get along well with people. His own boosters scarcely try to deny it. When an inquiring reporter goes to Albany these days, he is likely to be greeted by a Dewey aide who says, "You haven't seen Mr. Dewey in two years? Well, well, you're going to be surprised at how much he has changed." This must be taken to mean that the Governor has improved his manner with the press.

Many facets of a politician's character show up in his relations with newspapermen. Stories of the friction between Dewey and the journalists assigned to him are legion. When he began his prosecuting career in New York, he set up almost impossible restrictions for handling the news. He wanted to try his cases in the newspapers but he would not play ball with the press. When he had a story on which he wanted to impale some racketeer, he would call in the reporters, give them the details, and then issue strict instructions that no one could use him, or his office, as a source. The newspapermen could hardly afford to pass up the news, but if they used it, they were forced to employ some transparent device like "It was learned today . . ." to give authority to their revelations. They were forced to use Dewey's handouts on their own responsibility, but they were stopped from using anything that they might find out for themselves. Dewey blanketed courts and prisons with censorship; employees were threatened with the loss of their jobs if they talked to reporters; police sealed up doors and passages in the county offices.

Expediency may have justified some of this, but Dewey seemed to delight in making things as difficult as possible. Few reporters ever saw him without cooling their heels interminably in one of his anterooms.

This practice, repeated several times, led to a temporary break between Dewey and S. Burton Heath, a New York *World-Telegram* reporter who had done much to make Dewey a public figure and had given him important evidence for two of his most impressive cases. When reporters finally stormed the outer defenses, they generally found him so absorbed in papers on his desk that he would not look up for what seemed like several minutes. He tried this just once on a fellow politician and got back a dose of his own medicine. The man entered Dewey's office, pulled out a magazine, and began to read. This so infuriated Dewey that he looked up immediately. But his visitor continued to read until he was ready to talk.

A national magazine once published a highly favorable series of articles about Dewey. The author was surprised to learn that Dewey was outraged. Inquiry proved that his displeasure was caused by the writer's statement that Dewey had not been invited to join a fraternity at Ann Arbor while a student there. In November, 1942, the *New York Times* reported quite innocently that the Governor-elect, before entering upon his arduous duties at the State House, would take his family on a two weeks' vacation at Sea Island, Georgia. Dewey did not want it said of so devoted a public servant that he was taking a rest. He called in the reporters and showed them a stack of books and papers on his desk. "I'm taking these along on my so-called vacation," he said.

AMONG newspaper photographers, Dewey is known as a man who will step out of a group about to be snapped, take his stance beside the camera, and decide whether or not he likes the arrangement. If he does not like it, he will change it. Acutely self-conscious about his physical stature—he is really of average height, slightly more than five feet eight—he does not like to be posed alongside a noticeably taller man. Indeed, he

never permits any unposed photographs. He will not be pictured smoking; he says it sets a bad example. Nor will he be photographed in his shirtsleeves. If he is nominated this year, the country will have at least one cause for rejoicing; it will be spared any large number of the usual pictures of the candidate helping his wife in the kitchen, chatting with farmers, or umpiring baseball games. Dewey dislikes such pictures not because they are synthetic but because he is incapable of letting down his hair, even for a photograph. He will not allow himself to be caught in a state of relative or affected relaxation. The postmaster's son from Owosso, Michigan, has become a man who is at home only in a blue serge suit.

Five years ago, at the height of the Hines trial, courthouse photographers became so annoyed by his attitude that they voted to go on strike against him. He got the silent treatment. For some time no pictures of the fighting District Attorney, a staple of the period, appeared in the papers. In their place were dozens of flattering shots of the amiable Jimmy Hines and his majestic lawyer, Lloyd Paul Stryker. Times-Wide World finally broke the boycott, but for weeks thereafter the photographers seemed to see Dewey only when he was mugging, scowling, or popping his large brown eyes. In one of the few extant pictures of Dewey on a farm, he shares the foreground with the nether end of a large draft horse.

It is a tribute to Dewey's own abilities that he has risen so far and so fast without any real personal following. New Yorkers never cared much for him. They admired him for his battle against the gangsters, and small fry of the Junior G-Man variety idolized him. But before long the mass of the citizenry, who like their politicians warm, came to find the Dewey chill oppressive. They voted for him in recognition of his sanitary value, but they regarded him as an ingenue bluenose. They called him Buster, Plucky Tom, the Boy Scout, often just the Boy. When Jimmy Hines and Al Marinelli, Tammany leaders with unsavory business connections, were cornered by Dewey, they reached the peak of their popularity among the unregenerate. This may testify to the city's

sometimes inexact concepts of morality, but even among the solid upstate farmers who elected Dewey Governor, there is little evidence of personal appeal. He ran behind the rest of the ticket in a great Republican year. The polls and observers' reports that attest to his high standing throughout the country today are not so much a measure of his charm as of his reputation for getting things done; that is the side that his managers have wisely publicized.

III

DEWEY's candidacy for the Republican nomination in 1940 started as a political maneuver and became a serious threat. The original plan was to use him as a stalking-horse and trade him off later. But Dewey wouldn't be stopped. "We drafted this monkey," said one lowly Republican, "and by Jesus, he took us serious." Dewey certainly did take them serious, and he might even have won the nomination if he had not alienated, some months earlier, one of his most powerful supporters. He entered the convention with a large plurality of delegates; he would have had far more if it had not been for the campaign of open sabotage carried on by the late Kenneth Simpson.

As National Committeeman from New York, Simpson was the smartest Republican leader in the state since Boss Platt. He was responsible for the Republican renaissance that re-elected Fiorello La Guardia's reform administration against great odds and made Dewey the first Republican District Attorney in decades. Whenever Simpson, ordinarily a modest man, claimed a share of the credit—and some of the perquisites—which accompanied this feat, Dewey assured him that he could have been elected without the help of Simpson or anyone else. Simpson became furious; Mrs. Simpson icily told the world, "You have to know Mr. Dewey very well in order to dislike him." Finally Dewey began to talk about "purging" Simpson. After pondering the matter for some time, Simpson decided to be put upon no longer. He took off for the provinces and began to break up the Dewey delegations then forming every-

where. He split the New York delegation in two, moving his part into the Willkie camp, and sowed disaffection from the Atlantic Coast to the Mississippi. Herbert Hoover, Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, and Edwin F. Jaecckle, a former back-tax collector from Buffalo who now runs the Dewey machine, came to their candidate's aid, but too late. If Simpson had not come to an untimely death in 1941, Dewey might be out of the running today.

But all that is in the past, and the word out of Albany is that Dewey has changed. "In the four years between 1940 and 1944," begins one magazine writer, in a pre-convention puff for the Governor, "Thomas E. Dewey has grown up. He has passed out of his political adolescence. He has abandoned the young-man-in-a-hurry attitude for an air of tremendous, earnest patience, and has developed a suave proficiency in handling the press and photographers."

So far as the press is concerned, relations have certainly improved somewhat. Dewey has accomplished this not so much by developing a suave proficiency, greatly to his credit, as by developing an Executive Assistant named James C. Hagerty. Hagerty, former Albany correspondent for the *New York Times*, serves his employer and his fellow newspapermen by keeping the two apart as much as possible and by coaching the Governor for the occasions when he must see the press himself. But the newspapermen have not warmed to Dewey. They were on the verge of open revolt a few months ago when he tried to institute the practice of forbidding them to quote even the questions, their own questions, which he declined to answer. Thanks to Hagerty's diplomatic intervention, such near-explosions occur less frequently now.

In his 1940 campaign, Dewey's backers capitalized on his youth. Rupert Hughes, who once debunked George Washington, wrote an authorized biography comparing Dewey with Alexander the Great and William Pitt, who also did great deeds at tender ages. Dewey, as a youthful optimist; played on the theme that the New Deal was "defeatist." "But I deny that the American people are finished. Amer-

ica is at the morning of her destiny." He was the young man with a vision who would be up and doing at the break of day. For the present campaign the line has changed. Dewey has "grown up"—from thirty-eight to forty-two—and, after two years as Governor, has become a man of solid achievement. The campaign literature points out that on January 20, 1945, he will be only twenty-one days younger than Theodore Roosevelt was at his inauguration. Besides, he has become a figure of "tremendous, earnest patience," something they could never say about Teddy.

THE issue of age, as measured by years, is always false. Mental vigor, a quality associated with youth, and breadth of sympathy, an attribute of maturity, may be found together in men of almost any age. To lead a great nation in a period like this, Dewey should have both.

Mental vigor he assuredly has, but within narrow limits. In matters of law and politics he has a quick and flexible mind; but these are means, not ends. In the field of general ideas and broad policy, he has brought nothing new to the public forum, nor has he restated old ideas with new strength or faith. Like a third-rate Congressman, he has said only what will keep him out of trouble with the voters. He has refused even to face up to the real issues of our time. In terms of broad human sympathy, the record is no more inspiring. When the need for human brotherhood has been great, he has shown no comprehension of humility. He has divided saints and sinners with the rigorous prissiness of a Fundamentalist divine. His proposed solution to the Aurelio affair, for example, was to impose one set of electoral rules on New York City, another on the rest of the state.

Generosity sometimes finds its way even into the world of ambitious politicians. When Dewey was Special Rackets Prosecutor, reporters asked him if he had any comment on some action, altogether creditable, taken by William C. Dodge, then the District Attorney. By a not altogether phony political custom, he was expected to say something pleasant. Dewey pursed his lips and said, "I wouldn't wipe

my feet on him." Fortunately for Dewey, the reporters would not accept the statement. He has lived, as Hamilton Basso once said, through an enormous period in history, but "he has missed not only the significance but the very emotion of the past thirty years."

IV

DEWEY's big reputation is based chiefly on his record as a doer, an able and scientific administrator. The times may demand more than this in a leader, but many of our better Presidents have had little more than executive ability to recommend them.

The record consists of ten years prosecuting rackets in New York City and seventeen months as Governor of the state. Of his exploits as a prosecutor, a great deal has been written, and it would be tiresome to repeat the story at length here. Judged by the results, it was a conspicuously impressive performance, though not in every sense as dazzling as the publicity office claimed. It required enormous drive and pertinacity—qualities with which Dewey is amply blessed. It required self-confidence, for failure would have ended his career; indeed, the fear of failure was what led so many other lawyers to turn down the job, thus leaving the field open to Dewey. It demanded the kind of courage necessary to meet the gangsters on their own ground, and although newspapers may have overdramatized the personal dangers which Dewey faced, gunmen like Lepke and Gurrah do play the game the hard way. Dewey did not abolish the rackets, for most of them still flourish and are enjoying the war boom, but he did rid the community of many of its more homicidal and larcenous members. He scrubbed up some labor unions and employers' associations that had long stood in need of thorough cleansing. By trading immunity for testimony, he set free more crooks than he ever jailed, but he landed most of the larger fish.

In doing so, he made dexterous use of the law. But the law is something more than an instrument for tripping up artichoke swindlers. It is intended to protect the rights of the accused as well as the

life and property of the accusers. Of civil rights, of the law as a guarantee of justice even for the unworthy, Dewey showed scant appreciation. Even those attorneys who admire his handiwork the most admit that he was, in his high-minded way, as high-handed a District Attorney as New York has ever had, which is saying a great deal. His office frequently used unauthorized Grand Jury subpoenas to bring in witnesses he wanted. When witnesses were corralled, they were held in "protective custody" in city prisons or picturesque hideouts which Dewey had commandeered. There they often languished for months, held incommunicado and deprived of benefit of counsel.

Wire-tapping, then illegal, was used extensively. Recalcitrant witnesses were either frightened or bribed into testifying. The prostitutes whose testimony convicted Lucky Luciano received such favors as fine clothes, elegant living quarters, trips to Europe, and handsome fees for recounting their memoirs in magazines. Some of them later said that they had never heard of Luciano before the nice men from the D.A.'s office told them about him; many authorities on the New York underworld believed that Luciano, a master of many rackets, had nothing to do with the small and risky prostitution business for which he was convicted.

Dewey made frequent use of "conspiracy" charges and the "joinder indictment," a technique for which he put up a long legislative battle. The joinder indictment permits several men to be tried together on the same charge. Its potentialities for injustice are great. For example, jurors who have been properly convinced of the criminal enormity of a Lepke Buchalter will find it easy to believe that a man like Emmanuel Weiss, proven to be an aide of Lepke's, was guilty of precisely the same crimes. Arthur Garfield Hays, the distinguished civil liberties lawyer, was convinced that Weiss had nothing to do with the crime for which he died two months ago. He argued, as a protest against the technique developed by Dewey, that the convicting jury had been poisoned against Weiss by the evidence against Lepke.

The President of the United States is

not charged with running down gangsters, but he is responsible for administering the laws of the nation. Dewey, who seeks that office, has demonstrated mainly the familiar legal philosophy of the trial lawyer who is out to get his man—or save him—right or wrong.

HERBERT H. LEHMAN, whom Dewey succeeded as Governor of New York, was in office from 1932 to 1942. Impartial students of state government rate Lehman as the best administrator New York has had for twenty-five years. He was less popular, and less imaginative, than Al Smith or Franklin D. Roosevelt, but he was a better executive than either. During three of his four terms he worked against the opposition of a Republican legislature. But he managed the state's affairs with efficiency and economy throughout a long period of depression. Roosevelt had left Albany with the state \$100,000,000 in debt, and the figure threatened to grow as relief needs mounted in the early thirties. Lehman put relief operations on a current basis and stopped the ruinous policy of issuing bonds to meet the new and unprecedented expenses. At the bottom of the depression, he had to raise close to \$750,000,000 in taxes. He managed to do so without incurring any serious public criticism of his demands or his methods.

The country has recently been treated to a flood of ballyhoo to the effect that Dewey, in his management of New York's affairs, has shown himself to be a financial wizard. This is pure poppycock. Almost a third of the \$140,000,000 surplus which Dewey announced on January 1st of this year was in the bank before he took office. When Lehman resigned, two months before the end of his term, the state was solvent and in the black about \$40,000,000. Lehman deserves credit for the solvency but not for the surplus. War conditions had brought tax receipts up and expenditures down. If Lehman had served to the end of the last fiscal year in which he held office, the surplus would have risen to about \$90,000,000. Dewey, in the interests of "scientific financial policies," moved the start of the fiscal year back from July 1st to April 1st and thus

incidentally whittled down the size of his predecessor's savings. Even so, on April 1, 1943, when no Dewey policies had gone into effect, there was a favorable balance of \$70,000,000.

Under Dewey it has risen to \$148,000,-000. Unusually high tax returns have been supplemented by undreamed-of windfalls. Unexpected stock market activity brought in \$2,000,000 in transfer levies in the period of a few weeks last year. When, early in 1943, the OPA announced that no gasoline rations would go to those who let their licenses lapse, flivvers long overdue for the junk pile were registered with the state. The revenue was a cool \$9,000,000 more than had been previously anticipated. At one New York race track last year, pari-mutuel betting averaged \$89 for every person who attended the races during the season. The government's take on all race-track betting was some \$11,-000,000. Money rolls in from all sources, and there is little to spend it on compared with what there was before the boom. Relief has been unnecessary; new construction and repairs have been impossible. The money will be "locked up" in a Postwar Reconstruction Fund, presumably to be spent for improvement of state properties, rehabilitation of returning service men, and encouragement of new enterprise. This is a praiseworthy plan.

State revenues under Dewey have been accumulated with basically the same tax structure as preceding administrations used. Someone in his office has coined the fine phrase, "humanization of taxes," to describe the new deductions, for medical expenses and such, now allowed on state income taxes. These are distinct improvements, but they are all revisions of proposals that Governor Lehman was forced to veto in the lean years before the boom. Nothing new has been added. Dewey has cleaned up a few bad spots in state mental hospitals. He has had the cash to raise the wages of many state employees. He has worked out a new system to end some patronage problems, whereby every applicant for a job paying more than \$2,500 is investigated by the state police. Its value cannot yet be tested. So far there have been no patronage scandals. On the whole, his ap-

pointments seem good enough, no better or worse than those made by Smith, Roosevelt, or Lehman. All important jobs but two have gone to Republicans. He has retained Lehman's Commissioners of Health and Correction. These two departments have been headaches for years. There is almost no patronage in them, since subordinate jobs are regulated by civil service.

In Albany Dewey is regarded as an industrious and generally efficient administrator of the state's eighteen executive departments. He has been anything but statesmanlike, however, in his dealings with the legislative branch. If he runs against Franklin D. Roosevelt this year, he will undoubtedly continue to argue that the President has usurped legislative power and attempted to make the Congress a subsidiary of the executive. That is potent Republican ammunition, but in Dewey's hands it may backfire. In less than two years as Governor, Dewey has managed to antagonize his party colleagues as well as the Democratic opposition in the State Legislature. It is certainly significant that the Dewey campaign, now running full blast throughout the country, has not yet reached the floor of his own Legislature, where the buildup for a Governor generally begins.

To some degree, Dewey's trouble with the Legislature is part of the trend toward the centralization of power in the executive on all political levels. In greater degree, however, it is due to Dewey's attempts to make himself an ex-officio member of the Legislature and to dictate action on all bills. No Republican bill is ever submitted before it has gone to the Governor's office for approval and, as often as not, drastic revision. This is true even of bills that have no bearing on state policy and of those routine proposals that are submitted simply to cadge a little publicity for their sponsors. A Republican assemblyman recently drew up a bill for local improvements that he thought might please the folks at home, even though it had slim chance of becoming law. It went down to the Executive Chamber, where it was reviewed and revised. It was then returned to the proper committee with instructions that that chair-

man and not the original sponsor was to introduce it. At least one Republican resignation is credited to dislike of Dewey, and criticism of his way with "must legislation" has been frequent and public. On the closing day of the 1944 session a bill for which only Dewey, among Albany Republicans, was enthusiastic came to the floor. It passed by a small majority, but the *New York Times* reported that one Republican crawled down behind his desk to avoid voting for it and another held his nose while he got out a high-pitched affirmative. The incident marked the close of the session.

BEFORE his election, Dewey pledged himself to break up the O'Connell machine, which has kept Albany County in Democratic thrall since the end of the last war. Although it operates on a small-town basis, Dewey has made it sound as sinister as the gangster politicians he bested in New York. For the moment, however, not much is heard of the matter. Dewey started to investigate the O'Connells' control of Albany, and the O'Connells ordered the Albany District Attorney to investigate the State Legislature. This was a foxy move on their part.

For many years the State Legislature has been the only stronghold of the New York Republican party. Deprived of

plums under a long succession of Democratic governors, and mayors in the larger cities, they have kept the party's spirits up by appropriating funds for innumerable legislative investigations. The investigating committees have had large payrolls, but their employees have had a very easy time of it. In fact, few of them have ever been known to show up in Albany, but they have contracted unusually large expenses, all of them recorded in state ledgers. The mess in those ledgers is of a kind that no one—not even the Democrats in the Legislature, the Democratic governors, or the present arch-foe of corruption—has ever cared to contemplate for long. The books have remained closed for years and are now in the Governor's safe. But when Dewey began poking into the O'Connells' tax assessments, the O'Connells went after the books. Dewey quickly superseded the Albany District Attorney with a special prosecutor of his own. In apprehensive haste the Legislature appointed a committee to investigate itself. And so matters now stand. All four investigations are checkmated, and none is likely to do more than the investigations they are investigating ever did.

But in Washington it might be different. Recently Dewey said, "I'd like just six months to look into the Department of Justice."

{ *A Scotchman, D. W. Brogan is a Cambridge*
professor, an adviser to the B.B.C., and an
authority on both French and American history. }

THE AMERICAN WAY IN WAR

A British Estimate

D. W. BROGAN



MOST American towns, big and little, are well provided with public statuary. There are the usual frock-coated philanthropists and politicians; there are monuments to record-breaking cows; to long dead and therefore safely admired Indian chiefs; there is even a monument to the boll weevil, which by killing the cotton crop forced one Southern region into diversified farming. But the typical monument of an American town, north of the Mason and Dixon line and east of the Missouri, is a cast-iron statue to the heroes of the Civil War, the most American of American wars. There they stand, with their little French kepis over their ears, with their muskets or sabers, products of the main industry of a small New England town that made a corner in the business. In bigger cities generals ride on bronze horses; even generals whose public and private record was far from brilliant are thus honored. And in Washington, city of monuments, there are enough statues to soldiers, more or less distinguished, to make a Prussian paradise.

But there is one American soldier who has few monuments and little popular fame. Nevertheless, it is George Brinton McClellan, at thirty-four General in Chief of the Union armies and a year later unemployed, in personal and political dis-

grace, who is the typical American *successful* soldier; his way of war is the American way of war and even if he did not win the Civil War, it was won in his spirit and by his methods.

And that way of war was General Washington's way of war, was the way in which the American continent was conquered and held, the way taught the Americans by their own history, imposed on them by their own needs and suggested by their own resources. It is a war of lines of communication, of supply, of material. Long before the term "logistics" became fashionable, the science was practiced by the organizers of little expeditions against the Indians, by the leaders of expeditions, peaceful in intent, across the plains to California, down to Santa Fe. *Space* determined the American way in war, space and the means to conquer space. Into empty land the pioneers moved, feeling their way slowly, carefully, timidly if you like. The reckless lost their scalps; the careful, the prudent, the rationally courageous survived and by logistics, by superiority in resources, in tenacity, in numbers. Americans who did not learn these lessons were not much use in the conquest of the West.

For from the beginning of their settlement, the colonists were faced with enemies who, once they had got guns and

II

gunpowder, had the advantage over them. They knew the million square miles of forest better than the white newcomers. They knew all its possibilities and dangers, its trails, its swamps, its snakes, its poison oak and its poison ivy, its salt licks, its portages on the rivers, its passes in the mountains, knew them as well as a good German staff officer knows the country behind the Westwall.

Some of these tribes, above all the Iroquois, were as militarized, were as much an army possessing a state, as modern Prussia or Paraguay or ancient Sparta. They could be fought, they could be conquered, only by patience, prudence, the massing of superior resources, the ignoring of opportunities for brilliant action till the time came. As Frontenac broke the threat of the Iroquois to the existence of New France, so, nearly a century later, General Sullivan cleared upstate New York for the settlement which has given that state Rome and Syracuse and Troy, Cato and Utica, where the Six Nations once ruled like the Spartiates or Chaka's Zulus.

But it was not only General Sullivan who learned, for the young George Washington began his military career with the humiliating experience of being forced to surrender *by starvation* to more forest-wise French and he saw, with his own eyes, the limitations of British military methods when that admirable parade-ground general, Braddock, marched straight ahead into the French and Indian country to death and the practical annihilation of his army. Other British generals have done the same; courage can work wonders but not all wonders, and the Virginians were not won to respect by the courage as much as to horror or irony at the irrelevance of parade-ground virtues. For Americans, then and now, the battle is *always* the payoff, to borrow Major Ingersoll's phrase. Victory is the aim and the elegance of the means is a European irrelevance, recalling the days when war was the sport of kings. War, to Americans, is not the sport of kings but the most serious national and personal concern, which they like to fight in their own way and which, when they do fight it in their own way, they win.

THIS, of course, is concealed by school-boy romanticism. It is far more encouraging to daydreams to think of the West as being won by a handful of totally reckless scouts and pioneers, hoping for an Indian war rather than fearing it and ready to plunge into the trackless wilderness at the drop of the hat. There were people like that, reckless of their own and their fellows' lives. But they are not heroes to be remembered but horrible examples to be digested and then forgotten. Even the great romantic figures, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, even Bridger and Frémont, were heroes because they were *pathfinders*, men who did not get lost, did not venture into trackless places with no knowledge of where they were going. They were pathfinders for the solid, sober, cautious, anxious-to-live pioneers. Without the maps, without the oral or written instructions that these men provided, more parties of western-moving settlers would have suffered the fate of the Donner party—starvation, cannibalism, death, in the high Sierra or, like many less famous victims, on the high plains or the grassy sea of the prairie. And behind the Boones and Kentons, Bridgers and Frémonts were the business men, George Washington and Leland Stanford. Matter-of-fact men, some of them rascals; all of them with a clear head for bookkeeping. They wanted to settle men and women and cattle peacefully; they wanted to do it cheaply; they knew that distance was the enemy, the great weapon of the Indian and of his allies, hunger and thirst. So trails and roads, rivers that would float rafts and canoes and keelboats, salt licks where the cattle could restore their health, malaria-free ground where camps could be made, these were the elements of the problem of opening up the perpetual second front of the West.

These provided for, the Indians could be conquered, perhaps without fighting. So the commander of Virginian riflemen under General Washington who had won the name of Mad Anthony Wayne was the general who, under President Washington, carefully prepared to avenge the defeats of his predecessor, defeats caused

by bad and inadequate preparation. General Wayne did not rush on the Indians as if they had been British regulars of the old school; he prepared, with unsporting thoroughness, to move, safely and in overwhelming force. Long before he won the Battle of Fallen Timbers, Wayne had won the war and the prize of war, the Ohio country, won it from the Indians and from their British backers in the old French fort of Detroit.

As mad (in the American sense) as Anthony Wayne was that passionate pioneer, Andrew Jackson, favorite hero of his successor in the White House and in the leadership of the Democratic party, Mr. Roosevelt. But when Jackson fought the Cherokees he was as prudent, up to the last decisive moment of battle, as Wayne or Washington. He was as cautious then, he the duelist and political gambler, as he was a few months later, waiting for the Peninsular veterans of General Pakenham to march up to his breastworks outside New Orleans and be shot down in rows, as if they had been confronting German machine guns and not merely the rifles of well-hidden and practically safe frontiersmen.

THE instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. American history has some equivalents of the charge of the Light Brigade or of the French cavalry at Reichshoffen or the German cavalry at Mars la Tour. But not many, and even the few there are illustrate the American way in war. Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, the destruction of the "flower of Virginia," is very famous, but it was very futile; it was a gesture regretted by Lee and condemned by Longstreet, that unamiable, overcautious, selfish soldier, more trusted by the rank and file of the Army of Northern Virginia than either of the great twin brethren of brilliant battle, Lee and Jackson. The real American charge into the deadly breach was exemplified a few months later at Chattanooga when Philip Sheridan led his men racing up the mountain (waving them on, so one tradition has it, with a whisky bottle for a sword) and swept away the army of Braxton Bragg. And that dramatic "battle above the clouds" was a

mere finale to a long play whose denouement had been decided weeks before when the drab figure of General Grant appeared to take over from the brilliant Rosecrans, and Grant got a line of supplies opened into Chattanooga—a line down which poured the endless resources of the North to be launched suddenly, when the issue was beyond all doubt, like an avalanche pouring uphill on the gallant, outnumbered, under-equipped Southern army.

Once the way was opened for the fields and factories of the North to supply Chattanooga, the campaign was over. The South could not exploit its victories; it could pick up tricks but not win a rubber. It had defeated Rosecrans but it could not break that tenacious Virginian serving the North, George Thomas. He was the rock of Chickamauga on which Grant built. And Thomas, a year later, waited even more patiently than Washington and Wayne while the brilliant thruster, Hood, fought and maneuvered and displayed initiative and fighting spirit. Thomas, indeed, waited so long that the impatient civilian Secretary of War, Stanton, wanted to remove him; but when the due time came, Thomas struck, and on Christmas Day, 1864, in the Battle of Nashville, he destroyed forever the Southern army in a victory "without a morrow," a victory as complete as Cannae or Sedan. But that victory had been made easy more than a year before, when Thomas had held the railway and river nodal point of Chattanooga. It was a problem in statistics, in organization, in patience, an engineering problem. It is fitting that one of the greatest dams of the Tennessee Valley Authority should bear the name of Chickamauga, the name of one of those battles which decided that for nearly three thousand miles the Mississippi should "flow unvexed to the sea" through a nation united by arms.

BUT, as has been said, there is in America, as elsewhere, the legend of campaigns much more like sporting events than these drab accumulations of overwhelming material resources. There have been such campaigns. While General

Nathan Bedford Forrest* did not say that his scheme of war consisted in "getting there fustest with the mostest," some such policy was imposed on the South. They could only have force in terms of time. The North could have force in terms of space which they could command—as no one can command time. So Lee was forced to attempt miracles of movement, miracles that, with his inferior resources in men, railways, resources of transport, even of food, he did not always work. He asked far too much of his troops, of his staff, of his second-in-command, in the campaign of the Seven Days where he had, facing Jackson and himself, the cautious, the fearful, the egoistic, the neurotic, the beloved and trusted and competent maker and leader of the Army of the Potomac, General McClellan. He asked too much in the concentration before Gettysburg; he did not ask too much when he exploited the fears of Hooker and the unknown trails of the Wilderness, or when in that scrub country he used all the arts of a great defensive general who had been trained as a tamer of the Mississippi, maker of locks and dams, to force General Grant to "fight it out on that line if it took all summer." Grant lost more men in that campaign than there were in Lee's whole army, but he was stronger at the end of it than he was at the beginning. He was strong enough not to continue to fight it out on that line, except morally; strong enough to shift his whole army to new bases, supplied by sea, invulnerable to Southern attack, shift it to the position chosen two years before by General McClellan. And from that position he was able to send out Sheridan to destroy the Valley of Virginia as thoroughly and as ruthlessly as the R.A.F. and the American Air Force are destroying the power of movement and of supply of the Reichswehr. Sheridan had to gallop twenty miles to rally his surprised troops, but a defeat at Winchester would have been only a minor inconvenience. A few months later, when Lee's army was desperately lunging south to find food and space to move in, Sheridan by his bril-

liant improvisation ended the war, but he only ended it a few days sooner than it would have ended anyway. The decision that it would end—and end one way—was made when Sherman seized and burned the great railroad center of Atlanta and left Thomas to deal with the Southern army while he marched to the sea, almost unopposed, but breaking the will and the power of the South to resist.

This march through Georgia of the young men of Sherman's army was, for them, a kind of picnic. They ran hardly more risk (except from an occasional Scarlett O'Hara) than the young men of the Luftwaffe did in the pleasant early summer of 1940 in the empty skies of France. But they had waiting for them, on the coast, the new Northern fleet created out of next to nothing in two or three years—there was food and supplies and news and security. They were not like the unfortunate British and German soldiers of Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne marching to a new Saratoga. They were serving not George III and Lord George Germaine, but a patient Illinois lawyer, Lincoln, who knew the West; a detestable railway lawyer, Stanton, who knew business; and that unromantic, imperturbable, undignified commander, General Grant.

That fleet itself was a highly rational, functional creation. Its most bold technical innovation in the war was the *Monitor*, the "cheese box on a raft," the ancestor of the modern heavily armored, turreted gun platform that is the battleship. The Confederate *Virginia* (née *Merimac*) was a plated man of war of the old type, far nearer to Nelson's *Victory* than to a modern battleship. But the real Union navy, created out of nothing, was the utilitarian fleet of gunboats and fast light-draft cruisers that caught the blockade runners, the equivalent of the Coastal Command. That fleet went wherever the ground was a little damp—as Lincoln put it. It learned all the arts of amphibious operations on the high seas and in the great rivers. How many who were, for a day or two, overanxious about Salerno, remembered Pittsburgh Landing, better known as Shiloh? It was an operation, bloody and bitterly fought, of the Salerno type, but on a greater scale. Admiral

* Thanks to the vigilance of the *Baltimore Sun*, I now know better than to disfigure General Forrest's grammar.

Samuel Dupont (of the great munitions family) off Charleston, Admiral David Porter in the Mississippi, these are not as dramatic figures as that great Catalan-American sailor, Farragut, forcing the mined and fortified approaches of New Orleans or Mobile, having himself tied to his mainmast like a new Ulysses and giving the famous order, "Damn the torpedoes" (*i.e.*, mines); but they are all representative officers of a service that until 1942 had never fought a really great sea battle, but not only had had a brilliant series of single-ship actions to its credit but had learned to work with an army over four long and grim years, had helped to secure for the North the time to turn one of the least armed and most pacific nations of modern times into the greatest military power on the globe.

For even more in 1861 than in 1917 or 1941, the United States entered a great war in a state of non-preparation that recalls the inadequacy of Irish military methods when the Danes came or of Mexican military methods when Cortes came armed with the apparently divine weapons of gunpowder and horses.

Americans have long been accustomed to jest at this repeated state of military nakedness. "God looks after children, drunkards, and the United States." There is a truth in that; space, remoteness, have given a little time to prepare—and the American people needs very little time. Hitherto it has had just enough, provided by accident, distance, or allies.

III

So we return to General McClellan, the brilliant product of West Point who had been sent to the Crimea to see how the great European nations made war and who had learned, at least, what not to do. He reported; he secured the adoption of a new saddle (still, I am told, an excellent saddle); and he retired to run great railroads. It was an excellent and typical training. Here were the problems of planning, of personnel management, of technical adaptation, of improvisation; for an American railroad in those days required as much elasticity in making and operating as an army on the

march in hostile country. He learned to know the West, the growing, precedent-free, elastic country where anything was possible—if you knew how. It was a world very different from the narrow coastal plain, long settled, thickly peopled, a country where it was natural to try to imitate such brilliant maneuvers, such magnificent achievements of the pre-machine age as Marlborough's march to the Danube in 1704 or Napoleon's march to the Danube in 1805.

But before he could succumb to or resist the temptation to imitate the pre-railway art of war, he had to get an army. The Army of the United States in 1861, when the Civil War broke out, was 16,000 strong, scattered in tiny posts all over the Indian country. Few officers (apart from those who had served in the Mexican War) had ever seen a thousand soldiers together. The new armies had to be created out of nothing; they were created. A few years before, McClellan had seen in the Crimea the slow and moderately effective creation of an efficient British army helping the French to besiege Sebastopol. Within six months after he took over the command of the Army of the Potomac (an army whose first martial experience had been Bull Run—a disastrous defeat followed by a humiliating rout) an admirably equipped, well-disciplined, coherent army of one hundred and fifty thousand men was learning how to fight, the hard way, in desperate drawn or lost battles. What was done in the East was being done in the West, too.

Yet the political head of the War Department was a most representative Pennsylvania politician of an age when, even more than now, Philadelphia was "corrupt and contented." The military head of the army at the beginning of the war was a venerable and almost immovable corpulent veteran who had been a brilliant success in the War of 1812 and, as an elderly general, had captured Mexico City, fourteen years before. Hardly anybody in the United States had taken military matters seriously except the more energetic members of the tiny corps of professional officers—whose ablest leaders, Lee, Joe Johnston, and Albert Sidney Johnston, had gone over to the other side.

Yet there were no breakdowns in supply such as made the British army in the Crimea almost unusable for months. Lincoln can hardly be described as stamping on the ground, but armies sprang out of it all the same and the task of conquering eight hundred thousand square miles was undertaken. Brilliant shortcut plans, straight marches on the Southern capital, raids and flanking maneuvers were attempted, with pretty uniformly disastrous results. The war was fought for four years by accumulating slowly but inexorably every kind of material resource, by laboriously teaching troops the very elements of their trade—the pupils being all ranks of officers as well as men.

The American soldier was as critical as the civilian. He despised a good many of his generals, for pretty good reasons. When Grant obstinately renewed futile attacks, his troops pinned to their tunics letters to their kinsfolk, since they knew that many would fall outside the Confederate entrenchments and never would cross them. When Sherman sternly rebuked a plundering soldier he was told, "You can't expect all the cardinal virtues for thirteen dollars a month."

Behind the front, there was profiteering; there was the evasion of military service by buying substitutes who, in turn, often earned more than one bounty by enlisting over and over again—deserting as soon as they could. There was bitter dispute about the higher conduct of the war; there were complaints that the West was being neglected in favor of an equivalent of the modern "island-hopping" strategy in the East. But by 1865, with an army two million strong, the United States was the greatest military power in the world and one of the most formidable naval powers. Within fifteen years of the end of the war, she had again barely enough troops to keep the Indians in order and was reasonably doubtful of her ability to fight a successful naval war with Chile.*

* The record of American improvisation in the Civil War is so astonishing that it is with a shock that one realizes its technical limitations. Although there were experiments with very novel weapons like repeating rifles on the Northern side and submarines on the Southern side, there was remarkable conservatism in equipment. When General Sheridan watched the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, he

IV

THE Spanish War of 1898 lasted so short a time and the Spaniards were so feeble that nothing more was learned than that the American army was ill and the navy well prepared to fight. When the next testing time came, many of the lessons of the Civil War had been learned—on paper. But in 1917, the army of a little more than one hundred thousand men, short in all modern equipment, tanks, airplanes, modern artillery, had to be turned—and was turned—in a year or so into an army of millions. It was sent overseas in numbers unprecedented in the history of the world and those fresh, raw troops broke the heart of the Germans. The very reverses shook the temporary victors. As the Confederate army lived off captured Union stores and then sank into nakedness and weariness as that source failed with the cessation of victories, so the Germans were profoundly depressed by the lavish equipment of the Americans and the Allies they supplied. With resources far beyond the dreams of 1861, the United States of 1917-18 swamped the victorious armies of the Second Reich and broke their spirit.

Today the same process is under way. The professional leaders of the American army are men trained to work in obscurity and often for basically civilian objects. They learn to make great dams, to build and operate civil projects like the Panama Canal, to organize the unemployed. They enter West Point as the necessary preparation for what, in all probability, is an obscure and dull life. Their promotion in all the higher ranks depends on the good will of the Senate, which has the right to refuse confirmation of Presidential nominations. So the professional soldier learns either to avoid politics like the plague or, in rarer cases, to play that dangerous game. Whether he enters the army at all often depends on a political

had plenty of critical material provided for him, but he was seeing two armies which, very inferior in battle experience and battle sense to his own troops, were better armed. Both had good breech-loading rifles; the Germans had a good breech-loading field gun and the French a promising ancestor of the machine gun. American use of technical originality in the sixties was far below its present level.

accident, for the candidates for the entrance examination are nominated by Congressmen and a would-be soldier whose family is Democratic but who lives in a Republican district is usually out of luck, his military dreams shattered forever—unless, like General Marshall, he has the tenacity to enter from one of the semiofficial military schools, in General Marshall's case the Virginia Military Institute. And inside this officer corps recruited from men who won commissions in the last war or entered from VMI or the Citadel of Charleston, the West Pointers, wearing their rings, are an inner caste, cut off from the outside world. They do not even have that training in dealing with civilians that a high British officer gets from his War Office experience, for there are (the political chiefs apart) almost no high civilian officials in the American War Department; all senior officers get a turn of duty in purely administrative jobs.

And this small, almost anonymous body, serving in widely scattered posts, have to deal with the elected representatives of a profoundly unmilitary people that only becomes warlike under great provocation. In peacetime they have to prepare elaborate plans for calling on the immense untapped resources of the United States in a future wartime for which no spiritual preparation can be made. They know that they can never be ready for war; that they must always have time given them in order that they may use space and the resources of space. They know, too, that their countrymen, brought up like all peoples to believe in a gilded version of their own history, forget that all American wars, like this one, have begun with disasters, not victories. They know that their countrymen are temperamental and versatile, easily bored with theory and all of them from Missouri in that they have to be shown, not simply told.

The American officer, then, must think in terms of material resources, existing but not organized in peacetime and taking much time and thought and experiment by trial and error to make available in wartime. He finds that his best peacetime plans are inadequate for one basic reason: that *any* plan that in peacetime really tried

to draw adequately on American resources would have its author written off as a madman. And in wartime, it would prove to have been inadequate, pessimistic, not allowing enough for the practically limitless resources of the American people—limitless once the American people get ready to let them be used. And only war can get them ready for that.

Then, but not before, the American soldiers can draw on an experience in economic improvisation and in technical adaptation which no other country can equal. They can draw, too, on a healthily unprofessional attitude. Men will think, with their civilian and very unmilitary ways of doing things, of new and efficient ways of doing military things. They will build airfields in a week and ford rivers under fire in tractors and bulldozers as part of their new day's work—all the more efficiently because it was not their old day's work.

So they used and made and unmade railways in the Civil War, the only modern war before 1914. They improvised railway bridges like that "beanpole and cornstalk" bridge that was built in nine days over Potomac Run and took the rail traffic of an army. So they created the great rail and shipping organization in France in 1918 which would have enabled Foch, in 1919, to deliver that "blow that cannot be parried" of which he had dreamed for forty years and which the Americans gave him the means to deliver. But, like the Negro playing possum in the American story, the Germans surrendered—"Don't shoot, Colonel, I'll come down."

WARS are not won by generals or by plans alone; they are won by men. And the tradition of the American soldier is a practical, almost excessively humorously practical one. He has never had much use or perhaps any use for the virtues of the parade ground. When the victorious Northern armies paraded through the streets of the long-beleaguered city of Washington in 1865, the spectators saw with a natural special affection the much-enduring Army of the Potomac, veterans of so many unsuccessful, bloody, exhausting campaigns fought over the short hundred miles between Washington

and Richmond. These were their own men, finally victorious. But the real curiosity was Sherman's Western army. They had not driven to and fro through the Virginia Wilderness or bogged in the swamps of the James River. They had fought and marched and fought and marched down the Mississippi, across Tennessee, "from Atlanta to the sea," and up to the rear of Lee's army. And what the spectators saw was an army of boys—not boys in the modern American sense, *e.g.*, men just short of middle age, but boys in their teens and young men in their early twenties. Grant's army was hardly more dressy than its shabby commander, but Sherman's army loping along, with open necks and hardly any standard equipment, hardened and lithe, confident and brash, this was an American army, formidable, enterprising, humane, and ribald.

Nothing could have been less like the armies of Europe than that, and the world was not to see a comparable sight again till the British Eighth Army emerged from the desert, clad as its fancy and its resources dictated, living by its own battle-learned discipline, and—as any American in Tunis with the necessary historical imagination could have seen—spiritual descendant of the American armies that in four years had fought through from the great central valley to the Atlantic Coast.

But the American troops in Tunis were like the American troops in any war, needing to learn, ready to learn—after the need had been brought home to them. As Sheridan was told in 1870 by a philosophical Prussian general who saw his troops running away under murderous French fire, all troops "need to be a little shooted." So it was in 1776 and 1812 and 1861 and 1918. The adjustment will be made, has been made, but in an American way. The heirs of Morgan's riflemen cannot be made the equivalent of the Brigade of Guards, not at any rate without great risk of losing what Morgan's riflemen had—which the Guards found was plenty. The American who in peacetime is a national figure if he is ready to walk a mile—for anything but a Camel—is in wartime fond of riding to the front in a jeep. But it was already said of eighteenth-century Virginia that its

poor people would walk five miles to steal a horse to ride one. In a friendly country like the United States, it is impossible to breed soldiers who will automatically forget that an officer is a human being. And in a ribald and irreverent country it is hard to get officers to insist, with British self-confidence, on their superiority to human weakness. There must be more give and take, more ignoring of unessentials, more confidence that in the hour of battle human virtues and common sense will do as much as automatic discipline of the old eighteenth-century type, as exemplified at Bunker Hill and New Orleans.

V

A COUNTRY has the kind of army its total ethos, its institutions, resources, habits of peaceful life, make possible to it. The American army is the army of a country which is law-respecting without being law-abiding. It is the army of a country which, having lavish natural wealth provided for it and lavish artificial wealth created by its own efforts, is extravagant and wasteful. It is the army of a country in which melodramatic pessimism is often on the surface but below it is the permanent optimism of a people that has licked a more formidable enemy than Germany or Japan, primitive North America. It is the army of a country whose national motto was "Root, hog, or die." When convinced that death is the alternative, the hog roots. It is the army of an untidy country which has neither the time, the temperament, nor the need for economy. It is the army of a country in which great economic power is often piled up for sudden use; a final decisive military blow is merely a special variety of corner. It is the army of a country of gamblers who are more or less phlegmatic in taking and calculating their losses, but who feel with all their instincts that they can never go wrong over a reasonable period of time in refusing to sell America short.

So the American way of war is bound to be like the American way of life. It is bound to be mechanized like the

American farm and kitchen (the farms and kitchens of a lazy people who want washing machines and bulldozers to do the job for them). It is the army of a nation of colossal business enterprises, often wastefully run in detail, but winning by their mere scale and by their ability to wait until that scale tells. It is the army of a country where less attention is paid to formal dignity, of persons or occupations, than in any other society, where results count, where being a good loser is not thought nearly as important as being a winner, good or bad. It is the country where you try anything once, *especially* if it has not been tried before. It is a country which naturally infuriates the Germans with their pedantry and their pathological conception of "honor." It is a country that irritates the English with their passion for surface fidelity to tradition and good form. It is the country of such gadget-minded originals as Jefferson and Ford. It is a country whose navy, fighting its first great battles a century and a half after it could boast of Paul Jones, recovered from a great initial disaster and taught the heirs of Togo with what speed the heirs of Decatur and Farragut could back out of their corners, fighting. The Coral Sea, Midway, these are dates for the world to remember along with the new Thermopylae of the Marines at Wake Island or the new Bloody Angle of Tarawa. It is a country—and so an army—used to long periods of incubation of great railroads and great victories. It is the army of a people that took a long time to get from the Atlantic to the Pacific and found the French and the Spaniards and the Russians before them. But they got there and stayed. The two hundred and fifty years from Virginia to California, like the four years from Washington to Richmond, must be remembered by us—and the Germans. The memory of General Washington, after six years of barely

holding his own, combining with the French fleet to capture a British army as easily as taking a rabbit in a snare—that is to be remembered too; for it was not a matter of fighting but of careful timing, of logistics.

That typical Western soldier and adventurer, Sam Houston, waiting patiently until the Mexicans had rushed on to deliver themselves into his hands at San Jacinto—he is to be remembered. It is not Custer, foolhardy and dramatic with his long hair and his beard, who is the typical Indian fighter, but great soldiers like Sherman and Sheridan planning from St. Louis or Chicago the supplying of frontier posts, the concentration of adequate force. The Indian chiefs, Joseph, Rain-in-the-Face, were often artists in war at least on a level with Rommel, but war to the American is a business, not an art. The American is not interested in moral victories but in victory; no great corporation ever successfully excused itself on moral grounds to its stockholders for being in the red. The United States is a great, a very great corporation whose stockholders expect (with all their history to justify the expectation) that it will be in the black.

Other countries, less fortunate in position and resources, more burdened with feudal and gentlemanly traditions, richer in national reverence and discipline, can and must wage war in a very different spirit. But look again at the cast-iron soldier of the Civil War memorial. A few years before, he was a civilian in an overwhelmingly civil society; a few years later, he was a civilian again in a society as civilian as ever. Such a nation cannot "get there fustest with the mostest." It must wait and plan till it can get there with the mostest. This recipe has never yet failed; and Berlin and Tokyo realize, belatedly, that it is not going to fail this time.

{ Like Woollcott himself, David H. Beetle is an alumnus of Hamilton College. At present he is teaching English there and editing the College alumni magazine. }

LAVENDER AND OLD TORSOS

A Report on the Woollcott Library

DAVID H. BEETLE



WHEN Alexander Woollcott died on January 23, 1943, there were left eddying around in his personal library 1,174 bound and 212 unbound volumes. These, packed in open defiance of the Dewey Decimal System, arrived recently in a score or more of boxes and cartons at Woollcott's alma mater, Hamilton College, where, pending cataloguing, they were hastily yet reverently shelved.

In general, the collection doesn't seem so much like a library as it does an assortment of books that happened to get together. There is a strong theme of sentiment and a stronger theme of murder, but for the most part Woollcott as a book collector appears to have dug in his spurs and ridden off madly in all directions.

Nestling together, for instance, are *The Trial of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray*, Louisa May Alcott's *Under the Lilacs*, *Unsolved Poison Murders*, *The Book of Common Prayer*, two books on werewolves, *Jackanapes*, Ibsen in six volumes, a definitive work on homing pigeons, *The Ladies Letter Writer*, a biography of Burgoyne, and bound volumes of both the *New York Mirror* and *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

The crime collection (except for one S. S. Van Dine, it's all non-fiction) is something wonderful to behold. It is an obscure and sorry murder-defendant indeed that failed to make the Woollcott

library. Landau, Loeb and Leopold, Lizzie Borden, the Borgias—they're all there. If the material came to Woollcott in pamphlet form, he had it bound. If one book didn't cover the subject down to the last microscopic bits of flesh under the fingernails, it was supplemented. A book on the Loeb-Leopold case arrived at Hamilton sheltering a typewritten first-hand account written especially for Woollcott by a Chicago police reporter.

The collection doesn't pull any punches. "Narrative and Confession of Lucretia P. Cannon, who was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung at Georgetown, Del., with 2 of her accomplices, containing an account of some of the most horrible and shocking murders, and daring robberies ever committed by one of the female sex," shouts a typical pamphlet.

From outright murder the library drifts into kidnapping, ways of defrauding life insurance companies (the last word on this subject in two big volumes), inheritance cases (including a fat decision by Judge Henry Horner of the Cook County Probate Court quashing an effort by Gaston B. Means and others to acquire three and a half million at the expense of the James C. King Home for Aged Men), and major trials generally (a British series runs through 41 volumes).

Rounding out the collection are *The*

Trial and Death of Socrates, two anemic pamphlets on old New England Blue Laws, five husky legal tomes, *Wigmore on Evidence*, *Some Distinguished Victims of the Scaffold*, and a highly technical work, *Corpus Delicti: An Enquiry Into the Various Methods by Which Famous Murderers Have Disposed of the Bodies of Their Victims*.

Outside of the lethal field, the most interesting items in the Woollcott library are the autographed volumes. Few authors stopped at signing their names; most expressed gratitude, apprehension, admiration, or affection. "For Alec, who fed, clothed, sheltered, and soothed the distressed author of this importunate volume during most of the period of its composition," writes Joseph Alsop on the flyleaf of his co-authored story of Roosevelt's Supreme Court fight, *The 168 Days*. "For Alexander Woollcott, most gratefully (in particular for a motored excursion to an ocular invalid)," acknowledges Booth Tarkington in *The World Does Move*. "To 'Uncle' Alec Woollcott from the 'lil massa' of long ago who used to climb on your friendly knees and listen to wonderful stories of your slavery days until I fell asleep. God Bless you," writes Marc Connelly in *Green Pastures*.

For the apprehensive, the case is put best by Russel Crouse in his *Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives*: "For Alexander Woollcott with my very best fear and trembling." The affectionate are the most numerous. There is Franklin P. Adams's recollective:

The Army Makes Strange Bedfellows

*One Night I Slept on a
Terribly Full Cot
My Partner Being
Alexander Woollcott.*

There is Noel Coward's "For Ackie, With my usual addled hero worship," and there is a flyleaf of *Death and Taxes* devoted to the words "Dear Mr. Woollcott" at the top followed by a blank page and, at the bottom, "Yours Respectfully, Dorothy Parker." And there are a score of other books avowing all grades of affection from Alice Duer Miller's "Alex Dear" to Rebecca West's "I have appended my married name (Cicely Andrews) to remind us both to keep our passion within bounds."

When the cataloguers get through, there will also be other little nests of books. Woollcott had scraped together all he could find on Mr. Justice Holmes, on whom he used to lecture lyrically. He had a half-dozen portfolios, mostly bulky, of pictures of stage folk long since dead. He had both *The Romance of Tea and Coffee*, the *Epic of a Commodity*, pretty well covering the field. And he had a 48-page book on croquet which would seem to be definitive, since it is written by a man who titles himself "Captain."

The collection is particularly strong, though haphazard, in history, religion, boys' books, nature in its more terrifying aspects, and biography (containing as it does assorted profiles of Voltaire, Count Tolstoy, the Duke of Wellington, William Allen White, Oscar Wilde, Edward Bok, Cardinal Richelieu, G. K. Chesterton, Elihu Root, Richard Wagner, Henry J. Raymond, Count Talleyrand, and Ilka Chase). Treatises on polite letter-writing, too, are present in force. Modern novels, though, are so few that Sinclair Lewis's *Arrowsmith* has a lonesome look. The so-called classics have been equally rebuffed. Of Shakespeare, there is only *Henry IV*. Of Hardy, Galsworthy, Chaucer, Meredith, Keats, Milton, Shelley (there's plenty on Mrs. Shelley), Emerson, Addison, Steele, Browning, nothing.

There is, though, quite a lot of Dickens. Out from among the lavender and old torsos tumbled a thousand dollars' worth of first editions of *Bleak House*, *Our Mutual Friend*, *David Copperfield*, and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which alert librarians packed off to the Hamilton Library's treasure room.

For the Library, of course, the thousand-odd volumes fill a lot of chinks, the biggest one being probably in the how-to-murder-your-grandmother field. The College is, of course, delighted. It is pleased, too, that the books, as stipulated in the will, came directly to Hamilton College at Clinton, New York. Woollcott's own ashes, now buried in the College cemetery, first came to Colgate University at Hamilton, N. Y., and had to be readdressed. He had spent a lifetime trying to straighten people out on the difference, but it hadn't been quite enough.

{ *John Bartlow Martin, who used to be a Chicago newspaperman, is now a magazine writer. Much of his writing deals with crime and criminals.* }

A NEW ATTACK ON DELINQUENCY

How the Chicago Area Project Works

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN



WHAT are the cities going to do about delinquency? Scarcely a week goes by without a blast or a whimper from some mayor or police chief or commissioner of correction about the problem. The war is popularly supposed to have aggravated it; it is a favorite bone gnawed at round tables and conferences for social welfare. For the most part harassed officials seem able to apply only the methods of the past, however unsatisfactory those methods have been. Under the circumstances, the work now being pursued in Chicago in what is called the Chicago Area Project is of interest to every urban dweller in the land.

This Project, organized by Clifford R. Shaw and his associated sociologists at the Illinois State Department of Public Welfare, is designed to help the residents of slums to improve their own communities. It operates through Community Committees in six low-income areas in Chicago. Behind it is Shaw's belief that most efforts to abate adult and juvenile delinquency have inevitably failed because the approach has been wrong.

Shaw, a graying middle-aged man with a tolerant and practical cast of mind, came to this conclusion about fifteen years ago, after several years of research for the Wickersham Committee on the causes of crime. He was convinced that delin-

quency, both juvenile and adult, is a product of social, or community, or mass forces—that it is a normal part of the ordinary life of low-income areas. This meant that the whole pattern of life-in-mass must be changed. Therefore the individual approach of probation and truant officers must fail. Further, Shaw believes that most mass-approaches so far attempted by various outside charitable, character-building, and welfare or settlement groups have failed because they were efforts to force reform on slum people from the top down.

In seeking a new approach, Shaw determined to try to work from the bottom up: to enlist the aid of the delinquents themselves, and of their neighbors, in combating delinquency. It was his belief that they, and they alone, could change the pattern of their own lives.

Shaw himself has moved into the background. Many of his workers, originally chosen because they knew the districts in question, now have become more closely attached to the local neighborhood Committees than to the headquarters of the state Department of Public Welfare which employs them. Some men have joined the state staff after first becoming active on the local Committees; most of these are without academic background, and at least one has a criminal record. The six

committees employ their own full-time staff men, and some of these were themselves delinquent juveniles.

Shaw fights institutionalization like the plague. He insists on a loose organization constantly in flux, amorphous in form, and unconventional in method, for he considers this pattern more alive and more closely in conformity with the ordinary life of the disorganized communities than a more formalized one. (Actually, the "Chicago Area Project" is only an administrative convenience, set up to receive funds.)

Inevitably the work of the six Committees includes most of the frayed though wholesome activities long familiar to the skeptical objects of do-gooders' efforts—summer camps, canoe trips, boys' clubs, ping-pong-and-checker centers, money-raising dances and carnivals, church socials. But any similarity between the Area Project and ordinary settlement work is only apparent, not real. This is the difference: here the people themselves, not outsiders, run the show.

II

IN 1932 Shaw selected for his first project the Russell Square community on the South Side, for it was relatively small (15,000 people—mostly Poles) and it was homogeneous and self-contained. The district is bounded on three sides by natural barriers (on the south and west by the Baltimore & Ohio and the Illinois Central tracks, and on the east by the Carnegie-Illinois steel mills) and on the north side by a cultural barrier (79th Street, which divides, broadly speaking, the Poles from the non-Poles of the South Side, and beyond which lies the South Shore Gold Coast). The Russell Square juvenile delinquency rate was lower than that of other sections of the city which Shaw tackled later, nor was adult crime so common here.

But the kids of Russell Square are a problem nevertheless. They are among the toughest in town, even though their homes are not the ramshackle tenements of the more poverty-stricken slums. Many of their fathers earn good money in the mills; the kids go in for crime less

because of poverty, it seems, than as a result of the normal human longings for recognition and adventure which happen to be satisfied here by delinquent behavior. A child grows into petty thievery naturally, as children a few blocks up the lake shore grow into dancing school. Crime is simply a tradition, something you do when you're out with the other kids in the block. Before 1932 little had been attempted here to curb delinquency. There had been a park since 1901 and, since 1924, a "neighborhood house" where some of the smaller children played games; but as soon as they grew into their teens they quit and became delinquents, and many of the kids never went there at all. The Boy Scout troops of the area were not large, and most of the kids considered Boy Scouts sissies and enjoyed dragging them into alleys and stripping them of their short-pants uniforms.

Shaw sent James F. McDonald, one of his staff members, into the area alone. McDonald had grown up on the South Side and knew the Russell Square community well. Quiet, twenty-seven years old, smallish, studious-looking, he went from alley to alley, mingling with the kids. They ranged from nine to eighteen years. Each vacant lot and corner and each section of the public park was ruled by its own gang—the Tigers, the Tomatoes, the Bush Walkers, the Baker Bears, and so on. The first time McDonald approached one gang, one of its graduates recalls, he bore a softball and a bat. At first the boys refused his invitation to play ball—"it was too easy, this guy bringin' us a ball an' bat"—but after a time he talked them into playing. Nevertheless, they regarded him with suspicion. "He's lookin' for my brudder," one said. Many thought he was a truant officer, or a plain-clothes detective, somebody connected somehow with hated authority; and however much he protested his unofficial status and his desire to be friends, the boys probably never would have trusted him but for one thing: he never squealed on them.

They wouldn't take him along when they went across the tracks to pick a fight with the Mexicans, or when they went out on their jobs—robbing or junking or

stealing the copper gutters off the school. But they suffered him to hang with them because he was a good guy, and so before long he knew who was stealing what, and they knew that he knew, and they saw that he didn't tell on them. He didn't know how to shoot crap or play poker with them on the street corner and he didn't even want to go along when they went purse-snatching on the 87th Street pedestrian bridge or when they figured out the new fruit racket that ultimately forced shippers to reroute their trucks (one boy would hop atop a speeding truck and toss off cases of fruit to his confederates who raced behind on foot). But the boys liked Mac, and once they offered him a crate of stolen tomatoes and a crate of stolen grapes. He never lectured them on the moral or legal aspects of their enterprises. This tolerance was unorthodox welfare work, perhaps, but it endeared him to the boys. He encouraged them to form baseball teams and to organize into leagues (but they had to do the organizing themselves), and if they wanted to go swimming he arranged for the "Y" pool.

However, McDonald was not able to do much with the older boys, who were almost as old as he. Their most powerful gang was the Brandon Speed Boys, which persisted for some thirty years. One of its graduates, Steve Bubacz, who now is on the Welfare Department staff, says, "When we'd give a dance the cop'd stand in the corner to see how many heads hit the dance floor, and next day the firemen'd come around to drill holes in the floor to drain the blood." The Brandon Speed Boys paid little attention to McDonald; they didn't care if he fooled around with the young punks. But sometimes in the park they'd see him umpiring a baseball game among the punks and one of them would say, "What's the matter—you blind?" and McDonald would say, "All right, damn it, referee it yourself." The fellow would, and before long he was drawn into McDonald's work. Aside from such episodes, McDonald finds difficulty in recalling at this late date the precise way in which he won the confidence of the kids, and both he and Shaw insist that methods are not important.

The thing that matters is personnel. Either a sociologist can go into a slum and get along with the kids, or he can't. Few rules apply.

ALL this time McDonald had been forming a local organization. He had been talking to some business men in the community about what he wanted to do and they, encouraged by the pastor of St. Michael's Church, formed the Russell Square Community Committee and took over an abandoned parochial school. The basement became a clubroom for a boys' club which was organized. People heard about the program from their neighbors or their children. Gradually the Committee grew until today it includes about 125 active adults and about 700 contributing members. The Committee meets regularly, guided by its board of directors. McDonald and Shaw's other staff men rarely meet with it and only offer advice. The local residents run the show.

Significantly, a number of the more prosperous residents of the community dropped out soon after the Committee was formed and were replaced by workingmen. This has happened in every one of the six communities where the Area Project has operated. One leader has said, "Some people are interested only in how delinquency affects their business. Besides, they want to institutionalize the program. A program goes stiff and dead when it goes formal."

About 1936 the local pastor and the Community Committee and other interested local groups raised nearly \$40,000 (roughly \$7 for each family in this steelworkers' community) to rebuild the second floor of the clubhouse into a modern gymnasium. Perhaps more significant was the creation of the summer camp. First the people bought for \$25 an old portable school building and moved it to a leased lakefront site. Pretty soon they wanted a bigger camp on their own land. So by bus and by private cars, on Sundays, about forty of them went out and inspected perhaps fifty tracts of land. Finally they bought twenty-six acres near Michigan City, Indiana, at \$100 per acre. They raised the money. On this land they constructed their own buildings,

for on the Committee of course were carpenters, plumbers, plasterers, machinists, workmen of all sorts. Shaw's Area Project paid the operating expenses for a year. (This plan of matching services or money raised locally with Project money was pursued consistently.) Three thousand people from the neighborhood attended the dedication July 4, 1938, and Shaw, an interested visitor in the crowd, was gratified to hear people tell how their own help had made the camp possible. "We got participation and concern, not indifference," Shaw points out.

STEVE BUBACZ became a leader in the Russell Square Community Committee; today all the work with both adult and juvenile delinquents clears through him. He is a big, jovial, sympathetic man of about thirty, a lifelong resident of the Russell Square area. He has been on the state payroll two years. Prior to that he was for five years program director for the local Committee, to which he came from the Brandon Speed Boys. He has been called "alley-wise." Frequently the police come to him for aid in recovering stolen property; he helps, on a "no questions asked" basis. If Steve hears that a boy is going wrong, either he or some other member of the Committee talks to the boy and consults with his parents. Not once have these Committee members been told to mind their own business, for the man assigned to a case always has entree to the home, since he is a neighbor or a close friend of the family.

Steve speaks the kids' language. They respect him. He laughs easily at them. He likes to tell about the trained case worker who visited the neighborhood twice a week punctually between 3:00 and 5:00 P.M., making notes diligently as he interviewed a delinquent boy, then taking the boy to a movie and buying him sodas in an effort to lure him away from his wicked old gang. The kid told Steve, "Hey, Steve, I got a new sucker." Steve has said, "Other agency men make 'em comb their hair and won't let 'em spit in the corner or have chew tobacco in their mouths. Not me."

One of Steve's most important jobs is handling parolees from penal institutions.

All six Area Project Committees work not only with juvenile but also with adult delinquents. Recidivism is of course a major problem of criminology. Shaw believes it is caused partially by the tendency of an ex-convict's community to shun him when he comes out of prison. Barred thus from contact with "respectable" people, the ex-con is forced to seek association with criminals. Soon he will go back to prison. The Area Project attempts to reintegrate ex-cons into their communities. The parolees handled by the Russell Square Committee range from youngsters of, say, fourteen years, locked up for the first time, to men of fifty with long criminal records. Of forty-seven parolees dealt with, only one has been returned to prison for parole violation. (The parole agent caught him drunk.)

Usually one man on the Committee is assigned to each parolee by Steve, who simply says he is careful "to pick out a guy on the Committee who knows the ex-con or can get along with him." This care pays dividends: no Committee member ever has been rebuffed by an ex-convict whom he has tried to help, yet an outsider probably would get his face pushed in, Steve believes. Active in this work are a couple of ex-convicts, a milk-truck driver, a shop foreman, some open-hearth workers, some laborers, and some other workers in the steel mills. Significantly the list includes no business men.

Steve's work—and that of other Committee members—is varied. When two young girls couldn't be found by the police Missing Persons Bureau, Steve located them and persuaded them to return home. Mothers complained that their sons who were shoeshine boys were staying out too late; Steve investigated and induced the local saloonkeepers to refuse the kids admittance. A couple of junk dealers were buying hot, or stolen, merchandise from neighborhood children and encouraging them to steal; although unable to obtain convictions the Committee put on so much pressure that today the dealers telephone Steve before buying any doubtful junk. The Committee has closed several blind pigs and taverns which have sold liquor to minors. When fourteen-year-olds turned up drunk con-

sistently the Committee discovered the identity of their bootlegger and tipped off the FBI, which sent him to Leavenworth. The Committee almost invariably first asks merchants and others to co-operate; if this fails it resorts to pressure and prosecution.

III

THE programs carried on in other areas of Chicago are similar to that of Russell Square, though they vary in detail and emphasis just as the problems of the communities vary. Grinding poverty, for example, is the problem in the South Side Negro district. Yet here, where the average family income is \$1,000 per year, the Committee raised \$7,000 in 1943, its second year of existence.

The people of Hegewisch—a steel-mill community in South Chicago whose problems are similar to those in Russell Square—heard about the program there and asked help in setting up a similar project. The Committee on the Near North Side, a mixed Italian and Negro area, was organized a little more formally: Shaw's men presented their program to a boys' club and from them it spread to the adults. This community, which embraces the old crime-ridden Little Italy, has one of the highest rates of juvenile delinquency in Chicago. Across the river and a little south lies the Racine Avenue Police District (where dwelt the Polkadot Gang, whose history was outlined in *Harper's* in September, 1943). The residents here heard about the project in Little Italy and sought help in organizing a program of their own. Most recent of all the projects is the one set up among the seven or eight thousand Mexicans who are scattered through Chicago's slums on the West and Southwest Sides. Nelson Rockefeller's committee provided \$10,000 for this work in 1943.

But the Area Project which, along with the Russell Square project, serves best to round out the picture of the program's operation is the one on the West Side.

This area, which includes the infamous Bloody Twentieth Ward, was a blighted district. Like others in the city, it has possessed a high rate of juvenile delinquency for generations. One after the

other the children of successive waves of German, Irish, and Italian immigrants got into trouble here. The present residents were pleasantly surprised to learn this from Shaw's men—"Maybe it ain't all our fault." Furthermore, unlike the Russell Square community, this West Side area has been a center of organized adult crime for many years. A kid here graduates from looting pushcarts not to working in the steel mills but to armed robbery or organized racketeering, formerly in alky, now in labor unions or gambling. (Shaw's people, aware of the impossibility of pressing a totally new social pattern down on the community overnight, move within the framework erected by ward politicians, racketeers, and union leaders when it proves necessary.)

Also in contrast to Russell Square the citizens here have long been the object of uplifters, whose most notable enterprise is Hull House. But several residents have expressed indifference toward Hull House—"Sure, it's all right with me if they wanta spend their dough." Hull House has been here a long time and enjoys a rich financial endowment and a national reputation; but, according to a neighborhood story, when some of the kids stole three hundred folding chairs from Hull House it was one of the Project's local community workers, not Hull House leaders, who got them back.

The West Side Community Committee follows the general Area Project pattern, but it emphasizes work with children rather than parolees or adults who need re-educating. It got two young college graduates from the neighborhood appointed truant officers, men who functioned not as police but as friends of the kids. It pushed the formation of parent-teacher groups, an activity commonplace in more prosperous communities but previously almost unknown here. It fought for better teachers (many Chicago teachers, assigned to this area, immediately apply for a transfer), and it tried in every way to pull the teachers into the community and the community into the schools. It organized neighborhood centers where the kids could play after school. On the delinquency subcommittee are a factory worker, a college student, a labor-

r, and a barber. Of about fifteen young delinquents handled recently only one, a truant, has lapsed back into delinquency. The leaders hope ultimately to establish a neighborhood center in each block.

ONE of these centers, on Garibaldi Place, is a two-room building formerly used as a store, inadequately heated by a kerosene stove, with bare floors, a few folding chairs, a desk for the program director, a sink, a ping-pong table and a piano and an assortment of such games as checkers and parchesi for recreation, and patriotic emblems and war posters for wall decorations. Into this place one day recently a mother brought her son Jim, a boy of about fourteen who had been transferred to a school for truants and incorrigibles. Jim, blue-eyed and light-complexioned in contrast to the Italian children who were whooping in the back room, regarded the program director with a bland skepticism beyond his years. His mother seemed anxious to discuss Jim's incorrigibility, but the program director discouraged her, welcomed Jim, and sent him into the back room.

It seemed that Jim's main difficulty was that he didn't like to be in school or at home. He would disappear for days at a time—once he was gone nine days and nobody, not even the police, could find him—and when he came back he would say only that he had been to a show. Since this seemed an inadequate explanation, his mother was haunted by the fear so common in this neighborhood: that her boy had been out robbing. Significantly, she had come for help to the Committee's center instead of to the police or the school principal, who perhaps already had failed. When the center closed for supper at 5:30, the program director talked to Jim; so did the president of the West Side Committee, who happened to drop in on his way home from work.

"I hear you like shows, Jim," the program director said.

"Yes."

"You go to shows a lot?"

"Yes." Jim was answering blandly. Surprisingly, he was not trying to avoid his questioners' gaze. Nor did he appear to resent the questioning.

"How often do you go? Couple of times a week?"

"Yes. About that."

"You go straight home from the show?"

"Not always. I haven't for the last five days."

"Where do you go for five days?"

"Oh, lots of times I go down to the Field Museum." (This is located downtown, two and a half miles away, a long trip for a West Side boy, for many residents of this area never leave the immediate neighborhood.)

"You can't go to the Field Museum at night."

"Oh no. Daytimes. I work at nights."

"What do you do?"

"I work for the papers. *Tribunes*. *Suns*. Downtown."

"You sell them all night?"

"Oh no. Till maybe two o'clock."

"Then where do you go?"

"Oh, maybe I walk around, or maybe I go to my boy friend's house. Places like that."

"When do you sleep?"

"In the daytime, maybe. In shows. Sometimes I don't sleep."

Jim said his mother intended to make him quit selling papers but he didn't want to. The Committee president, who has no children of his own, said, "Maybe we could find you a job. As a messenger boy, maybe. In a five and dime. Would you like that, Jim?"

"That'd be swell," Jim said. There was genuine eagerness in his voice.

"But only after school. What's the matter with you and school?"

"I don't like Montefiore [an institution for incorrigibles]." He said it was too far from home, too strict; the kids were too tough. He spoke judiciously of the five or six schools he had attended, in the manner of a "college bum"; curiously he disliked one because the teachers blamed the mothers for the children's truancy; Jim said it was the fault of the teachers and the children themselves. The men said they would see what they could do toward getting him transferred from Montefiore. He said, "I'd promise anything to get out of there." (Nobody had asked him to promise anything; this practice, rather common among social workers

and apparently already known to Jim, is considered ineffectual by Shaw's workers.) Jim also said he played hooky because his old shoes embarrassed him. The men offered to get him a new pair. He seemed interested in swimming at the "Y" and in joining a Boy Scout troop (but doubted if he would have the \$15 for a uniform). The program director invited him to return that evening, but he said he thought he might have to take his little brother to the show if he could get a dime. Though the questions asked him might seem about what one would expect from any social worker, that they were well received because they were asked by a local ex-delinquent is apparent in the fact that Jim did return that evening, though he left for the show, alone, after a half-hour. And, voluntarily, he spent all the next evening at the center.

ONE of the strongest groups in any of the six areas served by the Area Project is what we will call the Pioneers Club in one of the city's toughest districts. The Committee there had been operating about four years when in 1940 a couple of boys of seventeen complained that there were no activities for older boys. The program director invited about fifty boys over fifteen to form a club. Half responded; by the end of the year 13 remained. Today in the Pioneers are 30 active members, 20 less active, and 25 in the armed services. On the third floor of an old building which the Committee was using the boys rearranged partitions, scrubbed walls and papered them in a knotty-pine pattern, collected such decorative items as Indian tomahawks, arrowheads, feathers, outdoor pictures culled from liquor or railroad advertisements, a mounted eagle, and various mementos of canoe trips which the club members have taken.

The annual canoe trip is the big event of the year. The boys sit around the clubrooms all winter recalling incidents of these trips. At first when the program director took them camping they would sneak off into the woods to shoot craps. Now they are interested in the outdoors.

All this, of course, has been done thou-

sands of times elsewhere in slum-ridden communities. The difference here is that the boys regard their club as their own. They built the clubroom. They come to it nightly. It is their hangout. In it they can do as they please. Their meetings are uproarious and profane, for these are children of the slums and their speech is not genteel, and sometimes they argue noisily half the night in a manner that would alarm many welfare workers. They are given free rein.

THE club's influence on the whole district Committee is great. One of the club leaders, a recalcitrant, strong-willed youth who "won't take no crap from nobody," didn't like the formalized way in which the adult Committee members sought to deal with young delinquents. He said so and hit one of his elders. The Committee ordered him out of the clubrooms. He went, taking his fellow-Pioneers with him. They went around the corner and kicked in the window of an abandoned grocery and met there in an unlighted room; they called up their program director, who, employed by the state, was supposed to guide the whole Community Committee, and told him where they were meeting and why and invited him to join them. He made his choice: he joined them. A big row ensued. The adults on the Committee, many of them business men, stormed out to see Shaw. The upshot of the bitter, complicated controversy was that many of the adults left the Committee, the kids came back to the fold, and the Committee was reorganized by other adults. To some it seemed that the tail was wagging the dog. To others it seemed simply that the original thesis was working out: control was being given back to the people. About a third of the members of the Pioneers have court records as juvenile delinquents.

What is commonly overlooked is that these youngsters' lives, however delinquent, are not gloomy. These kids have a good time. They like to joke about their own delinquency. One Pioneer said that nobody had better clout (steal) the plaster-of-Paris Indian heads from the clubrooms, and another replied: "Don't

orry—all the t'ieves are in the Pioneers." When the respectable Committee elders came upstairs to visit the clubrooms one of the boys made a great show of counting the Indian heads before allowing the elders to inspect them.

IV

ONE man who very recently has come onto the state payroll under Shaw'segis is an ex-convict. He was paroled from Pontiac in 1940 after serving five years for armed robbery. He had been a member of a stickup gang. His pastor sponsored his parole and introduced him to one of Shaw's workers who was active in the local Community Committee. This man invited him to attend a Committee meeting. He did, but felt out of place. Assured that others on the Committee had backgrounds similar to his, he volunteered for work on a subcommittee dealing with juvenile delinquents. For two years he devoted nearly all his time to a neighborhood center and became its president. When Shaw recommended him for state employ, the wisdom of this was questioned, for there was no precedent for hiring an ex-convict without academic background. Shaw feels that those who teach delinquency are delinquents, not theorists, and that those who combat it should operate on the same realistic level. "Politicians can run rings around professional workers in getting public support for what they want," he says.

Pete is a parolee handled by one of the Committees. Pete was fourteen when he was sent to the St. Charles Training School for Boys. Committee members went there and talked to Pete. A tough kid with a long record of delinquency, he was suspicious at first—"What's you guys' racket?"—but presently he said diffidently, "I thought you'd forgot all about me." Paroled, he was encouraged to go back to school, and the Committee paid him \$5 a week to care part-time for a group of younger children. He quit school at sixteen and the Committee got him a job in a restaurant. The other kids working with him started stealing from the cash register. So did Pete. The manager

caught him and prepared to call the police. But the Committee's board of directors talked him out of this, agreed to stand good for the \$28 loss, and got Pete another job. He paid the \$28 back himself. Since then he has stayed out of trouble, has taken his mother off relief for the first time since 1931, has moved her from her two-room tenement flat into an apartment in a new housing project, and has bought her a \$125 set of upper teeth which she had gone without for years. He speaks of this proudly.

Jack was a strong-arm artist and stickup man who, released from Joliet Penitentiary at thirty-four, was turned over to the Committee because his parole sponsor became worried about him. The Committee gave him a little job scrubbing the walls of the clubrooms. When good times returned, the Committee got him a job, and since then he has married, become a father, and stayed out of trouble. His fourteen-year-old nephew started playing hooky and the boy's mother couldn't handle him. Jack made a buddy out of the boy and induced him to go to the club. Now the boy runs a game room there and Jack is one of the most active men on the Committee in working with ex-cons. He knows how to handle them. He has been there.

OF all the young men whom the Area Project has dredged up perhaps the most striking is one whom we can call Nick. Short, dark, bad-complexioned, well-knit, wiry, he never went to the penitentiary but it might be said with justification that only luck kept him out. He was born in 1922. At that time "most everybody in this neighborhood was either selling alcohol or making it and it happened my old man was making it." So his father was wealthy, and his godfather was a big-shot racketeer, and his baptism apparel was covered with fifty- and hundred-dollar bills.

When Nick was about six his older brother got caught at the Wisconsin line with a stolen car and several guns. "It cost my dad about \$1,500 to pay off the police." Then the brother got into one jam after another. This was expensive, and it kept the father so busy he had little

time to devote to rearing Nick, then nine. Nick's mother fell ill. Most of the family's money was gone. The family went on relief.

By now Nick was growing up fast, and when his father started "picking on me, I would not take it." He met some of the boys and with them stole candy wagons and pie wagons, wrecked the wagons, and sold the loot. "In this neighborhood you either had to be tough or you got hell beat outta you." He didn't like school. "In those days we had a new principal every month and a new teacher every day. They couldn't take it."

One day when Nick was about ten an older boy told Nick's gang that "he knew a good spot to make." So Nick stole a gun from his father and another boy did likewise and though frightened they were shamed into carrying out their plan to burglarize an A & P store; this netted them \$50 apiece, a lot of money which they spent next day at a show and in "putting on the big-shot act downtown."

"So we went on a few more of these jobs. We made a pawnshop, grocery stores, a hardware store. I used to get home about one or two every morning. My dad used to beat hell out of me for coming home so late. One day we made a laundry driver, my buddy and I, and got \$80 from him, so we went out and bought some whisky and drank it in our clubroom under the sidewalk beside an empty lot. We got blind drunk and decided to run away from home."

Nick's buddy formerly had lived on the Southwest Side of town, so they went there and met some older fellows of about twenty, one of whom owned a car. This one brought a girl to the hotel room. "There were three of us that took on the girl. It was my first experience with a girl." Nick was then eleven. That night they burglarized a pawnshop, stealing a sawed-off shotgun, a 30-30 rifle, two 12-gauge shotguns, and a few pieces of jewelry.

Next night the older leader planned a stickup "on the road"—a roadhouse holdup. Nick was posted outside the roadhouse with the 30-30. His buddy, the wheelman, stayed in the car. Their two pals went inside. Everything went

according to plan and they got away with \$1,100. In their next job they invaded the home of an elderly woman, threatened and perhaps beat her, and robbed her of \$500. This they ran up to \$2,000 in a gambling house. They bought a 1932 Chrysler Imperial. With this they staged another roadhouse job, but something went wrong and in the gun battle Nick caught a 38-caliber slug in the right leg just above and behind the knee. A crooked physician's fee was \$150.

The brains of the gang now proposed a payroll holdup which would yield \$25,000. It didn't work out. A police squad chased them and pumped eighteen bullets into their fine Chrysler Imperial, and though none of the youths was hit all were frightened, and Nick and his buddy went back to the old neighborhood, back to "things we could handle," such as laundrymen, milkmen, grocery stores. One day Nick's father and brother found him in a movie theater and took him home to his mother, who was ill from worrying about him. He was shocked; he had forgotten about her. He went back to school.

But studying was difficult. (He still cannot read or write.) He and some others were sent to Montefiore; during the two years he spent there he organized a protection racket, patterned after adult gangsters' methods: he and his pals extorted fixed sums from the other children or beat them up. The Negroes, being stronger in numbers at Montefiore, took this racket over. Nick took to stealing on nearby Maxwell Street. Transferred back to school in his home neighborhood, he operated protection again.

After a time "they t'rew me out of school and give me a diploma." Nick's father wanted him to go to work, "so I did—I went to work for one of the racketeers in the neighborhood." This man had a beverage route, and Nick, servicing it, managed to steal enough from each tavern to which he made a delivery to average about \$60 a week. This was fine while it lasted. When the customers started complaining, Nick quit and got another job where he stole from his employer. Till he was caught he averaged nearly \$90 a week. Then he began

hanging around the neighborhood candy store, cutting on dice—that is, taking a percentage from the crap game on the street corner there. Before long this crap game became well known throughout the neighborhood, and the police began breaking it up. The boys knew what the coppers wanted. They gave it to them—\$10 a week. All was well. But then “the coppers told their buddies an’ they wanted their cut an’ before long they were makin’ more than we were.” So they moved the crap game into the back room of the candy store, where Nick got a third of what he cut.

There was more in a similar pattern, then along came the draft and the old bunch began to disintegrate. Nick was 4F, a circumstance he still resents. Soon most of his crowd had disappeared. One day a boy he knew slightly talked him into going over to the clubrooms which the boys in the local Area Project Committee had taken over. He did, he became interested, and he has been active ever since. He even became an outstanding Boy Scout, though formerly he had despised the Boy Scouts and once, lured to a Scout camp, had been thrown out for tossing a half-dozen rotten duck eggs into the scoutmaster’s tent.

He first became interested in the Community Committee because of its athletic activities. He was encouraged to teach boxing and wrestling to the younger boys. Presently he became a “volunteer leader.” Finally the Committee hired him on a full-time basis for \$150 a month to work on juvenile delinquency. In this job he spends most of his morning at the schools checking on truants, or in Juvenile Court, “fronting for the kids,” or in calling on them or their parents; in the afternoon he teaches boxing or “progressive games such as I’m sorry, monopoly, cards” at the nearby park fieldhouse. (He describes his activities very seriously; a listener would not be wise to smile at them.)

NICK still is independent, tough. His new enterprises apparently have not mellowed him at all. He is volatile, perhaps unpredictable. Many would consider him dangerous to the Committee’s program. The fact remains, however, that

many boys throughout the neighborhood respect him, and whether he is inside or outside the program he is an influence to be reckoned with. It’s better for everyone if he is inside.

While he was still only a “volunteer leader” for the Committee, he got into trouble about every six months. Once he wanted to go on a camping trip but lacked the money; so, with another youth, he burglarized the neighborhood candy store. His companion squealed; the proprietor threatened to kill Nick if he didn’t repay the \$40; the Committee program director, who has been Nick’s sponsor all along, lent him the money, and this impressed Nick: “I didn’t have to go pull another job to get outta that one.”

The last time Nick got into trouble was quite a while ago now. “One Saturday I was out and I was broke. As usual. I knew the place I used to work had a cash register so I decided to go over there.” The watchman caught him and he made a deal with the watchman but the watchman double-crossed him. “One day a little later I see two guys comin’ with their hat brims down so I start to run and one says, ‘Stop or I’ll shoot!’ so I stop. When I stopped I got hit. They were usin’ these blackjacks they usually put on the gearshifts of cars. They’re solid rubber. I got eight stitches in my head and my hands was all busted from trying to protect my head, and my back and arms and legs too. A week later I knew where this guy hung at, one of these guys who beat me up. I spotted him at eleven o’clock one night. He started to cross the street but I doubled back and I met him face to face and I asked him how he was. He turned all different colors and he was speechless. Then he said he was all right and kept on goin’. I let him go.”

The program director asked Nick, “It’s all over now, eh, Nick?”

“I don’t know,” Nick said without expression. “The back of my head still has the eight stitches and they intend to get even. Right?”

The program director said, “I don’t think so.”

But nobody really knows. Nick is a curious case, a young man in transition, a

young man in delicate balance. He could topple either way. "I been in Juvenile Court three times and Boys' Court twice but I never served any time. Yet. But my old man always said, 'You'll wind up with a bullet in you.' One thing sure, I won't wind up with a nickel in my hand [gangsters so mark a squealer they have murdered; Nick never will let social work make a squealer of him]. I'd like to keep on with this work, though. If the guys up on top just don't push me. I like this work."

V

WHAT does all this add up to? What, in concrete terms, has the Chicago Area Project accomplished?

Certainly it is an arresting experiment. It has affected the lives of thousands of persons. It has been termed "a first move toward remaking society," a description which Shaw disclaims. He prefers to regard the Project simply as an experiment in method.

Results in this field are difficult to measure. Nevertheless, some statistics are available. The rate of juvenile delinquency has declined in all but one of the six areas since Projects have been undertaken. In three of these Shaw considers the programs of such recent origin that no conclusions can be drawn. Little change has occurred in the rate in the Near North Side. But in the two remaining areas, Russell Square and the West Side, the decrease has been striking during the period of the Projects' activity. In each area the rate in 1940 was only about a third of the rate in 1930; in both areas the rate was cut approximately in half when the Project took hold, and never again reached its former high. Also in Russell Square the average number of boys actually handled each year by the police declined from 95.1 during 1927-1933 to 27 during the period 1934-40 (when the Project was in operation), while on the West Side the same averages dropped from 124 during 1927-33 to 59 for 1934-40.

Shaw warns that caution must be used in interpreting these statistics, since so many factors affect the rate of juvenile delinquency (the general economic situa-

tion, for example, is only one). But the fact remains that the decline in the rate in other Chicago areas during the same period has been much less marked.

Perhaps the results of the Project should not be measured by the rate of juvenile delinquency alone. There seems little doubt that the residents of these low-income areas have demonstrated that they can and will organize to make their neighborhoods better places in which to live. The Project has uncovered latent talent within the communities not heretofore channeled toward civic betterment. The committees have improved parent-teacher relationships and shouldered responsibility for school attendance and school improvement. They have brought to bear effective public opinion on specific contributors to juvenile delinquency. They have succeeded in leading children away from crime and in reincorporating parolees into the neighborhood.

ONE young man, a Russell Square gang graduate who was active in the Committee's work before the war, came back recently on an Army furlough much disturbed about the postwar future. He wondered if the war would disrupt the Committee fatally. He was assured this was not the case. He also had been worrying about whether the boys now learning to use guns might not come back and continue to use them. "There isn't much to look forward to, really. There were a lot of promises made about how our jobs would be waiting for us when we come home, but you know as well as I do that's a lot of crap." The young man thought something ought to be done about this. Why couldn't the Committee make a start now, with a program of adult education that would help cushion the shock when the boys came home? And he had another idea—the Committee always had hoped to have a key man in every block; why not use the OCD organization, with its block captains, for this purpose after the war? Steve, who heads the local OCD organization, said he would call a meeting and place the plan before the Community Committee.

Many ambitious postwar plans have made less sense.

{ Kurt Steel, otherwise Professor Rudolf Kagey
of New York University, bases his true
narrative on Naval and diplomatic records. }

OUR FIRST WAR WITH JAPAN

KURT STEEL



OUR first war with Japan grew out of a swift, carefully prepared attack on us. This attack came at almost the very hour when Japanese envoys were meeting with an American minister to protest the friendship of their government for the United States. Our first war with Japan lasted one hour and ten minutes. It happened on the morning of July 16, 1863, ten years after Commodore Perry sailed into the Bay of Yedo.

That it ever took place at all is known today to hardly one American in a million, so completely was public attention in 1863 riveted upon the Civil War and so neglected has it been by historians.

The attack which led to this brief prophetic conflict had occurred three weeks earlier when the American steamer *Pembroke*, peaceably bound from Yokohama to Shanghai, anchored one evening at the entrance to the Straits of Shimonoseki. Captain Cooper, master of the *Pembroke*, knowing the currents that swirled back and forth from the China Sea through the narrow pass, wanted the safety of daylight to make the run. On any other day this would have been a wise choice. But that day, June 25, 1863, had for some time past been secretly marked by the Japanese warlords and policy-makers as a deadline. It was the day when the Japanese were, in the Mikado's own words, to "expel totally the foreigners and sweep them away as with a broom."

At twilight that evening a Japanese bark of war bore down on the sitting *Pembroke* and anchored, broadside on, a quarter of a mile away. About midnight a signal gun was fired from a bluff. Other batteries along the coast spoke up in chorus, and the bark began pouring salvos at the *Pembroke*, while a second Japanese warship came up from windward, all guns firing.

By dint of steam and Yankee seamanship, the *Pembroke* dodged through a little-frequented channel, outran the enemy, and escaped. The next two vessels essaying the Straits were French and Dutch, and with nice impartiality the Japanese shelled them both. But the distinction of being first belongs to the *Pembroke* and the flag she flew.

NEWS of the outrage reached Shanghai with the *Pembroke* on July 3rd, and was relayed to the American consul in Yokohama on the tenth. The Western ministers in Yokohama all knew that the Imperial government of the Mikado was plotting to expel foreigners, but they had been privately assured by the Shogun—head of what with some license might be called the civilian government—that nothing would come of these plots.

Robert Pruyn, the American consul, had been especially told by the Shogun's envoys at a midnight conference on June 22nd that even then efforts were being

made to bring the Mikado around to an amicable attitude. The next day, forty-eight hours before the deadline that had been secretly set almost a month earlier, the Western Powers were again promised that, no matter how strongly the Mikado and the feudal princes favored expulsion, nothing would be done until further negotiations had taken place at the Imperial court and that this would of course take a long time. On the twenty-fourth the Japanese envoys reluctantly presented the Mikado's expulsion order but let it be understood that this was a pro forma matter and that no immediate enforcement was contemplated by the Shogunate.

Pruyn, who had come to Yokohama the year before when Townsend Harris retired, was, like his predecessor, an alert, wise, and forceful man. Through a long series of Japanese attacks on foreign residents which had included murder, arson, and pillaging of legation property, Pruyn had doggedly held out—especially against the British—for moderation and patience on the part of the Powers. But when the Emperor's expulsion order was given him by the deprecating officials, Pruyn's answer was quick and spirited:

"A solemn treaty has been made by the government of Japan with the United States granting to its citizens the right to reside in and trade at these ports. The right thus acquired will not be surrendered, and cannot be withdrawn. Even to propose such a measure is an insult to my country, and equivalent to a declaration of war."

The envoys were so sorry. The Americans must not misunderstand. The Shogun himself wanted only friendship. The Emperor, shut away in his temple, was under the influence of bad men, but in time good judgment would prevail. There was needed only a little more time. The American consul would surely let them continue negotiations with the Emperor. That night the prearranged signal gun was fired on a headland and the *Pembroke* ran for the China Sea.

WHEN Pruyn heard of the *Pembroke* attack fifteen days later, he may have recalled Townsend Harris's amiable words: "They are the greatest liars on

earth; however, to *lie* is, for a Japanese, simply to speak." Pruyn himself had no illusions about the episode. He wrote to Secretary Seward that the acts of the Prince of the Choshu, in whose waters the attack took place, "if justified by the government, constituted war; if disavowed were acts of piracy." And he sent the U. S. S. *Wyoming* under Commander McDougal—then standing by in Japanese waters—to find out.

At 10:45 on the morning of July 16, 1863, the *Wyoming*, making no warlike gestures and with no battle colors flying, entered the Straits of Shimonoseki. Lying in wait were a bark, a brig, and a steamer, all showing the Imperial ensign. The moment the *Wyoming* appeared these three opened fire, and as she steamed into the mouth of the Straits hoisting her colors, six shore batteries, mounting from two to four guns each, went into action. The war was on.

The Straits at this point are less than three-quarters of a mile wide and turbulent as Hell Gate. Caution would have dictated a withdrawal to consider the situation, and a new approach. Instead, Commander McDougal drove squarely on, slugging his way between Japanese vessels "at pistol shot," turned the *Wyoming* for a better broadside, grounded in the tide race, fought his ship free, and came out the way he had gone in, slugging. When the cease-fire order came at 12:10, the *Wyoming* had four dead and seven wounded; her smokestack and rigging had been partly shot away, and she had been hulled eleven times. But she had blown up the steamer, left the brig sinking, silenced the bark, and wrought evident destruction among the shore batteries.

But was it war? Was the Prince of the Choshu acting under Imperial orders or on his own piratical hook? We know this much. We know that when word reached the Mikado that the Kokura clan across the Straits had taken no part in the battle, the Son of Heaven secretly upbraided the Kokura leaders for their disloyalty.

But that was the Mikado. The Mikado was under the influence of bad men and must be forgiven. The Shogun, the liberal, tolerant Shogun, had been earnestly trying to avert war by prolonging confer-

ences and cultivating the friendship of the Western governments.

Even Pruyt may have believed this for a full year, while fruitless palaver continued and the Straits stayed closed. But finally, when a flotilla of Powers vessels steamed into Shimonoseki and the Prince saw that the Westerners meant business, he hastily sent his councillors out with a

petition for amnesty, and confessed that the firing on the ships had been at the direct orders of the Mikado *and the Shogun*.

His plea concludes prettily: "I felt no enmity towards you, nor did I wish to bring disaster upon my own people; my sole desire is . . . peace."

There matters stood for seventy-seven years.

MASSACRE

MARTHA KELLER

LIKE peeled and painted posts, like copper skin is,
The timber's bald and bare.
As red as sumac is, as sharp as sin is,
The copper leaves like arrows cut the air.

The sinkhole's dry. The water hole is falling.
Under the storehouse shed
Like fog the smoke sneaks in and coils there, crawling
Under the boarding like a copperhead.

The hush that waits between the screech-owl's shrieking
Grows to a freshet's roar.
The doorsill and the shaken door are creaking.
The feathered wind stands up and fills the door.

The gun is broke. The axe's edge is blunted.
Rust's on the hunting knives.
There's more than women here is hid and hunted.
There are as many widows here as wives.

What little water's left is red and muddy.
The silence roars like sound.
This is a spot where more than ground is bloody,
Though hereabout was always bloody ground.

{ *First a teacher, then a newspaperman, Dan Stiles is now*
a lecturer who visits several hundred high schools each
year in the course of his travels over the United States. }

LOOK AT AMERICA'S HIGH SCHOOLS

DAN STILES



THE Connecticut high school in which I taught fifteen years ago occupied seven classrooms on the second floor of a building the first floor of which housed the grades. That same high school today has its own new building with twenty classrooms, an auditorium and gymnasium, a library, a nurse's room, an art department, a home economics department, carpentry and machine shops, music studios, a photographic darkroom, and so on. It cost \$400,000.

Multiply that instance by several thousand, add five or six hundred high schools whose cost exceeded a million dollars (and a handful which cost as much as three million apiece), and you have a rough idea of the physical growth of American high schools in the past two decades. Concurrently there has been an equally impressive expansion of school curricula and activities, together with a vast amount of experimentation and pioneering in educational methods. And until the war there was a corresponding growth in high school enrollment.

And yet, spectacular as this growth now appears in the aggregate, it has taken place with so little fanfare that many people are almost completely unaware of it, except for what they see in their own communities. The authors of books and articles on education have concerned themselves chiefly either with the progressive and rebel schools which generate news of a

picturesque order, or with the colleges and universities and the philosophy and aims of liberal education. The high schools have been pretty generally ignored.

It is high time we examined these schools and took stock of their achievements and shortcomings. Even if we were concerned primarily with the minority of our citizens who go in for higher education, it would be foolish to ignore the high schools. Obviously there can be no sound general program of higher education which does not begin where the high schools leave off, but you would never guess it from reading much of the current literature on liberal education. The authors have an irritating kinship with the notorious Vermonter who, when asked how to get to such and such a village, said, "Well, in the first place you ought to start from somewheres else."

Anyhow, the majority of Americans never go to college. For them the high schools are of major importance in their own right, not as a bridge to some more exalted form of education. So in the broadest sense it is upon the high schools rather than upon the colleges that the future of American education depends.

What, then, does the enormous recent expansion of the high schools mean? Are the boys and girls who graduate from the million-dollar plants better educated than their predecessors who studied in less elaborate buildings? Are they better

prepared to meet the problems of the society into which they emerge?

THERE is no scientific yardstick you can apply, of course, but thousands of parents feel that their children don't learn very much in high school, except things which have to be unlearned. Their impression is corroborated by the doubts of schoolmen who are honest enough to question the value of their own efforts; by the attitude of men in public position, such as a state publicity director who said to me recently, after describing two new million-dollar schools in his state: "But, you know, we're still not doing a very good job of educating our children." In short, with the high schools approaching the ultimate in plant and facilities, the ultimate in effectively educated youth seems to be nowhere in sight.

It may be nearer, however, than now appears likely. If the high schools have so far been unsuccessful in producing a program to match their streamlined buildings, it's not for lack of trying. Putting aside, for the moment, the special wartime problems and experiences, I believe that out of the welter of experimentation and trial and error and searching which has been going on during the past fifteen years from Maine to California, the outline of a new program is beginning to emerge. How fast it takes shape and how closely it conforms to the pattern now indicated will depend almost entirely on the attitude of the public, since schoolmen, understandably enough, are loath to get too far ahead of community opinion. And the willingness of the public, in turn, to support a new and quite radical high school program will depend on how serious the average person believes the present faults to be, how well he understands recent trends and tendencies. I believe it is worth while to describe some of these developments and attempt to appraise them.

II

MANY high school administrators believe that the most significant recent development in high school education—though by no means the most obvious or clean-cut—has been the extension

of the influence of the school over more and more of the students' waking hours. This has gone largely unnoticed because it has been very gradual and scattered and because it has been hidden under an apparently opposite development—the shortening of the high school day. But while many high schools have been adopting the short or so-called solid session, they have at the same time been lengthening the school day informally by the addition to their programs of shop and work courses and a wide variety of extracurricular activities which are taking up an increasing portion of students' leisure time. Every hour a boy or girl devotes to a school-sponsored activity, whether on Saturday, Sunday, or in the evening, may be properly counted as one more under school influence.

Probably no school in the country runs a sufficiently broad program of activities to provide every student with something to fill all his leisure hours. But several hundred schools have gone far enough in this direction to enlist the full-time interest of a certain percentage of students as participants, and a larger proportion as spectators, in a surprising variety of activities. There are schools at which something is going on every night in the week and in good weather on Saturdays as well. Some of this activity is merely expansion of what you could have found twenty years ago. Middle Western schools have made a major activity of football—and a good business, too—by equipping their playing fields for night games. The growth of basketball needs no rehearsal here. School bands, under the impetus of the efforts of musical instrument companies which saw radio killing their business in the 1920's, have become amazingly popular in many parts of the country. The traditional school play has grown in some schools to a year-round program of student-operated entertainment. Other activities are the result of new developments in the adult community. Movie clubs are now common, some schools having complete equipment to make annual records of school activities and even their own feature pictures. Students in many of the bigger schools have organized broadcasting stations to operate over the school public

address system. Eastern schools have winter sports clubs; Western schools hold rodeos.

The list of activities includes many which are not play. Parents who have to get stern before Johnny will mow the lawn or Mary will pick up her room are vexed to see the same youngsters working like beavers to get out the school paper, or print the senior classbook, or build desired equipment for the school. The war has added new activities in the field work. The biggest scrap piles I saw last year were on high school grounds. Crews of boys combed the countryside in many places—on their own time, too—and pushed or dragged in old cars or farm equipment that nobody else would bother to move. The contributions of students in war stamps and bonds are astonishing. In some communities they have organized their own drives. I heard a fifteen-year-old girl in the Star Valley High School in Wyoming report to the student body that the campaign to raise \$1,150 for a jeep had been "very successful"; they had \$1,250 and had decided to go after a second. One of the school bands in Superior, Wisconsin, gives concerts at the shipyard for the night shift. In short, in the course of visiting several hundred high schools a year, I have learned to expect almost anything, from the odor of freshly cooked doughnuts to an election parade, when I enter the doors of a school.

THE fact that most of the drive behind this expanded activities program, and a good many of the ideas, have come from the students themselves is compelling evidence that they are genuinely interested; that this program does, in truth, constitute an extension of school influence. How valuable this kind of influence may be educationally depends to a large extent upon how well it is integrated with the general school program. Some schoolmen are content to promote and supervise outside activities merely as a means of keeping their students out of mischief, finding it easier to do that than to be continually explaining why it is not their business what students do outside of school. Others—and their communities owe them much—are attempting to develop the

students' urge for activities into a well-rounded program of work and play that will keep them properly occupied much of the time. I heard one such principal, at Twin Falls, Idaho, personally urging the student body to make dates and come to a school dance. He told me afterward that he had helped make the arrangements and that he expected to attend—and dance. But whether students get help from their schools or not, they are likely to go ahead anyway on projects that they regard as desirable. A recent article in the *New York Times* described a number of juke joints organized by teen-agers in various parts of the country because the youngsters were not satisfied with those provided by the community.

Only a few attempts have been made to extend school influence formally by lengthening schedules. Nashville, Tennessee, put its high schools on an annual schedule of forty-eight weeks a decade ago, then abandoned it because it proved too expensive and graduated students at too tender an age. Other school leaders who became interested pointed out, however, that year-round operation—if accompanied by sufficient reorganization—would not cost more than taxpayers would accept, and that you could easily keep students in school until the proper graduating age simply by giving them more work to do. The idea is still alive. The schools of Gary, Indiana, have from time to time held voluntary summer sessions at which students were offered a program of work, study, and play. The attendance was surprisingly large.

The great significance of this extension of school influence lies in its ability, if and when it becomes sufficiently widespread, to eliminate what is often considered a major weakness of the whole high school system, its restricted operating time. Some high school educators declare that if they could exercise some sort of influence over their students for three-quarters of the time, or even half, in place of the scant quarter allowed under present schedules, they would have gone a long way toward producing effective education. They regard the expanded activities program as a potential means of achieving this end. The program has a negative value in that

gives the student less time to himself—time which he might, and too often does, spend in an undesirable environment or under improper influence; it has a positive value in that it contributes heavily to the student's general preparation for adult life.

Theoretically, the home should bear some of the responsibility for keeping youth occupied and teaching him how the adult world operates. Practically, and markedly so since the advent of the automobile, the teen-ager is pretty much on his own out of school. The hundreds of youngsters you find on the streets of any American town after dark reveal this only too clearly, and the grim statistics of juvenile delinquency are proof enough that some of them get into trouble. And even if ninety-five per cent avoid serious trouble, the complete futility of these leisure hours is a criminal waste. I overheard five high school girls holding a conference the other night on the main street of a small Indiana city. The subject was what to do next. Said one: "Let's walk around some more, then have some ice cream." "No," said another, "let's have some ice cream, *then* walk around." A little further down the street a group of high school boys were taking turns pushing one another off the curb. I caught a snatch of conversation from another group of girls: "Might as well, there's nothing to do at home." Or at school, she might have added.

At present this trend toward extension of the influence of the high school seems well established, and growing. Its further development seems likely to be hastened by several factors. The students themselves are voluntarily putting themselves under an increasing measure of school supervision by constantly seeking and devising more school activities. The glittering facilities of the new buildings are a continuous invitation to activity. And sooner or later educators and parents will be moved to make a larger contribution than at present.

To predict that high schools will some day operate full time as a matter of course is to go uncomfortably far out on a limb, yet the idea is not fantastic and a few educators are already dreaming about it.

They envision a school organization which would never cease to function, day or night, summer or winter, and which would carry on a continuous program of classes, study, reading, work, recreation, clubs. With continuity of administration the schedule itself could become much more elastic, adapting itself to the needs and tempo of community life in normal times as it is now doing under stress of war. There might even be classes at night; there's no better time for a science class to study astronomy, for instance. Advocates of such a program would shorten holiday vacations, save the longer ones for seed time or harvest or some other fundamental community need. But whether the schoolhouse was actually open or not, the school organization would never stop exerting its influence in one way or another.

A SECOND highly significant trend in high school education is the increasing recognition by schoolmen of the value of extracurricular activities as a vehicle of teaching. This development has been obscured by the multiplication of the activities themselves—the list now includes probably a hundred different items—and by the tendency of some schoolmen, already noted, to use them merely as a means of keeping students out of mischief. Yet ten years ago the principal of a large Eastern high school told me that he considered his activities program to be fully as important as the formal course of study. This attitude has become increasingly widespread.

Used first to supplement the teaching of the fundamental skills of reading, writing, speaking, and figuring, activities programs are now used in some schools to teach citizenship, co-operation, a social sense, getting along with others, principles of business, and several other skills and qualities which can be acquired in no other way. What this amounts to in a few schools is a definite shift in emphasis from what can be learned from books to development of character and preparation to meet the common problems of adult life. But whether accompanied by a change in educational philosophy or not, the activities program is now widely used as a vehicle of education.

Student government provides a good example of what is happening. As originally introduced in high schools it fitted the definition of "extracurricular" activity pretty closely—something for the students to do in addition to the formal course of study. A few alert educators were quick to perceive, however, that it provided a first-class means of teaching democratic government. As one of them put it recently: "I believe it's the only way to teach government. What's the use of having students learn the rules of democracy out of a book but imposing on them at the same time a school government which is in too many cases entirely autocratic? The foundation of democracy is consent of the governed and it's far more important for young people to learn that than to be able to parrot the qualifications of a Senator." As a result of that attitude an increasing number of school administrators have turned over a large share of the responsibility of school government to the students. The form and mechanics differ widely, but the most successful are those under which students are allowed a considerable voice in policy-making as a reward for keeping order.

As such governments become established, students are given more and more responsibility. I know of one school in Pennsylvania where the student council is entrusted with the finances of all extracurricular activities, running into several thousand dollars a year. All revenue goes into a common treasury and the council decides how it shall be spent. They seldom have to call on the principal for intervention. The Rochester, Minnesota, high school has an ethics board, a group of students who seek by persuasion and example to alter the attitude of students who do not actually break school laws but who reveal antisocial tendencies. Students living under such a government are not conscious that they are learning civics, but what better preparation could they have for running their own affairs in adult life? And as a highly desirable by-product, properly conducted student government provides the best method of school discipline.

Many other activities are being converted from irrelevant pastimes to effective

means of education. School newspapers are used to teach a variety of skills and experience ranging from objective and accurate reporting to business management and typesetting. Any club which is allowed to run its own affairs teaches cooperation and the niceties of getting along with others. Travel clubs teach geography; art clubs lead students to an appreciation of form and color; bands and orchestras and glee clubs teach teamwork and a feeling for music in general. Dramatic clubs generate an interest in the theater; debating societies foster good speech. The list is long.

An increasing number of school activities are being used to teach the essentials of community business activities. Local business men usually decry the introduction of the profit motive into the schools because it means a little loss of revenue to themselves; but as long as the nation's economy is based on the capitalistic system there seems to be no good reason why business principles should not be taught in school in a practical manner. School organizations such as athletic teams, bands, orchestras, and dramatic societies have been on a commercial basis for years; that is, they get up a show of some kind and present it to the public or to the students for profit. Such activities provide good training in business and furnish at the same time a proving ground for would-be members of the show world. The idea seems to be spreading. Schools in Milwaukee last winter were running regular feature movies during the noon hour under student management and with paid admission. Many schools present professional assembly programs on that basis. Educators all over the country are promoting more entertainment by and for the students. The juke-joint clubs previously mentioned suggest another legitimate possibility for student-operated entertainment. The idea of a juke joint in a high school would no doubt be horrifying to many school board members but certainly it would be no more shocking than some of the dives high school students now frequent.

A school cafeteria in which students plan, cook, and serve their own meals—and take the profit—serves the same

purpose as one operated professionally and provides good training for the students participating. Students in Phoenix, Arizona, not only operate their own cafeteria; they built it from the ground up, building and equipment both. A New Hampshire high school put its auto repair shop on a commercial basis, accepting work from the public to give the boys some realistic practice. Local garage men no longer object; when they want a mechanic they go to the high school and get one already trained.

It is true that the cafeteria and the garage grew out of the formal curriculum rather than the activities program. But here is an arresting idea. If the students do these things because they find them interesting, how can you draw a line? To a student, a class in cooking or mechanics is still a class; running a cafeteria or a garage is fun. Educators with their eyes open have noticed that with interest. Some of them now believe that eventually the activities program will supplant the formal course of study as the core or foundation of the whole school program. A few go so far as to say that since formal classroom study has proved largely ineffective, schools should scrap most of what cannot be taught through activities. This is the extreme view, but there is no denying the present vigorous trend in that direction and nobody can be sure where it will stop.

III

ANOTHER promising development in high school education which has largely escaped public notice is the attack on the formality and dullness of the conventional classroom method of instruction—lecture and recitation. Many progressive educators have long since realized the essential weakness of a system based largely on memorizing and have tried assiduously to devise more fruitful methods. But the point is that not only the rebel schools now use these methods. Even in fairly conservative high schools classes have been turned into conferences; work is assigned by units rather than by pages in a book; dramatizations, movies, speakers from the community, trips to events and places—all have been and are being used in the hope that a little more fact will stick in the

student's head. In some schools not more than half the students can be found in the conventional question-and-answer session at any one time.

Yet clearly these changes cover only a very partial solution for an obstinately difficult problem.

Probably more energy has been expended in recent years on the problem of how to make education stick than on any other—with less result. The *New York Times* survey revealing the ignorance of college freshmen on matters of American history and geography was no surprise to a good many schoolmen; some have told me that they were surprised the freshmen remembered anything.

As to what's wrong, I think the laymen have a more acceptable answer than the profession. Get any parent to talking about education and he'll express in some form the idea that much of what is taught in high school is not related to the student's life or interest. A small-town banker said: "My boy will sit up half the night reading a book about radio because he wants to build his own set. He won't study American history or algebra that way because he can't see any use for the knowledge." The most popular courses in high school are the homemaking course for the girls and shop work for the boys. Students put extra time and energy into these things because they see a value in them. If they could see equal value in other courses they would probably apply themselves as diligently; so the school's job is primarily one of leading students to recognize such values rather than trying to invent ways of making them remember things they have no interest in.

So far the attack on this problem has been largely negative—the elimination of courses which appear to have the least immediate value and hence the least interest for the student. Latin has been the most popular target. The general attitude of schoolmen is epitomized in the statement of a New Hampshire high school principal who beamed: "We've got rid of two years of Latin and we're working on the other two." Ancient history has also been a popular target. And regardless of the merits of the debate over the value of modern languages, these too are being

crowded out. A Connecticut high school has a half-year summary course on both ancient and modern languages which contains all it is believed the average student need know. Many school people think that devoting an entire year each to algebra, geometry, physics, and chemistry is a flagrant waste of time. They prefer general courses covering all branches of science from astronomy to zoology, with the double objective of teaching a student how the machine age operates and providing him with the background to enjoy more completely the physical world around him.

BUT this negative approach seems to miss the real point entirely. If Latin is dropped from the curriculum it should be dropped because educators and parents are agreed that it is less valuable than some other subject which will replace it, not because students *see* no value in it. If a subject *is* valuable, by adult standards, but the students do not see its value, then it is the school's job to make that value clear. Once that is accomplished the students' interest will be aroused and they will learn.

There have always been individual teachers who could strike sparks from even the soggiest subject matter and who somehow managed to infect a majority of their pupils with the kind of interest which makes learning possible. But such individuals are scarce, and no method has been discovered whereby they can be systematically produced either at teachers' colleges or elsewhere. It is possible that more of them would turn up if teachers' salaries were high enough to attract more people with ambition and ability. As it is now, teachers' salaries are so low—especially in the rural districts—that only a profound devotion to the profession or inability to find better-paying jobs keeps anyone in teaching. When good jobs are plentiful, as they are now, the teachers quit school in droves. (In the fall of 1942 there were 7,500 teaching positions vacant; by midyear the number had risen to 13,000.) But there would never be enough really good teachers to staff the nation's high schools even if the pay were better. It seems hopeless to rely on an

educational system whose motive power depends primarily on such an intangible and unpredictable factor as the contagious enthusiasm of its faculty.

The average high school student becomes aware of the value of something only if he experiences that value himself. What is needed, therefore, is a way to institutionalize—either as curricular or extracurricular activity—the kind of experiences which will reveal to the student *the value of those subjects which teachers and parents want the younger generation to learn.*

Unfortunately there has been very little progress in this direction. Any intelligent teacher starting a course in American history last fall must have despaired of arousing any enthusiasm for the plodding explorers of four hundred years ago in a class which had brothers, cousins, friends writing blazing history in the sky all over the world. The first high school teacher who teaches American history backward will probably get fired, but the next may be hailed as a pioneer. It's nothing more than applying one of the most widely accepted—and generally ignored—laws of pedagogy, that you should begin the study of any subject at the point closest to the student's interest.

Literature is a little more intelligently presented in some schools largely because the students themselves showed the way. If a girl brings a copy of the latest best seller to her teacher and asks if it's a good book, the teacher has to provide an answer. Alert teachers are now using the student's natural interest in contemporary literature to lead him to an appreciation of the so-called classics. This is a much more sensible method than making boys and girls read English novels of a century ago a page at a time. (There is a well-worn joke in the school world about the principal who reread *Silas Marner* in middle life and discovered it was really a fine piece of literature.) In states which have a body of literature of their own—Indiana, Virginia, the New England group—teachers are able to use the appeal of home-produced writing as a means of arousing interest in the wider field.

Geography, when it is taught at all, has suffered from lack of any effort to relate it to student interest. Since ninety-nine out

of a hundred high school students spend their lives in the state they grow up in, a knowledge of local geography is of considerable value to them; they would realize that if somebody took the trouble to point it out. The study of regional geography leads naturally into the larger field. An Eastern geography teacher expressed great surprise last fall at the unusual interest of her class; they were putting in hours of extra time. There was nothing surprising about it. Almost everybody had a friend or a relative in the armed services in some distant part of the world. The students had found their own incentive.

The Army and Navy have been employing a number of teaching techniques which may carry over into the schools after the war. Movies, animated cartoons, and comic strips have been effectively used to teach languages, military maneuvers, and mechanics. But the speed and intensity with which GI education functions is primarily the result of the student's vital interest in learning. The knowledge he acquires may save his skin, and he knows it. The teaching devices help him learn only because he already wants to learn.

A NUMBER of other traditional school arrangements are under attack, with no definite trends yet discernible. Most schools are still backing and filling over sex education. Students themselves want a full, frank course in sex and family life and they may ultimately be able to get it. The attitude of the student toward the insipid, left-handed biology course he now gets was expressed by a Pennsylvania boy recently who complained: "For heaven's sake, why can't we talk about us instead of the birds and the flowers?" Another traditionally taboo subject, religion, may eventually get into high school curricula, though the problems this raises are troublesome (see "Religion and the Public Schools," by Vivian T. Thayer, in the April issue of *Harper's*). The schools must not teach any particular creed, of course, but as part of the general preparation for adult life they might very properly teach the social and moral values of organized religion.

The system of grading is being reappraised; I know of two New England communities which are actually operating ungraded systems, unknown to the taxpayers. Report cards have been repeatedly abolished and then brought back by public clamor; but their value is widely questioned. Some educators are now wondering if it is not unwise to set up identical graduation requirements for all students. The capacity to absorb education varies from one individual to another, as Americans from Jefferson to Ickes have pointed out. Some can't make the grade and drop out. A "limited objectives" diploma might keep some of them in school a little longer.

IV

ALL of this experimentation with teaching methods and curricula, especially when taken together with the trends toward extending the hours during which boys and girls are under the schools' influence and toward using extracurricular activities as vehicles for teaching, seems to indicate that in spite of the lack of any preconceived plan for educational reform, the high schools of the country are steadily, if somewhat haphazardly, evolving a program which will ultimately justify the splendor of their physical plant.

Ideally, of course, it would be preferable if the aims and objectives of high school education—and all education, for that matter—were defined. Then all experiments could be directed at achieving clear-cut goals and the current sense of confusion would be ended. But in a time when the very foundations of civilization are shifting, and the social structure is being transformed, we cannot bind ourselves to any one of the conflicting aims which are being so devoutly urged upon us by those who want either to remake the world in the image of some glorious past or to recast it in the mold of some intriguing but improbable future.

For the present all we have to go on is the fragmentary evidence of trends which—as this article has tried to show—seem to add up to an overall picture of evolution toward a much more effective kind of high school than those we now have. It promises to be a school which provides a con-

tinuous program of work, study, and play; which trains for citizenship and character as enthusiastically as it does for college entrance; which is flexible enough in its administrative arrangements to give every student all the education he can absorb; which is steered by a faculty that knows how to organize a program that gets its drive from the students' own interest; which puts a premium on individuality but at the same time teaches the virtues of co-operation.

Such a school would come close to ef-

fectiveness. I think it is not unduly optimistic to believe that the country's 25,000 high schools will some day approach that ideal. The present general mood, induced by the war, of "Let's start all over again and do it better," may hurry things along. But the most important factor in the situation for a long time to come will be the attitude of American parents. Parents long ago discovered how little pressure is required to produce changes in a school system; their job now is to decide what changes they want.

LETTERS FROM THE ALEUTIANS

ERWIN SPITZER

Note to Civilians

IT'S EASY
 I When the power line is unbroken
 And the bulb is bright
 And the ice is in the glass
 And the seat is soft
 And the bed is soft
 And all the toilets flush.

Sitting-down anger
 Is quick
 And noble;
 Imaginary rifles
 Are never heavy.
 Remember that.

Remember
 That heroes crawl, fall.

And remembering
 You can begin
 To clench your fists
 With understanding.

Victory

ALWAYS
 A The bold echoing promise
 The frozen gold statue
 The stiff bronze words
 The smooth marble memory.

Never
 The sick smell of dead cooking
 The nose-knifing urinal
 The invisible wall
 The unrelenting chains
 Or the twisted retching of
 Unnatural pumping wounds.

*And still we grip the promise
 Tightly in our hands*

*And mould it
 With our dirty fingers.*

THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



LET me summarize some ideas about the South which we tend to believe in Boston. We understand that the South is culturally backward. We know that many Southerners are well-bred, well-educated people—cosmopolitan, of liberal minds, tolerant, interested in ideas, cultivated in the arts and occasionally adept at them. We think of them, however, as a minority which is made impotent by the surrounding illiteracy, ignorance, and prejudice, and by a social myth which looks back to a romanticized, unreal past and has kept the Southern mind from adjusting to the modern world. We understand that educational standards in the South are low and though we concede that this is due in part to poverty we believe that it is also due to traditions which set no great value on education. Moreover, a primitive form of Christianity, economic discrimination against Negroes, economic medievalism, fear of miscegenation, and a defensive psychology which goes back to defeat in the Civil War and back of that to the necessity of defending slavery—such additional matters, we tolerantly realize, have helped to make the Southerner bigoted, emotional, and reactionary. His prejudices are violent, his defensiveness makes him aggressive, he cannot permit the objective discussion of ideas that is one of the marks of a civilized man, he settles all questions by force.

We do not, in Boston, expect much from Southern civilization, and especially we do not expect liberality. We have, for instance, been trying to solve the Negro problem for well over a century, and for well over a century what has prevented us from solving it is Southern prejudice, Southern passion, and Southern intolerance. Naturally we do not expect much devotion to the arts down South. Liberal

thinking and artistic thinking require a kind of cultural leadership which the South lacks. We realize that even cultivated Southerners are too indelibly stained with the prejudices of the section to provide that kind of leadership. It follows that we do not expect a mature literature from the South. The soil is unfavorable, and even if one should germinate in it, Southern intolerance would stamp it out.

A Southern woman has lately published a novel about the South. It is both a courageous novel and a good one, serious, mature, wise, excellently written. It may be something of a landmark, but all these facts are irrelevant. It contains some words which were certain to arouse the bigotry of the South's primitive backwoods religion. Worse still, its theme is the most inflammatory of all themes down South, miscegenation. That is a topic on which no Southerner can hold an objective opinion. It strikes home to his deepest fears and taboos, he cannot tolerate any discussion of it, he cannot permit anyone to express an opinion about it. It was easy enough to predict that this novel, Miss Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit*, would be suppressed by a culturally backward society, illegally but with complete social assent, in the distorted violence and prejudice which animate such a society. And that in fact has occurred.

It has not occurred, however, exactly as predicted. *Strange Fruit* is being sold freely in for example Atlanta and Birmingham, as freely as in more advanced cultures like Oshkosh, Davenport, and Three Rivers. It is being sold just as freely in those ominous little Southern towns which we Bostonians recognize as socially sick and from which we fear an American fascism may emerge sometime. It is being discussed intelligently, temperately, and

frequently with high praise in the Southern press which we have learned to regard as one of the most dangerous bulwarks of Southern prejudice. The mobbing of *Strange Fruit* did not take place down South. It took place in Boston.

That reversal may momentarily disconcert outlanders who do not understand Boston, and I feel that a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires me to explain my home town.

To begin with, you must understand that the suppression was in fact a mobbing. It occurred, that is, outside the law—so far outside that both the official and the unofficial suppressors are announcing that no suppression has occurred. As yet—I send this to the press on March 25th—the book has not been subjected to review by any official board or any socially accountable officer whomsoever. The truth is, we learned better than that long ago. There was a time when the police used to proceed against books which they thought Bostonians ought not to read. We did not object to the assumption of such authority by the police but we found that their exercise of it exposed us to ridicule, to the ridicule of even backward cultures. Furthermore it proved profitable to publishers. They inserted “Banned in Boston” in their advertising and readers soon came to understand that if Boston suppressed a book, that book was a serious treatment of an important subject by a writer of considerable skill—for exceedingly few books of any other kind were ever suppressed here. So we resorted to an ingenious expedient.

Many of us in Boston are Republicans and many more are anti-New Deal Democrats. As such we realize that one of the most dangerous threats to our institutions is government by fiat. Executive commissions and similar agencies which are not restrained by statutory law and are not accountable to elected representatives of the people, we have proclaimed, are despotic, essentially totalitarian, and incompatible with democracy. We believe in a government of laws, not men. With that principle in mind we have set up a committee of the Board of Trade of Boston Book Merchants. Whenever that com-

mittee thinks that a book may be prosecuted by the police, it notifies the booksellers that that book has been withdrawn from sale—withdrawn, that is, by the stores represented on the committee. That notification suffices. No Boston bookseller sells that book, knowing that if the police should prosecute him the Board of Trade would not come to his defense. (He is perfectly free to do what he likes, the head of the committee explained to me, but the committee has done its part.) Everyone is happy. The affair has been conducted in complete privacy, free alike of official dictation and social control. There has been no official censorship, no one has received any objectionable publicity, the police are tranquil and the booksellers safe, and if any freedom of any Bostonian or any author has been infringed, Boston does not give a damn.

Next you must realize that literature is not important in Boston. It has been seventy-five years since there was any general respect for literature hereabout and fully fifty years since there was any general interest in it. Books which make a lot of money are respected, of course, and it remains possible for a writer to be respected and even admired if he achieves eminence as a fisherman or a skier, if he makes money on the stock market, or if his collection of porcelains or even his love affairs create newspaper publicity, which is fully appreciated in Boston. But it is inconceivable that literature could be made a public issue here. There was a time when men like Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry Thoreau could summon public opinion to the defense of such obscenity as Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, but that was many years ago.

AGAIN, you must understand that *Strange Fruit* was not mobbed because of its inflammatory theme. It is true that racial tensions are increasing in Boston, as I shall report in a later Easy Chair, but we are extremely tolerant about discussions of the Negro problem at a distance. In holding this attitude we are living up to our traditions. The typical Boston reformer was a factory owner who felt deeply about slavery in Georgia, as Thoreau said, or a corporation lawyer who longed

to bestow economic justice on the Filipinos, as Thoreau would have said if he had lived long enough. The cause of this suppression was not at all the theme of the book, miscegenation, it was sex. It was in fact three lines of sexual phraseology. The head of the booksellers' committee has told me that he assured the publisher that the book could be sold in Boston if the author would make deletions amounting to no more than three lines. (I asked him if he did not consider this suggestion an insult to the author. He said no. I asked him if he did not consider it an insult to me as a writer, a buyer of books, and a citizen of Massachusetts. He said no.)

Here it must be made clear that Boston is not uninterested in sex, afraid of sex, or opposed to the portrayal, representation, or exploitation of sex. All we have ever objected to is an honest, decent, or artistic treatment of sex. In the name of righteousness and for our taste's sake we insist that sex be treated with a leer and a snigger. Pornography circulates as freely in Boston as in any other city, as any casual visitor may determine. Boston is a town where strip-teasers flourish but the ballet must wear tights, where sexual and homosexual humor in night clubs is immune from prosecution provided only that it is kept vulgar enough, but three frank lines will get a novel lynched provided only that it is a decent and serious novel. Burlesque shows do a rousing business and we are the best town on the road for revues, but *Strange Interlude* cannot play here at all. You may freely patronize any kind of pornography in Boston, but the local standards of taste and morality, which the booksellers' committee accurately translates, will see to it that you cannot buy distinguished books which treat sex seriously. The much-repeated allegation that we are over-squeamish about indecency is a libel: we object only to decency.

True, Massachusetts has an anti-obscenity statute rather more idiotic than most such laws. Right here one is supposed to stop talking out loud and to whisper, as several who say they have been outraged by this latest suppression have whispered to me, that nothing can be

done to attack that statute because it is supported by the Catholic Church. Protestant Bostonians tend to speak about the Catholic Church in whispers and one of them lately put it to me this way, "The cops run straight to the Cardinal." As one reared in and shaped by the Catholic Church, I deny both the statement and the implication. Both are a comforting alibi for Bostonians; they enable the timorous to excuse themselves from taking action. Certainly, though the Catholic Church has not officially backed the statute and though a very great many Catholics are opposed to it, certainly it has Catholic support. Also it has the support of the Watch and Ward Society (yes, that really is its name), which is Protestant, and of several queer remnants of Puritan heresies—Puritanism was never to my knowledge Catholic. Even an alliance between Catholic bigotry and Protestant bigotry, however, could not have put this statute on the books and enforced it (as the experience of New York, for one instance, shows) if that alliance were not supported by still a third group. Actually it is made effective by a third group, the well-born, the rich, the cultivated, the heirs of the old ruling class, from whom social and cultural leadership would normally be expected. It is made effective because this group—generalize them as the Harvard alumni—will not accept social responsibility or exercise leadership.

For many years Boston has been unable to buy good books legally because this group has refused to act—from indifference, the profit motive, or simple cowardice. These people do not believe in suppression or approve of the anti-obscenity statute, they denounce it in private, they know that the situation is ridiculous and dangerous, but they will do nothing about it. Why? Well, literature is not important in the Boston culture and neither are civil rights. Not important enough, certainly, to make a fight for them. Boston will not defend a writer in the exercise of his freedom. And if either a bigot or a committee which has no legal status chooses to infringe Boston's own freedoms, that is perfectly all right with Boston.

YOU may suggest that a determined stand by anyone, even a bookseller, would certainly overturn the statute and restore literature to a respectable status in Boston and Boston to a decent respect in the opinions of mankind. That is true. The Society for the Suppression of Vice, for instance, can no longer successfully attack a decent book in New York—it no longer even tries to. The fight for freedom of expression in literature has been won everywhere except in Boston because it has been made everywhere except in Boston. You may think that the mere existence and still more the public toleration of a socially uncontrolled and irresponsible body like the booksellers' committee—which deprives both writers and readers of a basic freedom without any process of law whatever—you may think that its existence and public toleration are considerably more important than an absurd law or the suppression of a few books. You fail to understand how repugnant that idea is to the committee. It sees its motives as pure beyond expression and is proud of the fact that its activities assure every Boston bookseller who acts on its warnings that he will never go to jail, at least not for obscenity. It cannot see that any other issue is involved. And you must understand that it accurately expresses Boston's point of view. Boston does not mind being under the subjection of bigotry and it sees no reason to make a fight against either intolerance

or the infringement of personal liberty.

You may keep coming back to that self-evident fact, after thinking over the history of censorship in Boston. You may end by deciding that there probably is in Boston a minority of liberal, tolerant people who are interested in ideas, cultivated in the arts, and occasionally adept at them. But that minority, you may decide, appears to be made impotent either by an absurd social myth which looks backward to an unreal past or by the ignorance and prejudices of the society that surrounds it. For the Bostonian, you observe, has violent prejudices, they make him aggressive, he will not permit the objective, detached discussion of ideas that is one of the marks of a civilized man. Boston, you may decide, must be a backward culture.

It seems possible that the mobbing in Boston of one more serious, decent novel may suggest such conclusions to you. This sort of suppression is routine in Boston, it happens every once in a while, and you are forced to make two observations about it. The suppression is not even legal, and it is done with complete public assent—with only the most scattered and perfunctory protest. Not only a backward culture, you may think, but something else as well. For in this comfortable acceptance of the intolerable, beginning moreover in the area of civil rights where early decay is always significant, you catch a whiff of something sick and dangerous.

{ *Diana Trilling is the*
regular reviewer of fic-
tion for The Nation }

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO OUR NOVELS?

DIANA TRILLING



IT IS surely ironic that just at the moment when paper is being rationed we should be in the midst of the greatest book-buying boom in our history. At the time of Pearl Harbor, American publishers were afraid, not without some justification, that war would turn the American public away from books, but quite the opposite seems to have happened. The pressure of wartime activities has not had the adverse effect that was anticipated, and the chief problem of publishers is how to manufacture, within printing and paper restrictions, enough books to meet the expanding market. Every kind of book is selling well—not only the latest popular novel, whose success might be attributed to the desire for “escape” reading, but also history, technology, biography, and science. Even reprints and the classics are booming, and library sets of the old novelists, which before the war had languished on the booksellers’ shelves for years, have now suddenly begun to move.

To be sure, some part of our current book boom may be merely inflationary—another straw in the wind of war-prosperity spending. Library circulation has not kept pace with book sales; it has even somewhat diminished since the war and we can therefore conjecture that not all of the books that are being bought are neces-

sarily being read. On the other hand, it would be pessimistic and wrong to write off as of no cultural importance the amount of money we are spending on books simply because it parallels increased spending in theaters, restaurants, and department stores. A cultural advance of some significance has been made when a nation comes to think of literature as something *worth* spending its money on.

And no cultural advance is accomplished overnight. There is reason to think that this present book boom has been in preparation for some years—perhaps ever since the last war. Certainly in the past twenty-five years this country has measurably closed the gap between its so-called cultivated and uncultivated classes. Just as college education has ceased to be regarded as the prerogative of a privileged section of society, so reading has come out of the conspicuous consumption category to which the American popular imagination formerly consigned it. This is demonstrated, for instance, by the enormous success of the book clubs and by the spread of our lending-library services. The magazine field, too, illustrates the steady infiltration of literacy into all sections of American life. If the popularity of the picture magazine suggests a trend away from the printed word, the equal popularity of the

digest magazine counterbalances it; to read a digested book or magazine article may create lazy reading habits, but it creates and affirms the existence of reading habits of a sort.

But if the volume of our reading is great, and if we could even say that America lives more easily with ideas today than it did a generation or two ago, this does not mean that we are in the midst of either a general cultural renaissance or a specifically literary one. Our actual creative achievement in literature is not precisely a cause for pride. The classics may be selling as they have never sold before but it is, after all, current writing which provides our chief day-to-day nourishment, and we can boast no current writing boom to match our new popular enthusiasm for books. Indeed, I think most serious critics would agree that we are in the midst of a period of acute creative poverty.

II

IT is in the field of the novel that one first looks for the expression of literary vitality. The sales of many of our novels and the language in which they are greeted by the reviewers may give the impression of a constantly flowing stream of gifted and important new works of fiction, but actually our novels are of low quality. We must keep in mind that sales reflect the desire for good books, not necessarily their existence, and that the popular reviewer forms his judgments on a current basis—that is, by measuring the book under review against the books he read last week or the week before, and not against the truly fine book he may have read three, five, or twenty years ago.

This is practically an open secret among reviewers. It removes the aspersion of absolute bad taste from the superlatives about such books as *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* or *The Walsh Girls*. Reviewers are perfectly aware that the novels they recommend are a commodity, not an experience—for they know very well what kind of experience a really good novel gives. They have been brought up on the great French, English, and Russian novelists and their lives were shaped by them; what is more to our point, most of

them came of age in our own last distinguished literary era. It is keeping abreast of the market that obscures their recollection of what it meant to read Dreiser or Willa Cather, and for the occasion they persuade themselves either that the novelist under review is the Dreiser or Cather of this particular moment in literary history or—more likely—that since this moment has no Dreisers or Cathers, it is the part of generosity to celebrate without reservation the next best thing.

There are innumerable next best things on our fiction market and there are the usual number of best sellers. But I would venture to guess that the readers of this magazine would be hard put to it to name the novel of these war years which has been even a small landmark in their literary educations or their emotional lives. I know that I myself have read or glanced through some five hundred novels in the past two years. Some few were marked by literary talent and some few more were entertaining, but I have not had the impulse to save any for my library shelves and an eventual rereading; all have gone to the second-hand dealer. And I am speaking of serious novels, novels written by people who were undoubtedly educated in the great literature of the past.

It is not merely that these best of our current novels are not stamped by genius; after all, genius is rare in any age. These best of our current novels are simply not alive. The one quality which all first-rate novelists or novelists who aspire to the first-rate have in common—an energy of creation which touches everything and enlivens everything it touches—is not to be found in the novelists of the present day for whom the most is being claimed.

Of course it will be protested that we are losing a whole generation of possible new writing talent to the armed services. That is true, and it may account for the fact that no new male writer of rank has appeared in the past two to three years. But the draft cannot be blamed for the poor quality of the books written by men and women who are not in the services, nor for the low level of work during the ten years which preceded the war, including the work of our already established

writers. It is not only the immediate creative scene which is so bleak. Our present poverty follows and continues a whole decade of poverty.

OUR last period of novelistic glory began after the last war and ended with dramatic suddenness as the decade of the twenties drew to a close. Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos—in fiction these are the names we associate with our last brief literary renaissance, and it is significant that all but one of these novelists lived and died, artistically speaking, with the post-war decade; only Hemingway has continued to sustain and mature his talent. Anderson's last novels were feeble reiterations of the themes and method of the work that had brought him to fame. The later novels of Sinclair Lewis are juvenile compared to the relatively youthful *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. Of the three novels Cather has written since *Death Comes For the Archbishop* (1927), only *Shadows on the Rock* can stand with her early work. Dreiser has produced nothing since *An American Tragedy* (1925). The personal drama of Fitzgerald's failure promises to outlive his few successful novels, and even John Dos Passos, while never weakening in intention, has weakened considerably in inspiration.

In the decade of the thirties a few outstanding personalities did appear to replace these striking talents, but they loom large only in comparison with their contemporaries; they are scarcely of the stature of these predecessors. John P. Marquand, William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, John Steinbeck, and James Farrell are the novelists who first come to mind as having staked out some claim for themselves in the decade of the thirties. But the novels of Marquand, readable and interesting as they are, surely reflect life rather more than they illuminate it; Faulkner is essentially a virtuoso; Thomas Wolfe's great energy tends to obscure his limited range; Steinbeck has a fatal softness at the bone of his social understanding; and Farrell has yet to be able to enlarge upon his own restricted background.

The past fifteen years have not been

propitious to the novel and we can readily see why. The conditions of the external world have made the practice of fiction more than a little difficult. An era which witnessed not only a major economic depression in our own country, but the rise of Hitlerism abroad and the preparation throughout the world for a new world war, has put an unprecedented burden upon the imaginative writer; and perhaps only the greatest novel could hope to hold its own against the urgent drama of modern times.

Then, too, we have been living in a period in which the problems of the individual have been everywhere submerged in the problems of society as a whole. But the conflicts in individual lives have always been the most fruitful subject for fiction and the medium by which fiction sheds its light upon the world. Indeed, if one factor can be isolated as responsible for the decline of the novel in the past fifteen years I think it is this break in our tradition of individualism. For when the individual lost prestige in the modern world, the novel lost prestige.

I have said that our last period of literary glory ended with the decade of the twenties. A more precise way to put it would be to say that the decline of modern American fiction dates from the depression of 1929. With the collapse of our economic structure the American novelist began to identify himself with the social process and renounced his old artistic privilege of standing outside of it. I do not mean that the novelists of the twenties were out of touch with life, as they were later accused of being. We have only to glance at such books as *Main Street* or *Babbitt* to be aware of their vigorous social content; as a matter of fact, it would be hard to equal, in the novels of a later generation, the conscience and commitment to life of our best writers of the twenties. The difference, however, between the social novels of the postwar decade and the social novels of the next decade is in the role that the author conceives for himself. In the twenties, the novelist was in individual rebellion against society; he knew that the artist walks alone and is always at a vantage point to the rest of the

world. In the thirties the progressive and sensitive novelist saw himself as the conscious instrument of social forces, even as someone who must take practical sides and make political alignments; he not only renounced his own individual importance as an artist, but shifted the focus of his work from the outcome of the forces of society in the moral life of the individual to the morality of the social structure itself. It is a difference in point of view which is almost overstated in a comparison between, say, Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* of 1925 and Robert Cantwell's *The Land of Plenty* of 1934.

We recall how, in the twenties, it was almost the boast of literacy to be ignorant of actual political-economic issues, but how almost overnight, with the depression, this situation altered. The American novelist of the thirties became a social theorist; he dedicated himself to a formulated political purpose. Instead of being an expositor and critic of society, he became its policy-maker. But this was in effect to abdicate his chief function as a novelist; we can go back to Dickens or the later Tolstoy to prove how heavily the conscious urge to reform has always weighed down even the most creative pen. Any good novel is socially useful, but the intention of being socially useful is likely to produce the works of Upton Sinclair; it does not produce good novels.

It is a paradox of our depression fiction that, quite in the measure that our writers renounced the individualism of the artist, they overestimated the powers of the artist to influence society. That is, a philosophy which had been designed to submerge the individuality of the novelist actually worked out to put upon the individual novelist more responsibility than he had ever before been asked to bear—and it was a very immodest fiction that answered the current demand for *the* great American proletarian novel or *the* great American revolutionary novel! In addition—and this is another paradox of the time—the novelist himself, seeing life in crude terms of social determinism and recognizing almost too vividly the interdependence of the individual and the group, came to look upon himself as a victim of society. One would have to

search far in the literature of individualism to match the exacerbated self-pity that came into our literature simultaneously with this new sense of social responsibility and which has persisted even into our fiction of the present day. So recent a novel as Michael Blankfort's *A Time to Live* is an instance of the ease with which a feeling of social guilt turns into self-commiseration.

The degeneration of our Lewises and Andersons in the depression years was probably as much a response to the pressure of the contemporary literary temper as to the pressure of the times themselves. There was never a less generous period than our thirties; the younger novelists and our critics were all too eager to assist at the burial of our established authors. Even John Dos Passos, who more than any other writer of the twenties was a social novelist in the sense in which the next decade was to define it, faltered in the presence of the younger proletarian writers growing up around him. Yet the proletarian movement itself produced only one novelist of any note, James Farrell, and—ironically enough—Farrell was to suffer, as *his* decade passed, the fate that had been mocked in his predecessors, the fate of still saying the same things long after his audience had ceased to be involved.

For the depression passed with no profound social changes accomplished. No revolution was fought in America, except on the literary front where it took such a sad toll of budding talents. To the novelists who launched their careers in the full tide of the class-conscious thirties the end of the decade brought cynicism and disillusionment. Edward Dahlberg, Albert Halper, Meyer Levin, Grace Lumpkin—these are some of the promising talents we remember from our proletarian days, but of the four, to my knowledge, only Albert Halper is still producing novels; and between his *The Foundry* of 1934 and his *Only an Inch from Glory* of 1943 there yawns the abyss of an enormous social weariness. Today one wonders, indeed, whether the writers of our proletarian vanguard were ever really as promising as we thought them, or whether they simply claimed so much of our hope because they were so sympathetic to the spirit of the time.

And the novelists who fought against this dominant tendency of the thirties—for after all, not all our writers took the revolutionary side—of course suffered as much from the self-consciousness of conservatism as our Marxist novelists suffered from the false sense of political power. Especially the less forceful among them, the writers who lacked the conviction of their conservative positions, allowed themselves to be pushed further and further back from contact with a hostile world. Just as so gifted a writer as Willa Cather under the pressure of the times retreated rather desperately along her favored historical path, just so the novelists of lesser gift were routed either into the past or into provincialism; and it was in this period, as a matter of fact, that the historical novel and the regional novel came into a vogue which, with a new emphasis, has not yet lost its appeal. The stronger talents, writers like Marquand and Faulkner and Wolfe, continued to hoe their own rows and they even found large audiences; but who can say how their work might have developed if they had not been writing against, as it were, the main current of their day?

III

BUT it would be false to give the impression that because, with the end of the thirties and the start of the war, revolutionary literature died in America, it left no heritage to its next in line. In the degree that our present fiction is still largely concerned with its social duty, it still in large part lives on an inheritance from the depression. The political directives have changed; fiction is no longer concerned to make revolutions. But the didactic impulse persists. By a strange political logic deriving from Russia's position in world affairs, the vanguard of the proletariat has become the rearguard of democracy, and a section of our fiction is as busy today exhorting to democracy as it was exhorting to the class struggle ten years ago. In the nationalism of war, indeed, there has been a juncture on the literary front of the two armies of the left and right which were once so inimical.

A literature of nationalism is no doubt inevitable in time of war. In this war we

are producing few novels of out-and-out flag-waving like MacKinlay Kantor's *Happy Land*, but Americanism is nonetheless being propagandized extensively both in our regional novels whose purpose it is to increase our love of country by acquainting us with little-known sections of the land, and in our historical novels whose purpose it is to point a lesson to present-day democracy. This is patriotic literature in its crudest aspect, and perhaps not worth lingering over except to point out that it runs in a cultural current which our conservative writers have always kept alive.

More significant is the national pattern of thought that is being unconsciously revealed by that portion of our present-day fiction which is not at all aware that it is teaching lessons. For if we can generalize of our literature of the twenties that it was a literature of the individual against society, and of our literature of the thirties that it was a literature of class against class, we can just as accurately generalize of our literature of today that it is a literature of acceptance of the *status quo*. The values of our present-day novels are the established values. Our fiction would have us love what we have and hold on to it. Or perhaps it puts it more precisely to say that our fiction of these war years would have us love what we once *had* and recapture it—for while there is little actual nostalgia in our recent novels, it is unmistakable that they prefer the past to the present way of life.

The days of rebellion have gone and our fiction of the past two or three years is biased not only against social and political change but even against implied criticism. If the memory of our fiction is long, the will is short. There is little action in present-day novels because action has a way of disturbing the established order. A period of war is a period of great personal heroism, yet our novels are noticeably lacking in heroes and heroines—again because, almost by definition, a hero acts upon his environment instead of remaining quiescent as his environment acts upon him. Our fiction is deficient in drama, plot, and even physical motion, most of its "story" taking place inside the minds of its characters. But even in

their mental lives, our fictional characters are more complacent than daring, more conciliatory than energetic.

THUS a book like *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* is typical of our fiction of this war despite the fact that most of its action antedates the last war. In Miss Smith's picture of American poverty there is neither ugliness nor rebellion, only sentiment; the explosive family life of James Farrell's realistic novels is replaced, in the "realism" of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, by a sweet co-operativeness. National unity reflects itself in family unity, and fiction arms us with the illusion of domestic security against the insecurity of the world. This theme of domestic strength, indeed, is one of the *leitmotifs* of current novels. Sometimes, as in Janet Lewis's *Against a Darkening Sky*, it is treated with a kind of poetic homeliness; sometimes, as in Kathryn Forbes's *Mama's Bank Account*, with a quasi-robust humor. Always it is handled with a respect that contrasts strangely with the days when fiction was so busy questioning the sanctity of family ties.

Family life is the safe way of life, and family life has little place for heroes. The leading character of Marquand's *So Little Time* is typical as a contemporary substitute for a hero. He is not only middle-aged, and therefore adventures at the risk of making himself a bit ridiculous, but, having tasted the sexual freedom reminiscent of another day, is finally and for no apparent reason made to return to the wife who has afforded him so little comfort and understanding. Again, in Elizabeth Janeway's *The Walsh Girls*, marriage is explicitly described as a fortress in a frightening world; and certainly Helen Walsh, securely married, has few of the charms of the conventional heroine of fiction.

The instances in which our novels put themselves at the service of established institutions could be multiplied endlessly. The pattern is subtle but pervasive. Sexual freedom, feminism, insight into the economic sources of our social ills, all disappear from a fiction determined to buttress us against the threats implicit in an uncertain political world. And the fact that, as I write, there are three religious novels—*The Robe*, *The Song of*

Bernadette, and *The Apostle*—in a list of ten best sellers, is but added proof that the conservative impulse, although newly vigorous, falls back upon its oldest lines of defense.

Of all categories of fiction, the novel of artistic sensibility exists in the longest tradition of rebelliousness, but even our contemporary version of the artist as a young man has ceased to struggle. If we compare, say, Robert Smith's *The Journey*, published last year, with any of the classics of the type, D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* or Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, we are at once struck by the extreme subjectivism of our present-day writer. There is no environment in Mr. Smith's novel, and in so empty a world his artist is able to blame no one but himself for his spiritual emptiness.

TO EMPHASIZE the mood of inaction in our current fiction is not to overlook the violence which is natural to wartime. Juvenile delinquency and a certain lawlessness in civilian life are always a concomitant of war, and lawlessness is bound to appear even in novels whose chief movement is in the direction of safety and co-operation. But it is interesting that just as our patriotic feelings are open in our historical novels and hidden in our novels of the contemporary scene, our expressions of violence are open in our novels about the past and hidden in our novels of present-day life. That is, more often than not there is no moral justification for the acts of violence committed in our pioneer novels or in our novels about nineteenth-century life in the South or West; for example, when the cotton planter in John Faulkner's *Dollar Cotton* kills his farmhand and then steals his widow, we are supposed to accept such conduct as all in the day's work in a primitive society. It is as if, in dealing with the past, the novelist can not only admit our less pleasant human instincts but revel in them. In fiction of the contemporary world, however, only our novels of race conflict—books like Lillian Smith's admirable study of the Negro situation, *Strange Fruit*—seem able openly to admit lawless conduct and at the same time condemn it; apart from our race-problem

novels, I can recall but one recent work of fiction, *The Hunted*, by Albert Guerard, which itself takes a clear stand against violence while admitting that it exists in contemporary American life. Our anti-Nazi novels in which violence is cloaked in political necessity, or even a novel like Nancy Hale's *The Prodigal Women* in which, because the husband tortures his wife in the righteous cause of monogamy, the author seems scarcely to recognize that he is cruel, are much more typical of the way we disguise violence by virtue.

It is to the past that the current novelist prefers to relegate the threatening personal emotions, and it is to the past that he also relegates certain subjects which, although they are clearly of the present scene, are evidently too disturbing to handle as of the moment. For instance, judging by our fiction, imperialism ceased to exist with the turn of the century. Or big business—obviously as much an American institution now as it was in the twenties or thirties—appears in our novels, if at all, only as in Marcia Davenport's *The Valley of Decision*, as so much romantic backdrop to the pageant of the generations. Even romantic love (as opposed to domestic love) is no longer a theme for novels, nor indeed has it been for some time. Hemingway is the only love-story writer we have had in this country since the twenties. For it is in the very nature of great love that it admits no barriers and defies the securities.

IV

THERE is this barrenness of scene, then, in present-day fiction, there is no action or drama, there is this blinking of contemporary reality. It is therefore small wonder that novel reading has lost something of its hold on our popular affections. And publishers have become aware of this important shift in the American taste—from a preference for fiction to a preference for other kinds of writing. Not that novels have stopped selling, and in good quantity. But in recent years fewer novels have been winning great success, whereas more and more non-fiction books have reached enormous audiences.

Of course this is not to say that non-fiction has achieved a higher intellectual

and literary level than fiction, and any general assessment of the quality of non-fiction is made particularly difficult by the existence of so many different branches of non-fiction writing—philosophy, criticism, biography, science, poetry, many of them directed to highly specialized audiences. But it is in the broad field of journalism that non-fiction has won its multitude of new readers and, questions of purely literary merit aside, it is surely understandable that our books of reporting, of political experience, and of personal history should be more attractive to the average reader than our novels.

For if fiction pales by comparison with the facts of the present-day world, journalism is the facts of the present-day world. The excitement, the adventure, the drama which are so conspicuously absent from our current novels are present in full measure in the books of our war correspondents and in the personal reminiscences of people whose lives have been intimately touched by modern history. A book like Etta Shiber's *Paris-Underground*, even a book like *Burma Surgeon*, holds our interest with an intensity that few modern novels can equal. Our fiction may be concerned with formulating and preserving a desirable order of society, but journalism has no such concern—and this lack of responsibility may reduce journalism's intellectual standing; it is true that the past fifteen years have produced no Lincoln Steffens and even that for every thoughtful book like Vincent Sheean's *Personal History* there have been dozens of journalistic stunts. But at least journalism feels no need to retreat before the realities of contemporary life.

There is a tempo and change of scene in our current journalism that parallels the movies and in contrast to which our fiction is bound to seem slow and static. The inability of our fiction to evoke clear visual images is one of its serious weaknesses; it is journalism that has become the eyes of modern writing. Of course, journalism has been free to travel even in wartime, but this actual freedom of movement cannot be the only explanation of the greater viscosity in our books by reporters than in our novels. More likely it is because our reporters dare to see that

they do see; and it is because our novelists do not dare to see or want to see that they do not see.

And less self-conscious and certainly less inhibited by preconceptions than our fiction writers, our journalists even manage to tell us more about people than we are told by our novelists. Our journalists of the thirties, traveling across the country interviewing gas-station proprietors and factory workers and the unemployed, documented the American people in the depression with a suggestiveness that should have been a lesson to our depression novelists who were so busy modeling human character into social principles. Similarly, our present-day journalists are revealing the American personality of this time far more convincingly than our present-day novelists, who, whether they know it or not, are forcing human character into stereotypes. For example, the soldiers who appear in Ernie Pyle's *Here is Your War* live and flower in our imaginations long after most of the characters in recent fiction vanish back into air. Nor is Mr. Pyle's book the sole instance in which the photographic eye and ear of the reporter turn out to be more creative than the ostensibly creative mind. We can compare the non-fiction features in *The New Yorker* with the stories to see how much more of life and people is caught by the Profiles and the Reporter-at-Large pieces than by *The New Yorker's* fiction.

LOOKING at current writing, in other words, we would seem to have to conclude that there has been a curious

reversal of roles between our fiction and our non-fiction, and that non-fiction—or, specifically, journalism—has taken over some of the prime duties of imaginative writing. It gives us our drama, it tells us about people, it even supplies us with our objects of admiration and our objects for identification—the heroes who have disappeared from fiction. And we wonder if it is possible, then, that our novels can be wholly replaced and that fiction will disappear because it is no longer necessary.

Well, I think this is hardly possible, and for one very important reason. There is still one sphere that journalism cannot penetrate—the moral sphere, which is uniquely the province of the novel. No matter how much of an illusion journalism can give us of reporting all of reality, reality is finally composed of moral elements that are not to be rendered by mere reporting. These moral elements can be reached only through the moral imagination. Without the free play of the critical intelligence, of course the moral imagination is crippled, and for some years now our fiction has abdicated the free play of the critical intelligence. Our novelists have been suicidally determined to reform, to comfort, or otherwise to find a place for themselves in society as anything but artists. Perhaps this has been an inevitable response to the confusion of modern life. But if literature is to carry its full share in our future culture, and if fiction is to carry its full share in our literature, the novel will have to meet confusion with art—which, as E. M. Forster has said, is the moral order of the universe.

MACARTHUR AND THE CENSORSHIP

WE RECENTLY accepted an article on General MacArthur by an experienced correspondent of high repute who for over a year and a half had been accredited to the General's headquarters. Following the arrangement in force for all accredited correspondents, we sent the manuscript to the Army for review. Publication was "objected to on grounds of military security." We therefore may not print the article.

This act of censorship was not based on the inclusion of military information of value to the enemy; for if the article contained any at all this could readily have been deleted. It was based on the fact that the article contained, along with some praise, considerable criticism of the General; and on the contention that "as written" it "undermines the confidence of this country, Australia, and particularly the troops in that theatre, in their commander and his strategic and tactical plans," and that "such a result would be of great value to the Axis and damaging to General MacArthur's very difficult campaign in the Southwest Pacific."

We have always approved the censoring of information which might be of military value to the enemy and have voluntarily submitted for review, as a matter of course, every article which we felt might contain such information. (The Office of Censorship has been consistently unexceptionable in its treatment of our material, and the armed forces usually, though not invariably, have been so.) But there is a perpetual danger that censorship may be extended to the concealment of military losses, mistakes, and shortcomings, and we believe it is better in the long run that the publicity given to, let us say, a Patton incident should cause acute discomfort in high military quarters than that mistakes should be hidden. We acknowledge, however, that in specific cases—which those on the outside may not be in a position to estimate—censorship of criticism may sometimes be justifiable if military matters alone are at stake.

But the present case wears another and graver aspect. As we go to press, General MacArthur has not denied receptiveness to a nomination for the Presidency of the United States. No candidate for the Presidency, tacit or otherwise, should stand hidden behind a veil of censorship.

One may write what one pleases about the other candidates; about General MacArthur no opinions based on recent direct observation may apparently be given publicity unless they are flattering.

This situation is intolerable in a free country. It may be that General MacArthur's apparent grievances against the Administration are justified. It may be that the many unfavorable criticisms of him which we have heard—even those which we sought to publish—have been misjudged. But that a man who stands protected by censorship should permit his name to be considered for the Presidency mocks a central principle of democracy—the right of the people to see their political candidates in the light of free discussion.

Before this page reaches print the General may have unequivocally withdrawn his name. Or the censorship may have been relaxed. Otherwise let the public stand warned. The accounts of this candidate which have been appearing are incomplete, biased by censorship, and therefore politically unreliable.—*The Editors*

*{ This article, based on direct observations in
the Midwest farming country, is the last of a
series by Mr. Dos Passos on wartime America. }*

THREE HUNDRED ACRES AND A TRACTOR

JOHN DOS PASSOS



AS WE drove west across southern Ohio, cornfields spread out over the flat land on either side of the straight concrete road. The white farmhouses with green roofs had a well-kept look. They were very small beside the immense barns and cowstables and the tall silos that towered above the tattered russet of the trees round the house lots.

It was prosperous-looking country. The high wire fences were neat. The gates hung straight. A high-tension power line went looping along on tall steel towers to the right of the road. At regular intervals olive-colored four-motor bombers roared overhead on their way out from the airplane reconditioning plant in the industrial town we had just left. In some fields the corn had been cut by hand and stacked in rows of wigwam-shaped shocks; in others the mechanical picker had gone through leaving a confusion of mangled stalks where tall black hogs rooted and munched; in others the corn still stood in twelve-foot ranks of pale silvery yellow that rustled dryly in the fading breeze of the late afternoon. There were occasional patches of pumpkins or warty nilegreen Hubbard squashes humped among their wilted vines, or strips of green alfalfa, or stubble where beans had been cut off, but mostly it was corn, corn, corn, and tall black hogs that

looked bigger and taller and blacker as the evening mist closed in.

It was dusk when the highway swerved south and plunged down through a wooded rolling country that smelt of dead leaves toward the river. In the dried-out weeds along the roadside a rabbit now and then sat up looking at us with twitching nose for a second before he turned and showed us a white blob of cottontail as he made off into the darkness of the underbrush. By the time we reached the red-brick river town where the meeting was being held it was night and the street-lights swam ruddy in the streaky mist off the river.

Farm Bureau Supper

IT was the yearly get-together and business meeting of the local county Farm Bureau organization. The meeting was being held in the basement of a rambling old Methodist church off the main street. Smells of frying steak and baked biscuits met us as we hurried past a few lanky sunburned men in store clothes standing silent round the entrance, treating themselves to a last chew of tobacco or a last puff on a cigarette before going in. The ladies of the organization had prepared the supper. The tables were set in the long basement room under the steam-

pipes. We were greeted at the door by the minister, a redfaced young man who had the healthy cornfed look of a prize carthorse. While we were being shown our places at the crowded narrow boards everybody was singing to the tune of "Jerusalem the Golden":

Oh beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain . . .

At first the women carried it but gradually the men and little piping children's voices joined in.

For purple mountain majesties,
Above the fruited plain . . .

The minister stood on a piano-stool and led with as much energy as if he were leading the cheering at a football game.

America, America,
God shed His grace on thee,
God crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

They sang well. The song roared among the low rafters. The glasses along the tables rang on the high notes. On "sea" they ended up with a bang that left the hall so silent you could hear the puffing of the ladies with frilled aprons over their party dresses as they hurried in with the last trays of dinner plates.

The minister boomed out a short grace. With the "amen" chairs scraped, throats were cleared, crockery clattered as we all sat down simultaneously to the steaming meal of fried steak, stewed corn, string beans, fruit salad in pink jelly, and biscuits and hot baker's rolls and butter. Opposite me sat a long-faced man in a black suit with black hair and a leathery skin who looked like a member of Lincoln's cabinet. Further along, several old ladies in their best frocks, with dimpled marshmallow faces, chirped and squeaked among themselves. On my left was a fresh-faced whitehaired man in light gray tweeds. I asked him what folks round here thought about the Presidential election.

"We are mostly Republicans bred and born," he said. "If a man votes the Democratic ticket it's a pretty sure sign he comes from across the river. We pretty near fell for the Administration once. I came near voting for the man in the White House myself. I'd just about made up my mind to vote for him

when I went out to talk to some old tenants on part of our farm. The old man's father had been a tenant of my grandfather's. I asked him how he'd take it if I voted the Democratic ticket. His face got so long you would have thought I'd told him about a death in the family. 'How do you think your father and grandfather would have taken it?' he asked me. That saved me from doing what I see now would have been a foolish thing."

I asked him what kind of a Republican nominee they'd vote for down here. "They'd vote for any Republican, naturally," he said, "but they'd prefer a candidate as different as possible from the present incumbent. They would go all out for a general."

They were singing again, this time men's and women's voices carrying alternate verses of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." With the dessert of icecream and cake child entertainers were herded by their mamas into the open corner of the room where the piano was. Two little girls in pigtails sang "Pistol-Packin' Mama." A small toddler in a white rayon naval uniform with a great deal of gold braid on the shoulders was stood up on the piano-stool and howled out mournfully, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

Then the meeting was called to order. We pushed back our chairs and listened to a series of serious-faced men giving an account of the year's proceedings. Most of them dealt with their efforts to start a co-operative to sell gas, tires, feed, and fertilizer. Though the co-operatives had been a great success in the rest of the state, this county organization had had poor luck. Two fires had set them back. In this coming year they were determined to get her over the hump. A young man with blond hair cut in a brush gave a talk on the food needs of the nation for next year. Prices would be good, he said. It was up to the farmer to produce as he had never produced before. A sharp volley of handclapping accented the word "produce." There were reports from committees. There was an election of officers. Then the man who had brought me over, who was making the trip to organize a membership drive, gave

a talk on what the Farm Bureau could do for the farmer and urged everybody to go out and get new members and we all sang "America" and filed out.

The Co-operative Idea

As we drove out of town under a last quarter of moon that shone wanly on cobwebby tangles of mist among the trees in the hollows, the Farm Bureau organizer said apologetically that this county we had just been in was one of the worst in the state from the point of view of farm organizations. In this state, he went on to explain, the Farm Bureau wasn't so political as it was in the South. They were building the most progressive set of consumers' co-operatives in the country. Already their gas stations sold enough gasoline to set the price for the whole state. They were on the point of buying a factory to build farm machinery. When they got that going it would help keep prices down for the nation. I mustn't think this county was typical. I assured him that nobody could go through the big office building of the Farm Bureau co-operatives, as I had that morning, without getting the impression of an immense going concern.

This blue-eyed young man who had invited me to come along on part of his organizing trip was a Virginian. After working his way through college he had got a scholarship to go abroad and study the co-operative movement. He'd been in England, France, and Sweden just before war broke out. He'd stayed on in Sweden for a while after the shooting started. Everywhere he'd seen self-government and individual liberty, everything we had been brought up to prize in this country as making life worth living, going down the drain. How could we keep that from happening here? was what he'd been asking himself ever since. Of one thing he was sure. No human institution ever stood still. It either grew and progressed or else it decayed. That was why the conservatives were always wrong because what they were trying to conserve was always spoiling on their hands. When he came home he had gone into co-operative work because

he thought that if anybody could bring self-government back to life in this country the farmers could. In this state they had really inspired leadership, he thought. The plan was to build up consumers' co-operatives for economic self-help at the same time as they built up a political lobby to influence legislation. He didn't think one could go ahead very far without the other.

There was one interesting development I ought to know about. . . . Now in his opinion one of the great mistakes of Farm Bureau leadership was opposition to labor. There was just no doubt that farmers were naturally prejudiced against labor organizations. Nobody had ever convinced the farmer that he had anything to gain from high industrial wages. But in this new development he saw a chance of bridging the gap between them. There was springing up in this state a chain of co-operative stores operated by labor unions in the cities which bought their products directly from the farmer. It had begun with poultry. These stores cut out the middleman's expenses and assured the farmer a good profit for his product and the union man the lowest possible price. Outside of the expense of hauling, they shared between them the entire markup of the commission merchant, the retail storekeeper, the jobber, the wholesaler. More important than the economics of it was the fact that it constituted a bridge between farmers and workers in the industrial cities. "That's the sort of thing I call practical politics," he said.

II

The Farmer Loves to Produce

"I AM seventy-four," said the hawk-faced white-haired man as he let himself down from the wagon piled high with corn where he'd been fixing a sideboard. He grunted as he straightened up in his neatly patched blue overalls and put his hand to his back above his lean hip. "Ouch . . . I'm beginning to find the work heavy." He pointed to the new mechanical loader that was hitched behind the wagon. "Boys bought me that. They think I'm too old to lift the corn up

into the wagon. Never could have gotten this crop in without it."

He took his hand away from his back, wiped it on his overalls, and walked slowly toward us with the hand outstretched. We were standing beside a highway in the western part of Ohio on a semicircle of grass heaped with red-brown leaves from the horse-chestnut trees in front of the big mansarded house with broad porches. Whenever any one of us moved, the leaves crunched crisply underfoot. He was a tall slender man, remarkably straight for his age. After shaking hands the old man stood quietly looking us over for a moment out of sharp blue eyes between narrowed red lids. "Well, the government said they wanted production and by gum we'll give it to 'em if it kills us," he said. "By the way, how's Pete Hawkins?" he added looking toward the Dane who accompanied me. "Those cornpickers are nasty things. Never put your hand near 'em without stopping the motor; that's the rule here."

"He's gone to the hospital," said the Dane. "His hand's pretty badly mangled."

"Picking some stalks out of the snappers that looked like they'd stick, I suppose. The hired man over at the Children's Home got a piece taken out of his finger that way only yesterday. Lucky he didn't lose it. We are so shorthanded around here we can't afford to have accidents. Well, we've planted eighty acres of wheat and we've picked six thousand bushels of corn, just me and the two boys. All this machinery costs a heap of money but it surely does the work. If we can't get labor we've got to buy machinery. If we buy machinery we've got to get prices to pay for it."

"Well, before long we'll have co-operative machinery," said the Dane.

"They won't be able to cut prices much."

"If it's a co-operative the price won't matter. The profits will go back to the membership."

"They will if it's run right."

"It's up to us to see it's run right," said the Dane, warming up. "The farmers around here do a pretty good job running their farms. There's no reason on earth

why they can't run a few enterprises," he went on, his voice rising as he spoke. "Look at me. I've done both. I've kept a store and I've worked for co-operatives and I tell you storekeeping's a whole lot easier and a whole lot less satisfactory to the spirit of man."

"I'd surely like to see the whole agricultural program taken away from the government," said the old man with a blue flash in his eye.

"You wouldn't want to see it fall into the hands of the Wall Street bankers, would you? Then we'd get our hides taken off for fair."

"I've been through periods when the bankers ruled. I've had 'em skin me alive like the rest of the folks. . . . I'd trust 'em before I would the politicians at that."

"But suppose the farmers ran their entire business for themselves? Finance, furnishing of supplies, marketing right through to the consumer . . ."

"I'd like to see it properly managed. I certainly would like to be shown."

A shining black Buick towncar drove up and parked in the shallow ditch beside us. A young man in a dark business suit stepped out. "Folks," he said, "I just stopped to hear if you knew about Pete's hand. Down the road they are saying he may lose the whole hand. I hope it isn't as bad as that."

"I don't think so," said the Dane, frowning his brow. "I'm very much afraid he'll lose some fingers, though."

The man in the business suit, it came out, ran a chicken hatchery and sold incubators and brooders. He was in the business in a big way. He'd even been as far as Soviet Russia before the war installing his incubators. When we asked him how he liked it, he said he'd come back believing in private enterprise more firmly than ever. Of course, he admitted, smiling, all he'd seen had been chicken farms and chicken officials and he didn't know any Russian.

But what about co-operatives? we asked him. What about democratically run business? His face darkened. Hadn't we had enough bureaucracy by this time? he asked with impatience. We were up to our necks in it. You would think

people would be sick of it. "Frankly I think business men contribute more to the community. That is if you give them a chance to make a profit. We pay better wages. I don't mind a few co-operatives for the little fellows but I'd hate to have them get their hands on everything. That'd be as bad as the federal government. It's the business men who contribute to community projects."

The Dane had a thoughtful look as we drove off. "Now the curious thing is," he said, "that that man is a leader in our town in every committee for the public good. He's one of the most public-spirited men we've got. How can he be so shortsighted?"

As we drove further along the highway we could see the flashing perpendicular jaws of the cornpickers mounted on tractors moving down the rows. The tall ragged cornstalks fell trembling and were swallowed up. Yellow corn cobs glowed in the sun as they plopped in a stream into the towed wagons. "One man can do in a day with one of those what five men did with a combine and what twenty men could do by hand. The weather looks almost too good," said the Dane. "But the farmers are breaking their necks to get the corn in. Can't trust the weather this late in the year."

He had turned into a driveway that went to a neat narrow white house that sat up like a jackrabbit among smooth-boled walnut trees. Their last yellow leaves spun as they fell to the grass of the dooryard. "You were asking about stretching manpower," the Dane said. "This lady runs a three-hundred-acre farm all by herself. Let's ask her how she does it." As we climbed out of the car a redfaced buxom woman in a Mother Hubbard and a blue poke bonnet came hurrying toward us from the barnyard, pulling off her workgloves as she came. "I knew you were coming, Mr. Hansen," she screeched, "but I just had to do some work in the garden. There's so little time left. . . . Do come right in and sit down." Panting, she fussed around us as she ushered us into her clean kitchen that smelt of apples and milkpans and coal oil. "This friend of mine wants to know

how you do it," said the Dane with his broad disarming smile.

She sat down in a rocker facing us. As she talked she rocked fast. Well, she'd been a widow for sixteen years so she'd had to manage her own affairs. No, she'd never had any inclination to marry again. What she did was get a young boy as hired man and bring him up right. Of course people would talk if she got a man her own age living right here in the house with her, but shucks, this way she was like a mother to the boys. She'd been very careful whom she picked, of course. She picked clean steady youngsters who didn't use tobacco or anything like that and they certainly had been marvels. This boy she had now was the third she'd had. The other two had grown up and married and she'd lost them. This boy she had now was going steady with a girl but she hoped she could hold on to him until the war was over anyway. He was a worker all right. The last two weeks he had been picking corn by day and plowing at night. He'd rigged headlights on the tractor. Had to do a little extra work when the country needed the production. No, she didn't sell any corn. The cows took it all. She sold her milk. The cows took a lot of feeding and what was left she fed to the hogs and the fowls. More profit that way. She had to buy feed as it was and my it was scarce. She'd done right well with her hogs. Shipped them at the end of six months. The last lot the boy had shipped into Kansas City had been so fine the dealer had given her a premium on them. She heard it over the telephone. . . . "I slid down like I was about to faint. The boy said, 'Let's shake. I fed 'em.' . . . That boy sure can feed hogs."

A tall young man with dark eyes and brows in a face crimson from the outdoors stood pulling off his gloves in the back doorway. When he noticed it was he that we were talking about his red face went even redder.

"I bet your ears are burning," the Dane said pleasantly as we got up to shake hands with him. "Maybe you can tell us how one man and a tractor can take care of three hundred acres."

"Well," the young man said after a long pause, "I let the tractor do the work."

"How about next year?"

"Don't hurt to hope. We can't feed no more stock. We got no more stable room. We're aimin' to shift to beef cattle a little. It's gettin' so hard to get mash but we're aimin' to produce a little more feed ourselves. We grind our own corn." He showed a set of broad white teeth in a grin. "The tractor does the grindin'. . . . Well, I'm glad to met you folks," he said, coming forward gravely to shake hands again. "I better be goin' about my business."

Quaker Farmer

AT the fresh-painted white house set among trees and broad lawns and the rosy dry blossom heads of hydrangeas they told us he was out in the field picking corn. We followed the ruts along the edge of the thicket that marked a winding silty brown brook until we came to the first tall rows of corn. The big ears hung so heavy they seemed about to break out of their dry gaping shucks. We walked along the edge of the cornfield toward the roar of the tractor's exhaust and the whirl of metal until we came out on an open space of wrecked and trampled stalks where the picker had been through. He was coming toward us down the rows, sitting up high on the seat of the tractor while the cornstalks bowed trembling and crumpled and vanished between the shining steady shears.

Right at our feet he stopped the tractor and jumped down from the seat. The roar of the motor and the clatter of the picker stopped. The cornfield was all at once immensely quiet. We could hear the cawing of crows along the hedgerow. Without looking at us he knelt in front of the picker and began yanking pieces of tough stalk from between the snappers. When he got to his feet again he turned and walked toward us, pulling off one heavy work glove as he came. He greeted my companion and we shook hands.

He was a tall grave man with clear gray eyes. The stubble on his cheeks and chin was gray. When he pushed back his

sweaty denim cap to look at us better he exposed a tall white forehead much paler than his ruddy windburned nose and cheeks.

The Dane, possibly to bring him out, asked him how he was stepping up production for war. Standing very still and straight, he looked at us steadily and unsmilingly for a moment. Then he said quietly and without warmth, as if he were answering the silly questions of a couple of children, "We know that this thing is not of God, but it does not go against our conscience to get production out of the land."

A smile almost flickered round the corner of his thin wide obstinate mouth. "You can't make a farmer happier than by offering him a good price and telling him to produce. Now can you?"

The Dane stammered a little when he explained that I was trying to find out how all this effort for production was going to affect the growth of the county co-operative.

The farmer stood there straight and tall with his feet a little apart and his arms hanging easily at his sides for a full minute before he answered.

"You know very well that it is my opinion that we farmers should do for ourselves what the government is doing for us and doing very badly with a political purpose," he said. "This is a time of organizations. We farmers must develop organizations to protect our families and the things we hold dear."

"Do you think we are succeeding?"

"You have the figures in the office. Why do you ask me?" He pointed with a long blackened forefinger at a cloud that was spreading over the dappled sky above the bare trees at the end of the cornfield. "That's rain," he said. "A little rain will help us—the corn is too brittle now—but a long spell of rain would spoil the crop. I'm too busy today to talk of politics."

He fixed his level gaze on my face. "You must excuse me. We speak plain here," he said. "If you could come back when the crop is in we should have time to talk." He lifted one arm in a gesture of dismissal as he turned and

strode back to the tractor. The whirring roar of machinery drowned our voices out. We turned and walked back along the ruts toward the house.

"He's the best farmer in the county," said the Dane in an apologetic tone when we were enough out of earshot to hear our voices. "I can see why," I said.

III

Westward the Course

THE train crossed the Mississippi in a flurry of snow. The line curved onto a levee along the edges of a great still backwater here and there blurred with snow, here and there streaked with blue from reflected patches of clear sky; then it crossed a bridge above a swirl of muddy water; then ran through a little wood. Beyond the smooth boles of the trees you could see the river and against the pale bluff opposite a little town that seemed to be on an island of green grass. There was a row of tall vase-shaped elms in front of some stately old white houses and a church with a slender pointed steeple. It was like one of the old untouched towns left over from the good times of New England. As the train lurched round another curve the little town vanished like something seen in a dream.

Meanwhile the heavy-set man with sunken eyes beside me was talking and talking in a deep husky voice in my ear. "The man in the White House was all right," he was saying, "to tide us over the depression. What we needed in those days was compromise, temporizing, finagling. He gave the country time to get its breath and to find its way around in the modern age that came on too soon for us. Now what we need is conviction, a plain man of conviction. Such a man will rise up suddenly when the people need him, the way Lincoln rose up out of the people, the way Bryan rose up out of the people. . . . The man this country needs is living today, doing his workaday work somewhere among the people of the United States. When the need comes for such a man he will rise up from among the people. I believe he's got to come from the West."

The Wisconsin Drift

"WHAT do folks around here think about? Why they think about corn, corn and hogs, but corn mostly," drawled my friend in his ingratiating singsong.

He was a large sandy-haired man with a large frame loosely put together and a large belly and large powerful arms and large irregular features linked together by thoughtful lines in a triangular ruddy face. Sprawling at the table in the lunch-room over his second cup of coffee he had the look he often had of being just about to wriggle out of the workclothes that hung loosely about him. He had a slow persuasive expository way of talking. His manner was between that of a lecturer explaining the solution of a problem at a blackboard and that of a lawyer pleading with a jury. There was a disarming friendliness in his voice that had a way of dissolving objections before you brought them up. "Around here they are the durnest folks for growing corn," he said. "They don't know about much else. They get out of growing corn what other folks in the East get out of country clubs and the stockmarket and the international situation."

We were sitting in a small plain lunch-room on the short main street of a small plain central Iowa town on a creek in a region of broad slow lazy hills. The carefully scrubbed tables and counter and the chairs were plain and old. The fittings were seedy. The middleaged waitress had a brisk homely healthy look. The men hunched over coffeecups at the counter or meditatively dawdling round the tables were all in workclothes. Most of them wore high boots. The high-priced cars parked in the center of the street outside were splattered with brown mud. Everything was built for use in this town.

"You are sitting right now"—my friend went on with his lecture—"plumb in the middle of one of the richest agricultural regions on the face of the earth, the Wisconsin Drift of black dirt. Since our grandfathers moved out here we've been taking crop after crop off it without the slightest diminution in fertility. Instead

of getting poorer the land is getting richer. I'll tell you why it's getting richer. We are just starting to learn to use fertilizer on this land. Hybrid seed corn has added about twenty bushels to the yield per acre. A number of years ago we used to hear a good deal about the Hundred-bushel Club made up of fellers who had managed to grow a hundred bushels of corn to the acre. Now nobody talks about it any more . . . too many members. . . . A hundred bushels isn't the average yet, not by a long shot, but it might be. Then new machinery, better tractors, better plows, the mechanical cornpicker, have increased the yield per man. . . . Boys," he addressed the men at the next table, "how long is it since an old-fashioned twenty-mule combine was seen operating in this county?"

"The last one was laid away two years ago," piped up a short blackeyed man with a chin full of black stubble who wore a turtle-neck sweater and overalls.

"Even then it was an antique. Now one good man on a picker can bring in more corn in a day than nine men and twenty mules could." He drank the last of his coffee. "Now suppose we go and take a look around." He gathered himself slowly together and rose to his feet. "No," he said gently, as I tried to pull out a dollar bill, "your Eastern money isn't any good here, is it, Ellen?" The waitress, who was standing beside the table with her hands in the pocket of her apron, smiled brightly and shook her head.

I followed him out to his car and we drove slowly out Main Street and past the sparse bare trees of the little park at the end and crossed the bridge over the muddy creek already rimmed with ice. "You came just at the right time," he was saying. "I got the last of my corn in yesterday. We've got plenty of time today to loaf around a bit. . . . First we'll swing around past the plant."

Hybrid Seed Corn

HE drove down a side road past a row of small new white houses that had the constricted look of the houses on the cover of a builders' supply catalogue and

crossed the railroad tracks and stopped in front of a long gray galvanized iron building. Behind it next to an elevator tower rose a volcano-shaped mountain of yellow cobs laced with tangerine color. He leaned back in his seat and stared at the pile with some satisfaction. "What do you think of that for a pile of cobs? . . . and they've been carting 'em away every day. We burn 'em in the stoves here. . . . When I first went into the hybrid-seed-corn business eleven years ago folks thought I was crazy. I had the hardest time persuading the fellers around here to take a couple of bushels for a trial. Now we can't begin to fill the orders. . . . Folks make me tired when they talk about the frontier being gone. We are on a frontier all over this country. Even back East there'd be frontiers if folks had the sense to look for 'em—damn wonderful frontiers. . . . You see, the corn goes in at the end over there and then it's dried by hot air from mechanical blowers. Then it's run through troughs where they sort out the grades, then it's shucked by machinery and shot up into bins. Then we draw it off in bags and store it in that last building. That building at the end is jam-packed full of the finest kind of hybrid seed corn right now. . . . If we could fill a couple more warehouses like that we could fill all the orders we get. . . . I tell you we have ourselves a time out here with our seed-corn business." He had started the car and was circling back onto the main highroad out of town again.

Farm Management

"POLITICS," he was saying. "The only time folks worry about politics around here is when times are bad and they can't get a price for their corn; other times they just naturally vote Republican. The way they're messing up the corn-hog ratio in Washington is what is worrying me. They are going to bring about an acute shortage of feed in this country. . . . Now and then I get on the train and go to Washington and go around and try to lay down the law to the boys, try to tell 'em how things really are out where we produce the stuff. I'm working against my own interests at that, arguing

for a low price on feed, because it's to my interest to have a high price for corn . . . but I get something out of it just the same. I get kind of an idea of what they are up to around there. That helps me in my business."

He brought the car suddenly to a halt at the corner of a dirt road that cut across the highway. His voice had a streak of impatience in it, unusual for him. "Now look at this feller. See what he's done," he said as he pointed to a farm that rolled in dun patches of pasture and blue-green strips of winter oats and great squares of wrecked stubble of harvested cornfields up over the gradual hills. "See, he's got a little pasture in the corner near the house no bigger than a nickel. . . . Now his house lot's all right, I don't mind that, but you see he's got some very good land there and he's ruined it with nasty little crisscross fences. How can he plow those fields? No place to turn the tractor around. . . . I aim for mile-long rows."

He turned and drove up the sludgy dirt road to the top of a hill and then he swung out into a field through a gap in the fence and drove uphill over the bumpy grass that had spread over the old furrows where corn had been planted. At the very summit he slowed down to a stop. "Let's get out and stretch our legs a little."

We climbed out of the car beside a great stack of oatstraw. We were on the top of the highest hill around. In front of us a small unpainted farmhouse sagged black and vacant with gaping windows. Behind the house the great stretch of country rolled pale ochre toward blue hills along the horizon moving in slow undulations like an ocean groundswell in a calm. Here and there in a deeper hollow was a scrap of a bright blue pond or the green smudge of a swamp. My friend pointed vindictively at the house. "I'll have that out of here before long. You see the feller who lived up here was starving to death. . . . I hate to see that. . . . No decent well. No barn. It's quite easy for folks to starve to death on the richest land in the world if they don't manage it right. Now the first thing I do when I get hold of a piece of land is pull out the fences and knock the houses down and

cart 'em away. We got to have space to operate our machinery. Do you notice the roads? When this country was laid out years ago they laid out roads a mile apart each way. A square mile ought to be the unit for growing corn in this country. Then you can cultivate sixty-five acres a day along mile-long rows."

He turned and pointed in the other direction.

"You see over there there's a gully beginning to wash. That's a bad business. What we do is to put in an earth dam and fix it so that the water comes up out of a standing pipe and flows over the top. You'd be surprised how soon the space behind the dam will fill up with mud. When it has filled up to the top you raise the dam and set your pipe higher up and in three or four years your gully is filled up flat as your hand and you've got a field you can operate with. Well, I know what you're going to say, what about the tenants? All you big-hearted folks back East are worked up about the tenants. . . . Let's move on. It's getting chilly. I'm going to show you a tenant."

We drove down the hill to the main road again. "Now I'm going to take you to see a tenant who has put twenty-five thousand dollars in the bank in two years. I know because he is under my management. Of course I admit he's got one of the best farms in the country. He's somewhat exceptional, but out here folks don't have to starve to death. Mind you, twenty-five thousand dollars was his share after the landlord was paid off and all expenses paid. Of course he's a lively young feller who works from before dawn till after dark and who'll do what you tell him. We used plenty of fertilizer. Some folks would rather lose money than invest a couple of thousand dollars in chemical fertilizer. One way I keep the boys interested is to lay bets with 'em. I bet 'em such and such a piece of land won't bring thirty bushels or forty-five or eighty, say, according to what kind of land it is, and they'll work their heads off to make a monkey out of me. I lose quite a little money that way." He looked at me and grinned. "But it sure is worth it in bushels to the acre."

He turned off on another right-angle

crossroad and drove up to a small plain white house. The barn in back was modest and the cowshed and outbuildings were in poor repair.

A mildfaced lighthaired young man in blue overalls came out of the house stretching. After we'd asked about his wife, who had been feeling poorly, my friend started off:

"Joe, that feeding floor's in the wrong place. It's unsightly. We don't want your wife looking down into a hog trough every time she comes out the kitchen door now, do we? Specially when she's got one of the most beautiful views over the finest corn land on God's green earth stretching out as far as she can see. I'm goin' to tear that cowbarn down and cart it away this winter and build you a decent one and a concrete feeding floor. . . . One thing about farming," he added in an aside to me, "that folks often forget is that you can't take out unless you put in. . . . Say, Joe, we were talking about how much land one man could handle if he was the right kind of a man with the right kind of equipment. Exactly how many acres did you handle yourself this year?"

The man pushed his denim cap back thoughtfully on his head for a moment. "Let's see," he answered quietly. "I had two hundred and eighty acres in corn and sixty acres in oats and then there was sixty-five acres in flax and sixty-five acres in soy beans the government asked for and the hay . . ." He paused and

stood looking out over the rolling land pallid with winter. We looked the way he was looking. A big red squirrel had come out of the tangled cornstubble and was venturing in a series of little quick runs along the fence. Three belated bluebirds fluttered up and darted away into the sky. "Well, say fifteen acres in hay. . . . The wife takes care of the garden. . . . Of course," he added in a sober voice, "I did have a hired man some but the custom work I did for the neighbors with the tractor plowing and with the cornpicker picking corn just about balanced that up."

"And you're not worn out yet, Joe?" My friend burst out laughing.

"I'm in pretty fair shape, to tell the truth."

As we drove back toward town my friend was saying, "And we haven't begun to produce in this country yet. Well, suppose we go and have us a cup of coffee and see what the boys have to say and then I'll take you to see some really poor land, a farm I'm taking over nobody ever could make a living on. I have a hunch that with proper cultivation and plenty of fertilizer I can make that grow corn just about as well as this good land. . . . I'll have me a whale of a time trying anyway. . . . I know you folks in the East are always saying the country's going to the dogs. Maybe it is. But I tell you it's hard to convince us farmers it is when a man like that can bank twenty-five thousand dollars in two years."

{ This is Mr. Yerby's first story in a national magazine. He was born twenty-seven years ago in Augusta, Georgia. A former college instructor, he now works for the Ford Motor Company. }

HEALTH CARD

A Story

FRANK YERBY



JOHNNY stood under one of the street lights on the corner and tried to read the letter. The street lights down in the "Bottom" were so dim that he couldn't make out half the words, but he didn't need to: he knew them all by heart anyway.

"Sugar," he read, "it took a long time but I done it. I got the money to come to see you. I waited and waited for them to give you a furlough, but it look like they don't mean to. Sugar, I can't wait no longer. I got to see you. I got to. Find a nice place for me to stay—where we can be happy together. You know what I mean. With all my love, Lily."

Johnny folded the letter up and put it back in his pocket. Then he walked swiftly down the street past all the juke joints with the music blaring out and the GI brogans pounding. He turned down a side street, scuffing up a cloud of dust as he did so. None of the streets down in Black Bottom was paved, and there were four inches of fine white powder over everything. When it rained, the mud would come up over the tops of his Army shoes, but it hadn't rained in nearly three months. There were no juke joints on this street, and the Negro shanties were neatly whitewashed. Johnny kept on walking until he came to the end of the street. On the corner stood the little

whitewashed Baptist Church, and next to it was the neat, well-kept home of the pastor.

Johnny went up on the porch and hesitated. He thrust his hand in his pocket and the paper crinkled. He took his hand out and knocked on the door.

"Who's that?" a voice called.

"It's me," Johnny answered; "it's a sodjer."

The door opened a crack, and the woman peered out. She was middle-aged and fat. Looking down, Johnny could see that her feet were bare.

"Whatcha want, sodjer?"

Johnny took off his cap.

"Please, Mam, lemme come in. I kin explain it t yuh better settin down."

She studied his face for a minute in the darkness.

"Aw right," she said; "you kin come in, son."

Johnny entered the room stiffly and sat down on a corn-shuck-bottomed chair.

"It's this way, Mam," he said. "I got a wife up Nawth. I been tryin an tryin t git a furlough so I could go t see huh. But they always put me off. So now she done worked an saved enuff money t come an see me. I wants t ax you t rent me a room, Mam. I doan know no-where's t ax."

"This ain't no hotel, son."

"I know it ain't. I cain't take Lily t no hotel, not lak hotels in this heah town."

"Lily yo wife?"

"Yes'm. She my shonuff, honest t'Gawd wife. Married in th Baptist Church in Deetroit."

The fat woman sat back, and her thick lips widened into a smile.

"She a good girl, ain't she? An you doan wanta take her t one o these heah hohouses they calls hotels."

"That's it, Mam."

"Sho you kin bring huh heah, son. Be glad t have huh. Reveren be glad t have huh too. What yo name, son?"

"Johnny. Johnny Green. Mam—"

"Yas, son?"

"You understands that I wants t come heah too?"

The fat woman rocked back in her chair and gurgled with laughter.

"Bless yo heart, chile, I ain't always been a ole woman! And I ain't always been th preacher's wife neither!"

"Thank you, Mam. I gotta go, now. Time fur me t be gittin back t camp."

"When you bring Lily?"

"Be Monday night, Mam. Pays you now if you wants it."

"Monday be awright. Talk it over wit th Reveren, so he make it light fur yuh. Know sodjer boys ain't got much money."

"No Mam, sho Lawd ain't. G night, Mam."

WHEN he turned back into the main street of the Negro section, the doors of the joints were all open and the soldiers were coming out. The girls were clinging onto their arms all the way to the bus stop. Johnny looked at the dresses that stopped halfway between the pelvis and the knee and hugged the backside so that every muscle showed when they walked. He saw the purple lipstick smeared across the wide full lips, and the short hair stiffened with smelly grease so that it covered their heads like a black lacquered cap. They went on down to the bus stop arm in arm, their knotty bare calves bunching with each step as they walked. Johnny thought about Lily. He walked past them very fast without turning his head.

But just as he reached the bus stop he

heard the whistles. When he turned around he saw the four MP's and the civilian policemen stopping the crowd. He turned around again and walked back until he was standing just behind the white men.

"Aw right," the MP's were saying, "you gals git your health cards out."

Some of the girls started digging in their handbags. Johnny could see them dragging out small yellow cardboard squares. But the others just stood there with blank expressions on their faces. The soldiers started muttering, a dark, deep-throated sound. The MP's started pushing their way through the crowd, looking at each girl's card as they passed. When they came to a girl who didn't have a card, they called out to the civilian policemen:

"Aw right, Mister, take A'nt Jemima for a little ride."

Then the city policemen would lead the girl away and put her in the Black Maria.

They kept this up until they had examined every girl except one. She hung back beside her soldier, and the first time the MP's didn't see her. When they came back through, one of them caught her by the arm.

"Lemme see your card, Mandy," he said.

The girl looked at him, her little eyes narrowing into slits in her black face.

"Tek yo han offn me, white man," she said.

The MP's face crimsoned, so that Johnny could see it, even in the darkness.

"Listen, black gal," he said, "I told you to lemme see your card."

"An I tole you t tek yo han offen me, white man!"

"Gawddammit, you little black bitch, you better do like I tell you!"

Johnny didn't see very clearly what happened after that. There was a sudden explosion of motion, and then the MP was trying to jerk his hand back, but he couldn't, for the little old black girl had it between her teeth and was biting it to the bone. He drew his other hand back, and slapped her across the face so hard that it sounded like a pistol shot. She went over backwards and her tight skirt split, so that when she got up Johnny could see that she didn't have anything on under it. She came forward like a cat, her nails

bared, straight for the MP's eyes. He slapped her down again, but the soldiers surged forward all at once. The MP's fell back and drew their guns and one of them blew a whistle.

Johnny, who was behind them, decided it was time for him to get out of there and he did; but not before he saw the squads of white MP's hurling around the corner and going to work on the Negroes with their clubs. He reached the bus stop, and swung on board. The minute after he had pushed his way to the back behind all the white soldiers, he heard the shots. The bus driver put the bus in gear and they roared off toward the camp.

It was after one o'clock when all the soldiers straggled in. Those of them who could still walk. Eight of them came in on the meat wagon, three with gunshot wounds. The Colonel declared the town out of bounds for all Negro soldiers for a month.

"DAMMIT," Johnny said, "I gotta go meet Lily, I gotta. I cain't stay heah. I cain't!"

"Whatcha gonna do," Little Willie asked, "go AWOL?"

Johnny looked at him, his brow furrowed into a frown.

"Naw," he said, "I'm gonna go see th Colonel!"

"Whut! Man, you crazy! Colonel kick yo black ass out fo you gits yo mouf open."

"I take a chanct on that."

He walked over to the little half-mirror on the wall of the barracks. Carefully he readjusted his cap. He pulled his tie out of his shirt front, and drew the knot tighter around his throat. Then he tucked the ends back in at just the right fraction of an inch between the correct pair of buttons. He bent down and dusted his shoes again, although they were already spotless.

"Man," Little Willie said, "you sho is a fool!"

"Reckon I am," Johnny said; then he went out of the door and down the short wooden steps.

When he got to the road that divided the colored and white sections of the camp, his steps faltered. He stood still a

minute, drew in a deep breath, and marched very stiffly and erect across the road. The white soldiers gazed at him curiously, but none of them said anything. If a black soldier came over into their section it was because somebody sent him, so they let him alone.

In front of the Colonel's headquarters he stopped. He knew what he had to say, but his breath was very short in his throat and he was going to have a hard time saying it.

"Whatcha want, soldier?" the sentry demanded.

"I wants t see th Colonel."

"Who sent you?"

Johnny drew his breath in sharply.

"I ain't at liberty t say," he declared, his breath coming out very fast behind the words.

"You ain't at liberty t say," the sentry mimicked. "Well I'll be damned! If you ain't at liberty t say, then I ain't at liberty t let you see th Colonel! Git tha hell outa here, nigger, before I pump some lead in you!"

Johnny didn't move.

The sentry started toward him, lifting his rifle butt, but another soldier, a sergeant, came around the corner of the building.

"Hold on there," he called. "What tha hell is th trouble here?"

"This here nigger says he wants t see tha Colonel an when I ast him who sent him, he says he ain't at liberty t say!"

The Sergeant turned to Johnny.

Johnny came to attention and saluted him. You aren't supposed to salute NCO's, but sometimes it helps.

"What you got t say fur yourself, boy?" the Sergeant said, not unkindly. Johnny's breath evened.

"I got uh message fur th Colonel, suh," he said; "I ain't sposed t give it t nobody else but him. I ain't even sposed t tell who sont it, suh."

The Sergeant peered at him sharply.

"You tellin tha truth, boy?"

"Yassuh!"

"Awright. Wait here a minute."

He went into HQ. After a couple of minutes he came back out.

"Awright, soldier, you kin go on in."

Johnny mounted the steps and went

into the Colonel's office. The Colonel was a lean, white-haired soldier with a face tanned to the color of saddle leather. He was reading a letter through a pair of horn-rimmed glasses which had only one ear-hook left, so that he had to hold them up to his eyes with his hand. He put them down and looked up. Johnny saw that his eyes were pale blue, so pale that he felt like he was looking into the eyes of an eagle or some other fierce bird of prey.

"Well?" he said, and Johnny stiffened into a salute. The Colonel half smiled.

"At ease, soldier," he said. Then: "The Sergeant tells me that you have a very important message for me."

Johnny gulped in the air.

"Beggin th Sergeant's pardon, suh," he said, "but that ain't so."

"What!"

"Yassuh," Johnny rushed on, "nobody sent me. I come on m own hook. I had t talk t yuh, Colonel, suh! You kin sen me t th guard house afterwards, but please suh lissen t me fur jes a minute!"

The Colonel relaxed slowly. Something very like a smile was playing around the corners of his mouth. He looked at his watch.

"All right, soldier," he said, "you've got five minutes."

"Thank yuh, thank yuh, suh!"

"Speak your piece, soldier; you're wastin' time!"

"It's about Lily, suh. She my wife. She done worked an slaved fur nigh onto six months t git the money t come an see me. An now you give th order that none o th cullud boys kin go t town. Beggin yo pahdon, suh, I wasn't in none o that trouble. I ain't never been in no trouble. You kin ax my capn, if you wants to. All I wants is permission to go into town fur one week, an I'll stay outa town fur two months if yuh wants me to."

The Colonel picked up the phone.

"Ring Captain Walters for me," he said; then, "What's your name, soldier?"

"It's Green, suh. Private Johnny Green."

"Captain Walters? This is Colonel Milton. Do you have anything in your files concerning Private Johnny Green? Oh yes, go ahead. Take all the time you need."

The Colonel lit a long, black cigar. Johnny waited. The clock on the wall spun its electric arms.

"What's that? Yes. Yes, yes, I see. Thank you, Captain."

He put down the phone and picked up a fountain pen. He wrote swiftly. Finally he straightened up and gave Johnny the slip of paper.

Johnny read it. It said: "Private Johnny Green is given express permission to go into town every evening of the week beginning August seventh and ending August fourteenth. He is further permitted to remain in town overnight every night during said week, so long as he returns to camp for reveille the following morning. By order of the Commanding Officer, Colonel H. H. Milton."

There was a hard knot at the base of Johnny's throat. He couldn't breathe. But he snapped to attention, and saluted smartly.

"Thank you, suh," he said at last, then: "Gawd bless you, suh!"

"Forget it, soldier. I was a young married man once myself. My compliments to Captain Walters."

Johnny saluted again and about-faced, then he marched out of the office and down the stairs. On the way back he saluted everybody—privates, NCO's, and civilian visitors, his white teeth gleaming in a huge smile.

"That's sure one happy ducky," one of the white soldiers said.

JOHNNY stood in the station and watched the train running in. The yellowlights from the windows flickered on and off across his face as the alternating squares of light and darkness flashed past. Then it was slowing and Johnny was running beside it, trying to keep abreast of the Jim Crow coach. He could see her standing up, holding her bags. She came down the steps the first one and they stood there holding each other, Johnny's arms crushing all the breath out of her, holding her so hard against him that his brass buttons hurt through her thin dress. She opened her mouth to speak but he kissed her, bending her head backward on her neck until her little hat fell off. It lay there on the ground, unnoticed.

"Sugah," she said, "sugah. It was awful."

"I know," he said, "I know."

Then he took her bags and they started walking out of the station toward the Negro section of town.

"I missed yuh so much," Johnny said, "I thought I lose m mind."

"Me too," she said. Then: "I brought th marriage license with me like yuh tole me. I doan want th preacher's wife t think we bad."

"Enybody kin look at yuh an see yuh uh angel!"

They went very quietly through all the dark streets and the white soldiers turned to look at Johnny and his girl.

Lak a queen, Johnny thought, lak a queen. He looked at the girl beside him, seeing the velvety nightshade skin, the glossy black lacquered curls, the sweet wide hips and the long, clean legs, striding beside him in the darkness. Behold I am black but comely, oh ye daughters of Zion!

They turned into the Bottom where the street lights were dim blobs on the pine poles and the dust rose up in little swirls around their feet. Johnny had his head half turned so that he didn't see the two MP's until he had almost bumped into them. He dropped one bag and caught Lily by the arm. Then he drew her aside quickly and the two men went by them without speaking.

They kept on walking, but every two steps Johnny would jerk his head around and look nervously back over his shoulder. The last time he looked the two MP's had stopped and were looking back at them. Johnny turned out the elbow of the arm next to Lily so that it hooked into hers a little and began to walk faster, pushing her along with him.

"Whas yo hurry, sugah?" she said. "I be heah a whole week!"

But Johnny was looking over his shoulder at the two MP's. They were coming toward them now, walking with long, slow strides, their reddish-white faces set. Johnny started to push Lily along faster, but she shook off his arm and stopped still.

"I do declare, Johnny Green! You th beatiness man! Whut you walk me so fas fur?"

Johnny opened his mouth to answer her,

but the military police were just behind them now, and the Sergeant reached out and laid his hand on her arm.

"Cmon gal," he said, "lemme see it."

"Let you see whut? Whut he mean, Johnny?"

"Your card," the Sergeant growled, "lemme see your card."

"My card?" Lily said blankly. "Whut kinda card, Mister?"

Johnny put the bags down. He was fighting for breath.

"Look heah, Sarge," he said; "this girl my wife!"

"Oh yeah? I said lemme see your card, sister!"

"I ain't got no card, Mister. I dunno whut you talkin bout."

"Look, Sarge," the other MP said, "th soldier's got bags. Maybe she's just come t town."

"These your bags, gal?"

"Yessir."

"Awright. You got twenty-four hours to git yourself a health card. If you don't have it by then, we hafta run you in. Git goin, now."

"Listen," Johnny shouted; "this girl my wife! She ain't no ho! I tell you she ain't—"

"What you say, nigger," the MP Sergeant growled, "whatcha say?" He started toward Johnny.

Lily swung on Johnny's arm.

"Cmon, Johnny," she said; "they got guns. Cmon Johnny, please! Please, Johnny!"

Slowly she drew him away.

"Aw, leave em be, Sarge," the MP Corporal said, "maybe she *is* his wife."

The Sergeant spat. The brown tobacco juice splashed in the dirt not an inch from Lily's foot. Then the two of them turned and started away.

Johnny stopped.

"Lemme go, Lily," he said, "lemme go!" He tore her arm loose from his and started back up the street. Lily leaped, her two arms fastening themselves around his neck. He fought silently but she clung to him, doubling her knees so that all her weight was hanging from his neck.

"No, Johnny! Oh Jesus no! You be kilt! Oh, Johnny, listen t me, sugah! You's all I got!"

He put both hands up to break her grip but she swung her weight sidewise and the two of them went down in the dirt. The MP's turned the corner out of sight.

Johnny sat there in the dust staring at her. The dirt had ruined her dress. He sat there a long time looking at her until the hot tears rose up back of his eyelids faster than he could blink them away,

so he put his face down in her lap and cried.

"I ain't no man!" he said, "I ain't no man!"

"Hush, sugah," she said. "You's a man awright. You's my man!"

Gently she drew him to his feet. He picked up the bags and the two of them went down the dark street toward the preacher's house.

Cultural Utopia

THE most literate country in the world is a very small one, with only 130,000 people—about as many as there are in Chattanooga, Tennessee, or in Albany, New York.

Not only does this small country publish over 100 newspapers and magazines, but it publishes far more books, in relation to its population, than any other country—40 times as many as does the United States, for example. In addition to these books in the native language, there is also a wide sale for foreign works; three-quarters of the people are bilingual and about one-fifth are trilingual. And the country has over 70 book dealers. (Chicago, to be as well supplied with book dealers per capita, would need to have 1,829 of them!)

It has its own university, its own symphony orchestra, a number of fine choral societies, and various amateur theatrical groups which produce locally written dramas and musical comedies as well as plays in translation.

Its artists command a ready market, for the fashion is to buy contemporary paintings and put them on one's walls; most houses contain at least one picture by a local artist. Nor do the artists need to depend wholly on such sales for a living, for the government pays salaries to the outstanding painters (as well as writers and composers), makes special grants yearly to others, and has purchased some 300 works of contemporary art. And the fines levied for infringements of the liquor laws go to a Cultural Fund used to buy pictures, to promote research, or to publish good books at low cost.

If you don't already know the name of this actual country, you will find it in the Personal and Otherwise department. — From data supplied by Harvey H. Arnason

{ "*The Wondrous West, 1800*" will form part
of Mr. Brooks's next study of the American liter-
ary scene, *The World of Washington Irving.* }

THE WONDROUS WEST, 1800

VAN WYCK BROOKS



IN 1800 all roads led to Philadelphia. It was the largest of the American towns; indeed, at the time of the Revolution it had been in size the second city of the British Empire. Philadelphia was also the gateway of the West, the starting point for Western traffic; and Bartram's Garden, facing the Schuylkill, a favored resort of writers and artists, was a microcosm of the wilderness beyond the mountains.

There grew and bloomed the plants and trees that had been gathered by the Bartrams, the Quaker botanists, John and his son William, on their wide-ranging tours of the prairie and the forest; and there one met the naturalists and the explorers who were drawn to Philadelphia as the center of thought. Buffon and Linnæus had a great following in the country, for the study of natural history was a rage of the time; and Frenchmen, Swedes, and Germans had hastened to America in search of these great new provinces to be conquered for science. At Bartram's Garden they found a foretaste of the world they had set out to explore, the savannahs of Georgia, the Florida rivers, the far-flung Mississippi Valley; and they also found a master there with whom they could discuss their discoveries and trophies.

William Bartram, a painter of flora and fauna, presided over the garden, his birth-place and home. Too frail to travel any longer, for he was in his early sixties, he

had been more adventurous even than his father. He had accompanied John Bartram on many of his journeys—in the Catskills, for instance, when he was a boy—and the two had gone to Florida together, where they had explored the St. John's River. This was in 1766, and William had remained on the river as an indigo planter. Later, in 1773, he had returned to this earthly paradise—for so it seemed to both the Bartrams—where he lived five years off and on. He had ridden on horseback from Savannah, exploring Georgia also and pushing on to Alabama and the banks of the Mississippi, observing the Indian tumuli and the terraces of ancient towns, while he encountered all manner of adventures in the woods.

He had met a famous Indian murderer who had taken oath to kill the first white man he could find, and Bartram, who was unarmed at the moment, advanced and held his hand out, and the Indian, surprised, made friends with him. He had met the Little Carpenter, the emperor of the Cherokees, on a grand progress to Charleston, with his following, through the forest. Bartram stepped out of the path and saluted him gravely, and the chief, with splendid courtesy, shook his hand. He had visited planters, reclining on bearskins, on the banks of flowery streams, with whom he dined on venison, honey, and brandy under the live-oak trees. He was present at Indian councils,

with Seminoles and Creeks—among whom he was known as Puc-Puggy, the flower-hunter—dances of Cherokee maidens and Seminole feasts. He sometimes joined a company of traders, but mostly, during these years, he was alone, sailing up the Florida rivers, mooring his bark and spreading his skins, under some hospitable oak, in a fragrant grove.

Every night beside the fire he had jotted down the day's events in a record of these excursions in the land of flowers. He had watched a flock of parakeets hovering and fluttering in a swamp that was alive with otters, snakes, and frogs, where the long moss waved from the snags of the trees; or he was enthralled by the whooping cranes, the squealing water hens, or the mocking-birds in a towering magnolia tree. This native sylvan music, flooding the still evening air, soothed and charmed his ear while his eye was filled with the colors of the sunset streaking the embroidered savannahs. He had encountered a rattle-snake, with eyes red as burning coals, whirring its tail so rapidly that it looked like vapor, while its body swelled with rage, rising and falling, suggesting a bellows, and its parti-colored skin became speckled and rough and it brandished a forked tongue that might have been a flame. He had observed in some silent lagoon a sudden battle of alligators, rushing forth in combat from the flags and reeds, while cataracts of water fell from their jaws and the earth trembled with their thunder. Or he had sailed day after day over the crystal springs, with innumerable squadrons of fish floating beneath him, distinctly seen through the pellucid water, descending into caverns measureless to man, secret meandering rivers and fathomless fountains.

Numbers of these images, which appeared in Bartram's *Travels*, reappeared in some of the world's great poems; for when the book was published, in 1791, it opened a new scene for romancers and poets. It passed into the mind of Coleridge, whence it re-emerged in two or three splendid passages of *Kubla Khan*. There one found the jetting fountains and the incense-bearing trees, together with other reminders of the Isle of Palms; and Bartram's wondrous fishes, attired in gold,

red, blue, and green, appeared in *The Ancient Mariner* as water snakes. Wordsworth, too, read the book, and these pictures of the tropical forest passed into his poems, the green savannahs, the endless lakes, the fair trees, the gorgeous flowers, the magnolias, the azaleas that "set the hills on fire" in *Ruth*. There one found the Indian maidens gathering strawberries in the wood, while Wordsworth's *Prelude* also bore traces of Bartram. Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming* was full of scenes from Bartram, and more than fifty passages in Chateaubriand's *Les Natchez* were drawn directly from his pages. When Coleridge and Southey, reading Bartram, thought for a while of leaving England in order to live on the banks of the Susquehanna, they took it for granted that they would find there the scenery, flowers, and birds of Florida.

AMONG the visitors at Bartram's Garden was William Dunlap; the New Yorker, who called upon the naturalist with Charles Brockden Brown. They found him, rake in hand, with his old hat flopping over his face, breaking the clods of earth in a tulip bed. He was dressed in a waistcoat and leather breeches, and his shoes were tied with leather strings, and his expression was benign and happy. He talked with the politeness and ease of one of nature's noblemen.

He had kept Alexander Wilson at the Garden for months. This melancholy Scotchman, with the long hooked nose and the dreamy face, whose fame as "the Ornithologist" soon spread through the world, had found in Bartram not only a friend but a careful instructor in drawing and painting. Wilson had made crude drawings as a youth in Scotland. There, as a rebel Paisley weaver, he had been imprisoned and forced to burn some of his satires in the public square, for he was also a poet, and even a good one. Indeed, for many decades he was one of the standard poets of Scotland. He had roamed there as a peddler, with a pack full of muslins, silks, and prints, collecting subscriptions for his poems; but feeling, as he said, a vague terror in the air, he had made his way to America and opened a school. But teaching for him was a prisoner's life,

born as he was to ramble; and ever since, in the Delaware forest, he had seen the wondrous woodpecker,* he had longed to describe and paint the American birds.

Bartram had befriended Wilson, taken him into his old stone house, given him prints of flowers to copy. He soon drew a picture of a hummingbird feeding. Bartram in his *Travels* had counted two hundred and fifteen birds (as Jefferson, in the *Notes on Virginia*, had counted one hundred and nine, the only list that rivaled his at the time), and he told Wilson all he knew about them, begging him to complete the list and undertake an ornithology that would please the President as much as himself. Wilson, who taught school by day, could draw only by candlelight, but he made rapid headway with the help of Bartram, who presently introduced him to the Philadelphia men of science.

In 1804, less than five years before the appearance of his first volume, Wilson showed Bartram his first collection of birds. He was eager for a word of criticism, and he was not yet familiar with the names of the birds. He asked Bartram to write the names under his pictures. But he soon knew far more than his master. In this same year Wilson set out for Niagara, a two months' walk through the woods and the snow, during which he crossed high mountains and dangerous rivers. He had never explored such wild country, and, accustomed as he was to walking—for in earlier days he had covered more than three-fourths of Scotland—this was a trial trip to prove his endurance. He described it in *The Foresters*, a poem, and on his return he presented a bluejay to Peale's Museum and sent the President two drawings of birds.

Jefferson replied at once. He was deeply interested, for he had just seen one of these birds, which a neighbor had killed and brought him, and he urged Wilson to search for another, resembling one described by Buffon, of which he had caught a fleeting glimpse.

Then Wilson set out on a longer journey, hoping that Bartram would join him, but his good friend and adviser was too old for this. Wilson walked out to Pittsburgh and embarked in a skiff, which he called *The Ornithologist*, down the Ohio, reckon-

ing his expenses at a dollar a day; and before he completed the journey he had passed through Louisville and New Orleans and made his way to Florida by horseback. Exposed, in his skiff, to the rain, he had used his greatcoat to cover his specimens, together with his fowling piece and drawings; and he had passed Kentucky boats, laden with muslins and shawls heaped on counters on their decks, announcing their approach, as they drew up at a settlement, with a tin trumpet or horn blown by the steersman. He slept on the shore on deerskins, in Chickasaw huts, with his portmanteau for a pillow; and he plodded on foot or on horseback through horrid swamps and sluggish creeks, up to his horse's belly in water and mire. His pockets were crammed with the skins of birds, and a Carolina parakeet was his sole companion. To beguile his lonesome march he played Scottish airs on his flute, smiling to think, as he wrote to Bartram, that while others were immersed in schemes, purchasing plantations and building towns, he was entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark or gazing like a lover at an owl.

When at last in 1808 Wilson published his first volume, letters, drawings, and sketches of birds poured in upon him from every quarter. Especially in the Northern states, he had so many correspondents that scarcely a wren or a tit, he said, was able to reach the Canadian border before he had received intelligence of it. But in the South as well he had two hundred and fifty subscribers. At \$120 a set, for the volumes still to come, this was a proof of his triumph. The bird biographies that accompanied his pictures, written in the woods, as often as not, in the presence of the birds that he was describing, were full of exact observation. His writing abounded in picturesque detail, although he had none of Bartram's felicity of style. There was no living American novelist who could make people as real as Alexander Wilson made his birds.

II

WILSON and Bartram were only two of the many naturalists who were exploring the West, the land of marvels, of

which the Mississippi was the Ultima Thule. There were dozens of foreign disciples of Linnæus and Buffon for whom their own countries were a twice-told tale and who were enchanted by this whole new world of flora and fauna, of humming-birds and mockingbirds, whippoorwills and orioles, and trees, beasts, flowers, and insects unknown in Europe. The West at no point touched the Eastern settlements. A hundred miles of mountainous country lay between the regions, enough to breed wonderful tales of the fabulous land.

One heard of watermelons as large as houses and trees on the Miami River in which honey grew; springs of rum and brandy that gushed from the Kentucky hills and flax plants that bore woven cloth in their branches. With these humorous yarns were mingled others that might have been true; and how was a credulous Easterner to draw the line? Was there not really perhaps a hoopsnake that spun through the swamps like a wheel, a whip-snake that killed cattle with the lashing of its tail, and a serpent that exhaled a fatal gas? These tall tales that crossed the mountains were true as intimations that almost anything indeed might happen in the West. The West possessed the largest rivers; and were not the storms more terrible there, were not the bears more dangerous than anywhere else?

Moreover, the true frontiersman, whom one sometimes saw in Philadelphia, striding through the streets with the step of an Achilles, suggested that he could manage the storms and the bears. So felt the little town boys who observed the erect Kentuckian, with his brawny limbs and sunburnt face, with the blanket over his shoulder and the dirk at his waist, quick to resent, disdainful of control, the picture of hardihood, confidence, prowess, and will. With what an air of good-natured superciliousness he glanced at the fragile butterflies of fashion about him. No tales about the West could ever seem tall to anyone who saw him with a rifle. He could perforate a milk pail half a mile away, he could enlarge the tin eye of the cock on the steeple, he could split a bullet on a razor and cut the string of a flag at three hundred yards. This William Tell was a walking and visible legend.

Fabulous as the West was, there were untold thousands of people who knew it. Indeed, in 1800, almost half a million of them lived already west of the Alleghenies. Pittsburgh was a largish town, Kentucky swarmed with pioneers, and Cincinnati, Marietta, and Chillicothe in Ohio were rapidly growing outposts of civilization. Covered wagons crawled along the high-ways, heading for the Wabash or the Scioto, with their furniture, family Bibles and Watts's hymnbooks; and the settlers sent back lumber, wheat, and potash in exchange for molasses, hoes, axes, pots, and clothes. The Yankee peddlers followed, with clocks, knives, latches, ribbons, essences, and books; and, while the ubiquitous log cabin was the typical dwelling everywhere, one never could tell what a year might produce in the way of an architectural wonder. There was the house, for instance, on Blennerhassett's Island, not far from Marietta, in the middle of the Ohio, which was built in the style of a Persian pavilion, with wings, walks, lawns, and gardens, and had cost about as much as a fair-sized town. Two roads crossed Pennsylvania, and there was a highway through Virginia to Knoxville, Tennessee, with a branch to Kentucky, by way of the Cumberland Gap; and there were other trails through the Carolinas; while many of the New Englanders went west along the Great Lakes, passing through Albany and Troy. But for Northern emigrants Pittsburgh was the most popular gate of the West, for thence the Ohio flowed to the Mississippi. The shores of the Monongahela and the Allegheny that formed the Belle Rivière were lined with keelboats, flatboats, broadhorns, and arks, and there one heard already the clang of hammers and the winter snow mingled with the soft-coal smoke that rose from forge and furnace. There, as in other frontier towns, all manner of human beings gathered, trappers, Indian hunters, traders, boatmen, together with German professors, French nobles in exile, and the families of American officers of the Revolution. Beyond the great sycamore groves and the chimneys and coal hills lay the unbroken forests of the Indian country.

There lived the novelist Hugh Henry

Brackenridge, whose *Modern Chivalry* was the first work that was printed west of the Alleghenies. A poor Scottish boy, like Alexander Wilson, Brackenridge had been brought to this country at five. From a farm in Pennsylvania he had found his way to Princeton, where he had been a classmate of Philip Freneau. An excellent classical scholar, he had written with Freneau in college a long heroic American historical poem, and the two had opened a school in Maryland and both had edited magazines a few years later in Philadelphia. Then Brackenridge had set up as a lawyer in Pittsburgh, where there were hundreds of speculators in Western lands; and, like David Crockett later, he defended the rights of the small settlers against the claimants who had not cleared the land. An ardent Jeffersonian, he also defended the "whisky boys" in their struggle against Hamilton's excise law; for the whisky that was distilled from their grain was their only medium of exchange, and in these conditions the excise was plainly unfair.

But Brackenridge, the democrat, had no illusions about the people, and because he wished democracy to succeed and endure he wrote the satire *Modern Chivalry* to point out the follies that might lead to its overthrow and failure. A satire alike on demagogues and ignorant voters, as on dueling, Billingsgate journalism, crudity, pretension, the work was meant to educate the gullible frontier in the interests of honesty, intelligence, wisdom, and learning. And this comic picture of society was as good as its moral. The "lack-learning settlements," the village fairs and tavern life, were described in a clear, firm, eighteenth-century prose, with the masculine frankness of language that characterized Americans before they began to ask what the neighbors might say.

But to be a writer on the frontier was to feel oneself an exile. The types that thrived were the heroes of the writers of the future. At Pittsburgh, for twelve years, lived John Chapman of Massachusetts, the well-known "Johnny Appleseed" of the later stories, who had bought an apple orchard in 1798, while he was working in the shipyards. Chapman, the son of a carpenter, had been a peddler in

New England, and he had wandered westward with his pack and his gun, tending orchards on the way. He had stopped for a while at Cooperstown, when Fenimore Cooper was a small boy, and he was to follow the frontier far beyond Pittsburgh. He carried apple seeds from the cider presses, which he planted in Indiana and Ohio, and the wilderness bore flowers and fruit wherever he passed. As the first nurseryman in the Ohio Valley, he became a sort of orchard god, who sowed as he went and vanished at last into the far new West.

Others became mythical figures while they were still living. One of these was Mike Fink, whom Chapman knew in Pittsburgh and whom the novelist Brackenridge must have known. Born there in a log cabin, brought up on bear's meat and venison, this frontier Jack the Giant Killer was "the King of the Keelboatmen." He could drink a gallon of whisky in twenty-four hours, and he was supposed to have eaten a buffalo skin. A humorist and a practical joker, he could outrun, outbrag, and outfight all the other salt-river roarers. From the middle of the Mississippi he could shoot the tails off pigs, and he was a champion gouger and the terror of pirates, and his oaths were fireworks of language, bombs and rockets of colored sound. Moreover, as poleman and steersman of keelboats, of which he became the great patroon, he was a wonder-worker in his daring and skill. There was no one like Mike Fink for dodging snags, bars, islands of driftwood or for mastering the wild cross-currents of the Mississippi. He was the forerunner of the race of river pilots whom Mark Twain was to celebrate in after days.

THERE were two thousand miles of river between Pittsburgh and New Orleans, a serpentine whispering gallery of fantasy and rumor; and there for many years to come tales of border heroes and backwoods Jasons were told by the swaggering boatmen at their forest campfires. Mike Fink was famous up and down the rivers, and so was Simon Kenton, the Ohio scout, the paladin of countless exploits, mythical and real; while Daniel Boone was already known in Europe. The Kentucky his-

torian John Filson, whose work had appeared in French and German, had spread the renown of this actual Robinson Crusoe. Boone, another Adam in a sylvan paradise, had bestowed names on rivers, lakes, and mountains, and he had told his own story in Filson's little book, which attracted many an immigrant to the woods of Kentucky. Alone, without bread or salt or horse, he had emerged in the bluegrass region, a land of running waters, groves, and glades, and he had roved the sunny valleys, kindling his fire by a mountain stream and feasting on the loin of a buck. Hundreds of men had hunted in Kentucky before Daniel Boone set foot there—never to be lost, though once “bewildered”—but this grave and noble woodsman, the prototype of Natty Bumppo, “happy in the midst of dangers,” caught the world's fancy. He was the “free forester” whom Byron acclaimed in *Don Juan*, the “happiest among mortals anywhere,” the personification of the new Eden, innocent and serene, that many a poet saw on the wild frontier.

Numbers of communities were to rise along the rivers—Rapp's settlement, for one, on the Ohio—to realize this dream of a wilderness Eden. Some of the French settlers at Gallipolis shared it, those exiled royalist artisans from Paris and Lyons, perukemakers and coachmakers, carvers and gilders to the king, who were victims of the sorry Scioto scheme. This Gallipolitan bubble had burst, but still, on the flatboats and keelboats, one sometimes met a French philosopher in search of the primitive innocence of the forest children. To Chateaubriand it was symbolized in the Indian girls of Florida, fragrant as the orange trees and flowers, with their oval faces and long eyes and their black hair plaited with posies and rushes, with whom for him the world began anew. He claimed too to have traversed the Mississippi, which he described in splendid prose, extolling the virtues of the red men, and his *Atala* captivated the French as nothing had done since *Paul and Virginia*, that earlier glorification of nature and freedom.

THE woody wilderness of Ohio, which became a state in 1802, still witnessed, in the name of Gnadenhütten, an older

utopian hope in the forest clearings. This was the Moravian settlement where the Christian Indians had been so hideously massacred by the whites; but Salem was soon to be founded by Quakers, and Ohio was already launched on its long career of a relatively peaceful progress. Settled by New Englanders largely, it was known as New Connecticut, or, as the Kentuckians said, the Yankee state, abounding, as they further said, in the usual tricks of the Yankees, gin that was made by putting pine knots in their whisky, pit-coal indigo, and wooden nutmegs. Cleveland was a mere cluster of cabins, but the pride of the state, Marietta, was a backwoods seaport, where ships were built that sailed as far as Russia.

As one approached the Mississippi, passing Louisville, the signs of an old French culture multiplied, and the shores of the turbulent Father of Waters were dotted here and there with little French villages and towns. Up the river lay St. Louis and Ste. Geneviève, and far, far down one came to Natchez, together with Natchez-under-the-Hill, the Suez of the West, with its long winding road that was lined with barrooms, brothels, and gamblers' dens. There were no Ten Commandments in Natchez-under-the-Hill, but beautiful plantation houses were scattered through the town above, with classic statues lining the drives and gardens laid out by French designers. It was the ancient village of the Natchez tribe, with memories of De Soto, who found it here and who was supposed to have been buried in the river near by. In all these towns one found dim traces of the Jesuit missionaries who had appeared there five generations before, floating in their bark canoes through unknown waters and singing mass to the savages in the shadow of the forest. One heard old French songs there, and one found fine cooking and dancing schools, the piety of the French Canadians and the manners of Versailles; for among the farmers and fur traders there were cultivated émigrés, “poor, polite, and harmonious,” as Meriwether Lewis called them. The older inhabitants had never heard of the French Revolution and only remembered the reign of Louis Quatorze.

III

ALL these towns still belonged to the Louisiana Territory, which became a part of the Union in 1803; and meanwhile Kentucky was the most advanced of the Western regions, while Tennessee, on the southern border, was also rapidly taking form. They had both been admitted as states in the seventeen-nineties. Kentucky was the thoroughfare for the northern and western settlement of southern Indiana and Illinois; and Lexington, with three thousand inhabitants, the largest of the Western towns, was sometimes known already as "the Athens of the West." There Transylvania University had been established for several years, and there was the oldest Western newspaper and the first Western printing press.

This press had been carted over the mountains in 1787 and floated in an ark downriver from Pittsburgh, and copies of the newspaper were distributed by post riders far and wide through the forest. They were read in hundreds of cabins, and the news they contained was declaimed from stumps. The editor cut his own illustrations from dogwood. William Wirt, in the *British Spy*, mourned over the waste of talent in the Western regions, perishing there for want of culture, and indeed, beyond the Bible and Æsop's Fables, an occasional life of Franklin or *The Pilgrim's Progress*, broadcast by the peddlers, books were few. But at Lexington one could buy at the bookstore, even before 1800, not only most of the modern authors but Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Sallust; and in the little backwoods papers that appeared in all the surrounding regions there was usually a poets' corner, "sacred to the Muses."

In Lexington lived Henry Clay, the poor Virginia minister's son who had worked as a boy in a store at Richmond and who had moved to Kentucky in 1797. As a clerk in the office of George Wythe, with whom Jefferson also had studied, Clay had grown up in the Jeffersonian school, and he was to enter the national Senate in 1806, when the fame of this "Harry of the West" soon spread through the country. The most remarkable man in Kentucky, hot-blooded and warm-hearted, generous,

exuberant, gay, with a musical voice, he practiced his oratory in the Lexington cornfields, in the woods, and under the rafters of his big barn.

His Tennessee neighbor Andrew Jackson had already been a Senator. He had resigned in 1798, and he kept a store in Nashville, where he had a plantation. Already a large landowner, and also a radical Jeffersonian, he lived there in a frame house when even the courthouse was a log cabin. A South Carolinian by birth and a natural lover of war and sport, Jackson was a great hand at cards, cock-fighting, and raising colts. He was a notable duelist, and this fiery and bellicose man had a passion for the turf; and he thought nothing of riding to Washington, like many another member of Congress, whether from Georgia, Kentucky, Connecticut, or Maine.

Another young Scotch-Irishman who was growing up in Tennessee had hunted "varmints" there since the age of six, and after his father gave him a rifle, when he was eight years old, he went without his dinner if he missed his shot. This was David Crockett, the Tennessee Hercules of the future, who was fourteen in 1800. His father, like Daniel Boone, was a keeper of one of those backwoods taverns where hunters and trappers gathered and swapped their tall tales, and Davy not only became in time a prince of story-tellers but he was a great dancer all his life. What he liked at country frolics was "none of your straddling, mincing, sadying, but a regular sifter, cut-the-buckle, chicken-flutter set-to." Davy, who had only a few months of schooling, had been bound out to a drover who was taking his cattle over the range. He knew the lonely Blue Ridge trail and had traveled as far as Baltimore, and he was already a champion at shooting matches.

DAVID CROCKETT, famous later, was a type of the backwoods pioneers who were settling Tennessee and Kentucky. Some of them assumed from instinct the Indian dress and the Indian ways, others for protection, others from choice. They usually wore green hunting shirts with fringes, deerskin moccasins, leggings, and conskin caps; and they had pushed out

from the Carolinas or down through West Virginia, joining their kinsmen who had crossed the Pennsylvania range. Among them were broken-down aristocrats who were starting life anew in the West and who shared the desire for a proud isolation that characterized the Southern planters; and, as for the pioneers generally, while many were people of culture and character, others were refugees from Eastern justice. There was one Kentucky county that was called "Rogues' Harbor," where murderers, horse thieves, and highway robbers were supposed to have formed a majority. The frontier was tumultuous, and the freedom of this ungoverned country demoralized many an exile from the stable East; and gouging, gambling, the wildest vice thrived in the Kentucky woods, together with a measure of drunkenness that was pictured as frightful.

All this went with a sort of harmless showing off, as if their unbounded freedom had gone to men's heads, and they leaped on stumps and flapped their arms, crowing in spread-eagle fashion, while they challenged every comer to a fight. Their frolics were uproarious, and the lonely and perilous frontier life was favorable to emotional religion; and Kentucky was the scene of the first American camp meeting, the Great Revival of 1800 that took place at Cane Ridge. In this world of pioneers who were largely Scotch-Irish by descent, the Presbyterian Church was the cult of the rich, but the Methodists, following the Baptists, appealed to the people, for they preached free will and universal grace. In every sense equalitarians, they spoke to the lowly and outcast also, and the Great Revival continued for several years. A team of preachers came together, as many as twenty or thirty, and preached for four or five days, by day and by night, and sometimes for three or four weeks, while twenty or thirty thousand persons assembled in wagons or on horseback, emerging from their tents at the sound of the trumpet. They lighted their way with blazing hickory bark, and the red glare of the campfires was reflected from the tents, surrounded by the blackness of the shadows and the forest; and one heard the sobs and shrieks of the downcast mingling with the shouts of praise of those who had

crossed the threshold of the land of Beulah. A hundred victims would fall like dead men under one powerful sermon, while the groans of the "spiritually wounded" echoed through the woods, and three thousand "slain" were laid in rows at the first Cane Ridge meeting in order that they might not be trampled on. The women cast away their locket, earrings, and gold chains, dropping stiff and bereft of their senses when the preacher pointed his finger at them or felled a group or a crowd with a sweep of his arm. He set them dancing, laughing, barking, and jerking.

Sometimes the camp meetings were broken up by drunken rowdies, armed with horsewhips, dirks, knives, and clubs, who dashed in a wild cavalcade through the worshipping throng. In general, they were "holy fairs," the great events of rural society throughout the southwestern regions, though less in Ohio. The Yankees, as Peter Cartwright said, did not like loud and zealous sermons, and they brought on their learned preachers to crush the "sons of thunder" and put them to shame.

But some of these preachers were mighty men. They were even remarkable writers, too, and a handful of their journals were perhaps the most interesting books that arose from the turbulent Western life of the time. Aside from the dignified Francis Asbury, who disliked all eccentricity, the noble Peter Cartwright was the greatest of them, and they all roamed from region to region, with or without road or path, with stools for chairs and dirt floors for carpets, sleeping on bear and buffalo skins. The oddest and the most notorious was the free-lance Methodist holy man "Crazy Dow"—called, for short, Lorenzo—who jogged on his horse through the rain or trudged on foot, hairy and dirty, with his raiment flapping behind him.

By birth a Connecticut Yankee, Lorenzo Dow was a fortune-teller, a miracle-worker, a seer, an interpreter of dreams, who had been converted in 1793, when he was struck down by a vision of prophets and angels. There was scarcely a Southern hamlet in which a boy did not appear, announcing from his horse that Lorenzo was coming. Then the "eccentric cosmopolite" would emerge from the woods, melancholy, tall, and cadaverous, with his

long black cloak and reddish beard and the wild hair streaming over his shoulders. He bore in one hand a staff and a Bible in the other.

Meanwhile, Peter Cartwright remained for half a century the most famous and the grandest of the backwoods preachers. This naturally wild and wicked boy, as he called himself in his *Autobiography*, was converted by a heavenly voice in 1801. The voice said, "Peter, look at me," and he straightway gave up cards and dancing and turned his racehorse over to his father. Then he set out as the "boy preacher," living on forty dollars a year, with whatever food and clothing his followers gave him. Preaching, along with weightier matters, decency, temperance, and cleanliness, he had the natural eloquence of the prophets of old. He suggested to his listeners the cry of the wildcat, the falling of trees in the forest, and the thunderous tread of the buffalo herd on the prairie.

This double-barreled "old religion," as people called it in later years, was to leave profound impressions on the character of the West. Evoked by the life of the pioneers, it expressed the race, the place, the moment; and its narrowness and grimness, together with its joys and terrors, very largely shaped the Western mind, which remained by turns repressive and explosive. Even five generations later the literature of the Middle West was colored and scarred by the traces of this old religion; while the Western mind had already assumed in other ways by 1800 the forms that later generations knew.

The pioneers who crossed the mountains soon lost all recollection of Europe; they had no sympathy whatever with things European; and they were defiant equalitarians, sullenly hostile to rank and pretension, who distrusted any kind of special training. Largely, too, they distrusted education, for they connected this with aristocratic ostentation and the claims of superior persons, bosses and snobs. More than a century later one found the remnants of these notions in many of the writers who came from the Middle West; and other Western traits were clearly established by 1804, when the Lewis and Clark expedition so greatly extended the content and conception of the West.

IV

UP TO that time the Mississippi had virtually marked the Western border, but when Jefferson acquired the Louisiana Territory he added to the Union the area of thirteen states. Parts of this country were sparsely peopled by the men who had settled the earlier wilderness, and the French could never have held it against their advance; and both the South and the West pressed Jefferson to secure the mouth of the Mississippi, which controlled the better part of the Western trade. Jefferson had always longed for a closer knowledge of the West—he had dreamed of carrying the American flag to the Pacific—and he had suggested expeditions to John Ledyard, André Michaux, and George Rogers Clark, which came to nothing. His private secretary Meriwether Lewis already knew much of this farther West when Jefferson obtained the approval of Congress for the great expedition of 1802. Lewis, the Virginian, went to Philadelphia to prepare for the expedition by a study of science, and he set out in 1803 with a party of forty-five men from Pittsburgh and joined William Clark at Louisville. Clark, a brother of George Rogers Clark, had been a comrade of Lewis in some of the Indian campaigns of Anthony Wayne. A number of Kentuckians, "robust, healthy, hardy young men," joined the expedition at St. Louis, and they started in May, 1804, to explore the headwaters of the Missouri and find a route to the Pacific. Then in 1805 and 1806, Jefferson also despatched Captain Zebulon Pike of New Jersey on two expeditions. One was to explore the upper Mississippi, the other the springs of the Arkansas and the Rio Grande. Pike found Pike's Peak and explored the vast vague country southward. His task was to settle the line of the Mexican border.

The Lewis and Clark expedition excited the country as Raleigh and Hakluyt excited the people of England, for it disclosed an unknown world of mystery and marvels and opened it up for enterprise, settlement, and thought. Ascending the Missouri, the party followed the Yellowstone River, then crossed the divide of the Rockies and descended westward till it reached the

Columbia River and at last the Pacific; and its quiet and disciplined progress was a tribute to the leaders, their deep regard for each other, and their fatherly care of the men. Lewis was instinctively a writer and thinker and a well-trained lover of natural history. Now and then, stirred by a noble scene, he expressed himself in eloquent prose, and he often longed for the pencil of Salvator Rosa. Clark, the draftsman of the party, made all the maps and careful drawings of the birds, fishes, and animals they discovered on the way. Both wrote separate journals, encouraging the others to write as well, and four additional journals were kept by the sergeants; for Jefferson had begged them for accurate scientific data, and all the journals abounded in fresh observations.

Many of the birds and animals were altogether unknown to science, and one or another first described the Rocky Mountain rat, the mountain goat, the American antelope, a snail, and two new kinds of grouse. They discovered the Lewis woodpecker and the Clark nutcracker, and they gave the first adequate descriptions of the prairie dog, the coyote, and the Western grizzly bear. They preserved specimens of plants, observed the ways of the wild geese, and found a fish that yielded a quart

of oil. From time to time they made up packages to be sent to Jefferson, antelope skins and skeletons, plants and roots, wolf skeletons, deerhorns, weasel skins and buffalo robes, a foxskin, bows and arrows and painted Indian robes and pottery. Some of these were later shown at Monticello, while others were deposited in Peale's Museum.

They also recorded the vocabularies of some of the Indians, who had never seen guns and were frightened by the burning glass which the expedition used for making fires. In camp they feasted on fine trout and buffaloes' humps and marrowbones; and they dressed skins for their clothes and danced and sang. Meanwhile, the young men were sometime fractious and misbehaved with the tawny damsels. Most of the notes on natural history were omitted by the editor who wove the various journals together in a readable paraphrase: indeed, it was not for a hundred years that readers ever saw their elaborate and remarkable descriptions of the creatures of the West. But it was Nicholas Biddle's version, a first-rate narrative digest, that revealed to the people the travels of Lewis and Clark; and Americans could begin to imagine the nation of the future, stretching three thousand miles from sea to sea.



{ Fletcher Pratt is the well-known naval expert. His newest book, *The Navy's War*, is to appear shortly. }

THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE SOLOMONS

NO. 3. DECISION BY NIGHT

FLETCHER PRATT



In the two preceding articles of this series, "Bloody Island" and "The Tokyo Express," Mr. Pratt told the story of our landing at Guadalcanal on August 7, 1942, and of the bitter seesaw battles which followed during the next two and a half months as the Japs almost succeeded in dislodging our men. Now he comes to the climax—the decisive naval battle of mid-November, 1942.—The Editors

BY OCTOBER 28th enough information about the double Battle of Santa Cruz had drifted in by radio from smoking Guadal and by the ships that limped in from sea to enable the Japanese admiralty staff to take stock of their position. Twice now they had tried sweeping movements down from the north with battleships, cruisers, and carriers. Land-based planes from Henderson Field had turned the first brew sour; it had been a minor Midway, only prevented from being worse by the (to them) inexplicable unwillingness of the Americans to pursue.

A happy combination had kept the American land planes out of the second concoction and it was gratifying to know that the detested *Hornet* had been eliminated not only from this but from all future campaigns. Yet the Japs had to admit that the sea fight at Santa Cruz had been no better than a bloody and violent draw. This was unsatisfactory, since Santa Cruz ashore had become a defeat for them through the failure of the high-sea forces to intervene. But once again

the Americans had demonstrated a certain timorousness, a lack of moral courage about using their forces afloat for true offensive action; a desire to avoid narrow waters and close contact save in the necessary business of covering convoys to Guadalcanal. The Japanese torpedo, as carried by plane, surface ship, or submarine, had evidently given them the jitters.

This is not to say that the Japanese opinion was correct; but that they held it, and based a new campaign for the recovery of Guadalcanal on exploiting the American weakness for exchanging left jabs from across the ring. The forces running down the slot from Bougainville had suffered losses; but (if one included the August 8th affair) they had given about as good as they took on the water, their guns had put our planes out of action at a crucial moment, and the troops and artillery they had brought had held us to the defensive by land. Very strong forces on such a run not only suffered no loss proportionate to their size; they were also able to weaken the opposition by night

gunfire and to make the next day at least safe for movements that could not otherwise be undertaken. Besides, there were now no more Japanese carriers that could lead a new attack from sea—all were spent, their flight decks back for long repair, their squadrons wiped out.

Among the islands that cluster round the foot of Bougainville the Japanese accordingly assembled what was to be the greatest of all the Tokyo Express assaults. It had four battleships in it, three of them the fast *Kongos*, which are battle cruisers. There is evidence that the fourth ship of this class had been replaced by a slower, more powerful vessel, maybe *Ise*, named for the shrine of the sun goddess and therefore a supremely lucky ship. It had cruisers, just which we are not sure, save that the most indubitable proof was later given that some of them were 8-inch-gun heavies, some of them the old light cruisers mounting 5.5's. It had destroyers, large and small. Most indicative of all, it had as many as twenty or thirty transports, not the spitkits that usually carried minor reinforcement parties, but big seagoing *marus* like those that took the major army of invasion to Malaya. There were enough of them for three full divisions of troops, maybe more.

It takes time to assemble a concentration like this and the staff work is not light. While the Japanese forces were gathering, the Americans were to be pinned in their poke around the airfield by the old, tried recipe of bombings by day and shellings by night from small cruiser-destroyer forces that also landed munitions and some reinforcement. The grand attack was set for—

Here one suddenly plunges from the domain of cold logical calculation into that of wild fantasy, with its reminder that the Japanese are still a medieval people. It has been remarked that *Ise* was a lucky ship because of her name; the fact that she bore it is one of the reasons for believing that she was the vessel chosen from four of her class to lead the attack. Nor can the curious repetition of dates in the Japanese attacks escape attention: August 24th, September 24th, October 24th for the big moves by open sea; August 12th, September 13th, October 12th for the

main efforts down the slot. Coincidence, the fact that it took just so long to gather supplies, might explain such a concatenation once or twice, but here it grows beyond accident, and it is not accident.

It is astrology; those were lucky days. Now one of the luckiest of all dates for such an enterprise as was now contemplated was the period from November 13th to November 15th. These days are sacred to the willow and to the sage Ono-no-tofu, who in the immemorial past stood under the streaming rains of November and learned persistence by watching a tree frog seven times leap for a leaf, undiscouraged by previous failure.* The gods were being mobilized in support of this greatest of efforts against Guadalcanal.

II

IN THE days just following Santa Cruz the largest American convoy since the original landing steamed into "Sleepless Lagoon" and put its troops ashore. It would be about this time that the huge liner *President Coolidge* struck a pair of mines and sank off the island, without loss but in the midst of an intense atmosphere of controversy, for her captain and several of the crew maintained that the mines were American and that the guiding destroyer had given the ship her go-ahead into the area where she went down. The point is not important in itself—such accidents are as inevitable in war as autos locking wheels in city streets—but it may provide a clue to why "Oscar"—the single Jap sub that, earlier in the campaign, had been a nightly visitor—came no more into Sealark Channel to surface and shell our lines. A submarine in a minefield is the world's most helpless warship. The fact that there could be an American minefield is also an indication of the increased force we were putting in.

Japanese shells were still falling in the area as the fresh troops came ashore. Both for the sake of more elbow room and to give them a safe landing General Vandegrift staged an offensive as of November

* Robert Bruce and the spider, yes. But as every reader of *The Golden Bough* knows, the appearance of a legend in one country does not prevent its independent development in another.

1st. It was a creeping affair of strong patrols in the underbrush and draws; when it ended we had bridgeheads across the rivers both east and west of the airfield and so much of the ground that had been fought over in the desperate battles of late October that the Japanese dead could be counted and buried. There were over 2,000. The new Army men looked at them curiously, asking a variety of questions about the Japs who spoke English or fought tied to trees, but they got little satisfaction. Both categories belonged to the Imperial Marine Corps and by this time most of the members of that organization on the island were dead.

Daytimes our men sunned themselves in shorts outside dugouts, and at night they found sleeping easier than they had been led to expect; but the idyll did not last. On November 4th the Tokyo Express ran again, depositing some 1,500 men, part east and part west of the airfield. Those on the east started some fighting in the brush which they regretted, for the Army reinforcements were on that front, feeling full of beans, and slugged them hard. There were combats all through the 5th and 6th, with one fairly heavy Jap air raid on the first day that came in so fast through clouds our fighters could not get to it. More Flying Fortresses arrived, our forces had opulent support from the sky, and by night of the 6th the battle had become a punch into jelly. There was no more real resistance anywhere along the line; scouts reported that the remains of the 1,500 new Japs had taken to the hills.

There were eight motor-torpedo boats now and a base ship for them, which had been run into a bay of Tulagi and decorated with potted palms till she looked like the lobby of a General Grant hotel. The PT's went out every night, partly into Sealark Channel to keep the Japs from landing at Taivu, partly to the "bitch patrol" where Cape Esperance looks on open sea and they were rocked by the waves of the stormy season. People mostly have the wrong idea about the PT boats. They do not come roaring in with open cutouts like a charge of cavalry; they are assassins which sneak up soft-shoe on throttled motors, strike once, and use their speed on the getaway. On that

night of November 6th Lieutenant "Stilly" Taylor's boat on the bitch patrol fired its fish and got an explosion, but it was only a possible; the missile may have hit the rocks of Savo Island.

Next night, the 7th, a Japanese destroyer came down to Taivu, moving fast. One of the expendables fired at him; his lookouts were good, they spotted the torpedo wakes, switched on searchlights, and changed course lightning fast—to run straight into a fan of four torpedoes fired by Lieutenant Lester Gamble from another. That same night on the bitch patrol we lost a boat, hit in the bows by a Japanese destroyer's star shell and all chewed to pieces. She made port toward morning, having used her smoke well, but was pretty definitely out of the campaign. Three nights later there was another encounter in the slot, with a hit on a Jap vessel everybody took for a destroyer, but two more of our boats were disabled, one by gunfire, one by engineering casualty. Torpedo boats are like bombers; should be used in quantity with constant replacement—only there was neither quantity nor replacement to be had and the boys who operated them began to feel lonely and beaten down.

In the air war the pace was being stepped up as the day of Ono-no-tofu approached. Our planes on the 7th found a big Tokyo Express way up near New Georgia, a cruiser and ten destroyers moving into position for the night run on which they clashed with the PT's. Instead of hiding, the Japs called up their planes from the new nearby air bases and tried to fight through. There was an air battle; they had the cruiser badly hit and lost sixteen planes against four, a proportion that need not surprise, since they brought only float-planes and they fed those in piecemeal.

When our planes came home from mission they found everyone at Henderson talking excitedly with an Army lieutenant named Dinn, who had just arrived by canoe. He had flown an Airacobra in a raid against Rekata Bay on Santa Isabel on October 28th and had been knocked down by flak. The natives gave him a portable throne when they found out he was a birdman, fed him the honorific

oods, and made him shake hands with everyone in the villages through which he passed. He taught them "You Are My Sunshine" as an addition to their one-song repertoire, "Jesus Loves Me"; they captured a Jap for him, who was taken along to the encampment and installed as foreman of the gravediggers' squad.

III

BUT all this was the overture. The curtain for the big show rose with day on November 12th, when still another American troop convoy steamed in under a forest of masts with the guardian arms of warships around them. Norman Scott was there, who had led at Cape Esperance, this time flying his flag in the new anti-aircraft cruiser *Atlanta*. But he was not in command of the group; that office belonged to Rear Admiral Daniel Callaghan, "Uncle Dan," the former White House naval aide, loved by everyone down to the meanest mess boy, not least by the captains who knew that more than half of tactics is in his "Follow Me." He was on the bridge of *San Francisco*; there was another heavy cruiser, *Portland*; there were eight destroyers, *Atlanta's* sister *Juneau*, and that workhorse light cruiser, the *Helena*, which went into action at once.

For the Tokyo Express was also a freight train. It had brought a consignment of 6- and 5-inch guns which the Japs had set up near the mouth of the Kokombona River for just such an occasion as this. As the transports began to unload, these guns croaked all together and splash-fountains rose among the ships. *Helena* steamed off to deal with them, the fastest-shooting ship in the fleet, with her battery of fifteen guns and a file of destroyers to help her, of which *Buchanan* got hit and lost five men. They put the Japanese batteries to silence and moved along the shore, shooting up Japanese artillery positions where they lay along the reverse slope of ridges perpendicular to the sea, and were having a lovely time with about thirty landing craft which the enemy had not had time to hide under the jungle edge, when TBS flashed a recall—Jap planes coming.

Helena turned back. All the ships had steam, the transports were disposed in

lines parallel to the direction of the Jap approach with the warships circling around them, and twenty-eight Grummans took off from Henderson Field. Against the bright sky over Florida Island they were silhouetted for a moment like flies on a windowpane, and then a long, thin ribbon of Mitsubishi torpedo planes came pouring over and down as though they had been shot out of a hose.

As they cleared the island they started to spread for the classic all-angles attack, but they never made it. The Grummans had ridden them hard; their fighter cover was stripped; sixteen of the bombers were already flaming down when the ships opened with their 40's in a tumult of fire that only one of the attackers lived through. But three torpedoes were dropped and those in desperation. One fatally hit plane swooped in a sharp curve toward *San Francisco*. She dodged; the plane missed the bridge, but hit Bat II, the secondary control station that overlooks number 3 turret. There was a sharp explosion, a spray of burning gasoline that took the lives of thirty men and seriously wounded the exec, Commander Mark Crouter.

Ten minutes from the first gun there was no trace of battle but the plume of smoke from the cruiser and that single Jap plane running north with its engine on fire and a Grumman buzzing angrily after it. The Japs had lost thirty-two out of thirty-three, the same score as in the attack on *South Dakota* during the Santa Cruz battle, but that time at least they got a bomb hit and on this occasion nothing.

IV

THAT night our transports left the bay, which tells its own story of how fast and well the Seabees had worked to unload them. The cruisers saw them out. Ashore the word went round that Tojo was coming, and strong; he had battle-ships in his train and an NYK liner of 18,000 tons, the biggest in the Oriental world, besides other ships. Our planes had tracked him all day through changing weather. General Vandegrift was happy enough; our latest arrivals, he said, had put it past the power of the Japs to land

enough men for victory in any single operation. But the old hands, the Marines, made themselves small in foxholes they dug deeper that day, and swore. "Where's our Navy?" they asked.

They could see *San Francisco* and *Portland*, *Helena*, the anti-aircraft cruisers and destroyers, riding into Sleepless Lagoon after taking the transports out, and it did not look to them like the kind of fleet with which a man in his senses opposes an enemy who has battleships. Perhaps it was not; but it was the fleet Uncle Dan Callaghan had and would do his best with. He formed them after dark, the destroyer *Cushing* leading the line with Commander Edward Parker, who had skippered another destroyer through that wild night in Badung Strait off Java when all the Jap ships went down and they fired at each other. Behind *Cushing* came Lieutenant Commander W. E. Hank's *Laffey*, *O'Bannon*, *Buchanan*, then *Atlanta*, *San Francisco*, *Helena*, *Portland*, *Juneau* and more destroyers—an arrangement symmetrical, with the strong ships all at the center of the line, whereas the schools of tactics teach that they should occupy the extremities. But what is a strong ship? In the murk of night, in those close waters, Admiral Callaghan judged it to be a ship that could use the torpedo as its first and deadly weapon.

HAVING given his men some rest the Admiral turned northwest along the Guadal coast, pointing toward the more southerly of the gaps around Savo Island. The planes had been flown off and were over at Tulagi to keep them from burning on the catapults in action as they had during the August battle. It was after midnight and the rich voice of the Admiral came through the speakers outlining the desperate venture of battle in which they were about to be engaged, and ending as Callaghan always did with "Let's go get 'em." Then it was one o'clock, it was after one o'clock, and the ships passed Point Cruz, turning right angles in succession to a northerly course. It was half past the hour when the TBS from *Helena* carried word to all ships, "Here they come," with something about an enormous fleet south of Savo Island.

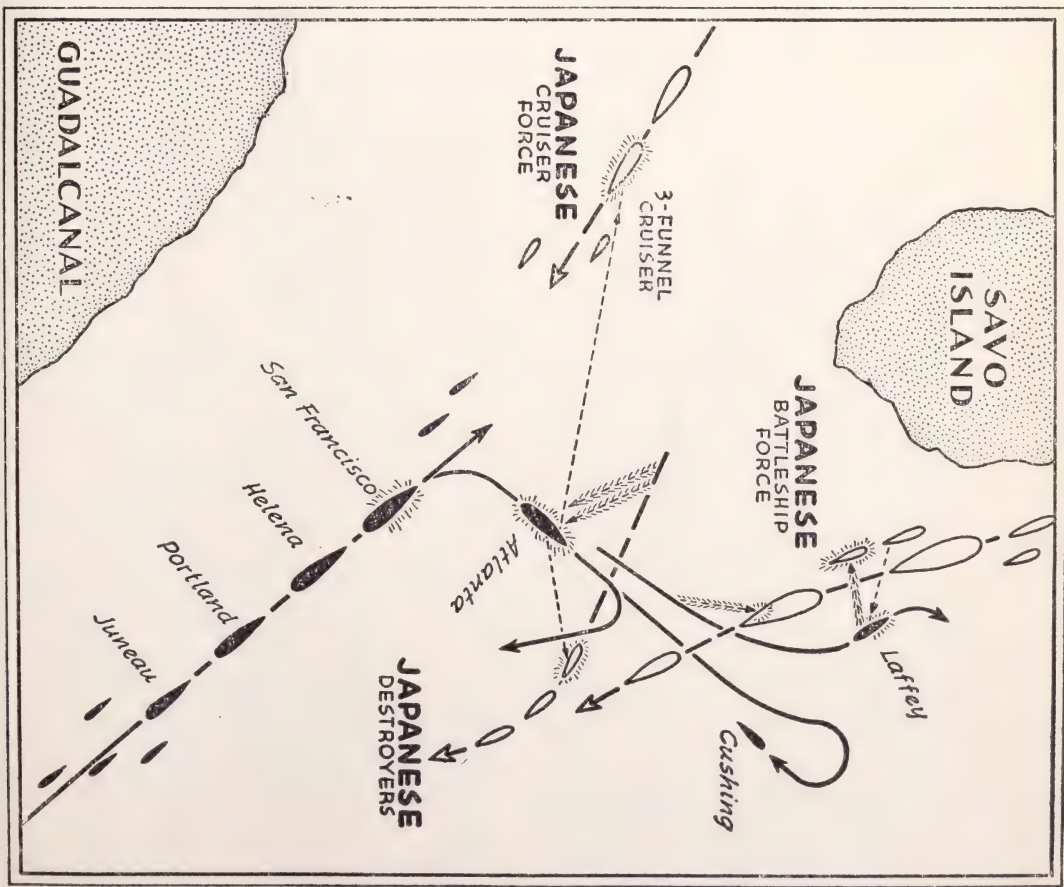
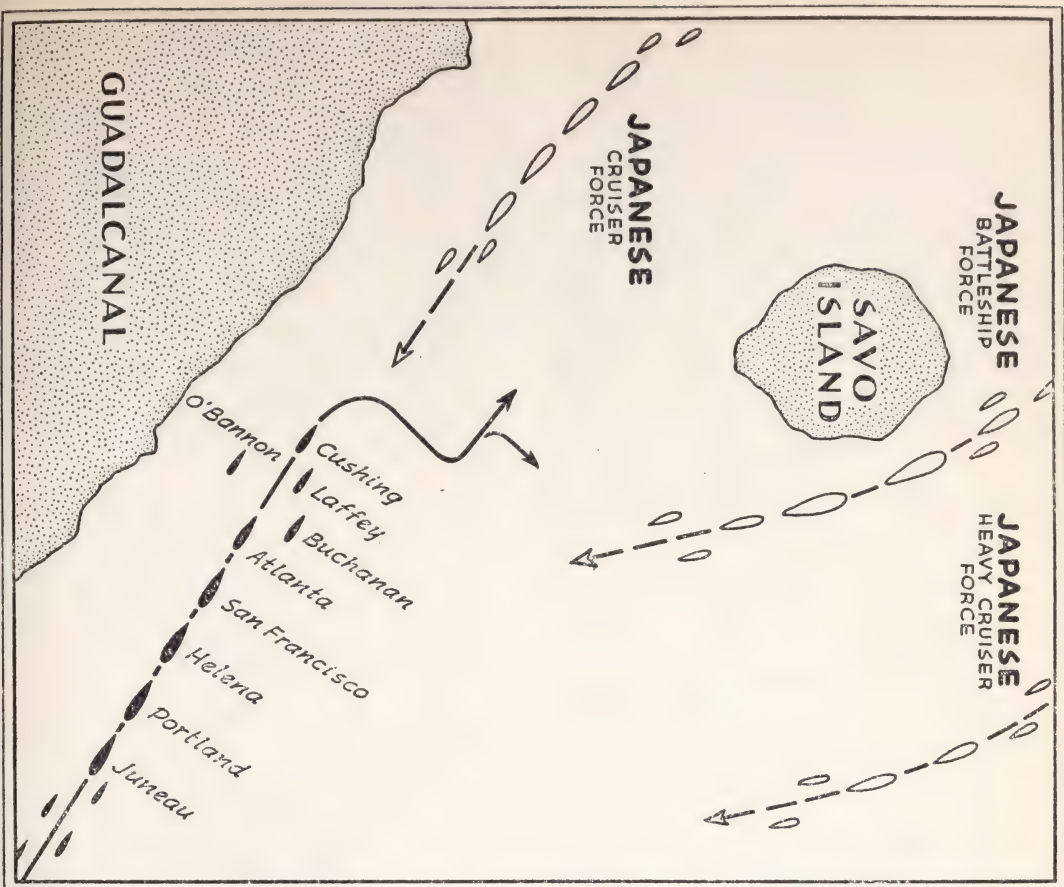
Callaghan swung sharp left to close the range, then sharp right again to stay across the bows of the enemy rushing down at top speed, and shouted "Commence firing! Give 'em hell, boys!" Before the last words left his lips *Helena's* fifteen guns went off all together and in ten seconds the air was full of the glare of star shell and the water full of level gun flashes. Two Jap scout planes had gone up to cast flares; caught in that first blaze of light they were targets for every pompom in the fleet and came crashing down as the converging courses of the two squadrons carried them together into a melee the like of which had not been seen since Jutland.

It is impossible to view that three-ring circus save through the eyes of individual ships, and not always then. At the head of the line *Cushing* found herself in action with two or three destroyers coming in on her port side; hit them and was herself hit almost at once. Commander Parker felt his ship's speed fall off and could not raise the forward engine room by phone; ordered a spread of torpedoes from number 3 tube, but as he did so the torpedoman was hit and got off only one of his fish, which missed.

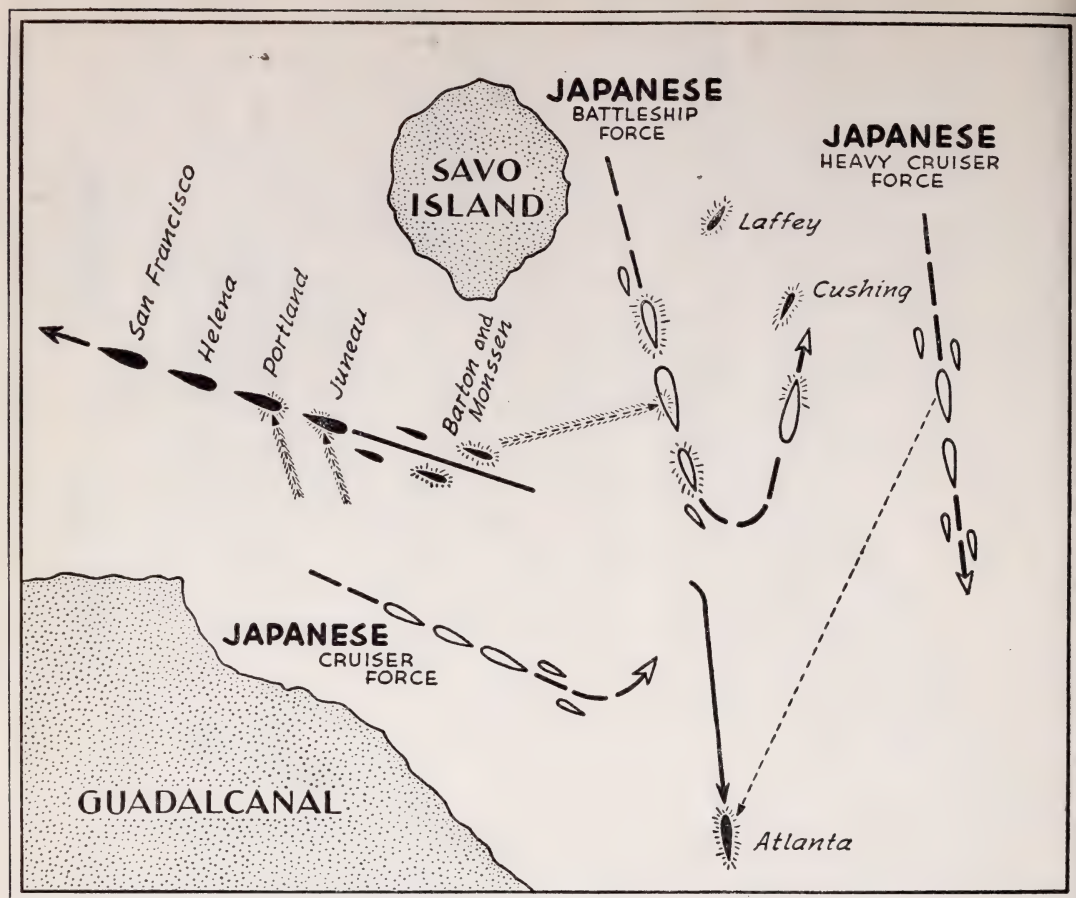
He looked from the bridge wings; off the port quarter, clearly outlined against a glare of gunfire and now-burning ships, was the hulking form of a Jap battleship—not one of your *Kongos* with their funnels pinched together in a mass of midship superstructure, but with tower distinct, a gap, then funnel, then a tower again—big game, *Fuso* or *Ise*.

He gave his dying ship full rudder and as she came round in a sharp curve he noted how one, two giant waterspouts sprang up on the far side of that battleship, their spray turned red by flame within and behind. Torpedo hits. "Action starboard," he said and fired his torpedoes; there was a hit, maybe more than one, then *Cushing* herself was hit again and began to go down.

The hits Parker saw had been from our destroyer *Laffey*, which spotted the Jap battleship first and charged straight for her bows, firing her spread on the run in. They almost collided; the destroyer's wheel went down, she cut under the forefoot of the monster by a margin that



THE BATTLE OF NOVEMBER 13TH. FIRST AND SECOND PHASES



THE BATTLE OF NOVEMBER 13TH. THIRD PHASE

seemed no more than ten feet, shooting out the Jap's bridge with her 5-inch but in return taking heavy punishment from secondaries, turning left toward Savo to get away. The next flashes showed another battleship broad on the beam and two big Jap destroyers off the port bow. Both swung to fire torpedoes; the guns opened up and *Laffey's* people saw a flame spring from the leading Jap forecastle with the oil-well pressure behind it that indicated a burning magazine. Then a torpedo hit *Laffey* aft, she began to go, but the three guns still remaining tore at the wounded Jap from a range where misses were impossible. Down she went, but now *Laffey* was done too and her crew abandoned ship just as the second Jap battlewagon opened up on them with 14-inch shell.

Atlanta was just making the final northward turn when her lookouts picked up something on the starboard bow. As her guns swung in that direction the ship was

abruptly caught in a searchlight beam from the other side. The turrets spun fast, she fired six quick salvos at the searchlight ship, a three-funneled cruiser, hitting and being hit, but getting all the best of the exchange, for the Jap had no such battery as this new cruiser. The searchlights went out, the three-funnel job heeled over and began to burn, and just then three Jap destroyers foamed across *Atlanta's* bow no more than 600 yards away. The first two got past but "We opened on the third and just went to town, hitting her every four seconds with all the guns that would bear. She blew up and disappeared. Then we were torpedoed."

Two of the torpedoes hit *Atlanta* in the engine rooms, killing all power, and the ship drifted round to a southerly course away from the action which for her had lasted something less than a minute. Away behind, ships were burning all over the water or blowing up; the waves of their movement heaved the little cruiser around

like those of a full gale, though the action had started with the lagoon as calm as a bathtub. It was dark; out of that dark astern to the north suddenly plunged a heavy cruiser which threw a light on *Atlanta* and hit her with nineteen big shells, all over, wrecking everything. Captain Jenkins ran to the port wing of the bridge to see whether he could get a torpedo off; too many men had been killed aft and he could not, but the effort saved his life, for one of those big shells hit the bridge and killed everyone on it, including Norman Scott.

San Francisco seems to have encountered the leading Jap ships bow to bow while still pointing west. The first was a cruiser, and the American flagship hit it with six salvos; then *Helena* and the cruiser following also hit it. It began to burn throughout its length; next *San Francisco* shifted to a flotilla leader and had hit that a couple of times when the battle glare threw up the leading Jap battleship with *Laffey's* torpedoes exploding against her sides.

"Get on that goddam pagoda!" shouted someone on the bridge. Cruiser and battleship fired together; at that 2,500-yard range *San Francisco's* shells went right through her big antagonist's armor and must have torn her all to pieces inside, but she was shooting back with 14-inch, and though the guns could not be depressed enough to hit our ship on the waterline, the shells went off in the bridge structure and blew out that brain of the ship. Lieutenant Commander Bruce McCandless in the port wing of the bridge was knocked off his feet and half stunned by a fragment that gave him a wound. As he picked himself up to find Captain Young and Commander Crouter dead, the conning tower was hit by another big shell that killed Admiral Callaghan, and *Bat II* by still another that wiped out everyone there.

McCandless grabbed a phone to tell Lieutenant Commander Herbert Schonland of Damage Control that he was the senior surviving officer, but Schonland was in the midst of his own desperate fight to keep the cruiser afloat against the water pouring in through shell holes in her side.

"Con the ship," he snapped back, and McCandless found himself commander of the ship and admiral of a fleet scattered through the night.

Fortunately the big cruiser's power plant was intact, though one section of blowers had been knocked out and the other brought so much smoke into the engine spaces that the men there had to work in gas masks. McCandless found that neither main nor secondary steering control was working, but the phone to central station, far below, was in order. Giving directions over it, he kept his ship's head west between the double column of Japs while *Helena* and *Portland* behind her pumped shells into the enemy battleship till it ceased fire and turned away north. As the tail ends of the lines swept past each other there were stabs of gunfire and the rush of more torpedoes; *Juneau* got one amidships, *Portland* took one that smashed her rudder, and two more of our destroyers were fatally hit, *Barton* and *Monssen*, but not till one of them had soaked a torpedo into some big Jap never clearly identified, probably the second battleship. Then the enemy were away around the north of Savo, leaving two cruisers and four destroyers on the bottom.

The action had lasted a little better than seventeen minutes.

V

IT WAS not entirely over. What was left of our battle line, now under guidance of McCandless, came down to the cover of our batteries on the northern shore of Guadalcanal. Dawn comes early in those waters; in the first half-light *Portland* spied a Jap destroyer trying to crawl slowly away just this side of Savo Island, swung round her turrets and while the damage-control parties labored below, put out six quick salvos that sent the Jap to the bottom. The shells passed over the heads of hundreds of swimmers, Japanese and American. Higgins boats were already out to pick up survivors but the Japs fired at them from the water and the rescuers had to carry machine guns. They only got twenty-five live prisoners and they could see along toward the usual Jap landing beaches that some new boats had put in

during the night, apparently while the battle was going on.

When the fliers went out to look for the ships from which these boats had come they found the pot of gold. The big Jap battleship had taken a little more than even a battleship can stand from the light craft we had in action; she was just beyond Savo, making for home at no more than five knots, low in the water and with five destroyers around her. The news spread electrically through the encampment where the survivors of our lost ships were finding themselves treated as victors and saviors, with all the little carefully hoarded delicacies—a bar of chocolate, a cigar, a hidden bottle of Japanese beer. All the torpedo and dive-bombers on the island were hastily readied and took off into the rising sun. Torpedo 8 was there, the squadron whose carrier section had been wiped out at Midway, now led to revenge by "Swede" Larsen; Captain Joe Foss was there—the Marine fighter ace who had just run his score of Jap planes to twenty-one—and others, a truly formidable concentration of the best in U. S. Naval Air.

But it turned into a singular and for some time an inexplicable operation. There was no Jap air cover and the weather was favorable to the attack, with low overcast and fits of rain. In the very first exchange Marine Major Sailer wiped out one of the Jap ship's AA positions with a dive-bomb just as it was manned to beat off a torpedo attack led by Larsen. Larsen got a hit; half an hour later there was another and then two more, all torpedoes. The battleship crept on. Two more torpedoes toward noon; she kept going.

They were talking of the "unsinkable battleship"; one pilot wiped sweat from his face and ejaculated,

"The damn thing apparently will float till the war's over."

"We've got to sink her," said another. "We've just got to, or the admirals will stop building carriers and start building battleships all over again."

The afternoon went by like that. Out in the channel they had finally fixed up the heavy cruiser's rudder and scuttled *Atlanta* as beyond repair. What was left of Admiral Callaghan's fleet gathered it-

self together and steamed out to the south. The returning fliers brought word that the unsinkable ship was still moving, just barely, down by the stern now and with only a couple of guns working.

It is said that a Marine major solved the mystery, suddenly clapping his hand to his forehead. All those torpedoes—they had been set for shallow runs, to take the bottom out of a Jap destroyer or one of their light-draft transports, and with that battleship down deep they must be exploding against her armor belt, piling up damage but not killing. The last flight of the day went out with torpedoes in deep settings and got three hits. The battleship stopped in the twilight, its whole stern red from internal fires, with men being taken off. In the morning there was nothing on the spot or near it but a two-mile slick of iridescent oil. Sunk.

We had a loss too, in the last act of the day when our fleet pulled southward with the cruisers all pretty well smashed and the remaining destroyers in company so much abused that their sound gear was out of commission. They were making twenty knots, which is too fast for submarine approach, but luck or clever calculation by the Japs would take the column right into an area where they had a U-boat waiting to pick on cripples. The men on our other ships heard a violent explosion and saw a column of oil go up at the side of *Juneau*, opposite the point where she had taken the torpedo in the night. Under it the ship simply disintegrated. "I saw a piece of the mainmast coming down and doubled up to protect myself. I remember a sharp pain. A second later I dropped over the rail to the main deck, twenty feet below, but I was already in water up to my chest." The other ships had to steam on out of the danger area; all planes were fighting and so without good rescue there were only thirteen survivors.

A bad end to a good day, but it turned worse by night, when the Japs poured another whole division of their fleet down the slot where there were now no American ships to oppose them and gave Guadalcanal a thorough shelling. "The worst one ever, with all that 14-inch; it just drives you crazy," commented one man

who lay beneath it. In some of the shell holes men were crying or talking about how to make coffee, or Rita Hayworth's legs, or anything to give a sense of human companionship and existence under that storm of steel. But in the technical sense it was nervous exhaustion more than damage. Unlike the October shellings this one caused few casualties—only three planes smashed; and though seventeen others were damaged, they were in the air before night of November 15th and the motor-torpedo boats raided the Jap armada as it whirled past, getting a fish into a fine cruiser.

VI

PERHAPS that torpedo hit sent the bombing squadron away before it intended to go, before it had accomplished its purpose of crippling the Henderson Field planes. If so, it can be regarded as one of the decisive minor events of the campaign.

There are military advantages in the Japanese system of politico-religious fanaticism; it produces in the subject a self-sacrificing devotion which keeps him at the guns, as cool as at target practice, with the world collapsing around. It permits the home authorities to concentrate production on pure fighting equipment without having to bother with such details as life jackets for warship crews or parachutes for those of airplanes. But the cool assumption that all lives are forfeit in war leads to the forfeiture of many that might be saved for use, and that is what happened on the morning of November 15th.

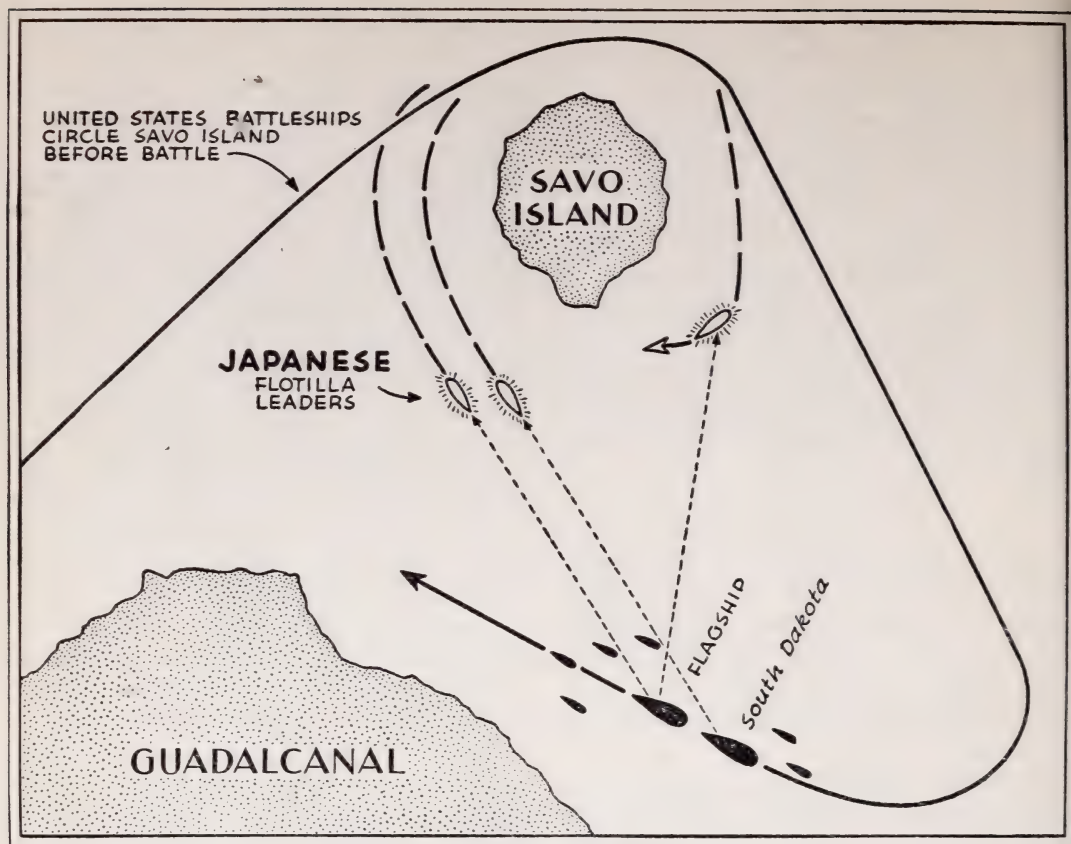
On the previous day the scouting planes that stumbled over the unsinkable battleship had flown on into the upper Solomons. It will be remembered that their mission was to look for transports. They found them—not the small craft from which landing boats had presumably reached the beaches during the battle, but something much more important, the NYK 18,000-tonner with seven others of which the smallest was 10,000 or 12,000 tons, and four cargo vessels of similar dimensions. Their decks were black with men, at least two divisions, maybe more. They spent all that day, the 14th, jiggling around just beyond bomber range. Dur-

ing the night they began to move in, for even a fast transport is slower than a warship and the run through the American bomber belt would have to be made at least partly by daylight.

According to Japanese calculation there should have been no effective bomber belt left by the 15th. Henderson Field would have had one massive shelling on the night of the 13th and another on the 14th. A single bombardment of much less intensity had left the field practically without planes at the time of the battle of Santa Cruz, three weeks before. But Admiral Callaghan's death ride had altogether canceled the bombardment of the 13th and that of the 14th had been turned into a half-baked performance by the attack of the motor-torpedo boats. We had planes; they were in the air; and when the Japanese expeditionary force was located only 150 miles from Guadalcanal shortly before noon, our planes went hunting.

Some officers thought they detected evidence of a small Jap carrier, an auxiliary, somewhere in the background. It could not have amounted to much, for when the fighters with which our attack force was liberally provided had shot down eight Zeros at a cost of only one of their own, any remaining Jap planes ran away and the transports were stripped of air cover. Their protecting warships (all small) also cleared out like good Oriental realists, leaving those ships and all the men they contained with no protection but the ordinary armament of vessels not intended to fight.

IT was massacre, it was horrible, it was war. Our pilots came back calling themselves "buzzards," hating themselves a trifle, to tell how in the first attack two of the big ships had gone down to leave the water for half a mile around full of little men in khaki uniforms who gradually disappeared; how the bombs went down through decks and the ships burned inside till the details of their machinery were picked out as though with magenta-colored paint. The convoy had its orders; it crept remorselessly toward Guadalcanal into the flame. Our bombers went back to refuel and took off again; our fighters came down and tore their decks to pieces



THE BATTLE OF NOVEMBER 15TH. FIRST PHASE

with .50 caliber machine-gun fire. Ship after ship went down till the sun sank and a crescent moon rose; and when the exhausted pilots staggered to their dugouts for a rest only four of that convoy were left, two of them burning.

But we were not out of the woods; we were far from it. Under that early moon word of the destruction of more than 20,000 Jap troops was accompanied by other and more ominous tidings. One of the last scouts in had spotted the Jap battleship force that had given the encampment so dreadful a shelling on the previous night, sliding down the slot toward Guadalcanal for another blow. "Where the hell is the goddam Navy?" asked angry men and men tired to the limit of endurance.

They heard the news over at Tulagi too, where the PT's were based. Some of the boats had been injured on the night of the 14th and two had been in collision. There were just three left that could move; and they moved out to the area of the bitch patrol to tackle a Jap battle fleet with the

air of Sydney Carton going to the scaffold.

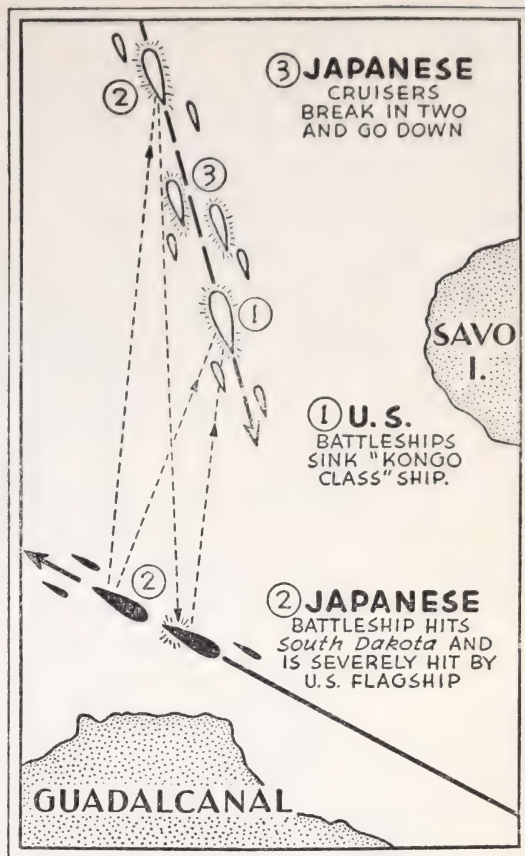
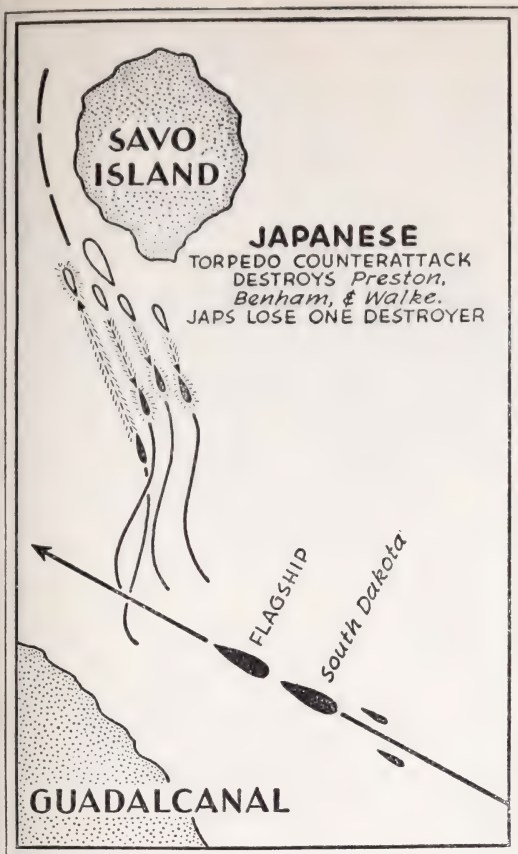
They were still there with throttled motors after eleven o'clock when darker shadows among the shades round Savo Island told them the Japs were on the way. Just at that moment a voice not heard before came through their speakers:

"This is Ching Chong Lee," it said. "Get out of the way; I'm coming through."

Ching Chong Lee was that half-fabulous admiral who had spent so many years on the China coast. He commanded battleships.

VII

WILLIS AUGUSTUS LEE, b. Natlee, Kentucky, 1888. Expert rifleman at Annapolis, in charge of the U. S. rifle team at the Belgian Olympics in 1920, set a lot of records. Graduated from small guns to big, a student of shooting in all its aspects, and spent most of his time at it after his period in China aboard the old gunboat *Helena* with the high stack, that rolled eighty degrees. A small man, quiet



THE BATTLE OF NOVEMBER 15TH. SECOND AND THIRD PHASES

and reserved, with glasses, whom few knew; the type who could come into a room and go out again without anyone being aware of his presence.

Now he stood on the bridge of a battleship running along the Guadal capes. Behind him moved another—16-inch-gun battleships, fast new battleships. The second was *South Dakota* with Captain Gatch, still wound around with bandages from the wound he had received at Santa Cruz. The name of Lee's flag is not given, but by her official picture she was either *Washington* or *North Carolina*; there are only two like that in the world. Eleven o'clock. "It was very quiet" as the battleships circled Savo from the south side of Guadalcanal, turned down into the passage, then back on a northwest course. "The gardenia smell came so strong from Florida Island that I thought it was a gas attack and started to put on my mask." Eleven-twenty and here they come, one Jap ship round the north flank of Savo, two more around its southern rim, a scouting group, big flotilla leaders, half-cruisers.

"You may fire when you are ready," said Willis Augustus Lee on TBS, and at that same moment the flagship's guns ripped out such a flame as had never been seen in battle before.

South Dakota joined; both hit with the first fire. From the flagship's bridge, from the mountain stations on the island, they could see the two enemy ships "begin to glow like the end of a cigarette." Black smoke billowed out under the futile star shells they fired too short, the glow spread until it engulfed the ships entire, and with reports that would have been deafening but for the thunder of the guns they blew apart. The third Jap turned; the flagship's guns caught him on the turn and he slid into the rocks of Savo, a flaming wreck.

All the radio receivers bore a sudden wild flood of Jap appeal and chatter; out from under cover of the island rushed a group of Jap destroyers with a cruiser to lead them for a torpedo counterattack, and Lee's covering destroyers charged to beat them off, with the battleships firing secondaries over their heads. One of the

Japs burst into flame; so did *Preston*, *Benham*, and *Walke* of ours, and on another of ours, a sailor who came through picked a piece of 8-inch out of his helmet with the remark that he had served twenty years in the Navy during the last two minutes.

The 35,000-ton battleships sidestepped the torpedoes like dancers and rushed on past Savo. There was a five-minute lull, in which must have fallen that incident described by Chairman Byrnes of War Mobilization: "In the night of November 15th off Guadalcanal there lay a Jap battleship. Eight miles away was a ship of our fleet. With the use of radar our ship" laid her guns on the Jap as the latter thrust inquiring searchlight beams across the water. The American battleships opened up together; six salvos, 108 shells of over a ton apiece poured into the Jap rapid fire, and the watchers on the hilltops caught their breath at the most awe-inspiring sight in naval history, for that formidable mechanism spouted a huge flame amidships, then turned over on her side so rapidly that the last unchecked shells went through her bottom to explode among the decks as she vanished. That would have been one of the *Kongos*.

BUT she was not the only Jap ship in action; it was a fleet larger than the fleet of the 13th. There was another battleship in the background, shooting at and hitting *South Dakota* with shells that sent up fountains of sparks and ringing steel. One hit her belt; it did not penetrate. Another struck the base of number 3 turret and put a dent in its armor steel that it was past the art of the dockyard men to remove. It did not penetrate either. The American flagship was dueling fiercely with this vessel, hitting her again and again, so hard that our people to this day insist she ceased fire because she went down, nor could our fliers find any trace of her the following morning; but the Navy makes no claims beyond damage.

It does make claims on the other members of that fleet, the cruisers that rushed

to support their battleships, plastering *South Dakota's* upper works with 5.5- and 8-inch shell, first by the glare of the searchlights which they threw on her when their battleships' lights went out, then by light of the fires that broke out on our ship. "The Santa Cruz air attack had been a holiday by comparison"; the sky control was knocked out, everyone there killed or wounded, there was a fire beneath Bat II that made the deck red hot, a steam line was cut and the upper spaces of the ship were filled with it.

But on the Jap cruisers it was worse. One broke in two and went down, bow and stern sticking from the water, another oddly collapsed in the opposite direction, bow and stern under, the torn midships section spouting crossed fires. Then *South Dakota* twisted out of the last searchlight beam, it was dark all around, the fires extinguished and the battle over. Half an hour; of all those Jap radio babblings only three or four voices were left, one of those identifiable as a Guadalcanal shore station.

"**T**HEY set a trap for foxes, but we didn't think it would hold bears," said Captain Gatch later. The Japanese South Pacific fleet had in fact ceased to exist as a military entity, and Guadalcanal was ours.

The enemy had ships left and men and planes; there were many weary weeks of fighting still ahead, ships to sink and men to die. The Japs would not surrender, but then neither would an army of rats attacked by cats; there was no more question about the result, no more doubt in anyone's mind. Their officers knew it and no longer led attacks, not even by way of honorable suicide. They waited to be picked up in the slow advance across the ridges. Their artillerists knew and from the batteries that bore on our encampment fired exactly eighteen shells. The batteries were not there long, for our men had no doubts either now; the next morning they began the attacks that carried them to the limits of the island and beyond into the upper Solomons and to everything that flowed therefrom.

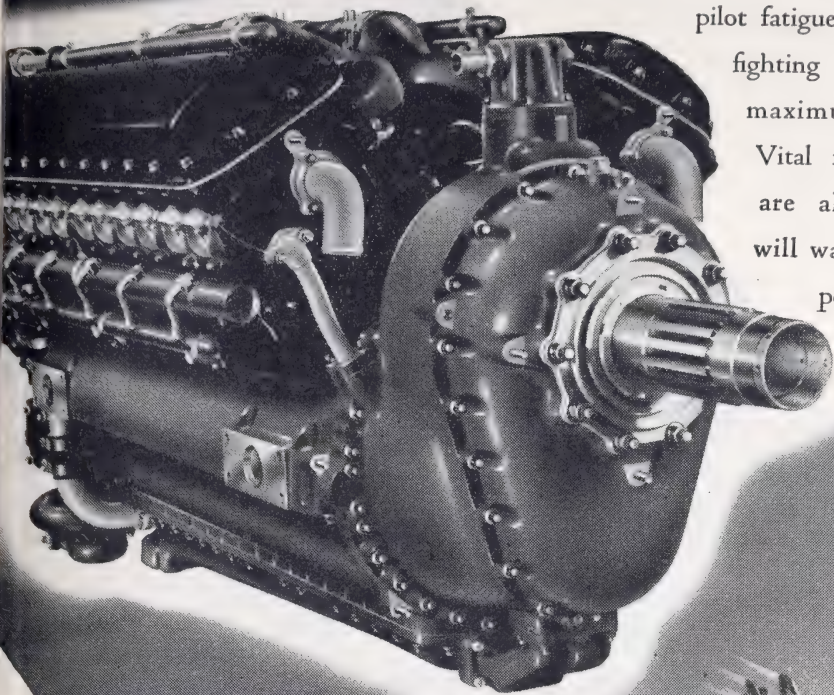
TODAY AND TOMORROW

Today, tomorrow and until the war is won every Allison engine is built to a standard that embraces five "must" qualities: ★

Performance that helps our fighters win battles. ★ *Reliability* on which our pilots can depend. ★ *Smoothness* to lessen

pilot fatigue. ★ *Economy* for greatest fighting range. ★ *Durability* for maximum fighting readiness. ★

Vital now for our flyers, these are also characteristics you will want in engines that will power postwar planes.



POWERED BY ALLISON

The more-than-50,000 Allison engines built for the U. S. Army Air Forces power the following planes: P-38 — Lightning, P-39 — Airacobra, P-40 — Warhawk, A-36 and P-51 — Mustang.

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison
DIVISION OF

Indianapolis, Indiana



**KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE WAR BONDS**

PERSONAL AND Otherwise



MR. RODELL AND MR. WILLKIE AGAIN

LAST month Wendell Willkie replied to Fred Rodell's article about him in the March issue in a letter which arrived too late for us to permit Mr. Rodell an opportunity to rebut. He now does so in the form of an open letter to Mr. Willkie:

Dear Mr. Willkie:

In answering my article, "Wendell Willkie: Man of Words," you conclude by quoting a letter written to you by the late William Allen White:

"And please don't take too seriously the insults of the cowardly and solemn asses who never have the courage to really fight for anything worth while but find pleasure and pretense of liberalism in maligning others who do have the courage to fight."

For that I am grateful, and I thank you. Obviously, you meant to exclude me from Mr. White's category of "cowardly and solemn asses," since you took my article sufficiently "seriously" to fill almost four pages of *Harper's* with a reply.

Nevertheless, I am going to be so ungracious as to make a few comments on your letter, in the light of your charge that my article was a "distortion," full of "inaccuracies and misrepresentations."

To begin with, you describe me as one who "represents that cult of thinking which finds excuse or artificial rationalization for the many illiberal acts, both foreign and domestic, of the present national Administration or is sure that there is a patent on liberalism and insists that anyone who opposes the Administration or the patent is either of illiberal mind or insincere." Nor is your claim that I am merely an Administration stooge confined to this one flat statement; it underlies and colors your entire letter.

Yet it so happens, Mr. Willkie, that I am no more a supporter of Franklin Roosevelt than you are—although I was once his supporter, as were you, and although I stayed with him longer than you did. In fact, I was recently described by a friend of the President (in a protest against another article of mine) as "one of the most articulate and bitter

writers against Roosevelt." In *The Progressive* for August 16, 1943, there is an article by me entitled "The New Deal Is Dead" which ends as follows: "And all the wishful thinking in the world will not wipe out the stark fact that American progressives can no longer fight for the things they deeply believe under the banner of a leader who is lost to them, a President who has betrayed them." Again, in *The Progressive* for September 20, 1943, you will find me saying: "I repeat that the progressive cause, strange as it may seem, will best be served by the defeat of Franklin Roosevelt."

Although it seems to me that your blithe misstatement of my political position is in itself enough to discredit your entire letter, particularly in view of the emphasis you lay upon it, I am nevertheless going to choose, out of the score or more of distortions, evasions, and tortured explanations embodied in your letter, three other examples and expose them in full detail. I choose them, not because they are the easiest to expose, for they are not. It would be easier (to take one instance out of many) to counter your denial that you took part in the efforts to block Congressional investigation of the utilities—simply by reminding you that the law firm of which you were a senior partner, Mather, Nesbitt, & Willkie, was one of the signers of the utilities' outraged petition to the Senate against the Walsh resolution, and that you yourself spent some time in Washington during that period, much of it in the company of Bernard F. Weadock, who was one of the leaders of the utility lobby.

But I choose from among the many vulnerable points in your letter the following three for rebuttal because you yourself make them the three major points of your reply:

1. You concede that the story of Central Illinois Light and the \$700,000 bond profits—which I cited as illustrative of your financial naïveté—is one which you used, along with others, many times. "But Mr. Rodell seems to have missed the point. I cited them not as examples of magnanimous dealing. That would have been the height



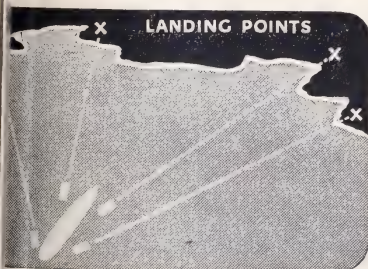
Landing troops on a hostile shore is war's most dangerous operation. Enemy guns open up on transports. Bombers get busy. Landing barges

feel their way in through mined waters. Men wade through waist-high surf to cut barbed wire. Enemy machine guns spit death.

What it takes to launch an invasion . . .

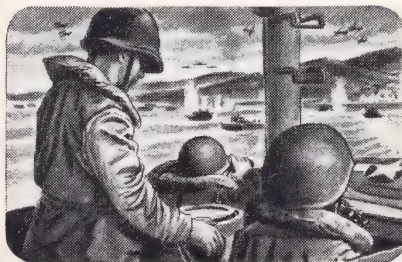
invade Europe (or Japan), thousands of barges carrying men and equipment must land at specified, widely separated points with *split-second* timing.

Silence and darkness are essential. No guide lights, no radio, no shouts.



The regular-size Sperry Gyro-Compass, used by the Navy since 1912, is too big for small invasion craft. Fortunately, experts in the Gyro-Compass office of the Navy Department foresaw this difficulty back in 1940, and gave specifications to Sperry.

Using new techniques, including the application of electronics, Sperry engineers had a functional model operating in 3 months.



Thanks to Navy foresight, quantities of these small Gyro-Compasses are in use today in invasion craft and Submarine Chasers.

Our engineers and production experts not only got these Gyro-Compasses rolling in the Sperry plant, but they assisted one of the Navy's prime contractors, Package Machinery Company, of Springfield, Mass., in tooling up

and in training personnel to produce additional Gyro-Compasses.

Sperry's part in all this has been small compared with the whole vastly complex operation. We could help the Navy solve this problem only because for 32 years our business—in war and peace—has been to solve difficult technical problems through research, invention, and precision engineering.

But all Sperry, or any other company, can do is mighty small potatoes stacked up against the job of the fellows who splash ashore and do the fighting that clears the invasion beachheads!

Let's All Keep Backing the Attack

SPERRY

CORPORATION

30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

FORD INSTRUMENT CO., INC.

SPERRY GYROSCOPE CO., INC.

VICKERS, INC.

Waterbury Tool Division, VICKERS, INC.

The compass must be *non-magnetic* . . . unaffected by electrical machinery, ship's structure, or cargoes. The Gyro-Compass is such a compass, but . . .

of naïveté. I cited them as obvious examples of good business and as an answer to the charge frequently, and sometimes justly, made at that time that holding companies milked their operating companies."

I'm sorry, Mr. Willkie, but someone else seems to have missed the point—and strengthened the charge of naïveté. I said that the transfer of \$700,000 from Commonwealth & Southern to Central Illinois Light was a straight business investment, and a good business investment, by your company (just as though you had invested the money in an unaffiliated corporation or in United States bonds) and, further, that you had never completely understood this fact. Apparently, you do not understand it yet.

For in your letter itself you say: "Instead of keeping the \$700,000, as it would have been entitled to do" (but of course) "it turned the whole profit over to the Central Illinois Light Co." That is approximately your old phraseology, although you used to add "every dime of it." Perhaps now I can make my point clear to you by asking whether, if the \$700,000 had instead been invested in United States bonds, you would have announced to your stockholders that you had "turned the whole profit over" to the federal government.

2. In my article I said that "it was New Deal competition, or the threat of it, that taught C. & S. the highly lucrative lesson that lower electric rates mean greater consumption of electricity and bigger net profits." In your reply, your own chief defense of your record as president of C. & S. lies in the lowering of rates and extension of use during your tenure. You add: "Furthermore, though this may be upsetting to Mr. Rodell's conception that this condition was brought about by TVA competition, the decrease in rates and the increase in use were greater in the Northern companies of the system, unaffected by TVA competition, than in the Southern companies.

"That these accomplishments were in part due to my predecessor . . . I publicly pointed out many times."

Here you clearly mean to imply—although, somewhat characteristically, you do not directly state it—that reduction of C. & S. rates was *not* brought about by TVA competition but was instead merely the result of the company's long-term overall policy.

In order to scotch this old half-truth of yours once and for all, I am going to quote at length from one of a series of articles I wrote for the *Chicago Times* in 1940. This particular article was inadvertently (and you can check the adverb with Editor Richard Finnegan) omitted from the published series; and so the combination of facts reported, every one of which was checked and double-checked, appears here in print for the first time:

"Willkie, in trying to deny the obvious inference that the threat of TVA competition had a lot to do with the cutting of C. & S. rates, has insisted that he was merely carrying on a policy of rate reduction that had been steadily in effect since C. & S. was founded. Yet the fact is that the average home rates of both Alabama Power and Georgia Power dropped almost twice as far between 1933 and 1934 as they dropped in the three preceding years taken together. As for Tennessee Electric Power, the other member of C. & S.'s big Southern triumvirate, its average home rate fell more than two and a half times as far in the single year as in the three years before. In short, with the appearance of TVA, C. & S.'s Southern rates, which had been creeping down, suddenly shot down.

"On this point, the actual chronology is interesting:

May 18, 1933—President Roosevelt signs statute setting up TVA.

Sept. 14, 1933—Low TVA rate schedules announced.

Oct. 1, 1933—Alabama Power Co. drastically cuts domestic rates.

Jan. 1, 1934—Georgia Power Co. drastically cuts domestic rates.

Feb. 1, 1934—Tennessee Electric Power Co. drastically cuts domestic rates.

"As the chief engineer of a New York committee to investigate utilities put it, in his report to the state legislature: 'It is virtually certain that these reductions would not have taken place had it not been for the threatened competition by the TVA and its planned and announced low rates.' The formal opinion of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in the 'nineteen-company suit' against the TVA referred to 'the economic necessity forced upon the complainants of lowering their rates to meet the competitive rates of the Authority.' Even *Fortune* magazine, in its lyrical report on Tennessee Electric Power, admitted: 'Perhaps T.E.P. should thank TVA for prodding it into this salubrious rate cutting.'

"But this is not the whole of the story. For the domestic rates of Willkie's Northern companies also came down considerably during his term as president of C. & S. And there was no TVA in the North.

"What happened was that the more the Southern companies reduced their rates, the more electricity they sold and the more money they made. Tennessee Electric Power, which cut its rates farthest of all, serves as a perfect example. In 1933, its average rate was 5.77 cents a KWH and it made a net profit of \$1,944,168. By 1938, its average rate had gone down to 2.75 cents a KWH and its net profit had gone up to \$2,739,201. Thus, it gradually dawned on C. & S. that from a purely business standpoint, it might be a good idea to chop down the Northern rates too.

Washington...

THE NEW CORNERSTONE

The Old Order Changeth!

Clearly and unmistakably the trend of future foreign commerce is to the Pacific . . . for it is in this area that America will find its greatest influence after the war.

The fabulous Pacific—with its vast new markets for industrial products . . . with its *billion* people . . . its limitless sources of *all* vital raw materials . . . invites the establishment of a postwar industrial empire in the Pacific Northwest.

The swift covered wagons of industry are already trekking westward!

The State of Washington stands at the threshold of the new fabulous world of the Pacific . . . the Orient, Russia, Alaska, the Indies, Oceania, Mexico, Central and South America. These are your *markets of tomorrow*.

They are yours if your industry is located in Washington . . . the cornerstone of the new industrial America. Remember . . . your *industrial future lies in the Pacific*.

Tie to Washington, the new cornerstone!

WASHINGTON (THE STATE)

HAS

Everything



LOW TAXES AND
CONSERVATIVE
FISCAL POLICIES.



IMMENSE SOURCES
OF RAW
MATERIALS.



GATEWAY TO THE
GREAT POSTWAR
PACIFIC MARKETS.



UNEXCELLED
TRANSPORTATION
FACILITIES.



SKILLED LABOR.



DIVERSIFIED
AGRICULTURAL
PRODUCTION.



NUMEROUS BASIC
INDUSTRIES.



ABUNDANT, CHEAP,
HYDROELECTRIC
POWER FOR
INDUSTRY.



PLEASANT LIVING.

This Advertisement Sponsored by the Following Business-Managed Electric Companies, Serving Low Cost Electricity to More Than 370,000 Homes, Farms, Businesses and Industries in the State of Washington.

NORTHWESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
PUGET SOUND POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

PACIFIC POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
THE WASHINGTON WATER POWER COMPANY

"Willkie has always resented this explanation of C. & S. rate cuts, whereby the Northern ones followed the Southern ones down. Yet he can scarcely deny that, between 1933 and 1934, while Alabama Power's average rate was dropping over $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cent, while Georgia Power's was dropping more than a cent, while Tennessee Electric Power's was dropping more than a cent and a half, the average rate of Consumers Power, biggest of C. & S. Northern companies, came down exactly $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cent. And the reductions of other Northern companies were similarly small—and slow—by comparison.

"Moreover, in protesting the North-followed-the-South explanation, Willkie has made a couple of very curious claims which, in themselves, throw considerable doubt on his protest. For example, when testifying before a Senate Committee in 1935, he insisted: 'I am saying to you that our rate in Ohio is the same or a lower rate than the Southern rate, and yet in Ohio the rate is not as high.' The fact is that the rate of C. & S.'s one Ohio company, Ohio Edison, was 4.18 cents a KWH in 1935, whereas the average rates of the three big C. & S. Southern companies were 3.54 cents, 3.63 cents, and 3.63 cents."

So I rather think, Mr. Willkie, that I'll stick to the statement I made in the *Harper's* article.

3. In your efforts to minimize the importance of your notorious "campaign oratory" statement, you do two curious things. First, in quoting Senator Nye's remark which opened this particular exchange between you and him, you quote it incompletely and give no indication whatsoever that any words have been omitted. Suppose I quote it back at you, with the omitted words italicized:

"SENATOR NYE: *One more assertion of yours, that of October 30: 'On the basis of his'—that is, Roosevelt's—'past performance with pledges to the people, you may expect we will be at war by April, 1941, if he is elected.'*"

Did you perhaps omit the Senator's introductory phrase (and substitute for it an unnecessarily long explanation of your own) because his characterization of that "bit of campaign oratory" of yours, as an "assertion," did not quite gee with your own characterization of it—in your reply to me—as an "illustrative example" of a "logical expectancy"?

Even more curious is your indignant insistence that the "bit of campaign oratory" "had nothing whatever to do with any pledge, policy, or principle of my own." I never said it did, Mr. Willkie. Yet it seems to me that a man in your position can and should be held to a standard of responsibility of public utterance *which is not restricted to pledges, policies, and principles*. Suppose, to take an extreme example, you had stated in a campaign speech that the President was losing his mind (as some of your supporters were whispering it about). This

too would have had "nothing whatever to do with any pledge, policy, or principle" of yours. It would nevertheless have been an irresponsible assertion, for which you might properly have been criticized—and then criticized again if you had tried to laugh it off as "a bit of campaign oratory."

The assertion which you did make, on its face *and in its context*, predicted war by April, 1941, if Roosevelt were re-elected. It was a bid for votes for yourself, based on the universal abhorrence of war and the implication that if *you* were elected, we would *not* be at war by April, 1941. When you later dismissed what you had said as "a bit of campaign oratory," you revealed your intellectual processes just as clearly as if you had similarly tried to dismiss a pledge, a statement of policy, or a statement of principle.

In my article about you, I made only one really serious charge against you: "That meticulous regard for words that men call 'intellectual honesty' has sometimes seemed to Willkie, bent on bigger things, an unnecessary indulgence."

May I refer you, in closing, to the middle clause of the first sentence of the twenty-second verse of the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke.

Most sincerely,

FRED RODELL

MR. RODELL's rebuttal arrived while Mr. Willkie was campaigning in Wisconsin, but we sent on a copy of it and, just as this department was going to press, we received our answer from Mr. Willkie—with which we declare the discussion finally closed:

I appreciate your thoughtfulness in giving me the opportunity to reply to Mr. Rodell's reply to my reply to his original article. Frankly, most of what he has written in rebuttal seems to me mere quibbling and needs no answer. He has, however, cited figures in an attempt to disprove my statement that the lowering of rates and the building up of increased use of electric energy was a definite Commonwealth & Southern policy, not the urgent result of TVA competition. Inasmuch as I answered Mr. Rodell in the first place in order to correct some hoary mistakes that had got into the record, I'd like now to "scotch" the "old half-truth" represented by these figures "once and for all."

I am dictating this letter from Wisconsin, where I am engaged in a primary campaign, and have no time or opportunity to check figures. I assume, however, that Mr. Rodell's figures are correct. But his interpretation of them is at fault, because he fails to consider Commonwealth & Southern against the economic background of its time and does not, apparently, comprehend utility rate structures.

It was no news to me in 1933, as Mr. Rodell seems to think, that "lower electric rates" meant "greater consumption of electricity and bigger net profits."

Remember when you said "I Do . . ."

To have and to hold . . . to love and to cherish . . . for richer, for poorer . . . remember?

The hallowed words were few and simple, but their meaning shone like gold in your heart. And thus for you and your beloved began new lives . . . thinking and working for each other in glorious partnership.

The husband who fulfills the obligation implicit in his vows plans not only for the present, but for the *future* of his beloved as well. To guard against the final emergency which may

cut off his vital income, a fundamental protection for every family is life insurance.

Whether he be "richer" or "poorer", a Prudential policy may be obtained which will be designed to his own needs and circumstances and will provide security for his family which he can guarantee in no surer way.

Buy War Savings Stamps from your Prudential Agent



THE PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

A mutual life insurance company

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

Nor did I learn it from TVA competition or the threat of it. It was a well-considered part of Commonwealth & Southern's policy. And, as Mr. Rodell admits, before even the "threat" of TVA competition, Commonwealth & Southern's Southern rates had "been creeping down." The slowness of the process was due to a fact that Mr. Rodell fails to take into account, the fact that 1932 was the very bottom of the depression and that there was little chance to do anything but "creep" during that time.

By the fall of 1933, however, when I became chief executive of Commonwealth & Southern Corp., with final authority, things were looking better and I pushed the policy of lower rates and higher use steadily. Our Southern rates "shot down," not because of TVA competition but because of the greater use of electric energy made possible by the general economic recovery in the United States. And our net income increased, as Mr. Rodell points out. Incidentally, during the years of upturn between 1933 and 1935, practically every major utility in the country showed as great or greater percentage of increase in its net income, irrespective of rate or price policy.

Mr. Rodell claims that the Northern Commonwealth & Southern companies also reduced rates under the influence of TVA. The Southern policy, he says, forced by TVA competition, proved so successful that Commonwealth & Southern decided to apply it in the North as well. As evidence of his contention he cites the fact that rate reductions in the Northern companies followed and were slower than those in the Southern companies.

A better knowledge of utility rate structures would have prevented this second misinterpretation of figures.

Commonwealth & Southern's rates were what are spoken of in technical terms as block and objective rates, the block being a unit of kilowatt hours. The greater the average use in units of kilowatt hours, the lower the rates. But it took much longer to build up the use of the individual customer in the North than in the South, for a very simple reason. The large electrical-energy-consuming appliances, such as refrigerators and ranges, were less readily acceptable in the North than in the South, because of climatic conditions—the refrigerators for obvious reasons, the ranges because people in the North preferred to cook by gas, inasmuch as gas also helped to warm the house.

Consequently, though the number of families using electricity was larger in the Northern area than in the Southern, and the total use was greater, the average use was less. Therefore average rates were higher, though the rate structure was lower. It was to this that I testified in the case of Ohio Edison. I commend to Mr. Rodell in his researches a more careful reading of the record.

But I have no desire to relive the days of the TVA controversy. The TVA is now an accom-

plished fact and although I have not followed its operation closely, I have a distinct impression that under Mr. Lilienthal's capable direction it has been well administered.

With kindest regards, and appreciation of your editorial courtesy, I am

Faithfully yours,

WENDELL L. WILLKIE



P & O ESSAY

THE long letters from Mr. Rodell and Mr. Willkie, following Mr. Willkie's reply to the original Rodell article—"Wendell Willkie: Man of Words"—reduce the space available for Personal & Otherwise comment. And since we inaugurate this month the practice of identifying the author on the first page of his article, we shall content ourselves this time with a brief series of observations.

●●● "If the American people want me for this high office, I shall be only too willing to serve them," said Dewey. "Since studying this subject I am convinced that the office of President is not such a very difficult one to fill." But it was George "Fire-When-Ready, Gridley" Dewey and not Thomas Blue-Serge-Suit Dewey who made these famous remarks. Still . . .

●●● On the 23d of January, 1943, Alexander Woollcott had a heart attack while participating in a broadcast of The People's Platform. A few hours later he was dead. The most celebrated sentimentalist and sharp-tongued meanie of his time, he was a fabulous figure. At one time or another he had been an editor of *The Stars and Stripes*; a dramatic reviewer ("This is something Owen Davis ran off on a sewing machine while he was thinking of something else"); a traveler ("Off in a cloud of lust," he remarked as he set forth for China); a columnist—conducting "Shouts and Murmurs" in *The New Yorker* until he fell out with Harold Ross; author and editor of best sellers—*While Rome Burns* and *The Woollcott Reader* and *The Second Woollcott Reader*; a merciless jiber at the well known—"I should have pushed her down the elevator shaft," he said of Mrs. Roosevelt after she had come to cheer him up when ill; the inspiration of dramas—*The Man Who Came to Dinner*; and a dramatist himself—*The Dark Tower*. He was tolerably successful as an actor in parts written for him by S. N. Behrman in *Brief Moment* and *Wine of Choice*. He had a long and successful career as a radio spieler and was featured as the Town Crier

